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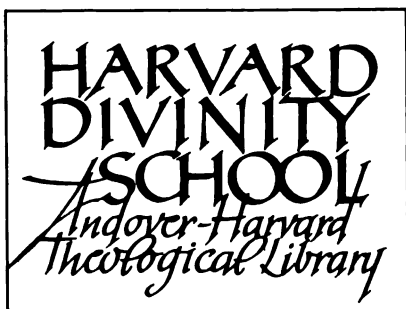
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THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY:

A Universalist Monthly Magazine.

MRS. CAROLINE M. SAWYER, EDITOR.

MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE AND MISS MINNIE S. DAVIS, ASSISTANT EDITORS.

VOL. XXXI. — NEW SERIES, VOL. III.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY TOMPKINS & COMPANY, 25 CORNHILL,

1862.

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Period -
2073.3

v. 31
1862-1863

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A Plea.....	33	Lessons of Autumn.....	180
A Serenade.....	76	Let the Bondman go Free.....	177
Again the Roses Bloom.....	83	Leaves from Note-book of a Volunteer.....	185, 220 249
A Week in the Capital of the Granite State	76		
Arthur Hallam, a Life Sketch.....	92	Music.....	15
Acrostic—In Memoriam.....	119	My Father's Ward.....	21
Angel Visits.....	134	Mrs. Smith and Her Aspirations.....	42, 59
Autumn.....	212	Morning Hymn.....	46
A "Muddle" Household.....	214	Men accountable for their Faith.....	33
A Historical Rectification.....	238	Mary's Pond.....	37
A Ballad.....	254	Morning.....	93
The Great Marquis.....	137	Music and Moonlight.....	113
		My Early Friend.....	136
Blighted.....	142	Margaret Thorp.....	165
Billy Cæsus.....	149	My Second Thought.....	197
Broken Chains.....	158	My Mother.....	248
Brave Men.....	229	Mental Culture.....	230
		Music.....	52, 100, 148, 196
Christian Forbearance.....	83	November.....	226
Conversion.....	85		
Dreams.....	210	On to the Southward.....	28
		Over the River.....	124
Exhibition of the Paintings of Ary Scheffer	108	Our Flag.....	206
Editor's Table.....	48, 94, 143, 192, 240, 283	Our Palaces.....	216
		Our Brother.....	266
Ferdoussi.....	89		
"Follow Me".....	219	Preparing Coffee and Tea.....	41
		Parallelism.....	38
Gems from Lamartine.....	40	Physical Culture.....	125
Grandmother's Umbrella.....	87	Peace.....	184
Gold Dust gathered in my Journey.....	113	Pereene.....	267
God a Sun and Shield.....	206		
Guardian Angels.....	276	Romances and Ballads.....	15
		Romances and Ballads.....	93
Help.....	282		
		Second Youth.....	5
In the May-time.....	164	Scraps from the Note-book of a Traveller..	11
Iron-clad.....	183	Spring.....	46
In the name of the Prophet—Flies.....	237	Stanzas.....	84
		Songs of the Heart.....	107
Kitchen Accomplishments.....	128		
Keepsake of the Departed.....	181	Things Lost Forever.....	20
Kane.....	183	Thither-side Sketches, 12, 80, 121, 178, 212, 257	
		Three days up the river.....	64
Lines for a Bridal Party.....	119		
Lines to a Married Daughter.....	121		
Lay to an Invalid.....	128		

True Loveliness.....	120	The Second City in Great Britain.....	226
Tales of the Fireside.....	134, 228	The Closest Shave of my Life.....	243
Tell Children the Truth.....	256	The Sabbath Bell.....	237
The Grandmother.....	19	The Ghost who would not come.....	238
The Tryste.....	19	The Hour of Prayer.....	239
The Pearl of Orr's Island.....	29	The Sovereignty of God the hope of the World.....	245
The Heart and the Life.....	41	The Inquisitiveness of Children.....	254
The Minstrel and his Bride.....	53	The Few.....	256
The Soul's Fever.....	59	The Sister Band.....	260
The Flowery Path.....	64	The Broken Promise.....	261
The Treasure.....	79	The Resurrection.....	276
The Religious Faith of the Poets.....	91	Value of a True Thought.....	12
The Golden Oriole.....	93	We turn to Thee.....	15
The New England Conscrip.....	101	When the Damask Rose is Red.....	40
The Oak of Freedom.....	157	Walking among the the Shadows.....	216
The Blacksmith.....	211	Youth.....	10
The Sunny Side.....	213		
The Fountain of Peace.....	217		

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1862.1

SECOND YOUTH.

BY J. KENRIK FISHER.

Years ago, more than I like to remember, in a stage-coach from Boston to New Haven, I became acquainted with a gentleman of full middle age, who, like myself, was going to New York in search of a fortune, or a living, as destiny might determine. He kept awake, said little, and listened much; until, somewhere near the boundary of the blue State, a tall, sharp-featured man was taken up on the road, and, having eaten the last half of a huge apple upon which he was engaged when he entered the coach, deliberately commenced a discussion on total depravity, vindictive justice, election, etc. To this discussion, or one side of it, the gentleman referred to—I shall call him Mills—paid that sort of attention which you may observe in men who do not pitch in until they discover a good hole. Occasionally, however, Mr. Mills would quietly put a question, which drew forth lengthy and energetic explanations from the chief debater, and others who were drawn into the strife; and in this way he seemed to direct the discussion, and derive edification from it, without the excitement and fatigue if actually engaged in it. Afterwards he told me that he did not himself feel sure of any creed, but liked to know what others felt, and what was the general feeling; this, he thought, was a better guide than a one-man opinion. At the same time he looked as if he might have a double meaning, or might have regarded the ludicrous

side of the somewhat violent controversy he had promoted; and this idea excited my curiosity, and was the occasion of my conversing with him, as soon as the dispute was ended by the departure of the tall zealot who began it.

Being both genuine Yankees, we soon learned what we were seeking, and what each knew of the chances of success. He had been a speculator, and had been up and down, up and down, several times, and was then down, but hoped to be up; and with that view he was going to New York, where he was known to some, and might find among them a better chance than was left open to him in Boston, where they deemed him a finished gentleman, or as indelicate persons might say, a used-up man. He had dug out of deep places before, and he had a feeling that he would not fail this time. If his coat was rather seedy, that did not discourage him: there were men who could see through coats, and estimate the men within.

Some months afterward I met Mr. Mills in New York, looking cheerful and prosperous. We exchanged compliments, professed a mutual interest, and agreed that New Englanders should not altogether keep aloof from each other, even if but accidentally and partially acquainted. We called at each other's offices, and soon became friendly, and in some instances serviceable to each other; and, in short, our stage-coach survey of each other resulted in an intimacy that was mutually agreeable. We pushed our acquaintance together, within our narrow circles, and on Sundays

we usually dined together, at his lodgings—for I was a bachelor, and he had a wife, and a son about eight years old, and lived snugly in the upper part of a two-story house. We did not judge each other by the houses we lived in, or the style we maintained. I never could tell how we did judge each other, or what kept us together. Perhaps, as Mills often said, "the feeling was favorable." We somehow felt that we were friends, and at least took an interest in each other, if we were of little earthly use to each other. So Mrs. Mills seemed to feel—always glad to see me—and the frugal Sunday dinner, which owed its excellence to her skill rather than to extravagance of cost, was made pleasant by her homefelt cheerfulness, and intelligent conversation. In the evenings I often called, as we lived near each other, and with the help of young George we had tolerable rubbers of whist. We agreed that if whist is not vastly intellectual, it is nevertheless a solace to those who don't profess to be extremely wise, and may help to pass time agreeably, "if the feeling be all right."

Mills had compromised with his creditors, and got a start upward. The feeling was in his favor. He did not live in style—not that he could not—but Nancy and he agreed that they would first secure an independency, and then make a grand display, if they thought they could afford it, and found it the best way to be happy. As it was, they saved about fifteen hundred a year, but could not save a dime if they lived in style; besides, if he were caught in a corner, he could get out whole, whereas he would be down if he did not keep a reserve; and digging out was a job he did not like; he had tried it. Nancy and he agreed perfectly, and lived happily; both of them industrious. She was a woman, and he a man. When he could check for six thousand a year, clear of all chance, they would be lady and gentleman, so far as style could make them so.

Had they lived in style, and displayed uncomfortable furniture, and dusty paintings warranted to be by the old masters, I could not have better relished their Sunday dinners, their tea, their whist, and their pleasant chat: their biscuits would

not have been so good, their mutton chops so well cooked, their little luxuries so skillfully nice,—for they would have kept servants, who would have half-spoiled all these things, except the genuine old masters. And what to them were the old masters? Mills declared that for him there was more beauty in one old mortgage than in all of them—that is, if those he saw were really genuine. Fifty, a hundred, two or three hundred apiece for such unnatural representations of old humbug monks and nuns: he could not see how it was to pay, either for business or pleasure. When he got rich, he supposed, he should get them, as others did; but he didn't like them—should not look at them if he had them. And so for fast horses, and other extravagances, he thought them on the whole rather troublesome. So we convinced ourselves that the world was a fleeting show, as the song declares, and that economy is better than the fear of failing.

After ten years I went abroad, and was absent five years. When I returned my old friend was alone; his wife was dead, and his son was in Lima, a partner in a mercantile house. His hair, which was iron grey when I first knew him, had become nearly white, I thought from affliction rather than from age or infirmity. He lived in a private family; kept secluded in his room, and seemed to have lost his cheerfulness and hope. His only relief was in business. He had become rich, without caring to be rich, and did not know what to do with his wealth, for his son was in profitable business, with ample capital which he had given him, with partners of such ability and connections as made it about certain that he would make an immense fortune; and he had no other relative. He was alone. I deeply sympathized with him, and was often with him during about two years. But I went abroad again, and remained over four years, and did not hear from him—for we were both, constitutionally, bad correspondents.

Soon after my return, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom I did not at first recognize, yet was sure I had seen: could it be George Mills, the son of my old friend? he was very like him; no, it was my old

friend himself, but how changed ! His hair was jet black, his cheek plump and rosy, his beard full. I had always seen him close-shaven. He seemed less than thirty-five, though he was over sixty, and his old vivacity had returned.

What had happened ? I soon learned. He would have me dine with him that day. I found him in a house of immense capacity, and unsurpassable fineness, with a beautiful wife of eighteen to preside over it. And no princess could have done its honors more superbly.

After dinner my old friend spoke of old times, and said he could not but suspect that I reflected on the changes before me. He felt it due to himself, and to the memory of one he always loved, to explain. I replied that all was quite natural, and needed no explanation : he who had lived happily with one wife naturally would find a single life insupportable, and would marry again if he met one who merited and returned his affection.

"Very liberal of you, and true, as a general remark ; but Nancy worked for me, and with me, to earn the wealth which my little Kate spends with a high hand. You must think me a silly old coxcomb. But hear my story—

"When you last saw me I cared little what I did, or whether I lived or died. I was miserable at all times, except when excited by business. I had given up all business but stock operations, and to them I devoted myself with desperation—the more desperate, the more I was relieved. I had formerly been timid ; I then felt no timidity, but bought and sold as I *felt*. I always had done so, but not boldly. Talk of knowing the real value of stocks ! I never could calculate it, and I never had the least confidence in the estimates of others : I always, somehow, caught the *feeling* of others, before they expressed it in words : when they talked confidently, I felt their want of confidence, and sold ; when they talked discouragingly, I felt they had some hope, and bought ; and I never failed to find that the market soon followed this feeling. Being, as it were, freed from my own hopes and fears, I was more exact than ever in feeling the hopes and fears of others, and excessively daring

in acting upon them. I should have been ruined in a month if I had been mistaken, so heavy were my stakes ; but I was never mistaken, and my gains were enormous. I can describe my course only as forlorn gambling ; like the forlorn hopes of soldiers, that succeed because they have other expectations than success, and strike without caring to defend. This went on for several years, during which I became miserably rich, and sometimes rather wished to lose, and ran almost against the feelings, for the sake of the excitement of a loss.

"Among those I broke was a poor fellow who ten years before inherited a fortune of over eight hundred thousand, which he had increased to over a million, by ruining several others. He vanished away from the board of brokers, and was seen no more for a year. One morning I received a note from him, asking me to call at his lodgings, where he lay sick. I found him in a miserable garret, destitute of the necessities of life, and far gone in consumption, with none to attend him but his daughter, about fifteen years old. His wife had died a short time previously. He told me that his physician had warned him that he could not live long, and that he had selected me as the only one of his acquaintance whom he durst ask to protect his destitute child.

"I never was charitable—I never thought of charity—but somehow I felt a relief when he thus appealed to me, and I at once promised that I would treat her as my own child, and assured him he might dismiss all anxiety respecting her support, and position in society, so far as I could influence it. I had him removed to the best part of the miserable house—as he was too feeble to be removed out of it—and made him as comfortable as possible. In about two months he died.

"I took the young girl home with me, to the family in which I boarded. They were glad to take charge of her. They had two daughters, older than she was, who were ambitious to perfect themselves in music, and other accomplishments, but too poor to afford the means, so I provided teachers and what else was needed, and they studied together, and all went satisfactorily.

Three years passed in this way. I loved her as a child—never thought of her otherwise. I made my will a quarter in her favor, assumed guardianship, told her to regard me as a father, and, somehow, come to treat her as my own child. She sung and read to me, and I often caressed her, much as might be expected from a man whose affections had been strong, and now had no other object.

"Young ladies hear of Saratoga, Niagara, and other places of resort. The daughters of the family talked of them. I bethought myself that they would like to visit them, and that my ward would be the better for a few weeks in the country. So I invited the party to go at my expense, in charge of some friends of the family. The invitation was gladly accepted by the daughters, but my ward did not wish to go. I urged her, on the score of health, and on account of the opportunity it would afford to see a little of the world, from which she had been much excluded. All in vain—She did not desire to go.

"On the day of departure one of the daughters playfully invited me to be her beau on the excursion. It never had occurred to me that I should care to go, in fact, I had always regarded such excursions as bores, and foolish exchanges of the comfort of home for the discomfort of hotels; but the matter was urged so that I conceived it might be a suitable diversion for me, in the state of feeling in which I remained. At the same time I thought my ward seemed to repent of her refusal, and again urged her to go. The question was settled by a general clamor of the party—both of us *must* go.

"The cheerfulness and interest of my ward during this excursion, and her expression on several occasions, excited in my mind an idea that never before had suggested itself—it was that gratitude on her part, or perhaps inconsiderate expressions of tenderness on mine, had produced a regard that difference of age had seemed to exclude altogether, even if I had dreamed of any other relation than that which existed between us. This idea once excited, observation soon confirmed it. To use my stock-market phrase, I soon perceived that the feeling was in my favor.

What was I to do? I had conscience enough, and sense enough, to admonish me that, for my own sake as well as hers, I ought to act with entire liberality; if I should ever avail myself of her grateful regard, it should not be from her sense of obligation to me.

"I asked her into my private office one evening, and told her of my intention to acquit myself of my duty of friendship to her father, as I had promised him; and that her goodness of disposition, and assiduity in her studies, and careful attention to my comfort, had thus far made that duty a great pleasure—that, in fact, I had been a gainer by what I had undertaken, and, so long as she made her home with me, I should find her society a relief which I could not hope to find in those in whom I had only the interest of an acquaintance. But the time would naturally come when it would be necessary, for her interest, that we should part. I wished her to feel that I should regret, on my own account, the coming of that time; but for her sake, and on account of a deep sense of obligation to her father, I should take proper measures to place her in society where she would probably be sought, and our separation would naturally follow. Still, she must always regard me as a father, and feel perfect assurance that I felt it a pleasure, and in no sense a burden, to provide for her as if she were my own daughter. In this strain, but at great length, and in all proper detail, I intimated my intention to get her well married, and to endow her properly whenever she should meet with a suitable companion.

"As I had partly expected, and, I confess, earnestly hoped, this conversation cleared the way for me to say that my own feelings, could I betray her interests, would lead me to forget the disadvantages against me. In short, I found that she was willing to overlook those disadvantages, and reasoned myself into the belief that I might atone for them. And here you see me married to her.

"Of course I would not mortify her by a neglect of appearances, so I avail myself of all the skill of those who disguise the appearance of age, and mitigate and postpone its infirmities. You took me to be

thirty-five, for a moment ; you know me to be sixty-five, in years, at least. But, as we learn from the life-insurance men, and others, it is fair to estimate age partly from its present to its end, and not wholly from its beginning to its present. Nor is this all : prudence makes a difference of twenty years—sometimes more, and I take the best care of myself.”

“ Well, my dear Mills, I heartily congratulate you, and I commend the civilized taste, as well as the grateful feeling, of your wife, in her preference of an old gentleman to a young snob, or something less, which might have been her lot had you been less lucky.”

“ Do you ? Do you sincerely think I have done what is right, and she has good reason not to repent ? ”

“ I do. I would do likewise, had I the opportunity.”

“ And would flatter yourself that a young woman can love an old man better than a young man can love an old woman ? ”

“ In my particular case I would not allow mere imagination to prevent that belief. But it has happened that young men have loved old women. Louis the Fourteenth, when not very old, was ridiculed for choosing a young man for his minister, and an old woman for his mistress ; and there have been more extreme cases, in which young men, with the advantages wholly on their side, have been fascinated by women older than their mothers. The power of pleasing is not, among cultivated people, even chiefly in the beauty and vivacity which seldom last into age. You, I see, carefully observe all means of pleasing, and you easily triumph over those who have natural powers of pleasing, and therefore venture to neglect what depends on the will, and on refinement.”

“ I *study*. I am a boy again, as to learning. I have done with business, except that I now and then look into the street, and operate if the feeling is strong ; and I devote my whole mind to—to what I conceive to be the purpose of life—health and happiness. I have wealth enough, and I am not so stupid as to overlook the fact that the pleasure of spending it will so occupy Kate’s attention that she will

not dwell on a matter of forty-five years, that she would hardly neglect if I were niggardly. Eh ? Not that she is inclined to go beyond what I desire. In fact, last winter, when I thought I should lose about two hundred thousand—or rather that those who lost it would burst up and not pay me, she retrenched ; she saved at least twenty thousand in two months, and I had to urge her not to be so close. You see, we have no secrets from each other. If a man expects his wife to love him, he must trust her with all his secrets, and keep her well informed as to his income. Our theory is that our ordinary expenses shall fall a little short of our income from investments, and when I make a little by speculation, which I can’t help doing, that should go for little parties, and what else we fancy. By the way, you will be invited to one of our little affairs for day-after-to-morrow ; and now let us pay proper attention to one whom it would be stupid for me to neglect.”

It was a dinner-party of twelve, but it ran into small hours, as was the custom at Mills’ hospitable house. I could not tell whether extreme taste and luxury, or expense, were the chief object in all the provisions. But in after time I was satisfied that innocent prodigality, guided by taste, and a sincere desire to please, had influenced an expenditure that would soon have ruined an ordinary man, however great his fortune.

“ Let us sip a little wine in this nook,” said my friend. “ You think this is dissipation, and that it is not likely to keep my health up to my theoretical standard. That is all preaching. I never enjoyed perfect health or saw what it was until I got into this way of living. I suppose this is wine, and not poison. I pay enough for the opinion of the man who tastes it for me, and I don’t trust him with the knowledge of where I buy it ; and so with everything I eat or drink. I never touch a common article, except loaf sugar, which I believe they can’t adulterate, without scientific inspection ; my wheat is ground in my own mill, and I look out for pure food. I shall add fifteen years to my life by it ; but it costs forty thousand a year. As for late hours, I am sorry on your ac-

count, and that of our friends here, who all lose sleep ; but I sleep until twelve, am regular in my habits, so I reconcile the dissipation I cannot cure, with my own health—and Kate's. You may think me a useless spendthrift, but if my squandering can turn a few men's attention to the poisoning of food by universal adulteration, it will add a fifth to the average duration of life. I eat nothing indigestible, poisonous, or any way unwholesome, so, you see, I outdance the youngsters, and am not tired, hardly exercised. Lewis Cornaro, who was near dying at forty, lived to a hale old age of a hundred and twenty, by the same prudence I always practice, and I am not without hope that I shall arrive nearly to his age. I am more healthy, more active, and feel more free from debility, than I did at thirty. My skin is in better condition, and in all but this bother of dying the hair, I am better than ever before. What do you think of my elixir of life—that is, my wholesome food and regular habits? will they give me what the old dreamers expected from doses of alchemicals?"

"I think it wise to eat, drink and be merry, whether you do it fashionably, as you do now, or unfashionably, as you did when you ate wholesome food, inspected and prepared by the wife of your early youth."

"Poor Nancy! God bless her!"

"But we must all go at last. Your anatomist can find no provision for stopping the self-renovation of our bodies, or preventing a longevity like that of the antediluvians; but experience settles the question against us. Nevertheless, while we live let us take care of ourselves, as a matter of duty, in case we marry young wives, so that we may not leave them disconsolate."

"Ah! but if they al o live sensibly, and we are forty-five years older?"

"Then let us surpass them in care of health. May you live long and merrily! Good night."

MISFORTUNES are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

YOUTH.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

You whose feet linger still in the vallies that stretch

Twixt the sunrise of life and its noon,
Where the flowers cluster thick, for the hands that upreach,

And the year seems one beautiful June,—
Hear the counsels of one who has trodden the way,

And looks back o'er it now for your sake:
Who has learned the great lesson, that life has no day

Too long for the night to o'ertake.

Grieve not when the shadow, all sombre and dim,

Over youth's glowing wilderness glides,
And the chalice of pleasure, now filled to the brim,

From your nerveless hand suddenly glides.
As the far fairy fleeces fade out from the skies;
As the wave-glimmer dies on the shore,
So from youth's magic fields the soft radiance dies:

So its glory gleams up and is o'er.

Let its pleasures depart, then! though bright as the hues

That blush on the cheek of the dawn;
Though the fragrance they yield be more fresh than the dews

That gem the young flowers of morn!
They come not to linger—all fleeting and frail
They wither and die on the heart,
And their memory comes back like some sorrowful tale—

Let the pleasures of youth-time depart!

Let its beauty depart!—as the day-lily opens
To the morn but to perish at night—

As the star that seems ever most bright to our hopes

Is the soonest to fade from our sight—
So the fairest, the brightest, most beautiful bloom

Which youth to the cheek can impart,
Is shadowed at length by the pinions of gloom:
Let the beauty of youth, too, depart!

Let its day-dreams depart, as the mirage but beams

On the wanderer's sight to betray—
As the meteor-light, through the darkness that gleams,

But dazzles to lead us astray.
So the visions we nurse in youth's rose-tinted day,

Appear but to cheat the fond heart,
Then fade, making darker and sadder our way:
Let the dreams of your youth all depart!

Aye, perish! the pleasures, the beauty of youth,
And the day-dreams so fervently nursed!

But keep, O, still keep, its affection and truth,
And its innocence pure as at first!

Then the peace which encircled your earlier years,

Around you in age will be cast,
And the rainbow of hope, though 'tis born amid tears,

Illumine every scene to the last!

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

News.—Having seen in a Neapolitan paper a brief notice of a battle in Mexico, by Gen. Scott's troops, I went to a news room to learn the particulars from the French papers, but found none so late by two days as the date in the Neapolitan journal. I asked the attendant how it happened that his news was so much later than others. He replied that it must be a mistake, and seemed anxious not to have my inquiry overheard; but said he would see, and went out of the room. In a few minutes he returned, and invited me, in a whisper, to walk into a private office. I followed, and found the papers I wanted, which were taken from a drawer. The proprietor explained that the steamers—one a week—brought papers three days later than the mails; "but, sir, if we put them all on the table to-day, what shall we do for to-morrow and next day?—we shall not have our regular news."

SUFFERINGS OF A FELLOW-TRAVELLER, AND HIS REVENGE.—In the diligence from Bologna to Florence, I met Mr. T., of Philadelphia. Having more money than sense, he rode inside: I rode in the cab, with his courier, a knowing fellow, from whom I obtained useful information about the lodging-houses, restaurants and coffee-houses in Florence. At the first halting place Mr. T. exchanged seats with his courier, for grave cause. Smoking is not allowed in diligences, except by unanimous consent. He had asked if any one objected to smoking; all consented, very cheerfully: he lit his prime Havana: the others lit their cigars and pipes, and soon raised a fume that sickened him. He complained of the quality of their tobacco, and proposed to discontinue smoking; but they held that the rule allowed them to continue, as he had consented, and, in fact, first proposed it; and the quality of the tobacco was a matter of taste, not included in the rule; and in their opinion their tobacco was more agreeable than his, and it was not very courteous for him to think so exclusively of his own pleasure. After an angry dispute, he saw that he could not hold his ground; but being evidently in

the wrong, he was inclined to avenge himself, which he did, by setting his courier to get some of the foulest tobacco, and take his place and smoke them until they were signally punished. We soon heard a loud dispute inside, in which we could distinguish the firm, calm, logical voice of the courier, using the arguments that had refuted Mr. T. All had smoked before he began: the quality of tobacco was a matter of taste, not included in the rule, and to his taste his tobacco was pleasanter than theirs, and in courtesy they should regard his pleasure as well as their own; and so on. Windows were opened, but that could not be allowed in Italy—it was dangerous, at night, and health was worth more than pleasure.

In the morning the insides showed themselves, looking distressed and savage. Some complained that they never, *never* endured such a stench, in all their days. The courier, looked like a general after a victory, but confessed that it would take a week, and fifty good cigars, to get the horrible taste out of his mouth. The means to get the good cigars were promptly given him, and the hostile feeling subsided soon after the fresh air was let in. But the chief belligerent did not resume his place inside.

Met WILLIAM WALKER, in Venice, [the same who afterward became noted as a filibuster.] He is remarkably quiet, almost bashful, and has a religious air—though I do not judge by his talk that he is more than commonly zealous. He has been seven months here—has collected many books, chiefly political, and prohibited by the church and Austrian authorities. He reads them diligently, whether because they are prohibited, or because he finds interest in them, I don't know.

PHYSIQUE OF ITALIAN WOMEN.—At a party at the American Consul's there were many American, English and Italian ladies, full-dressed—very low in the neck. The Italians were all full-chested, as if they had large lungs; the English and Americans much less so. Consumption is said to be rare in Italy. In many parts houses are not warmed, and they live

much in the open air, in the daytime ; but are afraid to sleep with windows open. They do not work much—not enough to fatigue them. Mr. Robert L. Stevens observed, by estimates submitted to him, that although wages were much lower per day, the cost of removing earth on the railways was greater than in America,—showing that Italians do less work in a day than American laborers. They are economical, good-natured, and indolent, and they seem to grow plump, if not wealthy, under their easy habits.

Mr. L., a young artist who has been studying in Munich, has just come to Venice. He is full of what is now called “religious art :” finds the work of only one artist, Cima di Coniglioni, that he likes : is unmerciful on Paul Veronese : says Paul’s Supper at the House of Levi has no religious feeling, and that the blue mantle of Christ goes back a mile, and all of it wants *religious feeling*. “Look at these soldiers ! and, d—n it, look at that scarf ! Faugh ! it has no *religious feeling*.” He colors and draws well, but his belief overpowers his senso, not only as to the monkish unmanliness which is mistaken for religious feeling, but even as to the effect of blue, which, as some theorists hold, must necessarily retire. Schools of art are still amenable to the confession of Reynolds :—“Coloring is an art which is lost, and which we all alike have to search for and find out ;” and the same, probably, is true in respect to the other elements of art.

J. K. F.

VALUE OF A TRUE THOUGHT—We look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever ; for they all partake of one common sense, and necessarily coincide with each other ; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

The ancients dreaded death—the Christian can only fear dying.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XVIII.

Unvisited—“Museo Borbonico”—Excursion to Cumæ and Baïæ—Ancient ruins—Temple of Jupiter Serapis, etc.—“Monte-Nuovo—A peep into Sybil’s Cave—Pozzuoli—A Gorgeous Sunsetting.

UNVISITED.

To press thy soil, Oh ! Palestine,
By Jesus’ footsteps hallow’d yet,
To see God’s stars above me shine,
From the fair heights of Olivet !

To pace thy shore, blue Galilee,
Where oft the loving Master talked ;
Or, tempt that fitful, treach’rous sea,
O’er which his feet in safety walked.

On whose tumultuous, heaving breast—
Submissive to His potent will—
Each rebel wave was hush’d to rest,
By that divine command, “Be still !”

At noontide hour, by Jacob’s well
In pensive silence, sweet to rest ;
And quaff the living stream that fell
In gracious words from lips so blest.

Within thy walls, with thrilling awe
To kneel,—oh ! lone Gethsemane !—
Whose sacred shades once heard and saw
His deep-wrung prayer, and agony !

Or, following mournfully along
To Calvary, where, with torturing pain,
Amidst the cruel, mocking throng,
Thou, LAMB OF GOD, for man wast slain.

With joy to haste at early day,
To the once dark sepulchral prison,
And find the Sealed Stone rolled away,
And cry—“Rabboni ! hail Thou Risen.”

This were experience richer far
Than all the past. Yet, if denied,
What cause, but sin, shall me debar
From living near the Crucified ?

From making every passing day
A holy pilgrimage, as well
As they of old, who trod the way
With sandal’d feet, and “scallop shell.”

Naples, Feb., 1860.

Thus sang we—of the unattainable—
with face still wistfully turned toward
Eastern lands, yet, convinced (however reluctantly) of the necessity of abandoning that long-cherished plan of spending several months in Syria and Palestine. Then wishing the party of our countrymen, (who were about starting on a tour through these interesting localities) all “good

speed," we turned our attention to those nearer points of interest around Naples, and spent considerable time in examining objects at the Museo Borbonico,—took excursion to Cumæ, and Baiæ, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, &c.

At the museum—the extensive collection of exhumed articles from Pompeii and Herculaneum—(mostly from the former city) we found especially interesting, revealing as they do the domestic, business and social life of that people, creating astonishment at the extraordinary preservation of even the minutest article of common use, and convincing us moderns, that with all our boasted superiority, that much which we had supposed belonged exclusively to our invention and skill, in the way of implements, &c., were fully known to the ancients nearly eighteen centuries ago!

Domestic utensils, ornaments, toilet articles, implements of labor, works of art, in exquisite vases, mosaics, marbles, frescoes, and bronzes, all showed a refinement of taste, a skill and ingenuity, that commands the admiration no less than the wonder of the beholder! In this extensive collection at Naples are found some of the most esteemed works of Grecian art, and many of the best specimens of Etruscan relics extant. Paintings, statuary, relics, &c., fill these spacious halls, and tempt the examination of lovers of the curious and beautiful, until mind and body, wearied to exhaustion with the almost endless array of interesting objects continually presenting themselves, utterly refuses to see, or enjoy anything more, and after successive visits, we turn away *replete* with views of these objects, if not satisfied!

It was a day of alternate rain and clouds, when we went out through ancient Puteoli (now Pozzuoli) a small, dirty town on the sea shore, yet full of interesting association, from being the place where Paul, at the earnest request of the few Christian brethren then living there, tarried seven days with them, worn as he was by the fatigues and sufferings of that dangerous voyage, and thus, gathering strength for his onward journey to Rome. Passing the city, we first visited the temple of Jupiter Serapis, a kind of heathen Deity, as near

as we can learn, of a mixed order, of Eastern origin, engrafted upon the Grecian stock! Some portions of this temple are in good preservation, and the entire edifice, with its courts and porticos, must have been originally both spacious and imposing. Submerged in water for ages—like many similar ruins—it was at length discovered, accidentally, and opened a new opportunity for interesting research to the antiquarian. This occurred in A. D. 1750, under the reign of Charles III, king of the two Sicilies. The interior of the structure originally formed a portico of four sides, supported by forty columns, and alternately with each of these stood marble pedestals, surmounted by statues. In the centre of this open court was a small temple, in the form of a rotunda—literally a temple within a temple! This was adorned with columns of African marble. There stood the altar of sacrifice, which was ascended by four steps.

The front of the entire structure must have been most imposing, with its six immense columns, each forty feet high, and of proportionate size. Three of them still remain nearly entire, standing in lone grandeur amid the desolation around them. It is supposed that the engulfment of this structure is owing to the subsidence of the soil below by earthquake, which gradually rising after the lapse of ages, brought the tops of these long columns to the surface, and thus led to their discovery. Curious perforations of marine insects upon a portion of the columns, have led to the adoption of this opinion in regard to the destruction of the temple. In the rear of the ruins, and adjoining, are vapor baths, fully proving the volcanic nature of the soil.

In fact, the entire country for many miles is of the same nature, having been visited ages since with a succession of eruptions at once wonderful and terrific. Monte Nuovo, or New Mountain, which rises before the traveller a bare, conical shaped mass of great size, was thrown up by a series of convulsions, in the short space of six hours, it being composed entirely, to all appearance of sand and ashes, discharged from the boiling vortex below! The ruins of Cicero's Villa, the Baths of

Nero—where the heat is so intense that eggs are readily cooked in the boiling stream—temples of Venus, Minerva, Neptune, and other heathen Deities, were all visited during the day. In the temple of Minerva, we stood beneath the dome nearly at the top of the building, the remainder of it being still buried in the earth. Here we were entertained by a couple of dancing girls, the music of their tambourines reverberating strangely through the circular space! The earth sounded hollow under our tread, and a faint whisper, uttered with ones lips against the wall, could be distinctly heard at the opposite extreme. The effect of this imparting a strange, wiered air to the place, an effect increased by the gipsy-like figures of the barefooted dancers, the echo of whose quick, pattering steps, sounded strangely along the vaulted space. In the vicinity of Baïæ (which was formerly much in repute among the ancient Romans, for the medicinal virtues of its many springs,) splendid palaces arose, and gradually all that love of luxury and splendor derived from the Greeks—that refined effeminaey, so surely tending to corruption and decay—triumphed over the sturdy Roman virtues. The convulsions of nature, as terrific in this region, at length suddenly completed the work of destruction, which those more insidious foes of human good (excessive self-indulgence and idleness,) had begun, and the once beautiful scene was changed into desolation!

Cumæ is said to be of very remote antiquity, dating back as far as 1030 B. C., when it was founded by a colony of Greeks.

Lakes Lucerne and Avernus, the latter once the bed of a volcano, were made to communicate by means of a canal dug by Agrippa. From near this point a road formerly led on to Rome by the way of Appii Forum, and this was the route taken by Paul in his journey from Puteoli to that city.

But a short distance from these lakes (now much dwindled in size,) is the cave of the "Cumæan Sybil," that personage, of whom many mythological ideas are entertained, which will hardly bear the test of candid investigation. The cave, with

its long, dark passage, is said to have been excavated by order of Agrippa, designed as a connexion with the other side of the mountain, and possibly to be used as a place of concealment in case of necessity. The subterranean lake or pool, must be forded on the back of a guide, through a low passage opening into the room beyond, which is thought to be the Sybil's abode, by those who cling to the marvellous legends of the past. This room is of considerable size, and was probably used for a bathing-place, the water here being of just the right temperature for this purpose. Traces of mosaic are here visible. But, upon the whole, it was to us a doleful place—we mean the long, dark passage, which was as far as we went into this to us terrible "Subterrain:" trusting to our companions for a description of the far interior, and glad enough to escape (deadly sick as we were) into the open daylight—into God's free air again!

Returning to Pozzuoli, after these interesting yet fatiguing explorations, we were too weary to examine the ancient remains of this city, among which the Amphitheatre stood conspicuous for its size, and which—capable of seating 80,000 spectators—occupied the centre of the ancient city. This, too, like the colosseum at Rome, was stained with the blood of Christian martyrs, and must ever, by this baptism, be a sacred spot to the follower of Christ. Pozzuoli contains 9000 inhabitants, and was formerly adorned with splendid palaces, the abodes of illustrious Romans.

Before reaching home that evening, we were treated to one of those gorgeous Italian sunsets, which we had never been privileged to see until this time—one of those sunsettings such as poets have sung, and painters have vainly endeavored to transfer to their canvas—vainly, because such tints are unapproachable by the highest exercise of human art, belonging as they do to the realm of the ethereal, the divine! That glorious revelation from the Western heavens, threw a halo around the whole day, making it bright with almost celestial radiance!

M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

ROMANCES AND BALLADS.

From the German.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

ARABELLA.

Soft young hearts there were that sighed,
 Oft in Castle Compostella,
 But the saddest was the bride—
 Young and lovely Arabella.

Many a maiden fair and bright
 Dwelt with her in Compostella;
 To each came her own true knight,
 Ah! but none to Arabella.

Song and mirth, and laughter glad
 Woke the halls of Compostella,
 But in tears, alone and sad,
 Listening sat poor Arabella.

Listening, if no mail-clad knight
 Spurred his steed tow'rd Compostella,
 With his shield and banner bright
 And the scarf of Arabella.

If no palmer, worn and gray,
 Neared the gates of Compostella,
 Bearing from one far away
 Tidings back to Arabella.

Yester passed a funeral train
 Forth from Castle Compostella,
 From whose lofty towers again
 Ne'er will look sweet Arabella.

God reward with bliss above
 Truth like hers of Compostella!
 God give thee so fond a love
 As the beautiful Arabella.

WE TURN TO THEE.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

Bright joys there are that cannot fade,
 And hopes, fair hopes, that never die.
 We may not hold these joys on earth,
 Yet, trusting, wait their dawn on high.
 Gay leaflets drop from off their stems,
 E'en fairest bud and blossom fall!
 So fall the hopes, the buds of joy,
 And gloom and woe enwrap us all!
 We hope, we love, we wait in faith
 For some sweet promise given—
 We wake, we sigh, we find at last
 We have no hope save Heaven!
 And thus at length we turn to Thee—
 The God of purest hopes divine—
 And humbly say in trusting faith—
 Not our will, Lord, but Thine!
 And wheresoe'er our steps may lead,
 Through darkened vale or shining way,
 O! grant in mercy, loving Lord,
 'Mid ways of sin they may not stray!
 But bring thy children, God, all good—
 Made free from all of earth's alloy—
 Through pearly gates that lead to Thee
 And heaven's divine, unending joy!
 March, '82.

MUSIC.

BY REV. SUMNER ELLIS.

What is music? Reduced to its lowest analysis, it must be defined as atmospheric vibrations, striking upon that most wonderful mechanism—the ear. In this respect, it belongs in the category with all sound. Sound is air in motion, or is caused by air in motion; and there is diversity of sounds, because there is diversity of modulations to moving currents of air. Drop a pebble in the calm and still water, and a movement is produced which widens in every direction; the resultant waves may be larger or less, slower or swifter. Here we have a visible illustration of the first conditions of sound. A concussion, at any given point, causes atmospheric motion, which motion is susceptible of an almost infinite number of variations, and radiates wider and wider, constituting atmospheric waves. These strike the ear, and sound is the result. And sound we may denominate a *genus*, of which music is a *species* or department. Music, in other words, is a special order, or the result of a special order of movements in the air; that order which gives *tones*, or a purer and sweeter class of sounds, or sounds that sustain definite relations one to another. This atmospheric vibration we can see produced, as we look at the strings of the viol, the harp, the guitar, or the wires of the piano, or the reeds of the organ. And they are produced by the vocal cords of the throat, though hidden from our view; and here, indeed, in the instrument of God's own creation, whose strings the Divine hand has arranged, the most perfect movements are communicated to the air, and here the richest music has its origin.

This view of sound in general, and of music in particular, may well excite our wonder. How mysterious, that this invisible, unconscious fluid, that is around us, is susceptible of such countless variations of motion! How strange that the air can be so diversely modified in the character of its widening circles, as to give the untold diversity and variety of sounds and tones which we hear!

Here, also, is a field for imagination.

Only fancy how the atmosphere must *look*, thus broken into myriad currents. You hear a band playing some martial air, a full mile from you, it may be. Many instruments strike their differing blows upon the atmosphere, at the same time; each note forms a new current, all the notes form separate currents, and are floating across that intervening space; the tune is coming in the shape of as many atmospheric modulations as there have been instrumental concussions, some modulations marching abreast, some in advance, others in the rear, but all in orderly procession, until they reach the ear, and are there accepted as music. How would these diverse motions look to the eye! what would be the appearance of these notes made visible? Or those that come from a many-toned organ and a many-voiced choir, drifting down upon a congregation! Or those that float up and down, and in every direction, from the stage of a concert-room, when, for instance, fifty instruments and a hundred voices are creating the chorus of an *oratorio*! Would there not be beauty in those interblending currents and multiplex motions of air! We fancy there would. Perhaps to God and angels, and all spiritual beings, there is an *ocular* as well as audible delight in music! We know there are unsurpassed beauties in this atmospheric world around us—glories hidden from us ordinarily, even in the light of mid-day. The prismatic colors are there, the hues of the rainbow, the gorgeous dyes of the sunset. Let these be disclosed, as I believe they will, to our glorified vision, and music become *visible*, as it sweeps through them, and what double delight must it afford!

But music is something more than air in motion. Looking at it thus, we have only considered it in its most material and earthly aspect.

Music is a language. It is heart-language—the speech of the feelings, just as the cry of a child is, or its wild, merry shout of gladness. It is the natural utterance of the emotions. It is *from* and *to* the sentiments, and the sentiments only. Pure intellect would have nothing to do with music, any more than it would with love or piety: *its* province is thought, log-

ic, philosophy. Music is from and to the heart, as are affection and religion. It is conditioned upon the sensibilities, and is, therefore, various in its character as the moods of our nature which it expresses and awakens: ranging through every grade in the *Gamut* of our better feelings from the most lowly and subdued to the most lofty and heroic. I say the *Gamut* of our *better feelings*, for our *worse* have no fellowship with music, more than Belial with God. Music being a “concord of sweet sounds,” only the nobler sentiments can breathe it forth, or enjoy it. Bitter fountains do not give forth sweet waters, nor do bad trees bear good fruit; and, for the same reason, music does not blossom out of the stem—hatred, nor is it born of any of the wicked passions of our being. Milton does not represent the fallen angels as singing. And whenever we hear one making music with voice or instrument because there is music in his soul, or whenever we see one enjoying music, we may rest assured there is something divine in him—something in tune with the better side of the world. He cannot be altogether Satanic. He is not wholly ripe for “treasons, stratagems and spoils.” The universal love of music, which characterizes mankind, most effectually explodes the old dogma of total depravity, and assures us there is something unfallen in human nature, for music, when not mechanically performed or listened to, that is, when it is really produced and appreciated, is the language of inner sentiments of an elevated, nay, a celestial type. So long as we are a music-loving and music-making race, there is hope for us; we are not past recovery; and God and Christ will not give us over for lost. There yet remains soil within us from which celestial fruits may be made to grow.

Music being, thus, the language of the heart, we should expect to find it extremely diverse in its character. And it is truly so. It is either stately or sprightly, plaintive or merry, martial or devotional, epic or lyric, according to the moods out of which it has been born. The music of some composers is sad, of others cheerful; some sigh out their strains, others, full of sunny life, laugh them out; and every

real tune that is developed, not manufactured, expresses some vital sentiment, shares a unity of life, a virtual identity, as much as the poem one writes or the speech one makes. It is the utterance of the inner man. It tells out in tones the state of the heart. And this is the kind of music that lives and amounts to something. A tune thus produced is a distinct thing and takes hold of the human heart and awakens a response. Whereas music composed—as too much of our modern music is—as a trade and for profit, from the intellect and not from the heart, has no identity—really expresses nothing—and will go the broad way of oblivion, and mingle with that huge mass of indifferent material which the world does not need and can well spare. We contend that a real tune, which shall be a force in the world, cannot be deliberately manufactured, any more than a real poem or prayer can; on the contrary, it must be produced out of some strong emotion. We shall thus get tunes that have a meaning—that answer a demand—that will be timely for given occasions; while, otherwise, we shall only have such as will be equally appropriate for all occasions, and, therefore, fit for none. Unmeaning music, like any unmeaning speech, is a real offence to an earnest humanity, and ought to be speedily annihilated. A man who attempts to talk, *ought* to have something to say—a conviction to state, an emotion to express, for, if he have not, all the Grammar and Rhetoric in the world cannot help him to an effective discourse. And precisely so a man who attempts to create a tune, *ought* to have something to put into it that shall give it life and identity—ought to make it a musical utterance of some sentiment, either cheerful, devout, patriotic, or of some other type. Then our tunes, while distinct one from another as our deeper experiences, will stir us whenever we hear them.

Music being heart-language, of course, every nation's life will be revealed in it and through it. And this is the case. The merry, sunny heart of Italy has given us a cheerful, vivacious music. Few sad strains have come from that land of sunshine and flowers. Irish melodies, on

the other hand, have been plaintive and subdued, disclosing the saddened heart of that oppressed people. The airs of Scotland have been touched with melancholy, in like manner. The persecuted covenanted could not sing in joyous notes, any more than the old Hebrews in captivity could sing the Lord's song or play their jubilant harps; while the superstitious peasantry of the Highlands, accustomed to the chilling presence of sombre and shadowy ravines, the moaning notes of the wind sighing through the gorges or hoarsewinding around the heights, the depressing aspect of threatening storm-clouds wildly gathering upon the mountains, the haunting traditions of ghostly incidents, could not indulge in light and sprightly music. Their humor was for something serious, rather; they wanted solemn notes to speak the mood of their hearts and chime in with their grave pitch of life. Germany has given a wonderful variety of music for she has experienced a wonderful variety of vicissitude. We have from her the chivalric ballad-music of the mediæval period; the stately and devout chorals of Luther's day, when life was an earnest and serious business; and the classic compositions of her period of ripest culture, when, with her masters in science and philosophy, there were her masters in music—Mozart, Handel and Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, whose sublime combinations of sounds, regulated by the ripest skill and the maturest taste, have been the joy of the musically trained and the torment of the musically untrained. France has not furnished the world much music of any type—certainly not much of a permanent order. Who sings or plays a French tune? I know not but that gay nation may have courted the Muses with deep desire for their presence and inspiration; but they seem not to have assembled within her borders. French emotions are too superficial and volatile for either poetry or music. The profound deeps of human nature have been too little stirred there to render them a nation given to heart-eloquence. For once, however, they lived from the heart, and there came of it that unequalled National Anthem—the Marseillaise—the very chorus of patriotism, the

normal utterance of a burning love of country, that touches a Frenchman's ear but to stir his very soul and draw tears from his eyes. England, also, has furnished but little music, not because the emotions there have been like those in France—light and volatile, but, contrawise, dull and slow.' The life of England is matter-of-fact. The philosophy of England is utilitarian. An Englishman, who truly represents his countrymen, thinks chiefly of good living and feels his strongest devotion in the direction of stocks and *per-cents*. And music does not flower from that soil. America has little music worthy to live. Of our national airs, the Star Spangled Banner is sophomoric and ambitious, and Yankee Doodle is a mere trick, a dry joke, half our own and half played upon us, good for holiday noise, but worthless for solemn national worship. Of highly classical music, whether like that of Germany, which we hear in the oratorios, or that of Italy, which we hear in the operas, America has furnished next to none. None of the more perfect types of this fine art have, 'as yet, grown on our national soil, for the reason, partly, not wholly, I think, that time and interest have been absorbed in other provinces. Our accomplishment, in this matter, has been mainly of church music. We have produced some unsurpassed tunes for purposes of worship. Our Puritan faith and life, our baptism as a people who believed devoutly in God and would becomingly adore Him, has given us the appropriate music. Billings, Reed, Mason, Webb, Baker, and others, inspired and moved by vital pity, have won us much credit; credit, not only at home, but abroad, for travellers tell us it is no uncommon thing to hear from the choirs of other countries the tunes of these American composers. To have produced a devout music, thus, is a matter to be justly proud of, for it shows that worldliness and pleasure have not "quenched the spirit" of divine life within us—that, whatever else we have been wont to pursue, we have not forgotten the "Lord's Song."

Of course, not all of our church music will bear the true test. Much of it has been manufactured, as wares are made for

the market, with a view to profit, and not produced as Paul preached the Gospel, because it was in him and would out. Hundreds of tunes might be selected, that mean nothing, and are as like such other as so many inhabitants of China. But there are those of a superior type, that meet every want of the Christian soul. Are we sorrowful? Are we cheerful and hopeful? Are we lifted into the higher realms of awe and adoration? Are we actuated by moral heroism? There are sacred airs that answer our demand—that speak to us in voices eminently adapted to our feelings.

Music is the twin art to poetry. They disclose many parallels. They are generically alike in that they are the language of the heart. If the mathematician could say of Poetry, "It proves nothing," so could he of Music, and so could he of Painting, and all the utterances of the sentiments. Music and Poetry are alike characterized by rhythm or measure, by regular succession of accent, and by accordance of sound. It is because they are thus twin arts that they have been so intimately united in all time. Music and the old Hebrew poetry were combined with grand effect; and so are music and Christian poetry. When well mated, when adapted to each other, when both mean the same thing, music and hymn coalescing, the power is doubled. It is then like a twice charged battery. Heart-tones and heart-terms accompanying each other, the effect is wonderful. The Marshalls hymn and tune must go together to tell with the most truly electric effect, to arouse and agitate the breast from its lowest depths, and sweep it into a wild storm of patriotic emotion. The two united have ever an advantage. And wherever music and poetry are happy counterparts, they should be wedded in indissoluble union—a union, we had almost said, sealed by law, like that between husband and wife.

But music, closely allied with the office of religion, is still adapted to all provinces where the heart is called into action. It accords with the varying moods of the fireside; harmonizes with social intercourse and festive occasions; cheers the farmer as he drives a field, the sailor as he pulls

the ropes, the soldier as he marches to meet the enemy, the school boy and girl in the midst of their lessons. Music, in a word, hath a voice and power for all, and shall have through time and eternity. It is immortal. While God and spirits live, music shall not fail. Like charity and good will, it abideth forever.

"The Dorian Flute that sigh'd of yore
Along the wave is still;
The Harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's sacred hill.

And Memnon's Lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee."

But music survives, and widens evermore her gentle way, and shall until a ransomed world shall join with that "multitude which no man can number," in singing the "Song of the Lamb," and the hallelujahs of the blessed.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

The granddame sat with her knitting-work
In her quaint, old-fashioned chair,
While her grandchild's voice, with its artless words,
Was repeating her evening prayer.

While the waving vines, at the sunset hour,
Breathed out a sweet, loving tone,
And the summer's glory, o'er tree and flower,
With beautiful radiance shone.

The prayer was o'er, and the little hands
Toyed yet a few moments more
With the costly fabrics from many lands,
Which, in fragments, strewed the floor.

"Ah! that is a piece of my bridal robe,"
Came forth from those aged lips,
And her face grew bright with a holy love,
Which had never known eclipse.

And the tears welled forth from their crystal fount,
As she thought of that manly form,
Which for many years, in the long ago,
Had shelter'd her from life's storm.

"This piece is yellow, and soil'd and torn,
But 'twas white as the drifted snow,
That robe, in my youth and freshness worn,
On the Sabbath, so long ago:

When the sweet June roses in worship bow'd,
And the zephyr breath'd forth its lay,
And the waters chanted an anthem sweet,
For my heart's own marriage-day."

Slowly, she took in her wither'd hands,
That relic of happier days;
A glow came once more on her faded cheek,
And her lips sang a song of praise.

At the sunset's hour, in its holy hush,
With her hands clasp'd on her breast,
She hath gone where the bridegroom awaiteth her,
In the glorious home of rest.

She has gone where the bridal robe of her soul
Shall ne'er meet with wear or stain,
Where rivers of joy shall in beauty roll,
And the lov'd shall be hers again!
East Haddam, Conn.

THE TRYSTE.

BY MRS. M. E. LIVERMORE.

It was a lovely, quiet spot, nestled lovingly away among the grand old hills, where stood the little red school-house, the "Alma Mater" of my childhood days. How well do I remember its bare walls and wooden benches, sadly defaced with deep cuts and rudely carved names—names of those who were wont to gather there long years ago. Where are they now? Alas! of the many bare feet that went pattering in and out over the well worn threshold, few there are that, with me, still tread the path of life, many of them having grown weary with the life-race and lain down by the wayside to rest.

I received a letter from a friend, to-day, telling me carelessly, among other unimportant items, that "the old red school-house was torn down." It seemed like the severing of the last link which bound me to the days of my childhood. At the touch of memory's wand, how vividly scenes enacted there come up before me; how many faces return, some long forgotten, and some which I can never forget. Among the latter are the faces of three young girls who, with myself, passed many a happy day under the low roof of the little red school-house.

From our earliest school days we pursued the same studies—always together, a four-fold sisterly band, which we said in later years, nothing but Death should sever, no earthly change should ever dim the brightness of our love for each other. I

well remember our parting—when at last our paths diverged—to cross again we knew not when. We sat together under the old elm tree, close by the school-room door—a favorite seat with us. We built many an airy castle for the future, which then to us looked so bright. I can see them now, as we sat there—a plain record of their hopes traced on each eager face. This was our last day of attendance at the little red school-house; and the morrow saw one of our number far on the way to a distant home, even across the “big waters.” And a few weeks more only would pass before we should all be far away from our childhood home. We said then—we four girls—that fifteen years hence we would all come back. Yes, **WE WOULD ALL COME!** We said it over and over again, with no thought that Death or change would make us forgetful of our promise; or if such thoughts came to any, they were unexpressed. We sat there till the shadows of evening warned us we must part. The “good-byes” were spoken—there were fond words and wishes, smiles mingling with tears which filled our eyes, *then* so little used to weeping.

But the future was bright, and we fondly believed all our gay dreams would be realized. Thus our grief was neither deep nor lasting.

Three years of the fifteen had passed, when a letter was given me, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post-mark. I read with dim eyes, that the fairest, gayest of our number, had thus early bowed to the mandate, “*Pass ye away.*” She died before life had taught her one stern lesson. Better thus, than live to see every bright hope fade. Thus was one link broken in our golden chain of sisterhood. Years passed rapidly on, bringing joy and sorrow to every heart, for none are so fortunate that their life is all sunshine. I made arrangements to go back, for the fifteen years had expired. I knew not if the others would meet me there, for the letters which at first came so often, arrived at last at long intervals—finally ceasing entirely. I knew not if I alone were living, or, if living, alone cared to keep the promise.

I went at the appointed time, but oh! how changed were all the material and

spiritual aspects of my world. I left a happy girl, with gay dreams of ambition flitting through my mind. I came back—a cold, proud, but saddened woman, for whom life had no longer any hopes or any illusions.

I *alone* stood under the *old elm tree*, where fifteen years before “we four” had said “good-bye,” and promised each other that where e’er on the broad earth our homes might be, that day should find us there. It was a dreary day, and as I sat waiting, with the vain expectation that some one of them would come, the wind rustled the dead leaves at my feet and sighed through the branches of the old elm, seeming to say—“They are gone—all gone.” And, woman of the world as I was, I put away my pride, leaning my face upon my hands, and let the tears flow quietly for the memory of “Auld Lang Syne.”

The next day I left that village forever. There were none to keep me there. Father and mother at rest, on the bosom of our common mother, strangers in the old homestead, and none to weep or care when I went from them.

And now—“the old red school-house is torn down!” Ah, well! and I suppose the village is otherwise greatly changed since I were there, and should I go back, the strangeness would affect me even more painfully than when last I stood in the old familiar places of my childhood. Oh! youth, how fond yet vain are thy dreams! but I have no wish to rouse thee from them, for all too soon the knowledge comes home to every heart—“There’s nothing lasting, nothing true but Heaven!”



THINGS LOST FOREVER.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from Heaven’s record the fearful blot of wasted time.

MY FATHER'S WARD.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I know I shall hate him!"

I spoke quickly, almost passionately, scarcely waiting for the door to close upon my father.

"You don't know any such thing, Annie," said my sister Mabel, in her usual low, sweet tones.

"But I do, though;—just think of having a boy, a great, overgrown, awkward, rude, mischievous, yelling, hooting, tearing boy, turned in upon our quiet household—a colt in a flower-bed."

Mabel laughed, and her laugh filled the room with music, such music as you hear at eventide, when the notes of a flute skillfully played, steal over the waves of a river. Usually, that laugh was like harmony to me, soothing and quieting my somewhat excitable nerves. Now, it irritated me, and I said, hotly,

"I don't see anything to laugh about."

Mabel laid her little hands caressingly upon my flushed cheeks and answered, "I could not help it, Annie; such a string of adjectives; one would have thought you had swallowed Webster. Hush a minute, darling," placing a finger on my quivering lips, "hush and listen. Arthur Gerritt is no boy, but a young man, lacking only a few months of his majority—"

"How do you know?—I am sure the letter says boy."

"Yes; but remember it was his father's letter to an old friend, and it was natural he should write so of the child whom he idolized. You were out when the messenger came, and father bade me offer him refreshments. Perhaps it was not quite right, but I could not help questioning the man about his young master, and so I found out that he was no boy. The servant said, moreover, that we should all love him, he was so gentle and kind-hearted."

"I don't believe I shall," was my impetuous assertion.

"You don't know, Annie. At any rate, don't hate him until you have seen him. Think of it, sister; he is not only motherless, as we are, but fatherless, probably, by this time. He will come to us sad and lonely. Let us strive to cheer him, to

draw him out of his grief, to show him the sunshine which God leaves everywhere for the bereaved ones." She stroked my curls gently. There was a mesmeric touch in the soft, gliding motion of her fingers, and my passion was stilled, and by-and-by I said, quietly,

"I'll do my part towards making his stay here a pleasant memory to him."

"That's my own good, darling Annie," and she kissed my lips. "And now we will go and pack father's trunk and order an early breakfast, for the train leaves at six. And to-morrow we'll decide on a suite of rooms, and get them all neatly arranged for the poor orphan."

We were very busy the next day, and for several succeeding ones. A suite of rooms in the South wing of the Hall was chosen, because as winter was approaching we thought they would be more cheering to the stranger. We did almost everything ourselves, scarcely ever calling on the servants for help. We took up carpets and put them down again; re-arranged the window curtains and bed-hangings; dusted the paper and hung the walls with paintings and drawings. We made the bed ourselves, using the finest linen in the house, smooth and soft as satin, and fragrant with lavender. We put on blankets which rivalled the snow in whiteness, a comfort filled with cider down, and a curiously wrought spread, which our own dead mother's fingers had fashioned in her maidenhood. Not for a prince of the royal blood would we have done that; but they, the princes, have yet a mother; he, our guest, had none. We scattered our own choicest books over the tables, and decorated the stands with those little pretty ornaments which young girls love to fabricate. We kept up a fire in each room, a genuine Old England fire of oaken logs. We rolled a sofa to the front of each broad hearthstone, and that nothing might be left undone to make the young man feel he was at home, we sat up three nights until after the clock had struck the hour of two, to finish off a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers. When all was ready, we walked back and forth in the handsome rooms, arm in arm, and talked of him, the stranger.

It was a cold, dreary November night

on which they came. The wind blew a hurricane, and the black clouds poured down a drenching rain. We met them at the hall-door, on the very threshold. Somehow, I never could tell how, though, it was left to me to usher the guest to his rooms, while Mabel hurried away with father.

"This looks pleasant—this seems like having a home again," he said, and as the warm firelight flashed over him, I noted he was a tall, handsome man, with dark hair curling all about his ample forehead. "I must thank the daughters of the Hall for this—it is very comforting to know I have such thoughtful friends."

I withdrew hastily. To tell the truth, there were tears in my eyes and a sob in my throat.

Mabel and I glanced at each other as he entered the drawing-room. He wore our gifts, and the rich, dark colors and graceful fit of the dressing-gown set off his fine face and splendid figure.

He did not converse much that evening, but he seemed happy. After supper, we had music. Mabel played the piano and sung, and afterward I took my harp and improvised a welcome to my father and his ward. As he took our hands at parting, he said, in low, touching tones, "God has not utterly bereft me—I thank you both."

"You will not hate him, Annie."

Mabel whispered the words, as we lay nestled together in our bed, her arm about my neck, my head pillowed on her bosom.

"No." Only the monosyllable.

"Isn't he handsome?"

"Yes."

"And intellectual?"

"Yes."

"Such a splendid voice."

I did not answer. She waited a few moments.

"Why don't you talk, Annie?"

"I am tired."

"So am I. We will go to sleep, and discuss him to-morrow."

I heard a whispered prayer, and soon a low, measured breathing. Sleep! How could she? I was wide awake as at noon. Talk! Ah, I knew then I should never talk to Mabel as I once had, turning my young heart inside out each night. *Never.* It had a secret now.

It was a happy winter, that. We did not see much company, for father was naturally reserved, and we girls were too young to go out much, and our guest was in deep mourning. But we were happy in ourselves. We took long walks over the frozen ground, starting sometimes by sunrise and tarrying till a late breakfast hour. We skated at noon on the little gem of a lake that lay just beyond the village. We took sleigh-rides on moonlight nights. We got up a huge tree for the children of the tenantry at Christmas time, and had a merry time in the old kitchen with the servants on New Year's Eve. We interested ourselves in the parish, teaching in the school, visiting the sick and feeble, and spending many quiet hours in sewing for the poor. Stormy days never brought ennui. Father and Arthur read to us by turns, and Mabel and I played and sung for them. Yes, it was a happy winter.

Early in the spring-time, before a flower had blossomed or a bird sang, father and Arthur went away—went back to Arthur's home, to settle up his business and properly instruct him into the onerous duties as master of a large landed estate, for the middle of April would make him twenty-one.

I do not know what he said to Mabel when he parted from her, for I had hurried from the breakfast room and ran into the garden, the flowerless garden. Cold, damp and dreary it was in the gray of the early dawn, but it suited me, for I felt cold, and I knew my cheeks were damp, and my heart dreary. I heard footsteps soon, and then a voice, a deep-toned, rich voice calling. I stopped my reckless pace and leaned against a tree, I could not see, but I felt a hand take mine and hold it several minutes. I felt—ah! it thrills me yet—a kiss upon my lips; I heard these words faltered, rather than spoken, "Good bye; God keep you, my darling."

"*My darling.*" I whispered the words to myself over and over again, as I walked back and forth in that old garden. I had not, then, given my heart unsought. He, Arthur Gerritt, loved me.

My sister was weeping when I went into the house. "What is the matter, I said, tenderly."

"O, it is so lonely, Annie. Two months is such a long, long time."

"We will shorten it by making ourselves useful, Mabel."

We did so. I was even happier. My voice rung out all day like a spring bird's. The servants said I never walked any more, but danced—never talked, but sung. Our birthdays would come the middle of June. We should be eighteen, we, for we were twins. Father had given us a *carte blanche* on the furniture shops of the next town, and while he was away we were to renovate the old Hall, all but his own rooms. Everything in them had associations for him, and nothing must be troubled there. How we did work. Drawing-room, parlor, dining-room, library, chambers, all were re-papered, re-painted, re-furnished. But it was on Arthur's rooms that we were most lavish. We had the ceilings frescoed in imitation of the sky in June; the walls were hung with pearl-tinted paper; the carpets were of white grounds, with sprays of blue bells, and clusters of meadow violets; the windows were draped with curtains of lace, lined with soft azure silk; the chairs and sofas were of rosewood, cushioned with satin to mate the hue of the ceiling; delicate China roses lined the mantel, while silver baskets for fruits and flowers lined the stands and tables.

We did not confine ourselves to the house alone. The garden, conservatory and grounds were carefully renewed. Choice exotics and flowering shrubs were purchased, and beautiful annuals and ornamental grasses sown. The village, too, received our attention. Cottages were whitewashed; trees set out; vines trained over lattices, and grass plots re-turfed. The children of the tenantry had all new clothes, with blue sashes and bows; the mothers had new caps and dresses, and the fathers new hats and linen.

Everything went right, too. Perhaps because our hearts were in our labors. The servants blessed us at home, and the villagers when we went abroad. They were two months of happiness.

I was returning home from a cottage to which I had been to carry a baby's dress, when I was overtaken by a violent thunder

storm, and before I could reach even the gate of the avenue, was drenched to my skin. A servant who had gone to meet me, carried me into the house, for I was so chilled I had no strength to walk. All night I suffered, and the morning found me but little better. I was not patient with either fever or chill, for I wanted to be up and about. Father and Arthur would be at home by sunset. Could I rest contented in my chamber?

I grew worse as the afternoon wore on. But I persisted in sitting up, and would be dressed, too. Not in the new, white robe, though, which had been finished the day before. No; I shook so with ague that I dared not put that on with its short sleeves and low neck; and my black silk, made close to the throat, with coat sleeves too, was the one I chose; but my collar and cuffs were of Honiton; my hair, too, I would have curled, and it hung to my waist; my mother's cashmere shawl, a little fortune in itself, I threw about me with a studied grace, and then tottered to the mirror. I sank upon the sofa, well satisfied with myself, for my dress became me, while the fever-flush upon my cheeks made my beauty almost bewildering.

I insisted that Mabel should dress in white, the same as agreed upon before, and I made her twine a wreath of June rosebuds about her brow, fasten a knot of them to her bosom, and loop up the lace about the sleeves with the same.

"How do I look?" she exclaimed, as she turned from the mirror. I surveyed her an instant. "Like an angel!" I spoke emphatically, for I felt all I said. She did look like an angel, with her delicate complexion, only the faintest peach-blossom upon her cheeks, with her May-blue eyes and her golden hair, that encircled her brow like a June halo. "Like an angel," I repeated, and involuntary I glanced towards the portrait that hung above the mantel. It was of our mother, the gentle being who had lived only long enough to give our father his twin babes, and then passed away. Mabel was strikingly like her and inherited, too, all her delicacy of constitution, and—would die young. So every one had told me, from the family physician to the poor old par-

per who weekly received our alms. But somehow I had never realized it before. Now it flashed over, and, like a stroke of lightning, shivered all the hopes I had cherished. It seemed to me at that moment I could suffer all things myself, if God would but spare her. I could sacrifice life, love, everything for her. Ah! I little thought the hour for that was almost come.

They helped me down stairs and to the drawing-room window. As the carriage rolled up the avenue, Mabel ran out on the steps. I raised the sash, put back the curtains and leaned out. How lovely she looked, standing there in her rare beauty, with the sweetness of expectation on her lips.

Arthur had never before seen her in like attire; her fair arms and neck bare, but for the delicate lace that fluttered over the one, and the string of pearls that encircled the other. He stood for a moment on the gravel walk like one in a trance, then rushed up the steps and clasping her in his arms, exclaimed, "My beautiful, beautiful—" I heard no more; a faintness gathered over me; I resisted the blindness and looked out again. I saw him kiss her cheeks and lips and fingers. I drew my shawl about me, and sat shivering in my chair. A confused murmur of voices sounded in my ears, and then came a blank. When I recovered I was in our own room, and the family physician and old nurse at my bedside. I had swooned, they said, and lay as dead for hours. Father and Mabel stole in soon. They had been fairly driven away, they said, lest their sorrow should overcome their prudence; but they would stay now and be—so calm.

"Let me sleep," I said faintly. "I am tired."

The physician took a hand of each and led them away; then drew the curtains closely and went out himself, leaving only our old nurse.

"Lie down," I said to her. "It worries me to see you sitting there." She obeyed me and was soon asleep. I lay still for some time, with my head buried in my pillow. I heard a step that I was sure was father's, come on tip toe to the bed, and I knew that he drew the curtains softly

and looked upon me—then another footstep that I knew was Mabel's, and she too looked upon me and kissed me. Then all was still, so still. And then I raised up in bed and beat my breast and clenched my fingers and tore my hair. Arthur Gerritt, whom I had loved with all the depth and strength of my passionate nature, must be given up. He loved my sister and she loved him. I remembered a thousand things now that convinced me of the latter fact. I wondered I had been so blind. She loved him. Aye, and she should marry him, cost what it would. I had believed that he loved me. Those precious words, *my darling*, had sounded in my ears all those two months. But—I had been mistaken. It was a brother's love. I was her sister and dear to him in that relation. I must give him up, tear his image out of my heart.

I did so. Only those who have passed through a like ordeal can fancy what I suffered. Tongue cannot speak it—pen cannot write it.

I would have prayed to die, but I felt something within me tell me that such a prayer would be but words wasted. My sister would have died in such a struggle. Her slender, delicate constitution could not have braved out a shock so terrible. But I had my father's rugged hold on life, his strong, English vitality, and I knew I could and would live it through. But it was hard though. I lay for many days close to my pillow. I heard the nurse whisper to the physician, that the birthday celebration would have to be given up, and it was such a pity, too; they all had lotted on it so very much.

I rallied in an hour; rallied by mere force of will, and to the astonishment of the physician, was up and dressed when he next called. I insisted that there should be no put-off to the festival; I should be quite well by my birth-day.

I was apparently, for I mingled on the lawn with the gay dancers, and though prohibited from joining with them in the exhilarating pastime, I was yet, they said, the life of the company; I had a kind word for every one, and gave back jest and repartee as though my heart had never known a care.

One person only I shrunk from, Arthur Gerritt. I was careful not to be left a moment with him alone. I felt that his eye was on me, but why I could not conceive. Once he came to me as I stood talking to a group of children and drew me away into the house. "You are tired," he said gently, "you must rest; lie down here while I get a cup of tea." As he left the room by one door, I did by another, and hastening to my chamber threw myself upon my bed, and lay there till the revelers had all gone home.

After that, I resumed my usual place in the household, but I was careful to avoid Arthur. A fortnight after the birth day he sent me a note. I trembled as I opened it. It contained only these words. "Have I offended you, Annie. Have I done wrong. Answer in pity." I took my pencil and wrote, "you have not offended me, Arthur. You have not done wrong. Mabel loves you with her whole heart. Make *her* happy and you will make me happy."

I did not see him afterwards for a long time. He was called away, father said, at daybreak the next day, to his own home, and I went away soon after to visit my mother's only sister, who was far gone in consumption. I heard often from home, but the burden of both father's and Mabel's letters were Arthur, Arthur.

I did not return till the day before Christmas, and then pale and weary with watching, for I had stayed with my poor aunt till she had breathed her last. I had followed her to the grave and closed up her desolate mansion.

"Where is Arthur?" I said as we gathered about the supper table.

"He spends Christmas with his own tenantry, but he will be with us at New Years," said my father.

"Annie."

"What, dear?"

I was lying in my old position, with my head upon her bosom. We had been asking and answering questions for an hour or so, but for some minutes both had been still.

"I want to tell you something."

"What is it, dear." My heart leaped to my throat.

"I—I am engaged to Arthur."

"I wish you joy—I am very glad for you—he will make a splendid brother."

"It seems so strange to me. Do you know, Annie, I thought all last winter it was you he loved, and I thought you loved him, and I made myself very miserable sometimes——"

"For nothing."

She laughed gaily. "Yes, for nothing." And then she told me how pleased father was, and that they were to be married the next June, on her nineteenth birthday.

My breath came in gasps. Married. Arthur Gerritt married to another, when I loved him so! It would have been bliss then to have seen the grave open. One thing nerved me to take up the cross again; Mabel's happiness, for she was happy. I was not so certain about Arthur. I sometimes caught his eye fixed on me with a wistful look, which sent the blood for hours afterwards in maddening currents to and fro my heart.

But I was brave and strong, and entered into all the bridal preparations with a zest that surprised them all, for they thought I would be oppressed with sadness at the thought of losing my dear twin sister.

One thing only I resisted. They wanted, Arthur and she, that I should accompany them on their wedding tour. I had a good reason for not going, my father's loneliness, and I said no, no, to every invitation.

I arrayed the bride myself—robed her in the white satin dress, fastened the veil with the wreath of orange blossoms about her golden curls, clasped the pearls about her neck and arms, and drew on the snowy, fairy-like kid gloves. I attended as bridesmaid too, and when the ceremony was over in the little chancel of the old parish church, I was the first to kiss *her* cheeks, the first to shake *his* hand. I presided with grace and dignity at the elegant breakfast that I had previously ordered; I helped the bride change the satin wedding dress for the grey travelling suit; I saw that her trunks were well lashed to the carriage, that the delicate wicker basket of dainty lunches was not forgotten, that both him and her, bride and groom, bore a splendid nosegay in their hands, that the adieus were spoken and the horses started in time to reach the train, in short that nothing

was forgotten. Returning to the house, I bade the guests one by one farewell, gave directions to the servants about clearing up the rooms, saw my father in his usual seat, with the morning paper in his hands, and then—went to my chamber and locked myself in.

Two hours after, my father knocked at the door. He called. Frightened at the stillness, he ordered a servant to burst it open. He did so. I lay upon the bed, white as a corpse, drops of blood trickling over my ashy lips, and my satin dress crimson with gore. The reaction had been too much even for me, and my heart in its wild pulsations, had rent in twain a blood vessel.

I was very long in recovering from that illness. Indeed, I had not regained near the full measure of my strength when October came. Mabel and Arthur were to spend that month with us. They came at the appointed time, but both exclaimed alike at my pallid countenance.

"Father should have let us know this—I did not dream that you were so very low," and my sister drew me close to her heart. "I feel reproached when I remember that I have been so happy this whole summer time—happy, and you suffering so. But you shall go home with us when we return. You need change of scene and entire absence from care. You and father both shall spend the Winter with us. Shall they not, Arthur?"

I spoke before he had a chance to reply. "I do indeed need a change of scene, but I need more the Doctor says, a change of climate; and I decided this morning to spend the winter in Italy. Father will accompany me."

"Then you shall come to us in the spring, Annie, both of you, and see what a nice housekeeper I make and what a lovely home I have."

I watched the wedded couple very closely. Mabel was happy, entirely happy, and what wonder! She loved Arthur with her whole heart, and he was a tender, indulgent, and affectionate husband, anticipating her slightest wants and smallest wishes, and seeming to live only to make life beautiful to his young wife. But when I asked myself if he was happy, I said no

at once; not happy as he could be; no, for I knew there were depths in his nature which my sister, gentle and lovely as she was, could never, never stir. There were chambers in his heart to which she did not hold the key.

They were both very thoughtful of father and me. Arthur made all the arrangements for our journey, while Mabel devoted herself to my trunks and wardrobes, making me spend more than half the time in rides with father about the neighboring country. She insisted that we should go first and leave her to see that the house was properly closed and the servants cared for. She did not accompany us to the station, but parted at the gate of the main avenue, and looking back I saw the flutter of her white cape bonnet as she waved it in adieus. Her husband went with us. We were early, and father bade him lead me to the ladies' room, while he looked to the luggage. There was no one there. Arthur brought me an easy chair, and relieved me of my shawl and satchel and then sat down beside me. It was the first time we had ever been alone since that morning in the garden, and I felt shy and awkward. To break the embarrassing silence I said to him, "you must take good care of Mabel, Arthur. She is very delicate."

"I will, Annie; I always have. She is very precious to me. She is your sister and—your gift." He paused a moment and then continued hurriedly, "I have read your secret, faithfully, jealously as you have guarded it. You have sacrificed life, love, everything to her. Annie, I can endure all that you can. Mabel shall never; never know"—he hesitated, footsteps were approaching,—he seized my hand and pressed it to his heart,—"*that you were my first love.* Good bye, God keep you, my darling."

He held me a moment to his bosom, he kissed my lips once, and then was gone.

Perhaps rigid morality will say it was wrong in him to allow for even one moment, his love to get the better of his duty. Let it find fault then. He was a man, and man cannot always be a saint in this world of sore temptations and terrible conflicts.

For days and days afterwards I lived as

in a dream. He had loved me then—had turned from me because he saw I would have it so, he appreciated my self-sacrifice.

Reader, I grew well and strong from that hour. Do not misunderstand me in my confessions. There was no guilty love in my heart for Arthur Gerritt—there was none such in his heart for me. But there was a tender, delicate tie between us, his wife, my sister. We were pledged mutually to make her happy, and leave our own passion to lie dormant till we should meet in that holy home where they neither marry or are given in marriage.

We spent the winter in Italy, but returned to England early in the spring. We were welcomed home with enthusiasm by the tenantry, and they and the servants and neighbors all said "how beautiful Miss Annie has grown, and so well and strong."

About a week after our arrival, I received a very long letter from Mabel. At its conclusion, she wrote, "you will come to me, Annie, won't you, precious sister. I would have written about this before, but feared it would worry you while so far away. I know it is asking a great deal of you, a young girl yet, to come now to be with me then, but remember you are all the female relative I have, I or Arthur."

Of course I started at once, father accompanying me. I had thought my own ancestral home a stately one, but Arthur's far surpassed it in size and elegance, while the extent and beauty of the grounds made them meet for one of royal blood. He met us at the threshold, but my heart sunk as I saw him standing there alone. He noted my paleness and guessed the cause.

"She is comfortable as usual, Annie, but the Dr. has forbidden her to go up and down stairs anymore. I will lead you to her room."

We met as only twin sisters can meet; but I was shocked at the extreme whiteness and thinness of her cheeks, and that short, hacking cough, how it went to my heart.

"Are you well, darling," I asked.

"O yes, Annie; I have a troublesome cough it is true, and my appetite is very capricious, nothing hardly relishes; Arthur says he believes I live on air. But I have no pain. I hope to be quite well after awhile."

I had not been with her a week before the most gloomy presentiments haunted me. I could not sleep nights, and I was miserable days. Nor was I alone in my fears. Father and Arthur both shared them. But we dared not communicate them to Mabel. She was so happy in the anticipation of being a mother, of giving an heir to her husband's proud domains.

A year from the day on which she had repeated her bridal vows, on her twentieth birthday, her time of trial came. It lasted long and was, the physician said, severe beyond anything he had ever known in his practice. I stood over her all the time, for she would have it so, save only when I ran out for a moment or two to speak a word of hope and comfort to the two white faced men who were pacing to and fro in the next chamber.

At sunset of the next day, I placed a man-child in Arthur's arms, but the little one was met with no smiles or tender words, only a single mute caress and he handed it back. Ah, its birth had cost him a wife, me a sister, father a child.

I had robbed Mabel for her wedding. I robbed her for her funeral, in the same satin dress, leaving the ring upon her finger. I dare not trust myself to speak of what we suffered when we saw her, our beautiful, our idolized young darling, hidden from us in the cold dark vault. I remember though that I knelt down on the damp flag stones, after they had brought in the coffin, and thanked God that I had done what I could to make her short life happy.

"What had we better do, Annie," asked my father, a week afterwards, "stay here awhile, or take the babe and Arthur and go home at once?"

"Wait a few days before we decide on anything," I said, for the same presentiment that had haunted me as I watched my sister, hovered over me now as I tended her little one. It was so very small, so feeble, and moaned so pitifully day and night, that I felt in my heart God would soon call it from us. He did. It died the day it was four weeks old, and after I had robbed it in one of the dainty slips Mabel had embroidered herself, its father carried it to the vault in his own arms, and when the sexton had unscrewed the coffin-

lid, he tenderly placed it on its dead mother's breast.

Then father and I went home, and Arthur abroad. He tarried two years and more. He wrote often, never to me, but often to father, wrote of his travels, never a word of his feelings.

He came back to us one cold, dreary November evening, just such a one as that when he first visited us. We met him at the door, but this time I let the old steward show him to his rooms. When he came down, I looked at him anxiously; he was the same handsome man, tall, graceful, courtly, changed only for the better if anything.

My father had the headache, and retired soon after supper. For an hour afterwards we sat in silence, I busy with my netting, and he pouring over a late London paper. Then he rose and walked the room awhile. Suddenly he stopped in front of me and said, abruptly, "Are you glad to see me back again, Annie?"

"Yes, Arthur."

"Take your harp, then, and sing me that pretty welcome you sung the first evening I ever saw you."

I complied. He leaned over me, while I touched the strings. I felt his fingers toy with my long, dark curls—I felt his breath upon my cheeks—I heard the throbbing of his heart—I heard the heaving of his breast.

"Sweet song—sweet singer," he whispered, as the last note drifted from my lips. Then he took my right hand and led me to a sofa, and as we sat down together he said, quietly, "I have something to tell you, Annie. Do you remember that an hour or two before Mabel became an angel, she called me to her and conversed with me alone?"

Did I remember it? Was there anything of that terrible day that I could ever, ever forget?

"I need not tell you all she said. Much of it related to the child, the child who survived her such a little while. Her last words, though, were these, 'When you have lived alone two years, Arthur, go to sister Annie, if she be not married by that time, and ask her to be your wife.' I promised her I would. The two years

have gone, and I have come to you, as she desired. Annie, will you be my wife?"

"I will, Arthur."

I felt myself lifted to his knees, clasped to his heart, lips meeting lips. Did it not atone, that single hour of bliss, for all that we had suffered? Aye, aye.

At Christmas time, for he would wait no longer, I became his bride. For twelve years I have been his wife. Hark! that is his footstep. He comes and leans over my shoulder and reads what I have written, and says, "God bless you, my darling!"

ON TO THE SOUTHWARD.

BY ADA H. THOMAS.

Hail to the Norsemen! the men of the morning,
Hail to the ruddy cheeked men of the snow!
Thor hath awakened, he giveth his warning!
Hail to the land where the evergreens grow!

Where are the Norsemen, those men of the morning?
Show us the strong-shouldered men of the snow!
Where is old Thor, as he hurleth his warning,
Where is the land where the evergreens grow?

Where, from Chesuncook, Penobscot down
rushes,
Where 'neath the mountains, the Merrimac
flows,
Where old Katahdin's grim forehead in blushes,
Meets the full flood of the warm sunset glows.

Where the swift waves fill the rocky St. Lawrence,
Where the Great Lakes forge their coppery
chains,
Where wild Missouri comes rushing in torrents,
Down on the borders of Iowa's plains.

Where the loud waves push adown from the mountains,
Out to the mighty old sea of the West;
Where Minnehaha weathes mist into fountains,
Where Fremont's peak lifteth high his bare crest;

Where the white snow lieth deep on Itaska,
Where to the East open wide the calm bays,
Where the tall grass waves in lonely Nebraska,
Where Pilgrim's Rock pointeth out the past days!

Where the grape ripens, by singing Sciota,
Where San Francisco her golden gate swings,
Where the wind sweeps over frosty Dakotah,
Where the Ohio swells grand from his springs.

From the bays of the East to the mighty Pacific,
From fair Illinois to the lakes banked with
snow,
Gentlest in love, but in anger terrific,
That is the land where the evergreens grow.

Men of the forest, the plain and the river,
Men of the mountain, the flood and the field,
Men, before whose ever-earnest endeavor,
Forest, and mountains, and torrents must
yield!

These are the Norsemen! the men of the morn-
ing!

These are the pure-hearted men of the snow!
Hating all wrong with the bitterest scorning,
Freemen are they where the evergreens grow.

Hail to the Norsemen! the uncounted numbers!
Hearts framed of iron, and sinews of brass!
Hail to the liberty-tone that out-thunders!
Hail to the Norsemen, as southward they
pass!

Press to the southward, and level the borders!
Nations amazed, view the war that ye wage,
Cure, from the North, for the mad world's dis-
orders!

Hail to the Norsemen! *the first in the age!*

MRS. STOWE'S LAST STORY.

The Pearl of Orr's Island.

BY MRS. S. M. PERKINS.

The domain of fiction was too long left to unholy hands. The Puritan ancestors of New England carefully guarded their sons and daughters from the influence of novels, or works of fiction. Even Scott and our own Cooper were not read by the young without certain twinges of conscience. But surely there was need of parental discipline and precept, when the young minds were fed by the corrupt literature of Eugene Sue and George Sand. Hence, everything that had not the insignia of truth stamped upon the face of it, was deemed baneful in its influence.

When Jane Eyre appeared, by Miss Brontë, that exciting creation of the genius of as pure a woman as ever toiled and suffered, it was regarded by the church as improper reading for the young. Mrs. Gaskell's charming stories are wafted across the ocean and read by thousands of American readers, and are not now regarded as stolen pleasures. Nor need they be, for they are as fresh and bright as a beautiful morning in May. Who is not happier for having read "Sylvan Holt's Daughter?" Margaret, in her pure, girlish love for Col. Fielding, is a lovely type of womanhood.

It is now about ten years since the whole civilized world was suddenly electrified, and rivers of tears were shed over that seemingly inspired book, "Uncle Tom's

Cabin;" a book which has exerted an untold influence upon the public mind in regard to the sin of slavery. The Northern soldier of to-day girds on his armor with a more earnest purpose, when he remembers the boyish tears he shed over the wrongs of the poor African, while reading that volume.

The success of this work led to the issue of "Sunny Memories of Foreign Travel," "Dred," "Agnes of Sorrento," and lastly of "The Pearl of Orr's Island." These last books all bear the impress of genius, and are more finished, more artistic than the first. Yet when compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," they are like the stately, cold, unimpassioned eloquence of Everett, when compared with the heart-searching, soul-burning words of Wendell Phillips. We admire the one—our inmost soul reverences the other.

The story just finished is less elaborate than "Agnes of Sorrento," and bears more resemblance to the author's first great work. It is a tale of the heart, or, as she herself tells us, of "the inner life that cometh not with observation." I have scarcely read a single chapter of this story, with its precious gems of Christian truth, scattered here and there, but I have mentally exclaimed, "Mrs. Stowe is a wonderful woman." She probes the human heart, revealing its hopes and fears, its sorrows and joys, as few writers have power to do. A child of my family says, "I like this story of Mara, it seems so true," and this can be said of the greater part of it, though it has its improbabilities, as will be seen in due time.

The tale commences with the birth of the little "seven month baby," on the day of its parent's death. It is brought up by its grandparents, a worthy, God-fearing couple, who likewise adopt a boy who was shipwrecked on the Island, and these children become the hero and heroine of the story. Captain Kittridge, a romancing old seaman, ranks next in importance, and finally becomes a very interesting character, giving us more wisdom and better theology than even Mr. Sewell, the clergyman of the parish. The children wander about at their own sweet will, till finally they get into a boat one day and push off from

shore, towards the golden sunset. They are pursued by sharks, and Moses thinks it rare sport to make a dash at them with the oars. More romantic a great deal than probable. They are saved, of course, just in the nick of the time, by Parson Sewell, who was out fishing.

Mara is one of these angel-children that invariably die young; a native Christian—for we have no account of her conversion according to the evangelical *modus operandi*. The only wonder is that she lived so long. She finds material enough to test her faith and patience, and gentle forbearance, in the proud, selfish, imperious boy of Spanish lineage, whom she regards as her especial charge. They buy the children Latin books, and together they recite awhile to Mr. Sewell. But Moses enters his teens, and astonishes them all by his unbelief and waywardness. Our author thus speaks of Moses at this time:

One of the most common signs of this period, in some natures, is the love of contradiction and opposition—a blind desire to go contrary to everything that is commonly received among the older people. The boy disparages the minister, quizzes the deacon, thinks the schoolmaster an ass, and doesn't believe in the Bible, and seems to be rather pleased than otherwise with the shock and flutter that all these announcements create among the peaceably disposed grown people. No respectable hen that ever hatched out a brood of ducks was more puzzled what to do with them than was poor Mrs. Pennel when her adopted nursing came into this state. Was he a boy? an immortal soul? a reasonable human being? or only a handsome goblin sent to torment her?

"What shall we do with him, father?" said she, one Sunday, to Zephaniah, as he stood shaving before the little looking-glass in their bedroom. "He can't be governed like a child, and he won't govern himself like a man."

Zephaniah stopped and strapped his razor reflectively.

"We must cast out anchor and wait for day," he answered. "Prayer is a long rope with a strong hold."

Moses lost all interest in his lessons, often neglecting them for days at a time—accounting for his negligence by excuses which were far from satisfactory. When Mara would expostulate with him about this, he would break out upon her with a fierce irritation. Was he always going to be tied to a girl's apron-string? He was tired of study, and tired of old Sewell, whom he declared an old granny in a white wig, who knew nothing of the world. He wasn't going to college—it was altogether too slow for him—he was going to see life and push ahead for himself.

Mara prays day and night for the boy, and one night she hears a low whistle outside, and then the old stairs creak as Moses steals cautiously down and goes off with three men. She hastily throws on her clothes and follows them unobserved, to see whither they were taking Moses. He is with a gang of smugglers, and her poor little heart is shocked to see him drink and hear him swear. The dawn approaches, and the party disperse, and as cautiously the poor girl follows Moses home, yet with a load of care and anxiety at her heart.

She kneeled down by her little white bed, and thanked God that she had come in safe, and then prayed him to teach her what to do next.

She felt chilly and shivering, and crept into bed, and lay with her great, soft, brown eyes wide open, intently thinking what she should do.

Should she tell her grandfather? Something instinctively said No; that the first word from him which showed Moses he was detected, would at once send him off with those wicked men. "He would never, never bear to have this known," she said. Mr. Sewell?—ah, that was worse. She herself shrank from letting him know what Moses had been doing; she could not bear to lower him so much in his eyes. He could not make allowances, she thought. He is good to be sure, but he is so old and grave, and doesn't know how much Moses has been tempted by these dreadful men; and then perhaps he would tell Miss Emily, and they never would want Moses to come there any more.

"What shall I do?" she said to herself. "I must get somebody to help me or tell me what to do. I can't tell grandmama; it would only make her ill, and she wouldn't know what to do any more than I. Ah, I know what I will do—I'll tell Captain Kittridge; he was always so kind to me; and he has been to sea and seen all sorts of men, and Moses won't care so much perhaps to have him know, because the Captain is such a funny man and don't take everything so seriously. Yes, that's it. I'll go right down to the cove in the morning. God will bring me through, I know he will;" and the little weary head fell back on the pillow asleep. And as she slept, a smile settled over her face, perhaps a reflection from the face of her good angel, who always beholdeth the face of our Father in heaven.

The interview with Captain Kittridge is as graphic as any of the scenes of "Uncle Tom." Every reader will enjoy it who has the pleasure of reading it. With trembling lip, and tearful eyes, she tells the lean, rosy old Captain the story of Moses and the smugglers. We cannot forbear giving the reader a specimen of the Captain's consolation to the child:

"Do you think I'd better tell grandpapa?" said Mara.

"Don't worry your little head, I'll step up and have a talk with Pennel this evening. He knows as well as I that there is times when chaps must be seen to, and no remarks made. Pennel knows that ar. Why, now, Mis' Kittridge thinks our boys turned out so well all along of her bringin' up, and I let her think so; keeps her sort o' in spirits, you see. But Lord bless ye, child, there has been times with Job, and Lam, and Pass, and Dass, and Dile, and all on 'em finally, when, I hadn't jest pulled a rope here and turned a screw there, and said nothin' to nobody, they'd a been all gone to smash. I never told Mis' Kittridge none o' their slides; bless you, 'twouldn't been o' no use. I never told *them*, neither; but I jest kind o' worked 'em off, you know; and they's all pretty 'spectable men now, as men go, you know; not like Parson Sewell, but good, honest mates and ship masters, kind o' middling people, you know. It takes a good many o' sich to make up the world, d'yee see?"

Moses goes to sea, is absent three years, and then returns to oversee the building of a ship in which he is to go as commander. Mara, a beautiful woman of seventeen, educated and accomplished, still loving Moses better than all the world beside, but skilfully guards her heart from the least expression of it. Moses is uneasy for fear she loves another, and they come to no understanding during the summer that Moses is at home. In the meantime he flirts with Sally Kittridge, Mara's most intimate friend. Sally is a large, handsome girl, a born coquette, who knows very well that Moses loves Mara, but determines that he shall offer his hand and heart to herself, and then she will freely tell him what she thinks of him, and give him a little wholesome advice, and then he may go where he pleases. And the declaration came just as Sally willed it, according to the French proverb, which does honor to their gallantry—*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut*.

But how does our bonnie heroine endure this protracted flirtation? We will quote from the story for this, with the passing remark that Mara seems just here a little too good, almost insipid. It seems unnatural and improbable, for we see no such *bon femme* among the ladies around us. A little more womanly spirit would seem more admirable.

So she struggled and tried to reason down a pain which constantly ached in her heart when she thought of this. She ought to have foreseen

that it must some time end in this way. Of course she must have known that Moses would some time choose a wife; and how fortunate that, instead of a stranger, he had chosen her most intimate friend. Sally was careless and thoughtless, to be sure, but she had a good generous heart at the bottom, and she hoped she would love Moses at least as well as she did, and then she would always live with them, and think of any little things that Sally might forget.

After all, Sally was so much more capable and efficient a person than herself—so much more bustling and energetic, she would make altogether a better housekeeper, and doubtless a better wife, for Moses.

But then it was so hard that he did not tell her about it. Was she not his sister?—his confidant for all his childhood?—and why should he shut his heart from her now? But then she must guard herself from being jealous—that would be mean and wicked. So Mara, in her zeal of self-discipline, pushed on matters; invited Sally to tea to meet Moses; and when she came, left them alone together while she busied herself in hospitable cares. She sent Moses with errands and commissions to Sally, which he was sure to improve into protracted visits; and, in short, no young match-maker ever showed more good will to forward the union of two chosen friends than Mara showed to unite Moses and Sally.

He would feign to have quarrelled with Sally, that he might detect whether Mara would betray some gladness; but she only evinced concern and a desire to make up the difficulty. He would discuss her character and her fitness to make a man happy in matrimony, in the style that young gentlemen use who think their happiness a point of great consequence in the creation; and Mara, always cool, and firm, and sensible, would talk with him in the most maternal style possible, and caution him against trifling with her affections. Then again he would be lavish in his praise of Sally's beauty, vivacity, and energy, and Mara would join with the most apparently unaffected delight.

The good ship is finished, and the launching comes off on a mellow October day; and the scene is finely described. The author now writes from personal observation, as she refers in another work to the launching parties of Maine, and the wish that she felt, that she might go with the noble vessel to its distant port. Moses, a young sea-king, treads the deck of his own ship, and Mara is very happy that he is so prosperous.

"Now bless that are gal," said the Captain when he saw her. "Our Sally here's handsome, but *she's* got the real New-Jerusalem look, she has—like them in the Revelations that wears the fine linen, clean and white."

The next scene is the one which Sally long ago determined, the offer of Moses' heart to herself. She then speaks truth-

fully to him, of his love for Mara, and tells him to go home and talk to one who loves him far better than he deserves. He takes her advice, and they come to an understanding at last and are engaged. Moses sails away in pursuit of fortune, and preparations go on at home for the wedding. The union of Moses and Mara is discussed at the rural quiltings, and over the luncheon at Sabbath noon. But death comes in the form of consumption and claims the bride-elect. The closing conversations of the invalid are perfect gems of Christian truth and wisdom.

"Oh, Mara," said Moses, "I would give my life if I could take back the past. I have never been worthy of you; never knew your worth; never made you happy. You always lived for me, and I lived for myself. I deserved to lose you, but it is none the less bitter."

"Don't say lose. Why must you? I cannot think of losing you. I know I shall not. God has given you to me. You will come to me and be mine at last. I feel sure of it."

"You don't know me," said Moses.

"Christ does, though," she said; "and he has promised to care for you. Yes, you will live to see many flowers grow out of my grave. You cannot think so now; but it will be so—believe me."

"Mara," said Moses, "I never lived through such a day as this. It seems as if every moment of my life had been passing before me, and every moment of yours. I have seen how true and loving in thought and word and deed you have been, and I have been doing nothing but take—take. You have given love as the skies give rain, and I have drunk it up like the hot dusty earth."

Mara knew in her own heart that this was all true, and she was too real to use any of the terms of affected humiliation which many think a kind of spiritual court language. She looked at him and answered, "Moses, I always knew I loved most. It was my nature; God gave it to me, and it was a gift for which I gave him thanks—not a merit. I knew you had a larger wider nature than mine—a wider sphere to live in, and that you could not live in your heart as I did. Mine was all thought and feeling, and the narrow little duties of this little home. Yours went all round the world."

"But oh, Mara—oh, my angel! to think I should lose you when I am just beginning to know your worth. I always had a sort of superstitious feeling, a sacred presentiment about you,—that my spiritual life, if I ever had any, would come through you. It seemed, if there ever was such a thing as God's providence, which some folks believe in, it was leading me to you, and giving you to me. And now, to have all dashed—all destroyed—it makes me feel as if all was blind chance; no guiding God; for if he wanted me to be good, he would spare you."

Mara lay with her large eyes fixed on the now faded sky. The dusky shadows had dropped

like a black crape veil around her pale face. In a few moments she repeated to herself, as if she were musing upon them, those mysterious words of him who liveth and was dead, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

"Moses," she said, "for all I know you have loved me dearly, yet I have felt that in all that was deepest and dearest to me, I was alone. You did not keep near to me or touch me where I feel most deeply. If I had lived to be your wife, I cannot say but this distance in our spiritual nature might have widened. You know, what we live with we get used to; it grows an old story. Your love to me might have grown old and worn out. If we lived together in the commonplace toils of life, you would see only a poor thread bare wife. I might have lost what little charm I ever had for you; but I feel that if I die this will not be. There is something sacred and beautiful in death; and I may have more power over you when I seem to be gone, than I should have had living."

"Oh, Mara, Mara, don't say that."

"Dear Moses, it is so. Think how many lovers marry, and how few lovers are left in middle life; and how few love and reverence living friends as they do the dead. There are only a very few to whom it is given to do that."

We have already quoted largely from the book, and will give only one more extract. Captain Kittridge attempting to console poor Moses in his first great shock of grief. It is too quaint and original to be omitted.

"Yes, yes, I do know," said Moses; "it's easy to say, but hard to do."

"But law, man, she prays for you; she did years and years ago, when you was a boy and she a girl. You know it tells in the Revelations how the angels has golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints. I tell ye, Moses, you ought to get into heaven if no one else does. I expect you are pretty well known among the angels by this time. I tell you what 'tis, Moses, fellers think it a mighty pretty thing to be a-steppin' high, and a-sayin' they don't believe the Bible, and all that ar', so long as the world goes well. This ere old Bible—why it's jest like yer mother; ye rove and ramble, and cut up round the world without her a spell, and mebbe think the old woman a'n't so fashionable as some; but when sickness and sorrow comes, why, there a'n't nothin' else to go back to. Is there now?"

Moses did not answer, but he shook the hand of the Captain and turned away.

Then comes the closing death scene which no one can read without tears. An angel flew back to its native heaven, leaving a whole community more gentle, more loving, more Christ-like for her pure young life and early death. Moses sails away again, a wanderer for four years. Then

he returns, and the tale closes, as do nearly all romances, with a wedding,—at the old brown house of Captain Kittridge, and the bride is none other than Mara's intimate friend, Sally Kittridge.

I take my leave of the story with the wish that its gifted author may long live to write such useful and interesting tales, and when the angels come for her they may find her last hours as peaceful, and happy and victorious, as were those of her heroine in the "PEARL OF ORE'S ISLAND,"

A PLEA.

I.

Love be still.

Cease thy sobbing, and learn to smile.
Why should'st thou be so lorn the while?

Would'st thou chill

Hope's tender buds within my heart,
Before their purple petals part?

II.

In the Spring

In the bloomy eve, long ago
Such melting strains, so sweet, so low,

Thou didst sing,

That the nightingale, in the grave
Essayed in vain the rose to move.

III.

Sweetest Love,

Let the heaven of thy blue eyes
Shine as clear as the June-dyed skies

Me above;

And my chilled heart shall bloom again
As lilacs in the April rain.

Pittsburg, Pa.

R. A. M.

MEN ACCOUNTABLE FOR THEIR FAITH.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

I propose in this article to show that men are accountable for their faith. The idea very generally prevails that they are not accountable. This idea is based upon the fact that they cannot believe what is disproved by facts, nor disbelieve what is demonstrated by facts to be true. The correctness of this we do not question. We readily grant that the decisions of the mind must necessarily be according to its apprehension of the proofs of every subject presented for its consideration. The decisions of the mind under such circumstances are wholly independent of the will; they are irresistibly determined by the evidence which it possesses. But while we

cheerfully admit all this, we are still constrained to maintain that men are accountable for their opinions; that they are biameworthy if they disbelieve the truth when they have had an opportunity to learn its nature, and the proofs by which it is sustained. If this be not the case, I am wholly unable to understand the Scriptures. They uniformly speak of belief as meritorious, and unbelief as sinful, so far as men have an opportunity of knowing the truth. They say, *Unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required.*

This is the great idea of revelation relative to human accountability. On this subject it speaks but one language, and that is, that all men are to be judged according to the light which they possess. Hence Paul says, when speaking of the idolatry of the Athenians, *And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.* That is, those who had not the light of the gospel were not held accountable to its laws; but now that it has been proclaimed, all who have heard it are accountable to it. In perfect agreement with this idea the unbelief of the people was attributed by the Saviour, not to the insufficiency of truth to convince the judgment, but to the sinfulness of the heart. Thus Mark says, They considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their hearts were hardened. And our Saviour says, Perceive ye not, neither understand? Have ye your heart yet hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? And in the Acts of the Apostles, it is said, *Diverts were hardened, and believed not.* So Christ when he appeared unto the eleven that sat at meat, upbraided them with their hardness of heart and unbelief, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And to the disciples with whom he was walking to Emmaus, he said, *O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.* These instances we give as a sample of the general voice of the Scriptures respecting the blame attached to those who reject revealed truth.

The Scriptures are equally explicit in attaching merit to those who believe. Thus

the Bereans are represented as more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so. The nobleness or excellency of Bereans consisted in their willingness to be convinced, and in their readiness to receive the truth; while those at Thessalonica shut their minds against the truth, and wilfully clung to their old errors.

The correctness of these views is confirmed by the fact, that terrible judgments were sent upon cities and nations for their unbelief. *Wo, says the Master, wo unto thee, Chorazin! Wo unto thee, Bethsaida! But why was this wo thus denounced upon them! Because they believed not when the mightiest works had been done in their midst, and disregarded the truth which those works were designed to establish. How often was the Master's upbraiding voice heard in condemnation of the Jews! In what burning language did he set forth the terrible judgments by which their magnificent temple was to be destroyed, their proud city levelled with the dust, and they doomed to woes such as had never fallen to the lot of any people under heaven! But why was the temple in which the prophets of successive ages had spoken, and the city which was hallowed by a thousand sacred recollections, to be destroyed? The whole New Testament answers, In consequence of the unbelief of the Jews; they would not come to Christ that they might have life; they would not believe when truth came to them clear as the sunlight of heaven. Preaching to them had been like casting pearls before swine. They had eyes to see, but they saw not; ears to hear, but they heard not; hearts to understand, but they understood not. They would not see,—would not hear,—would not understand,—they chose darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. Thus if the Scriptures are to be relied upon, men are accountable for their faith.*

In this idea there is nothing unreasonable,—nothing which conflicts with the nature of truth, or the operations of the human mind. In order to be convinced of this, we have only to consider,

1. That there is truth in the world, and that truth is essentially different from error. This proposition will be disputed by none. It is true, for instance, that man is not the author of his own being; that the movements of his body are controlled by the will; that opposition to the divine laws subjects us to evil, and that obedience to them secures happiness. There are realities in the world, and truth is a statement of those realities. We sustain relations to the outward world, to each other, and to unvarying laws; and truth is a statement of those relations. There are principles which know no change, and which uniformly produce the same results, such as justice, kindness, and love; and truth is a correct statement of these principles and of their operations. He, then, who denies that there are truths, must either deny that there are realities, or that we can have no conception of those realities. And yet, absurd as this would be, those who maintain that we are not accountable for our faith, hold that the only reason why one thing appears more true than another is, because it has been so fortunate as to enlist a more adroit special advocate in its favor!

Now we maintain that there is not only truth in the world, but an essential difference between truth and error; that the difference between the two is really the same as between light and darkness, cold and heat, though not always so obvious. Error is a false statement of that which actually exists, or a denial of the existence of that which exists. Error declares that to be just which is unjust, that to be good which is evil, and that to be safe which is dangerous; it is a false statement of realities,—of facts, relations, and principles. There is, therefore, an essential difference between error and truth,—all the difference there is between justice and injustice, good and evil. It is certainly, then, not unreasonable to demand of men that they should receive the truth, and to charge them with sin in rejecting it. Suppose a man were arraigned for the crime of stealing, and should plead in defence that he could not see the right of one man to property more than another, or that he could see no difference between justice and in-

justice, right and wrong, where is the judge who would regard such a plea as satisfactory? All know that there is a difference, and that every man of reason has power to perceive it. We can no more deny this than we can deny our own existence.

But we may go still farther than the foregoing reasoning carries us, in regard to the difference between truth and error. We say that Christianity is true, and *the* truth which God gave to enlighten and save the world. Now can we suppose that a wise and good Being would publish a system of truth for such a purpose, without supporting it by proofs sufficiently strong and numerous to give it reasonable claim to the belief of all rational beings? Such a supposition reflects the highest dishonor upon God, and charges him with demanding assent to a system which is not sustained by proofs that will stand the test of a rigid scrutiny, and demonstrate that it is divine. If, then, God has given a system of truth to his people, there must be evidences of its being the truth, which neither the ingenuity nor learning of man can overthrow. It must have a fitness to man, his wants, relations, and interests, sufficient to prove that it is such a religion as a wise and good Being would give; and it must be substantiated by prophecies, and miracles, and achievements, which show that God indeed gave it to the world. Otherwise men ought not to be blamed for their unbelief, and there is great injustice in making our peace and safety depend upon our reception of the truth.

We are justly, therefore, accountable for our faith; and he who believes error, after having had an opportunity to know the truth, must have misimproved his privileges, and voluntarily closed his mind against the light.

2. That we are accountable for our faith, is evident from the fact that belief is not wholly independent of the will. Though no man can believe contrary to evidence, and though opinion is wholly beyond the direct act of the will, it by no means follows that the mind has no agency in deciding what it will believe. The Bible requires us to prove all things and hold

fast that which is good, and to try the spirits in order to see whether they be of God or of men. Here is a great duty expressly enjoined; and it is enjoined because the only way by which truth can be obtained is by careful and candid investigation. Suppose, now, here is a man living in various sinful indulgences, who disbelieves Christianity. By chance he hears a sermon in its defence, and though not convinced of its truth, he sees that much can be said in its defence; that it is a system of sublime doctrines, of wise precepts, of holy hopes, and of benign influences. But—he says,—I love my indulgences,—the ways of sin afford me pleasure,—they have attractions which I will not resist; and as I cannot embrace Christianity without abandoning my indulgences, I desire no further acquaintance with it. His friends urge it upon his attention, they beseech him to consider its claims, but he repels them with sneers, and sarcasms, and ridicule, and positively refuses to hear any thing they can say in its favor. Here we see that it is his voluntary act which prevents his believing; he refuses to examine the proof on which religion is based, and for that reason, and for that alone, continues in his unbelief. Now, is he not blameworthy? Is not his unbelief a direct act of his volition? Does he not continue an unbeliever from choice?

Take another case. Suppose here is a minister of a large and influential church, who preaches the doctrine of endless misery. A book in defence of Universalism is handed to him, which he commences reading. But he has not advanced many pages before he meets with arguments which he is fully conscious are irrefutable, and he begins to see a trembling among some of the strong pillars of the system which he advocates. He pauses, and asks whether he shall read on. He weighs the whole matter, and especially the value of his rich living, and of his standing in a popular denomination. Seeing that if he embraces Universalism, it must be, so far as it regards all worldly considerations, at an enormous sacrifice, he concludes not to read any farther, and by way of atonement for what he has read, he doubles his opposition to Universalism, and labors against

it with a fiery and vindictive zeal. Now, is he not blameworthy? He refuses to prove all things,—he voluntarily chooses ignorance, and continues in the belief of his present system by a direct act of his will!

In this supposed case we see one of the reasons why truth makes such slow progress in the world. Men will not examine it,—they will not prove all things; they had rather remain with fashionable and influential sects, than to come out and join one set for the defence of new views. It has been so in all ages of the world. When Luther thundered his charges against the mother church, men stopped their ears that they might not hear,—they did not wish to be convinced. The truths he presented would have converted them, but they had resolved not to be converted. They had rather remain in the old church, and worship in its proud cathedrals, and listen to its grand chantings, and join in its pompous parades, and walk with kings, princes and nobles, than become a follower of Him against whom all the powers of the Pope and his minions were directed.

How has it been with the distinguishing truths of our religion ever since the days of Murray? The whole course of all the opposing sects has been based upon the idea that our views must not be examined, and all their efforts have been directed to prevent people from examining them! What is the cry uttered every Sabbath, in all the sectarian churches of the land? Is it not, Enter on no account a church where these errors are taught? Read not a book or paper in their defence? Listen to the arguments of no one who seeks their support? Is not this an admission, a full and entire admission, that they are sustained by proofs which cannot be refuted? If they do not feel that such is the case, why do they labor to prevent their people from hearing and judging for themselves? There is wrong here,—a great and grievous wrong,—a wrong which holds the mind in chains, and keeps its eye sealed against the truth. Thus it must be confessed that thousands are kept from embracing the truth wholly by worldly considerations,—they will not examine, because they do not wish to make the sacrifices which embrac-

ing our views will require; and other thousands are held in the thralldom of their heavily wrought chains. There is blame here,—the blame of refusing to enquire,—to think,—to prove all things. Would they but do these, the proofs of truth would stand out so boldly and clearly that they would all be constrained to say, with Peter, Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. The whole difficulty is, not in the power of truth to convince, but in the refusal of the people to make themselves acquainted with the truth. Thus while the decisions of the mind are necessarily according to evidence, the examination of the evidence is a voluntary act.

3. That men are accountable for their faith, is evident from the fact that they are uniformly regarded as culpable for their neglect of the moral virtues of religion. Who would think of saying a sane man, living under the light of the gospel, was not deserving of condemnation for violating the laws of justice, kindness, and love? We never think of doubting that these laws are obligatory; we all feel that they are right and ought to be obeyed. We say that men are bound to think rationally respecting them, and to carry out their thoughts in rational action. But how are we to separate these laws from Christianity? How are we to obtain an idea of their real nature, and their obligatory character, aside from Christianity? No people, except those who have had its pure light, have ever understood or regarded them, as they are understood and regarded by Christians. Some have had very limited views of these laws, and some have even denied that they were obligatory. Atheists have gone as far as that, and in perfect consistency, too, with their leading idea; for if there is no Supreme Governor of man, there is no fixed standard of right, and right must depend wholly upon education, and be as fluctuating as fashion. But if there be such a Governor, he must be the standard of right, and all his laws must be in agreement with his unchanging nature. Not only so. His laws must be clothed with infinite authority; for he is an infinite Being, and has not only the right to com-

mand, but the power to give sanction to his laws, appointing misery as the punishment of transgression, and happiness as the reward of obedience. But how are we to know all this? Natural religion has never taught it; the intuitions of the soul have never revealed it. The character of this Supreme Governor, the nature and sanction of his laws are ascertained only through revelation. All history justifies this assertion. Hence it is impossible to separate the moral laws from the Bible. It is that alone which unfolds them as they are, and shows them to be in truth the laws of an infinite God. If, therefore, men are accountable for their conduct, they are accountable for their faith, for religion and morals are inseparable. Disprove revelation and destroy the idea of an infinite Governor, and you take away all the sanctions of the moral law, and leave us no guide for our actions.

The close connection between our idea of God and our idea of his moral laws is evident from the fact, that we interpret the laws according to the character we give him. How differently do we understand the moral laws from what they were understood in the dark ages! Then the God of the Christian was but little elevated above a heathen deity! And every year, as the light of Universalism penetrates the darkness of the church, a higher and broader significance is given to the moral laws. Here is another reason why our religion progresses so slowly. People are reluctant to admit such rules of duty as it urges; they dislike the construction it puts upon the moral laws; they say it is hard to be just under every circumstance, in all relations, and to all people; that it is hard to be kind to all classes of evil men, and under every provocation, and that it is hard to love all enemies, the vilest and most malicious of them. And as there is something, say what you will, in the popular idea of God, of his justice, kindness, and love, which at least excuses deviations from the high path marked by the laws as explained by us, they reluctantly give up their old opinions. But they must pass away, selfish as is the human heart, and the day will come when we shall see a meaning in the moral laws as far in ad-

vance of what we now see, as what we now see is in advance of the dark ages. Then shall we wonder how what we now call justice, kindness, and love, could have passed under those names,—how we could have been so unjust, so unkind, so wanting in a true love, with the Bible open before us, and its pages illumined by the perfections and glories of the Father and the Son!

I say, therefore, again, religion and morals are inseparable. Why, everywhere in the Bible the moral virtues are spoken of as the effect of faith. He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all who diligently seek him. Faith prompts to action, and guides in the right way. How, then, can man be accountable for his conduct, and not for his faith, when in order to have his conduct such as it should be, he must have faith? We know of nothing more illogical than such a supposition.

The foregoing article is copied from the "Universalist Miscellany," for May, 1846. As one of the earlier productions of our lamented Brother, we know it will be read with interest.

MARY'S POND.

BY MISS M. C. PECK.

The rippling waves just touched my feet,
With low, sad music, silver sweet,
The lillies bent their heads to drink,
And where the pebbles lined the brink,
I paused to think.

I saw no more the rounding shore:
The lazy fisher's dipping oar
Came to my ear with far-off swell;
The legends that the farmers tell
I pondered long, I pondered well.

How, long ago, a maiden came
To bury here her scarlet shame;
And now the waves above her roll,
And lily-bells a requiem toll,
To rest at last her weary soul.

Poor child! I thought, the very place
Seems haunted by her still, sad face.
Poor heart, that broke, and did not know
Our Lord had loved a sinner so,
Another Mary, long ago.

"In peace." Let the waters rest
Like God's sweet mercy on her breast!
I know when Christ's atoning rain
Shall wash away her crimson stain,
Her "Morning Star" shall rise again.

PARALLELISM.

There is, to English readers, but one distinctive peculiarity in the form of the poetry of the Old Testament. Rhyme, or the artificial chime of sounds at the end of the lines, so general a feature in the structure of modern poetry, seems to have been as unknown to them as to the Greeks and Romans. And even rhythm, or the regular measurement of verse by long and short accents, as in Southey's *Thalaba*, and Longfellow's *Evangeline*, if employed by their writers, is undetectable now that the true pronunciation of their language is lost. Parallelism is the only characteristic to us in the structure of Hebrew poetry, distinguishing it from prose.

"It is constituted of a certain equality, resemblance, and relationship, between the members of sentences, so that in two lines or members of the same period, things shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure." This is Horne's definition of it.

Bishop Lowth, who has written at large on the subject, deduces its origin from the custom of the Jews in reciting their sacred hymns. These were accompanied with music, and chanted alternately by opposite choirs. Sometimes the burden of the hymn was sung by one choir, the other interposing a particular distich at stated intervals. We read in the 15th of Exodus, that the triumph song of Moses over the drowned Egyptians was chanted in this manner. Moses and the men of Israel chant the song, and Miriam and the women answer them with timbrels in the chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." We detect this form, too, in the order of some of the Psalms. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men," is the refrain, or overword, as the Scots call it, occurring at stated intervals, of the 107th Psalm.

Then again we have each verse divided into two parts, the first sung by one choir, and the second responded by another. In

the 136th, "for his mercy endureth for ever," is the overword of every verse.

1. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
2. O give thanks unto the God of gods:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
17. To him which smote great kings:
For his mercy endureth for ever.
18. And also famous kings:
For his mercy endureth for ever."

Something very similar to this is to be found in one style of the Old Scottish Ballads, the overword not always in intelligible connection of sense with every verse, but yet so connected with the general theme by a dreamy sort of association, as to impart a peculiar character and charm to the whole:

There were twa sisters sat in a bower:
Binnorie, oh, Binnorie;
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring:
Binnorie, oh, Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing,*
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

This peculiarity of Hebrew poetry which is felt in its effects on the ear by all, though many doubtless overlook the arrangement producing it, is found not only in the professed and connected poems, but frequently it interrupts some prose narrative with its harmonies, relieving the ear, and haunting the memory with its musical numbers.

It is found in the New Testament, too, though less frequently. It breaks out in the addresses of Christ; its cadences swell through intervals in the arguments of Paul:

"With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Give not that which is holy to the dogs: neither cast ye your pearls before swine. To him that asketh thee, give; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die."

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

* Everything.

But it is to the Psalms and the professedly poetical passages we must turn for the finest examples. The whole of the 19th Psalm is, perhaps, as perfect a specimen of it, sustained through all the song, as the Bible affords. From the 6th to the 11th verse the voice swings of itself into the melody, till in the 9th verse it rings, gratified, in an accidental rhyme. We will quote but one more illustration, in a burst of song which, for grandeur and sublimity of description, outvies all I can recall of the loftiest poesy of uninspired man. It is a part of the song, which, like the dying swan, Moses chanted to Israel ere he clomb Mt. Nebo to his grave :

7. Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.

8. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel.

9. For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.

10. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.

11. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings;

12. So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.

In every successive clause of each sentence of this truly magnificent address, you find a repetition, yet an augmentation of the meaning of the preceding and parallel clause. Word answers to word, and phrase to phrase, with antithetic emphasis. "The days of old;" "The years of many generations;" the first suggesting a dim retrospection of past time, the second peopling the backward vista with the multitudes past away.

"Thy father will show thee: thine elders will tell thee;" the familiar teaching of home—what the father *shows*; the more precise instruction of school—what the elders *tell*.

"The Most High divided to the nations their inheritance; He separated the sons of Adam." The latter member represents to the eye what the former addresses to the ear.

"The Lord's portion is his people: Jacob is the lot (cord) of his inheritance:" lot, conveying a stricter idea of property than portion.

"He found him in a desert land: In the waste, howling wilderness."

Mark how the two adjectives,—not here the worst enemies of the substantive, despite Voltaire—heighen the force of the thought.

"He led him about;" as a father, a child;

"He instructed him:

He kept him as the apple of his eye:" each successive phrase the more expressive of his guardianship.

And then note, how stroke after stroke is given to the fine image that follows, in which, under the semblance of an eagle with her young, the progress of God's interference and guidance, from the rousing them out of Egypt, up to the time of the song, is described with a combination of particularity and poetic beauty rare indeed.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest:

Fluttereth over her young:

Spreadeth abroad her wings:

Taketh them:

Beareth them on her wings:"

Each additional clause carrying forward the action with grace and energy, till the last verse of the paragraph secures them under the keeping of their God.

"So the Lord alone did lead him:

And there was no strange god with him."

It is impossible by any verbal analysis to convey the intrinsic power and beauty of such passages. They evaporate during the attempt. They must be felt by the instinct of the reader. All I have attempted is to help him to detect some of the secrets of the style and structure of the verses which secure such felicitous effects.

A. G. L.

Charlestown.

A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things: anger without a cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without object; putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

WHEN THE DAMASK ROSE IS RED.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

When the damask rose was red,
In the dewy time of June,
Sweetly was its fragrance shed
Through the garden's leafy gloom:
Alike when Day had gone
From the Evening gray and drear,
And when to hail the morn
Crowded the clarion chanticleer.

Softly then I watched the rose,
Decked with dew and sunshine gold,
While my fingers fast were closed
Round a hand of fairest mould;
And blue eyes gazed in mine
As wondrous clear and bright
As the stars that burn and shine
On the ebon gates of night.

When the damask rose was red
How those words blow mellow chimes
O'er the fragrant leaflets shed
From the crown of summer-time!
Softly stirred the harp-toned grass;
Softly waved the silver rye,
As we lingered there. Alas!
For those moments now gone by!

We were there for many a day,
In the garden green and hushed,
Where the young leaves were at play,
And the morning-glories blushed.
Smoother back my wavy hair,
Oh! what gentle words she said!
But a shadow lingered there
While the damask rose was red!

Now, above, the chill moon shines
Up the ramparts of the sky,
'Neath the hemlocks and the pines
White and cold the snow-drifts lie:
O'er the garden's frozen bound
Where the red rose-berries wave,
O'er the lone and silent mound
They have heaped upon her grave!

When the damask rose is red
In the summer glow again,
I shall think of all she said,
With a faint, unresting pain,
And my tears will gently flow,
Thinking of the moments fled;
Thinking how she slumbers low,
Though the damask rose is red!

Right in one thing becomes a preliminary toward right in everything; the transition is not distant, from the feeling which tells us that we should do harm to no man, to that which tells us that we should do good to all men.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguishable from him who does nothing.

GEMS FROM LAMARTINE.

THE HABITATION OF GREAT MEN.

I have always loved to wander over and study the places inhabited by men whom I have known, admired, loved or revered, among the living as among the dead. The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred, during his passage upon the earth, has always appeared to me the most speaking relic of himself: a kind of material manifestation of his genius, a mute revelation of a part of his soul, a living and sensible commentary of his life, of his actions and his thoughts, solitary and contemplative. In my youth I passed hours reclining under the olives which overshadow the gardens of Horace, in sight of the dazzling falls of the Tiber. I often lay down at evening, lulled by the murmur of the beautiful sea of Naples, under the pendant branches of the vine, near the place where Virgil desired that his ashes might repose, because it was the most beautiful, the sweetest site on which his eyes had ever rested. How often since then have I passed the morning and the evening seated at the foot of the beautiful chestnuts in this little valley of the Chaumettes, where the recollection of Jean Jacques Rousseau draws me and holds me by the sympathy of his impressions, of his reverence, of his misfortunes and of his genius! It is the same with several other writers or great men, whose name or whose writings have found a deep echo within myself. I have been desirous of studying them, of knowing them in the places in which they were born, or received inspiration; and almost always an intelligent view discovered an analogy, secret and profound, between the country and the men, between the scene and the action, between the nature and the genius which it formed and inspired.

THE INFINITE.

How many times have I revolved the thought of the Infinite in my mind, while watching from the brow of a promontory or the deck of a vessel, the sun couching itself in the sea. Oftener still, as I have watched the *Grand Army of the stars*, commencing, under a transparent firmament, its review and its evolutions before

God. When you reflect that the telescope of Herschel has already counted more than five millions of stars : that each of these stars is a world greater and more important than this globe of the earth : that these five millions of worlds are only the borders of this creation ; that if you could travel to the most distant, you would perceive from there other abysses of infinite space filled with other worlds incalculable, and that this journey might continue for myriads of centuries without your ever being able to attain the limits between nothing and God, you can calculate no longer, you can sing no longer ; you are struck with vertigo and silence ; you adore and hold your peace. C. M. S.

PREPARING COFFEE AND TEA.

BY A BACHELOR.

In these times people wish to economise, and therefore will boil away the strength of their coffee, under the false notion that they will *save* the strength they get out of it. Count Rumford made the most careful experiments that have been published on the roasting and infusion of coffee, and found that the greatest strength and pleasantest flavor were obtained when it was roasted to a rather dark cinnamon color, and packed close, and boiling water was filtered through it. If, after this, it is desired to get more out of it, more water may be filtered through, or the grounds may be boiled in the old way—but what is got will be of inferior flavor, and had best not be allowed to mix with what is good. In England, coffee is roasted every morning, by the dealers, ground in presence of the customer, and sold in small quantities, sufficient for one making ; it is then fresh, and much better than when kept for days, or even hours. If kept long it should be in bottles, well corked.

Some West Indians wash the coffee before roasting it, to remove a bitter substance from the surface. It is then dried and roasted immediately. The flavor is preferred by those who are used to it.

Tea likewise loses its flavor by boiling. If extreme saving must be made, it is best to get what is good first, by simple infusion, and then to boil, so as to suit all

tastes. English ladies make their tea upon the table, and do not boil it. Soyer, the celebrated cook, recommends that the pot, with the tea in it, be set in an oven, or over a spirit lamp, for a few minutes, until it is a little hotter than boiling water, and in about three minutes it will be drawn.

Mrs. Partington complained to her grocer that his tea was not so strong as his butter. "Perhaps you didn't bile it enough, marm?" "Yes, sir, I did. I biled it, and biled it, and *biled* it ; and the more I biled it, the weaker it was."

THE HEART AND THE LIFE.

It is very certain that we are far indeed from heaven, while we are conscious of indulgence in any practice of vice. Yet may we be innocent of that, and still far from the goodness of Christ. It is necessary to guard our conduct by the warnings of his word ; it is at least equally necessary to cleanse our hearts by its spirit. Purity of life comes out of purity of heart. If we desire to be good outwards, let us see to it that we do good inwards. To avoid the ways of evil, we must rid our bosoms of the thoughts and desires which are the springs of evil.

And yet again, while busy with the within, conscious of the sway of the heart over the life, let us remember the reactive power of the life upon the heart, and nourish purity of purpose, by righteousness of act.

The heart must be cleansed, it is true, or the life will be false ; but the heart cannot be kept clean, among the habits and associations of transgression. We must "cease to do evil," and "learn to do well." Aye, we shall cease to do evil by learning to do well.

We must renounce every known practice of wrong, promptly, utterly. We must abandon all courses, however pleasant, and to others innocent, which we feel to be causes of offence, to us, or not only will our efforts at improvement be vain, but our intentions are proved to be of the imagination, not the will.

The evil thought cannot be dismissed while we linger in the wicked way.

The disease cannot be cured while we live among the influences which occasion it.

Renewal of mind and reformation of practice must go together. Nor must we hope, when we intrude upon God in prayer, seeking cleanness of heart with hands unholy, that we will be made glad by his mercy, and emancipated by his abundant pardon.

A. G. L.

Charlestown.

MRS. JOHN SMITH AND HER ASPIRATIONS.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Mrs. John Smith aspired. There was an aristocratic clique in the little village, consisting of the families of Judge Harcourt, lawyer Johnson, and Mrs. Pomeroy, a rich widow, and her three maiden daughters. Mrs. Smith's eyes and heart were turned with painful longings, to that elevated circle. O, to find *entree* there; to become *one of the select few*! She courted the favor of Mrs. Harcourt; she imitated her style of dress; she flattered and coaxed her children; she praised her on all occasions, in hopes that some sugared encomium would reach her ears. But all in vain. Mrs. Harcourt acknowledged her acquaintance with the most chilling civility.

Mrs. John Smith aspired. That was evident in the names of her children — Matilda Eulalia, and Orlando Augustus. She never abbreviated or petted their names, but pronounced both euphonic appellations. She sent them to a private school, the same where the young Harcourts and Johnsons attended, that their manners might be moulded as well as their minds. The children, in spite of training, were like their plain, common sense father. They loved to romp and play like other children; they hated to be dressed up, and would, in imitation of their companions, when out of their mother's hearing, call each other "Tilda" and "Guss."

This ambitious lady's maiden name was Jane Higgins. She never liked the name, and was in haste to change it; still it did require a sacrifice of long cherished hopes, to become Mrs. John Smith. She

had dreamed of foreign counts and lords; she had so often pictured herself the star of fashion in some splendid city, that, to come down and be plain John Smith's wife, was a damper to her towering pride. *Mrs. John Smith!* you could find her, rich, or poor, aristocratic, or plebeian, in every village and town.

But while Jane Higgins hesitated, John Smith waited with an air of easy unconcern, for her reply to his proposals. He was an honest youth, pleasant-faced and open-hearted, with a nice little fortune of ten thousand dollars. Surely, too good an offer to disdain, and as Miss Jane had womanly tact enough to know that one negative would be considered final, she graciously acquiesced. She had now been his wife eight years, and a kinder, more indulgent husband, woman never had.

Mrs. Smith was thrown into great excitement one day, when she learned that the handsome Gothic cottage across the way was rented by a wealthy Boston gentleman. By dint of much questioning among her neighbors, she learned that his name was Arnold, and that his wife was an intimate friend of Mrs. Harcourt. Instantly she resolved to cultivate Mrs. Arnold's acquaintance — an intimate friend of Mrs. Harcourt! O, how easy it might be to become on terms of friendship with both ladies!

One evening she went to a lecture. As she seated herself in a conspicuous place, she noticed that Mrs. Harcourt and Mrs. Arnold occupied the settee behind hers. Though unobserved by them, she plumed herself considerably upon being so near these magnates of fashion.

The ladies were conversing familiarly in low tones, yet so distinctly that Mrs. Smith heard their words.

Said Mrs. Harcourt, "You will find Mrs. John Smith a charming woman; I am glad she is your neighbor."

Mrs. Smith was overwhelmed with astonishment and delight. She inclined her ear and listened intently.

"Some ladies have a different opinion of her. I have heard her spoken of in such a manner that I thought I should not care to make her acquaintance."

"O, Mrs. Arnold! you have been mis-

informed! She is a very intelligent lady, and quite literary in her taste; she has not had the advantages of much good society, yet her manners are most elegant. She has a little girl and boy, beautiful children, and so well behaved! If you have no objections, I will ask her to call upon you."

"Certainly, I have none; for I confide in your judgment. But how strangely my husband was deceived. He was introduced to her yesterday, and was not favorably impressed; he thought her vain and vulgar, not well bred by any means."

"I know who you mean," interrupted Mrs. Harcourt with a low laugh; we are talking of different persons; I forgot that you had two neighbors named John Smith. You are thinking of the merchant's wife, I have reference to your right hand neighbor. She is the Mrs. John Smith I wish you to know.

Our heroine did not faint — she made no sound or motion, though a frightful tumult was raised in her breast. For her, *her* to be called *vain* and *vulgar*—not *well-bred*; and *that* Mrs. John Smith, over the way, a *mechanic's wife*, a *charming woman*, a *lady of elegant manners*! O, it was too much to bear; such indignity, such injustice! *That* Mrs. Smith was a mere upstart! Did she, the merchant's lady, chance to have a new dress or bonnet, the mechanic's wife was sure to come out with something more stylish. She knew that Mrs. Smith aped her, but she despised the creature on that account. Such beautiful, well-behaved children! Look at Matilda Eulalia and Orlando Augustus! Ah—" Mrs. Smith's mental commentary ran something in this wise.

She heard not a word of the lecture; she walked home by her husband's side in utter silence; but when safe in her chamber, her grief and rage, the more violent for long restraint, burst forth. She flung herself upon the lounge and fell into hysterics.

Honest John was frightened at her sudden and inexplicable illness. He flew hither and thither, he chafed her hands, dashed water in her face, and, as a last resort, seized the camphor-bottle, and

awkwardly spilled its contents over her new purple silk. At this last demonstration she shrieked dramatically, and wildly entreated him not to murder her, but to let her die in peace.

"My dear Jane, what is the matter? are you sick, or has anything happened amiss? do tell me!"

But Mrs. Smith had no power to explain. Her emotion could not find expression in words, and if she did speak, her obtuse husband would not understand, for he had no aspirations, or if he had, they were unlike hers.

After a few futile attempts to soothe and comfort his distressed lady, Mr. Smith retired to let the storm expend itself, alone. He had a very distinct recollection of similar attacks which had never proved fatal, in spite of the dangerous appearances.

Mrs. Smith arose next morning in a calmer state of mind, yet irritable and very bitter towards her neighbor over the way. Last night was not the first time she had heard the mechanic's wife praised to her own disparagement; not the first time she had heard Mary and Charlie Smith eulogized as model children. She had always tried to keep her children from them, now she was resolved that they should never play together again. But the sharpest sting of all was, that Mrs. Harcourt knew *that* Mrs. Smith and counted her as a friend! What arts the creature must have used, she could not pretend to guess; but what an idea! the Judge's aristocratic lady visiting the mechanic's wife!

At breakfast time, the children came running in, from out doors, full of joy. "O, mother, mother, may we go to Mary Smith's party, this afternoon?"

"How do you know she is going to have a party?"

"She and Charlie have been over here this morning," said Matilda, "and they told us all about it."

"Naughty children! many and many a time I have told you not to play with Mary and Charlie Smith. I can't account for the attraction, I am sure!"

"But why can't they play together?" asked the father; where is the harm?"

"You know I don't like Mrs. Smith,

she is my aversion ! and her children are just like her."

"I know you don't fancy her, but why I can't understand, for she is a universal favorite."

"I have good and sufficient reasons for disliking her," retorted the lady sharply; "and I shall not call upon her, nor let my children mingle with hers."

"Mother," cried Orlando, plucking at her sleeve, "say, can't we go to the party?"

"I tell you no!"

"Why, it's Mary's birth-day, and all the little-children are going. Her mother is going to make lots of cakes and tarts, and her father has bought oranges and nuts. O, dear, we must go!" and Matilda clasped her hands in the eagerness of her appeal.

"Matilda Eulalia, don't say another word about the party, but sit down and eat your breakfast; the table has been waiting this half hour."

Mr. Smith was vexed at his wife's unjust decision, and felt for the disappointment of the children, but he hated a quarrel, and experience had taught him that he would come off worsted in a contest, so he withdrew in silence.

The children teased and pouted, and flouted, and went to school with red eyes and sore hearts. Still Mrs. Smith was inexorable.

"Good morning," said a cheerful, friendly voice. She started and beheld the object of her unfounded hatred, Mrs. John Smith, the mechanic's wife, stood in the dining-room door-way. She had thrown a handkerchief over her head, and run across the street to ask her neighbor to let Matilda and Orlando attend her children's party. She was dressed in a nicely fitting calico wrapper, her dark hair was bound smoothly around a head of fine moral and intellectual development, her face was well formed and winning in its expression, and her beautiful brown eyes spoke volumes in favor of their possessor. She looked the lady, and a born lady she was, by right of the inherent qualities of her soul.

"Good morning!" she repeated, smiling and nodding.

"Good morning," said the merchant's lady, coldly and stiffly, meanwhile flattering herself that that coldness and stiffness was haughty condescension; "will you take a seat?"

"No, I thank you; I am busy with an important baking on my hands. It is little Mary's birth-day, and she is to celebrate it with a party. Will you let your children come early after dinner?"

Now it was our aspiring Mrs. Smith's time to triumph. To be able to refuse a civility point blank, was a privilege she had longed to enjoy. "I beg you to excuse me, but really I disapprove of large parties for children, and, on all occasions, I endeavor to keep mine by themselves as much as possible!"

A puzzled smile parted the lips of little Mary's mother; it rose to her eyes, and lighted them with a gleam of surprise and amusement, and then with a slight flush, showing wounded feeling, she bowed and silently turned away.

At noon time the children clamorously renewed their importunities. They could not be denied going to the party. Lily Johnson, and Eddie and Sarah Harcourt were going, why could not they?

This put a new face upon affairs; Lily Johnson and the little Harcourts were to be there. Mrs. Smith began to regret that she had cut her neighbor so decidedly, but it was too late to retract now. So through that long Saturday afternoon, while the shouts of the merry party over the way rung upon the air, "Tilda" and "Guss" moped about the house and cried, or wrangled with each other.

One auspicious morning Mrs. Smith awoke to find herself a rich woman. The evening mail, delayed beyond its usual hour, brought the unexpected tidings of good fortune in a large yellow envelope, sealed with a red wafer. Mrs. Smith had retired for the night, so the important missive was allowed to lay unopened until morning. It might however, have had some magnetic influence upon the lady's visions, for she floated all night in a charmed dream, with the glitter of silks and the flash of jewels before her eyes, and seemed to be not herself, but some

high-born duchess or princess of royal blood.

She had nearly completed her morning toilet, when she espied the letter upon her dressing-table. Her correspondence was limited, so it was with lively curiosity that she examined the superscription, and then separated the wafer. A few ill-spelt, scrawling lines, were traced upon the coarse paper, but they had a meaning which caused her pulses to leap as though the letter was charged with electricity.

An aged grand-uncle whom she had never seen, and scarcely heard of, had suddenly stepped out of this world, leaving his property to be divided among his distant relatives. The letter announced this fact, and that she had a claim upon fifty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Smith grew giddy with joy, yet, half incredulous, she studied the lines over and over. There it was in plain figures, \$50,000. And it was hers, all hers. She was a rich woman now, and could hold up her head as high as she pleased.

She laughed and cried alternately; she walked back and forth with a proud sweep of her skirts; she smiled congratulations upon herself in the mirror, and tossed her head with as fine an air as any Miss McBride.

While thus occupied, Tilda threw open the door, calling loudly, "Mother, mother, breakfast is ready and waiting! father has come back from the store, and Bridget is getting cross because you are so late. O, have you got a letter? who is it from, mother?"

"Matilda Eulalia, my dearest daughter, come here!" cried Mrs. Smith, radiantly.

The little maiden advanced as she was bid and was received in her mother's arms with the greatest demonstrations of joy and tenderness. "My darling child, now I am so happy! a great fortune has fallen to me; I am a rich woman, and you are an heiress, and my noble boy is a great heir! I had such dreams last night, and no wonder!"

"O, I am glad," cried the child; "and now we can have everything we want! I shall have a piano and a canary bird in a gold cage, and brother can have a pony and a real gun. Say, ma; are you ever

so rich, and can we have everything we want?"

"Yes, my little heiress!"

"But if Orlando is a *great heir*, I'll be a *great heiress*, too; I will have as much as he!"

Mrs. Smith laughed and said, "Yes, certainly, certainly," and hastened down stairs, followed by the little, great heiress, in high glee.

"O, father," she cried, "a great, big fortune has fallen down upon mother, and we are all rich, and can have everything we want! O, brother, you can have a pony and a gold saddle, if you like, and I shall have a piano and lots and lots of pretty things."

"What nonsense are you talking?" said Mr. Smith; "come, the breakfast is getting cold; let us sit down to the table."

"I care little for breakfast," said the stately mistress of fifty thousand, "and let me tell you, Mr. Smith, the child was not talking such nonsense as you suppose. Read this letter. My dear, old uncle, Lemuel Higgins, is dead, and I am one of his heirs."

Somewhat mystified, honest John Smith took the letter and read. He had never heard of her dear old uncle before, and thought the rich relative had stepped in and out of the play very mysteriously.

"This is strange," he murmured, knitting his brow. "I never heard of Lemuel Higgins before."

"But I have," put in his wife, swelling with importance; "I have heard of him many times when I lived home with my father. He was a bachelor, a queer sort of a man. He went off a long, long time ago, to the Indian frontiers and became a trapper. They said he made a vast fortune trading in furs. Noble old gentleman! I little thought he'd remember me so generously!"

"I don't see how he has remembered you at all, as he never saw or heard of you. He died, and as he left no will, his money is to be divided among his heirs."

Mrs. Smith looked in dignified reproach upon her matter-of-fact husband, then drew her handkerchief forth with an affecting flourish, and wiped her eyes. "You

may take this as coolly as you please," she murmured; "you may be ungrateful, but I shall cherish my uncle's name with loving reverence. I shall ever speak of him with gratitude. I think I ought to put on mourning as a mark of respect; I am sure it would be very becoming and proper in me."

Mr. Smith made up his mouth in an inaudible whistle, cast a puzzled look upon his wife, then studied the paper in his hand. The meaning of that important document was just beginning to impress itself upon his obtuse mind. Fifty thousand dollars! It was a very pleasant piece of information. John Smith was truly rejoiced, as any sane man would be in like circumstances.

Mrs. Smith watched his face and said, "You are just beginning to be glad, and to realize our good luck. Why don't you congratulate me and yourself and the children?"

Concluded next month.

MORNING HYMN.

Translated from the Spanish, of Iriarte.

BY D. H. JOHNSON.

Great God! to whom alone I owe
My breath, and every good below;
In life and death, sustained by Thee,
Controller of my destiny.

When the first beams of morning rise,
Accept my early sacrifice;
To thee, my grateful hymn I'll raise,
And consecrate the hour to praise.

Make me each moment deeply feel,
For woes that Mercy seeks to heal;
Enclose me in thy arms of power,
My shield when dangers round me lower.

Parent of Good! throughout this day,
Keep me from sin's alluring way;
May I thy statutes ne'er offend,
Where'er my mortal footsteps tend.

Beheld by thine Omniscient eye,
My wants are known—my needs supply;
Accept my work, when day shall close,
And give thy weary child repose.

The pure examples of the just,
Inspire my hope, and fix my trust;
Bid peace attend till life shall wane,
And I thy heavenly mansions gain.

SPRING.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL DRAMA.

BY SARAH B. WINSLOW.

NAMES OF CHILDREN WHO JOIN THE PLAY.

A little girl dressed to represent Spring.

FRANK,	CHARLIE,	LIZZIE,
MALCOLM,	GEORGE,	JULIA,
WILLIE,	ANNIE,	KATE,
1st Singer invisible.		2d Singer invisible.

SPRING.

[A little girl representing Spring appears and sings the following:]

I bring the warm sun beams
And the gentle shower,—
I breath on the branches
In wood or in bower;
The branches all answer
With buds and with leaves,
Every branch for itself
A bright garment weaves.
With a calm loving glance
I look over the earth,
And quick at my call
Come the green spires forth.
Children come, come out,
Hasten hither away
With hoop, ball and marbles,
Come greet me to-day.

[Frank and Malcolm enter with marbles.]

Frank—

Here are marbles, sit you there,
And be sure you count with care;
I'll take yours and number right,—

Malcolm—

Please don't sit so near me quite.

[Enter Julia and Lizzie.]

Julia—

What a bright and pleasant day
On the green to spend in play.
Welcome, welcome sunny Spring,
Here we'll hop, and skip, and sing.

Lizzie—

Gladly leave we school and home,
O'er the fields awhile to roam.
Here comes Ann and merry Kate,
Let's go meet them—see, they wait.

Julia—

Here are Charley, George, and Will,
Coming slowly up the hill.

Kate—

Why so slow there, George and Charley,
Hasten, stop not there to parley.
We are waiting, don't you see,—
And time waits not, for you nor me.

Willie—
Girls, what will you? we are here,
Seeking spring-time, sport and cheer.

Kate—
Ah! what will we? sport and play,
All this livelings sunny day.

Lizzie—
Yes, who within dark wooden walls
Would be cooped when spring-time calls!

George—
Hurra! for marbles, balls and hoops,
Better now than slates and books.

Annie—
Yes, till nine to-morrow morning,
When the school-bell you hear calling.

Charley—
Pleasant's the sound of the old school bell,
When lessons are learned and recited well.

Kate—
Pleasant enough at fitting time,
To-day I don't care to hear its chime.

Willie—
Slates, and books, and teacher, too,
Have had for once our glad adieu.

George—
If hoops and balls don't give offence,
Sha'n't we at once a game commence—
You'll not with me a play refuse?

Kate—
You're just the playmate I would choose;
So, hie away, with merry bound,
Poor ball, along the grassy ground.

Willie—
A game at grace, for Lix and me,—
Here are hoops and sticks you see.

Lizzie—
Letters five of Willie's name,
Say I will;—now for a game.

Charley—
Hoop and beater I love best,
And these I choose from all the rest;
Away we'll hie, in happy glee,
Over the field, dear hoop and me.

Julia—
Come Annie, let us walk this way,
If you don't choose to join the play.

Annie—
I will, and let us look for flowers,
It seems quite time they graced our bowers.

Julia—
What! flowers to pluck! scarce leaves to-day
Grace all the boughs. Remember 'tis not May!

Annie—
Remember, too, the voice of fall,
Gives the arbutus buds a call.

Julia—
What! all winter are buds below
The high piled drifts of cold, cold snow!

Annie—
Indeed there are—and here is one
Just oped its eye to an April sun.

George—
Hurra! hurra! I've won at ball!

Charley—
O dear! my hoop has caught a fall!

Frank—
I've lost a marble! who has one
To loan me till the game is done!

George—
Marbles! we have none to lend,—
With loss and fall the plays must end.

1st voice sings—
Passing away is the Spring-time fast—
Summer wanes with its beauty and bloom—
Bright Autumn days are hurrying past—
Winter—chill winter is here—give room,—
Passing away is the Spring-time fast.

Lizzie—
What voice is that! who sings out here,
With ringing tones so sweet and clear.

Kate—
Hush! there again! what means it all!

Willie—
I think we'll call this Magic Hall.

2d voice commences singing these lines:
Life now with you, O children, dear,
Is but a Spring-day bright and clear;
With fearless step and beaming eye
Ye walk its bright paths joyously.
The world is one vast "Magic Hall,"
Where all life's thousands voices call—
"I've won"—is heard with boasting tone,—
"A fall"—is uttered with a low moan—
"I've lost—I've lost," who'll loan or find,
I groping here so "weak and blind."
Still Faith, and Truth, and gentle Love,
Watch and call from heights above,—
For those who fall—for those who lose,
We treasures have, from ours wilt choose?
Accepting these no thorns will meet
The pressure of thy untried feet,
No clouds hang darkly o'er thy way
But such as ope to brighter day;
And Faith, and Truth, and gentle Love,
Bearing the peace-bough from above,
Thy brow shall wreath with its fair flowers,
Which fade nor droop thro' all life's hours.

[While this is being sung the children walk slowly towards the place from whence the voice seems to proceed, and all have left just as the singing ceases.]

Editor's Table.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT?

Every loyal heart is praying for the salvation of our beloved country; and we feel that honor and liberty, interests more precious than life itself, depend upon the success of our union arms. When last summer from the bloody field of strife, the terrible cry of *defeat* was borne to us, and in the first moments of tumult and horror we feared to see our very Capital desecrated by the hands of traitors, even strong men wept and shuddered. How pale with grief, or stern with fierce determination were the faces that met us then!

Now we are cheered with repeated victories, and our hearts leap with joyful exultation. How our fathers and brothers and husbands shake hands and congratulate one another with beaming smiles, over a victory! Ah, but these are dear bought victories! With the shout of triumph is blended the wail of orphans and widows, and rivers of tears flow by the streams of blood.

Dear reader, there are better victories than these, glorious as we esteem them, bloodless victories over the rebellious elements within the human soul.

You arise some morning and carelessly go about your duties forgetting to fortify yourselves against the probable assaults of the enemy. Your fortress is weak and vulnerable at some points, so by and by when temptation assails in an unguarded moment, you are obliged to yield with a struggle more or less severe, as the case may be.

Perhaps you have been overcome by petulance, or impatience, or uncharitableness, perhaps selfishness has conquered you, or you have yielded to a spirit of unreconciliation, or faithlessness, or ingratitude. It may be you have not utterly fallen, and have been guiltless with your lips, so that no human being knows of the conflict and ignominious defeat in your soul. But you know it by the sore wounds of your spirit, and he who watches

from above, the contest between marshalled hosts, and shapes events so as to carry out his infinite plan, notes it with a Father's eye.

Many will lie down upon their pillows to-night, weeping, or sad enough to weep, because moral defeat has marked the day. But those who have conquered, who can write '*victory*' upon the golden annals of the day, will fall asleep with joy and gratitude in their hearts.

Let those who weep take courage, for the noblest have often erred, and asking forgiveness, begin the new day in the strength of prayer and holy resolutions. Let those who have conquered, be humble in their joy, for without the help of heaven they may fall to-morrow.

Victory! how sweet, how stirring, how glorious! Defeat! how bitter, how crushing, how humiliating! Reader mine, which shall the recording angel register for you this day, *victory or defeat*?

M. S. D.

Dear reader, have you ever meditated on that curious faculty

IMAGINATION?

What a wonderful and spicy ingredient of our nation it is! A great creative genius—a grand artificer out of nothing! We have just been perusing the fire—a brave, crackling wood fire on the hearth—and unconsciously lost ourselves in an imaginary battle. A battle has been fought among the flames and coals and living embers. We saw the charges of the cavalry, the fall of men, the rout and confusion of the combatants. A little girl is at our side whose eyes have been directed to the same object, but no word had been for some time spoken, and no hint on our part of what we saw. Suddenly she spoke. "Do you see those horsemen in the fire, flying for their lives? They are the South. Do you see that great body of men after them, that seem to

grow larger and larger, and to completely overshadow the flying horsemen who are dropping to pieces and dissolving? They are the North!"

All this was gravely uttered, as if a matter of absolute fact. How happened her imagination and ours to play the same trick at the same time? who can tell?

A correspondent sends us a couple of curious instances of the efficacy of imagination, as a healing medium. We think they explain certain effects in the modern wonder world, which are attributed to quite other agencies. The first is a case of cure by what he calls

THERMOMETRIC TREATMENT.

In the life of Sir Humphrey Davy we find an account of a remarkable cure of a man who for seven years had suffered under a malady that entirely disabled him from work. It was soon after the discovery of oxygen gas. Dr. Beddoes had applied oxygen to cure diseases of the lungs, with astonishing success; and had extended its use to many diseases with which the lungs seemed to have nothing to do, yet which were strikingly affected by the gas. Davy, then a youth, was assistant to Beddoes, and made the gas, put it into bladders, and administered it to the patients, through a tube and mouth-piece. In order to be entirely scientific, it was the practice to observe the change of temperature of the blood caused by the gas; this was done by putting a thermometer down the patient's mouth, before and after the operation. The patient in this case, was an ignorant man, and had no idea of the process to which he was to be subjected. He was seated in a chair like a barber's, his head turned back, and the thermometer put into his mouth for several minutes. When it was removed, he stretched his limbs, and declared that he felt much relieved. Davy winked at the spectators and sent the patient away without administering the gas; and this operation was repeated every day for a fortnight, when the patient was entirely cured. Dr. Beddoes, who published a monthly medical journal, could not wait for the next number of it, but must publish a pamphlet to inform mankind of the cure, and was prevented from doing so only by the confession of Davy that he had taken the liberty to experiment on the patient's imagination.

Capt. D., who sawed off the figure-head of the Constitution, is a practical joker. He once had a passenger who had a tooth-ache, and was indignant because there was no instru-

ment on board to draw it. The captain got nettled by his violence, and determined to "get to the windward of him;" so he asked him very soothingly, what he could do with a tooth-puller if he had it, he never pulled a tooth. "Do?" groaned the passenger, "any one can draw a tooth, after a fashion, and your owners ought to be sunk for sending a ship without one; every medicine chest should have one!"

"Good gracious! I never thought of the medicine-chest. I'll look into it; perhaps there may be one in it." The chest was brought out and overhauled by the captain, who managed to place the handle of a cork-screw in full view of the passenger, but out of his own sight, while he searched all other parts of the chest. It made the tooth-ache easier,—a good deal easier,—quite easy;—in fact, it quite passed away, and he need not trouble himself to find the instrument."

Years afterward the captain met his passenger, and, after discoursing on the times, asked whether his tooth had troubled him again. It had not ached since that time, although it had decayed.

"Well," said the captain, "I did not have much hope of curing that tooth-ache, but I thought it well to try."

"You cure it! how so? You did not touch it."

"Well, I did as much as most doctors do; I set your imagination at work upon it, but it was rather a desperate dodge. If I had really had a stout turnkey to show you I should have felt sure; but having only a cork-screw, I was doubtful. You recollect that handle? Well, my opinion is, that when a man is desponding, you must encourage him with a little pity, and when he is violent, you must show him an instrument. A sugar pill, or a cork-screw will do, if he believes aright."

THE PLAGUE.

The following most graphic and appalling picture of the "Great Plague" of 1665 is taken from the romance of *Rothelau*, and is sketched with a master's hand. It will be remembered by many of our readers that this terrific pestilence, the most awful that ever desolated a civilized country, well-nigh made London a desert, and its ravages, as has always been believed, were only stayed, when a dreadful fire which burned for weeks unchecked, had laid half the great city in ruins. We read the de-

scription in our childhood, and have never met it since until this day, but, so indelibly was it burned into our memory, that nothing has ever been able to deface it, and through all the years that have intervened, we could at any time have repeated it almost line for line.—
Ed.]

"In its malignity it engrossed the ills of all other maladies and made Doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to death it possessed itself of all his armories, and was itself the death of every other mortal distemper. The touch, yea, the very sight of the inflicted was deadly; and its signs were so sudden, that families seated in happiness at their meals, have seen the plague spot begin to redden, and have wildly scattered themselves forever. The cement of society was dissolved by it. Mothers when they saw the sign of infection on the babes at their bosom, cast them from them with abhorrence. Wild places were sought for shelter;—some went in to ships and anchored themselves afar off on the waters. But the angel that was pouring the vial, had a foot on the sea as well as on the dry land. No place was so wild, that the plague did not visit—none so secret that the quick-sighted pestilence did not discover—none could fly that it did not overtake.

It was as if heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shoveling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailors fled from the felons that were in fetters—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prison for safety—the grass grew in the market-places; the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers; the rooks and the ravens came into the town and built their nests in the mute belfries:—silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamoring at a window.

For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds, but even that ended. Shriffs there were none; churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave: the testator and his heirs and executors were hurried from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its elements, too, had expired. The seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were left open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft—for all offences ceased, and no crime, but the universal woe of pestilence, was heard of among men. The wells overflowed and conduits ran to waste; the dogs banded themselves—having lost their masters—and ran howling over all the land—horses perished of famine in their stalls—old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof—the children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged. It traveled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun, the source of life.

At that epoch, for a short time, there was a silence, and every person in the street for a moment stood still, and London was as dumb as a churchyard. Again the sound of a bell was heard—for it was that sound, so long unheard, which arrested the multitude and caused their silence. At the third toll a universal shout arose, as when the herald proclaims the tidings of a great battle won, and then there was a second silence. The people fell on their knees, and with anthems of thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal sound of that tolling death bell—for it was the signal of the plague being so abated that men might again mourn for their friends, and hallow their remains with the solemnities of a burial."

MEMORIES.

Among the papers and books left in our possession by the late publisher of the Repository, we find many choice pieces that we do not recollect ever seeing in print. From these we select one by Mrs. S. C. E. Mayo, and another by Henry Bacon. They will, to many of our readers, call up memories of the past, when, unitedly, these departed friends edited the Repository, and in which work they continued until they were called to a better home. We venture also, to publish another piece written by one who was the companion of the late publisher in his early manhood, one who is not known as, nor ever aspired to be an author. Years have passed since she left this earthly vale, and now there is a happy re-union in heaven, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. We know these gems will be interesting to the readers of the Repository.

OUR STAR.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

When eve in all its sweet repose,
Falls lightly o'er the earth,
And human life no longer flows
In streams of noisy mirth;
When nodding flowers fold up the wings
That fanned the drowsy bee,
One radiant Star shines forth and brings
Sweet memories of thee.

Our star! How oft when misty shades
Have curtains o'er the vales;
And birds that fill'd the woody glades,
Have ceased their witching tales;
How oft that one bright constant Star
Will waken Memory's tide,
And bid me wish, when distant far,
To call thee to my side.

Hours spent with thee, beneath its light,
Have been too deeply blest;
The spell that bound me with its might,
Why need it be confessed?

The beating of a kindred heart —
Sweet sympathy of mind —
How can I, when we are apart,
That mystic spell unbind?

OUR STRAB! oh, let its golden beams,
Where'er thy path may be,
Wake gentle thoughts of her whose dreams
Have been too sweet of thee;
And whencesoe'er in silent prayer,
I meet its hallowed ray,
For thee, twin object of its care,
For thee, my heart shall pray.

NIAGARA, SEPT. 19, 1850.

BY HENRY BACON.

I've seen thee, Everlasting God, to-day!
And mutely at thy feet, my thought look'd up
In adoration that has made me strong.
O, there is strength, that, like the rushing
wind,
Comes to my every nerve with quick'ning
power,
When I behold the greatness of thy glorious
works,
As in the poet's lines. I feel his soul.
Why are so beautiful thy grandest deeds?
Why so sublime thy works of power, my God?
The "voice of water" answers me to-day:
All power in God is beautiful! His stroke
Bids glory live; and from ten thousand urns
Pours the effulgence of Creative Mind;
That bids reverberant echo but repeat
The sounding floods of living light and joy.

I have been nearer to thee, God, to-day!
And in bewildering extacy of thought,
I look to thee in prayer, and pray that I
May know this blessedness of soul again.
By Memory's power; for, then, as loftiest Alps
Catch the first glory of the rising sun,
So shall my spirit, lifted high, receive
The kindling of the light that beams to give
New thought to mind, new glory to our day.

PARTING HYMN.

BY L. A. T.

The time has come, the hour is near,
That brings with it a silent tear;
Now sadness fills each throbbing heart,
And gladness flies that we must part.

We oft have met in visions sweet,
Pursued our task in concert meet;
Hearts congenial here have twined
The lasting chords of friendship kind.

And then this hall to science dear,
Remembrance oft shall linger near;
With vivid touch shall wake the past,
And bid each scene forever last.

And you, kind teacher, fain we'd bless,
And this, our grateful thought express;
May Heaven repay your toilsome cares
For this reward we'll blend our prayers.

But now to all, we say, farewell;
May this sweet hope, each sigh dispel;
That we again may meet above,
Encircled in eternal love.

The following is a unique specimen of
NATURAL POETRY.

The Rev. Mr. Keep in his Narrative, says
that while passing in a steamer, he saw an old
lady sitting on a box, watching the rest of her
baggage at her feet, and singing frequently:

Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One, two, three, four.

Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One two, three, four.

Sixty years ago, an old-fashioned man wrote
the following rude lines on the opening page
of a cherished book: We meet, occasionally,
even at this time, individuals to whom we
should like to repeat them.

"If I this book do lend to you,
Or you of me do borrow,
So soon as you have read it through,
Pray bring it back the morrow.

Then after which, if you do want
To borrow yet another,
Just come to me and you shall see
That I can lend the other."

BOOK NOTICE.

The Sunday School Companion, designed
for Bible Classes, and the older classes in the
Sunday Schools. By Rev. J. G. Bartholomew.
Boston: Tompkins & Co., 1862.
pp. 130.

This book comes the nearest of anything we
have seen, of that oft attempted work, the *sug-
gestion* of thought, and the *stimulating* of the
mind in its pursuit of truth. Most books save
the minds of the students all labor—make
them merely *receptacles* of thought. Mr. Bar-
tholomew has done the hundred-fold better
thing, — has given a treatise which will make
the student *think* as well as *receive* thought.
A question is asked; the answer is given as
briefly and concisely as possible; then follows
the Scripture quotation, illustrative and con-
firmatory of the answer. In this way, the au-
thor has given twenty-seven chapters on Bibli-
cal Themes — such as Revelation, the Law, the
Priesthood, the new Dispensation, the Gospels,
the Epistles, Scriptural Views of God, Man,
Prayer, of Death, of the Future Life. The
book will be welcome in all our Sunday
schools. Teachers, we are sure, will find it full
of suggestion, and will be greatly aided by it
in their labors. The mechanical execution of
the book is decidedly *extra*. It has, so far as
we have seen, neither rival nor second. Even
a poor book in such a dress would be welcome.

OUR FATHER GOD!

Adapted to an old Scottish Air.
Andante.

Words by A. G. LAURIE.

1. Our Fa - ther God! we fain would raise Our hearts and voi - ces in a song, A

song of grat - i - tude and praise, To Thee, to whom our lives be-long;

But, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Faint and cold our hymn will be, Un -

less, to thrill its chords with joy, Our hearts are full of Christ and Thee.

2 For life and love, and friends and home,
And every earthly blessing given,
For sin destroyed, and death undone,
And every soul at last in heaven,—
Oh, Heavenly Father, Heavenly Father,
— Heart of grace so large and free—
For all the mercies of thy love,
What can we, Lord, return to thee?

3 Thou Holy Ghost of God come down,
Flood every soul with love divine;
And, Father, send thine only Son,
Let Christ be ours as well as Thine;
Then, Heavenly Father, Heavenly Father,
Childish though our praise may be,
It well may join an angel's song,
For all its tones shall throb with Thee!

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1862.

THE MINSTREL AND HIS BRIDE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Bard and minstrel ! What associations of beauty and delight do those names of another and long vanished age awaken in the mind ! As our fingers trace the magic words, what gorgeous pictures of princely banquets and splendid tourneys, of dove-eyed sweetness and queen-like beauty, of panoplied knights and careering steeds, float in dreamy and bewildering mazes through the brain !

In the old romantic days of chivalry and knightly valor, there was no art more cultivated and more honored than that of the minstrel, or minne-singer. The minstrel, with his harp and his fiery glance of love and inspiration, was more potent to stir the heart of nations than the monarch on his throne. Nobles, princes, and even kings, oftentimes forsook their toils and their dangers, to indulge in the beautiful dreams of poesy ; or, uniting the harp with the sword, went forth, lance in rest, to do, as fortune might direct, good battle for the oppressed, or to chant the praises of beauty in the bower of their lady-love.

It was, perhaps, in the latter part of the twelfth century, in the early days of the crusades, that this beautiful art attained the zenith of its glory ; and it is a well-attested tradition, that England's chivalrous king, the lion-hearted Richard, was himself a minstrel of no ordinary merit. Fostered and cherished by so great a monarch, the atmosphere of his presence was the paradise of minstrels, and he who could

weave the lay and strike the harp with the greatest skill, might bask in the smiles of youth and beauty, and rest secure under the favor of royalty, without a fear for the future.

Those were glorious days for the minstrel, but it was, perhaps, unfavorable to the true interests of the art that its course was so bestrewed with flowers ; for the flint of misfortune is often necessary to strike out the sparks of genius, and notwithstanding all the patronage of royalty and nobility, minstrelsy began almost immediately to decline. The noble and romantic spirit which had animated it was lost ; selfishness crept in to mar its purity, and it became gradually prostituted to unworthy purposes, until it was evidently verging to its fall.

Thus more than a century went by, when a star arose in Mentz, a city of Germany, which shed a new brilliancy over the tarnished and half-buried art ; something of the spirit of the early bards returned, and, in the person of *Hiemrich Von Meissen*, seemed about to bring back the earlier and purer days of song. Obscurity rests over the parentage of this remarkable young man, and whether he was a prebendary of Mentz, a doctor of theology, or a simple, independent burgher, who elevated himself to the art from a love of it, history and tradition are alike undetermined. But, that he possessed a true and deep feeling for the noble and the beautiful, is undoubted ; and, as he suddenly entered upon the almost deserted path of the minne-singer, and the light of his gen-

ius beamed out from the darkness which had so long shrouded the domain of poesy, all Germany was enraptured. Most of his tender songs were dedicated to the Virgin Mary, — as the highest ideal of womanly virtue, — and to the praise of noble ladies. On this account, his contemporaries bestowed upon him the expressive name of *Frauenlob*; and by this name he was known and honored by posterity.

The age in which he appeared was ripe for the manifestation of a spirit like his, as was evident from the reception he everywhere met with, from the gentler sex. The highest and most exclusive circles were opened to him; ladies of the most distinguished rank, the wife and the matron, the young, the beautiful, and the fair, all vied with each other in rendering honor to the enchanting minstrel, the graceful and high-hearted herald of female virtue.

As might have been expected, there were many who felt for him more than the sentiments of mere gratitude and friendship; but, insensible to every earthly passion, he seemed entirely wedded to his art, until, finally, an attachment sprang up between him and a young lady of noble birth, and of rare mental and personal charms. They were betrothed, but the union was never consummated, for, but a few hours before the period appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials, death severed the bands of their betrothment, and the minstrel was no more. All Germany was plunged into mourning at his loss; he was buried with rare and singular honors, and from a beautiful tradition still extant in Germany, concerning that event, I have woven the following fragment:—

It was a lovely morning in June; the rising sun was just tinging the summits of the rocky cliffs, which the giant fortresses, studded, at frequent intervals, the green shores of the beautiful Rhine. Here and there a truant ray rested on the lofty spire of some towering dome, and, reflected from its gilded cross, gleamed forth through the morning mist, like a beautiful but solitary star, pausing to gaze on the glories of the morning landscape. A Sabbath stillness, broken only by the sweet and fit-

ful warblings of the wild-wood songsters, or, perchance, by the thoughtless whistle of some loitering herdsman, reigned over the green hills and broad valleys of the Rhine.

It was on such a morning as this, in the year 1317, that a young man, habited in the peculiar and quaint fashions of that day, but in a garb whose richness and ornaments indicated that the wearer belonged to the order of knighthood, sat leaning against the stern of one of those small boats which are constantly seen on every considerable river, and which, manned by a couple of indolent boatmen, crept sluggishly up the tide. He was apparently a traveller, and on the occasion alluded to, seemed to have no other earthly occupation but to watch the sparkle of the waves as the oars dipped lazily into the water, an occupation which every now and then, as the drowsy influence of the scene stole over him, he interrupted by a languid and weary yawn.

"Are the people all dead in this part of the country?" he, at length, in a sleepy tone, inquired. "It is strangely still this morning."

The words had scarcely left his lips when he was interrupted by the sudden tolling of many bells, whose solemn tones boomed heavily on the surrounding stillness, and rolling onward, in deep reverberations, far down the shores of the Rhine, died away on the distant wave.

The young man started from his dreamy attitude, while the wondering boatmen, with their oars suddenly suspended in the air, gazed silently in each other's faces.

"What can be the meaning of this, at so unusual an hour?" inquired the young knight. The boatmen silently shook their heads; but the young knight, after a moment's pause, motioned with his arm towards the shore. "Let us land," said he; "I am curious to know what is going on in the city. Steer for the shore."

The obedient boatmen instantly turned the prow of the little bark towards the land, and the young man was, in a few moments, within the walls of one of the most ancient and majestic cities of the Rhine. Led by the sound of the nearest and heaviest bell, he entered the street

leading to the grand cathedral, when a long and dense procession, moving in the direction of the church, met his sight. On a nearer approach, he perceived that it was a funeral train, and that by far the greater proportion of the persons who composed it were females. Women of all grades and conditions in society seemed united by one common feeling, and moved by the same all-controlling impulse. With a strange and unwonted disregard of the claims and observances of rank, the proud and titled daughters of princely houses moved on, side by side, with those of unpretending burghers. All were clad in mourning garbs, and shrouded in veils that nearly swept the ground. Their arms were crossed upon their breasts, and their heads bowed down with a deep and universal sorrow.

Eight young ladies of the most exquisite beauty led the procession, who were likewise habited in mourning. They were distinguished from the great mass by the absence of the veil, and by a chaplet of white lilies which encircled their heads. Yet strange and unwonted seemed the task which they had assumed, for they bore upon their shoulders a coffin which was garlanded with the richest wreaths of mingled roses, lilies, and myrtle.

But there was one mourner in the procession who appeared to attract the attention and the deepest sympathy of all. It was a young lady who followed next to the bearers, and entirely alone. Tall and elegant in her proportions, and splendidly attired in a dress of the purest white, she seemed fitted rather for a bridal than for a burial. Her white satin robe was confined at the waist by a zone of diamonds, and bracelets of the same precious jewels shone upon her white and beautifully rounded arms, which, bared to the elbows, were reverently crossed upon her breast. A chaplet of white lilies, like those of the bearers, rested upon her brow, and over all was thrown a transparent veil of the most delicate silver gauze, which, falling in rich folds around her figure, descended almost to her feet. Her step was faltering and uncertain; and, with her eyes fixed intently on the ground, she seemed lost to all around her.

Low, murmuring whispers passed from mouth to mouth, while the vast multitude, moved by a simultaneous sympathy and respect, uncovered their heads and bowed low, as the fair young mourner passed.

The procession entered the cathedral, and the young knight, who was a deeply interested spectator, followed it. The walls of the spacious temple were adorned with banners of alternate black and white, and the clear light of more than a thousand waxen torches poured in a full flood of splendor upon the spot where the beautiful young bearers at length deposited their burden. A deep silence reigned throughout the vast assembly, when the words, "*Oremus Domino*," pronounced in a rich sonorous voice, that was heard even in the remotest corner of the wide cathedral, broke the stillness. The dense multitude heaved like a troubled sea, as the bearers knelt around the coffin, and a deep, suppressed sound, like the roar of distant waters, rose from all parts of the edifice. A few moments, and all was again silence, when the young ladies, rising to their feet, gathered in a circle around an open grave, where, amid the pealing voices of the choir, and the grand and majestic tones of the organ, the coffin was lowered into its final resting place.

The sad task was accomplished, the young bearers stepped back, and the grave was covered, when a change passed over the spirit of the music. The voices of the choir had ceased; the grand and lofty peals of the organ died away, and the waving multitudes in that vast cathedral grew silent as the grave around which they were gathered, as strains, harmonious as the harps of angels, stole sweetly on their ear. It was a prelude to a dirge, and, as the listeners hushed their very breath to catch the melting strains, the bearers, each holding wreaths of mingled lilies and myrtles in their hands, advanced, and, slowly pacing two by two around the grave, chanted a funeral dirge. Their voices were soft and low, and as they blended together in a melody whose touching sweetness accorded well with the wondrous harmony of the prelude, it seemed to the entranced assembly like the plaintive moanings of some forsaken spirit.

The dirge was finished. The bearers, one after another, dropped their garlands upon the grave, and, drawing back, formed a wide circle around it. Silence again filled the cathedral, and all eyes were turned upon the young lady whose white garments formed so singular a contrast to the sable garbs worn by all others. She slowly entered the circle, and throwing aside her veil, knelt alone by the grave. Her face was turned towards the stranger-knight who stood but a few paces distant, and as she clasped her hands and lifted her large, dark eyes to heaven, he felt that he had never looked upon a creature of such surpassing loveliness. She seemed but in the dawn of womanhood, yet there was in her pale, young face, a something which seemed not of earth. Blended with the traces of intense sorrow, there was stamped upon her lineaments a look of holy resignation, a seraphic calmness, which partook already of the spirit-world. Her lips moved as if in prayer, but no sound escaped them, and the young knight saw that tears were trembling on her long, dark eye-lashes. Her orisons were at length ended, and rising from the marble floor, she slowly removed the wreath from her brow, and pressing it to her lips, and to her heart, dropped it upon the grave, and turned away. But a sudden emotion, too strong to be resisted, chained her departing footsteps, and, turning once more toward the spot which held all of earth that was left of what had been so dear to her heart, she bent her face to the ground, and, with a wild burst of passionate despair, pressed her lips upon the cold marble which covered the grave. One moment she yielded to the deep torrent which overwhelmed her; the next, it was controlled; and rising, she paused as if summoning strength to depart. Her lips seemed striving for words, and the breathless spectators leaned forward, that they might not lose her faintest accents; but "Adieu, Hienrich!" in tones whose touching sadness melted the hearts of all who heard them, was all that she could utter. Her dark, spiritual eyes were, for one moment, turned in speechless anguish to heaven, when the shining folds of her veil fell around her, and accompanied by the bearers, she left the cathedral.

The music of the choir again commenced, while the long train of mourners, two by two, approached the grave, some scattering flowers upon it, some pouring out from golden cups the richest wines of Germany, while some even drew their jewels from their fingers, that they might leave them as a tribute of their affection and respect upon the resting-place of him whom they so deeply mourned. Amid tears and lamentations, the mourners at length slowly separated.

Anxious to make some inquiries respecting the interesting scene he had witnessed, the young knight, as he left the cathedral, approached a lady whom he had observed as a prominent mourner in the procession.

"Will you tell me," said he, "noble lady, the name of him whose remains you have honored with so distinguished a burial? Was it a mighty prince, who ruled his kingdom with wisdom and moderation? Or was it some knightly hero, who, in the battle or the tourney, achieved deeds worthy of the arm of knighthood, and demanding the gratitude of his country?"

The lady regarded her interrogator with some surprise, as, with a gentle and earnest voice, she replied, "Honored be the prince whose hand, wisely and gently, yet powerfully, hold the reins of his State! Honored be the knightly hero whose brave sword faithfully defends the cause of innocence and virtue, and is ever drawn at the call of justice! Honor and fame be theirs; but he whom we have borne to this place of rest, was surrounded by no earthly glory. No martial trumpet heralded his deeds, yet immortal and unfading are the laurels which encircle his brow. Wielding no conqueror's blade, his hand bore only a golden harp, but with this he won victory and fame in every corner of the land. Know, then, we have borne hither a noble minstrel, whose immortal songs have celebrated the virtues and ennobled the hearts of that sex which it was his delight to honor. Therefore have we wreathed his grave with flowers and laurels, the fairest emblems which nature offers to typify the rare beauties of his poetic genius. Meet it is, that to one who has so honored us, this last sad offering of our gratitude and our love should be rendered. Meet it is, that

with tears and lamentations we should bear him to his grave, for he has achieved a name that will live in the book of all times."

"But what is that name, noble lady?" exclaimed the young knight. "Tell me, that I too, may do him honor."

"It is a name that has stirred the heart, wherever it has been heard. It is the name of Germany's sweetest minstrel, *Frauenlob!*"

As the young knight heard a name so honored and beloved, he uncovered his head in deep reverence, and was some moments silent. Then once more turning towards his companion, "Germany has lost her greatest treasure!" he exclaimed: "a prince or a hero might be replaced, but generations may pass and not produce another *Frauenlob*. But tell me, if I trespass not too much on your kindness, who is the fair young creature in bridal robes? methinks her spiritual loveliness is not meet for this world."

"It is the minstrel's bride, the beautiful Ermengarde Van Erstein, the fairest and best who was ever betrothed to noble lover. She had given her hand with all her young heart to him, whom, with so much sorrow, we have laid in yonder grave. They were publicly betrothed, but the day which was to have witnessed their bridals, numbered him among the dead. Well may she mourn his loss, for who is like him."

The eyes of the lady were suffused with tears, and, drawing her veil over her face, she turned away, while the young knight paced musingly along towards the gates of the city, when turning to look once more upon the consecrated pile which had been the theatre of so interesting a scene, he beheld a solitary figure, veiled in white, gliding towards the cathedral. He paused to look after her, until she vanished within its walls, when, breathing a silent petition for her happiness, he left the city. But often, during his solitary journeyings on the Rhine, and his brief sojournings in the crowded cities of other lands, did the image of that youthful and stricken bride rise up before him; and often, too, did the mournful echo of her last "adiou, Heinrich," mingle in the visions of his mid-

night slumbers, and fall like a knell upon his hear.

A year went by, and the young knight, after many wanderings, stood once more within the walls of the time-honored city of Mentz. It was at the same early hour as that in which he had entered it before, and, strange coincidence, a tolling bell, as on that memorable occasion, boomed in sad solemnity on his ear. Secretly wondering at the singularity of the circumstance, he involuntarily turned his footsteps in the direction of the cathedral, when,—was he in a dream,—or did he behold the same funeral train which had met his vision, when, one year before, the minstrel was borne to his last earthly dwelling? There were the eight young ladies crowned with white garlands still leading the procession, but the coffin which they then bore was exchanged for a funereal urn, entwined with laurel and roses. There was the same graceful girl clad in her bridal robes, but her step was now far more slow and feeble, and she leaned on the arm of a young lady for support.

The young knight remembered that it was the anniversary of the minstrel's burial, and instantly conjectured that the scene he now beheld was in commemoration of that melancholy event. Anxious to look once more upon that lovely face which had followed him through all his wanderings since he had first beheld it, he hurried to the cathedral, and entering it before the funeral train, stationed himself near the minstrel's grave. It was adorned with many a withered garland, and his heart swelled with emotion as he remembered by whose hand they had probably been placed there. The procession soon entered, and the services nearly resembling those he had witnessed on the former occasion, were performed. The urn was deposited upon the grave, and the same sweet dirge which had so thrilled his heart before, was chanted by the plaintive voices of the young bearers, while flowers of every lovely hue and delicate odor were scattered upon the grave.

The services were nearly concluded, and the widowed bride, with a faltering step, approached the grave. She drew aside

her veil, and her face was a second time revealed to the young knight; but how was he startled at the change. It had lost nothing of its seraphic expression, but the beautiful fulness of the contour was all vanished. The large, dark eyes wore a startling brightness, and a changing flush on the wasted cheek told a tale that all shrunk from perusing. The white arms, around which the jewelled bracelets now loosely hung, had lost the exquisite symmetry of their proportions, and they who looked upon her felt that her separation from her minstrel lover would not be long. She knelt down, and as she lifted her folded hands in silent devotion, the waiting multitudes around her believed that they beheld a being already more allied to the spirit-world than to this. Suddenly the deep silence was broken by a startling strain of music. The organ was touched by a master's hand, and a prelude, low, sweet, and spiritual, such as sometimes steals upon the enraptured soul until we fain believe we listen to the vibrations of an angel's harp, breathed in ravishing harmony through the long arches of the cathedral.

It was a passage from a favorite composition of *Frauenlob*, and one to which *Ermengarde* had often listened in the happy days of her betrothment. She had never before heard it played by any hand save his, and strong and deep was the emotion it now awakened. Her whole frame trembled, a bright rose color settled in her cheeks, and her breath seemed suspended, as the entrancing strains alternately swelled and died upon the ear. At this moment, a flood of sunlight poured through the richly stained window, full upon the minstrel's grave, and upon the kneeling figure of *Ermengarde*. Bewildered by the sudden brightness which enveloped her, and lost in the harmony and sweetness of the well remembered music, she hailed them as tokens of the presence of some supernatural visitant.

"Heinrich!" she exclaimed, in tones of piercing sweetness, "Heinrich, my beloved, is it thou? Thou didst promise to be with me ere I departed, and behold thou art here! The soft strains of thy angel-harp are floating around me! Thou

art calling me in a voice that I love! I come to thee, my beloved! I come!"

She stretched forward her arms as if to embrace the ethereal form she believed so near; a smile of more than mortal sweetness rested upon her countenance, her head drooped upon her breast, and, as the young bearers sprang forward and received her into their arms, they started at their burden—it was a mould of beautiful but breathless clay!

Strongly tintured with the superstitions of the age, and inclined by a poetic temperament, to fanciful imaginings, she had died in the belief that the spirit of her minstrel-lover, revealed in the burst of sunlight, was summoning her in celestial music to his side.

They laid her by the side of her betrothed, happier in her death than she had been in her separation. And let us believe that the spirits of the departing have visions and revealings from the spirit-land which we know not of, but which shed the glory of a brighter world over the hour of dissolution.

A monument to the noble *Frauenlob* formerly stood in the cathedral of *Mentz*. It was beautifully sculptured in white marble, and represented a minstrel in a recumbent posture, with a harp by his side, a crown of laurels on his brow, and surrounded by eight young ladies holding over him a funeral urn. In the year 1744, it was destroyed by the carelessness of some workmen who were engaged in repairing the cathedral. But in the year 1783, *Vogt*, a favorite historian of Germany, and one very curious and industrious in his researches into the early histories of the Rhine, procured, by his influence, a new monument to be erected to the minstrel, near the place of the old one. It still stands, a memorial of the power of song, and of the gratitude of woman.

Belief in God does not rest upon a mere doctrine of logic, which some other statement of logic may come and upset. It is one of those primal facts in the human soul which no mere logic has established nor can refute.—*Chapin*.

THE SOUL'S FEVER.

BY MISS M. C. PROCK.

Across the river, now,
My soul look back and see,
How blinded man, thy brother man,
Regarded life and thee.

"He died," they say—no more—
"The crisis came and passed;
Death conquered in the fever's strength,
And nature sank at last."

My soul, what sayest thou?
What is this lie of thee?
That hot distemper men call "life,"
Is past, and thou art free.

Thank God! free, free at last,
From folly, woe and pain;
Free from sin's everlasting bond,
The world's depressing chain.

Re-born to healthful life,
The fever crisis past,
Surely, through death's sharp medicine,
Thou art alive at last.

Oh! soul of mine, be still,
Enjoy this endless calm,
These loves that do not curse and kill,
This land of oil and balm.

The broken pitcher lies
Upon the farther shore;
The muddy waters, salt with tears,
Thy hand shall draw no more.

Now, satisfying bread,
Unleavened by earthly sin,
White garments that do not belie
The peaceful soul within.

Hope in possession lost,
Love tender and divine:
Soul, this is what the world calls Death,
Rejoice that it is thine.

MRS. JOHN SMITH AND HER ASPIRATIONS.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Concluded from last number.

"I declare, it is a lucky windfall!" exclaimed the merchant. "Fifty thousand dollars don't grow on every bush. All thanks to your rich, old uncle! It gives a new edge to my appetite, this bit of news," and he commenced his attack on the steak and potatoes, with an energy which verified his words.

They talked over their good fortune, and built castles in Spain, with turrets towering to the skies. They must build a new house, so Mrs. Smith said; a large, fine house, on the same street where Judge Harcourt lived. It must be quite equal to his, and if anything a little better. And it must be furnished, O! so

splendidly! They must have a carriage and a span of horses, gray horses, she thought the most aristocratic; and she would keep two servants, perhaps three. Then, maybe Mrs. Harcourt might think her good enough to call upon, and her children might be intimate with those of the great lady. This was said in private to herself, for Mr. Smith frowned upon her weakness for Mrs. Harcourt's favor.

Mr. Smith reminded his lady that her fortune was not inexhaustible, and that a new house, and carriage and horses, would make a great subtraction of the principle. In homely language he told her they must not cut the garment larger than the cloth.

"I'll take care of that!" cried Mrs. Smith, with a high toss of her head, "I beg you not to dictate too much about the disposal of this property; it is *mine*, pray understand, and I shall use it, instead of hoarding it up, as perhaps you'd like to have me do."

Mr. Smith was silent, as he ever was when she put on airs, and renewed his destruction of the edibles with a dawning fear that this new fortune might bring with it new cares and crosses.

The wealth which is *mine*, not *ours*, may prove a heavy burden.

It was just the fashionable season for travelling, and Mrs. Smith was resolved to take a journey. She had long wished to spend a season at Saratoga, but Mrs. Harcourt, she had learned, was intending to go to Newport, so to Newport she would go, and Matilda Eulalia and Orlando Augustus should accompany her there.

Mr. Smith made no objection to this plan; he liked to make his wife and children happy on reasonable terms, so at the first hint, he handed forth a roll of bills for the expenses of preparation. Mrs. Smith's money had not come yet, but she felt as rich and happy as though it was already hers. Her husband went out to his daily business, and she sat down to luxuriate in her imagination, among the splendid and costly personal adornments which she should select for herself and child. She wavered in her mind about the mourning, but concluded at last that

it would be most proper, and decided to get the most elegant and fashionable styles. Her fancy for colors she could exercise upon her daughter, and she would get the advice of the first *modiste* in the city.

The next morning she started for the city, with little Tilda, upon her important mission. Mr. Smith was a dry goods merchant, but his wife thought there was nothing in his store fit for her use under these circumstances. By the quantity of fabrics, silks, muslins, laces and ribbons, (to say nothing of gloves, flowers and countless ornaments) which she brought home, Mr. Smith was half-inclined to think that she was about to set up trade in opposition to him. But they were all for her and Matilda Eulalia, the lady declared, and he needn't laugh nor scold neither. She knew what was proper and could afford it, too ! "

So Mr. Smith held his peace, with inward groaning, for he saw in the future a long procession of cold dinners and dry suppers, with loud talking dress-makers and milliners, coming and going, and his wife "tired to death," and cross, and the house in indescribable confusion.

Mrs. John Smith, the merchant's lady, had come into possession of an *immense* fortune, left by a dearly loved uncle, for whom she dressed in the deepest mourning. This was the story afloat in the village. It came to the ears of our heroine, and she held her head higher still, and talked more than ever of her dear, old uncle, who had willed all his vast property to her.

She received numerous calls from slight acquaintances, who were deeply interested in her good fortune, and congratulated her in honied phrases. But she cared little for the attentions of these persons, and treated all with the most superb condescension. One thing was wanting to complete Mrs. Smith's felicity. Mrs. Harcourt did not call, neither Mrs. Johnson, nor Mrs. Arnold. Every night she dreamed of receiving them in great state, every morning she arose with that hope buoying up her heart, and every evening she bitterly reflected upon their neglect.

Through her children and those of Mrs.

Harcourt, she learned the name of the house where that lady intended to sojourn while at Newport. The Harcourts were to meet some relatives there from a Southern State. Mrs. Smith determined to happen there just before the arrival of Judge Harcourt's family, and she trusted to good luck and her own tact to bring about an intimacy. Without doubt Mrs. Harcourt regretted her former coolness, and would be ready to respond to the first demonstration on the part of the wealthy Mrs. Smith.

At last all the magnificent preparations were completed. Three huge trunks were packed to their utmost capacity. There were costumes for breakfast, and dinner, and supper; for walking and riding; for bathing, and *negligees* for sick days; there were robes for pleasant and stormy days; for picnics and balls and parties of every description. Yet, Mrs. Smith was in mourning, but fashion allows the fashionable mourner to solace herself with a wonderful variety of styles and fabrics.

Matilda Eulalia's wardrobe boasted of every color of the rainbow, and Orlando Augustus rejoiced in half a score of fantastic suits, rich enough for a young prince.

Mr. Smith stayed at home to attend to his business, and his happy spouse hardly regretted that necessity, for she felt that his presence would be a restraint. He had no aspirations, and she began to fear that she had been wedded to an uncongenial companion.

The journey was performed in safety. Strange to say, none of the vulgar travelers with whom they came in contact, seemed to notice them in the least, though so distinguished a looking group. Consequently, Mrs. Smith felt something as might a royal princess travelling in disguise.

She felt some misgivings as she took possession of her fine rooms at the hotel she had selected. What if she had made a blunder, and should miss seeing the Harcourts! The bare supposition made her half ill. But her chambermaid, a gossiping, trim young woman, relieved her heart of its burden. The Harcourts were expected every day. The suite of

rooms opposite hers were in reserve for them. And the rooms adjoining were occupied by Col. Ainsworth and lady, and Miss Harcourt, a maiden sister of Judge Harcourt; all very aristocratic people from Mobile. Miss Harcourt was a literary lady, indeed, quite a noted writer, decidedly odd in her ways, as rich and noted people are not unlikely to be.

The next day Mrs. Smith sat in one of the parlors, a little lonely, and her children were lounging listlessly about the piazza, tired and homesick. Miss Harcourt, a lady of forty years of age, plain in her dress, and simple in manners, entered the room. Observing Mrs. Smith, she approached her and introduced herself with graceful ease. Was she willing to waive all ceremony, that they might become friends at once?

Mrs. Smith thrilled with delight, and replied in most cordial terms. This was more than she had hoped for, still she might have expected it, for the fame of her wealth had doubtless gone before her.

Soon the ladies were conversing quite freely.

"Is Mr. Smith with you?" inquired Miss Harcourt; "I should esteem it a privilege to make his acquaintance."

"No; my husband is at home, immersed in the cares of his business."

"Ah! then he cannot stop for a holiday? Now really, I think he ought to give himself some relaxation, with such fame and such a fortune in prospect."

Mrs. Smith bowed with a puzzled air. What meant this reference to fame in connection with fortune? she was about to allude in an affecting manner to her beloved and eccentric uncle, when the enthusiastic *blue* lady interrupted her.

"I congratulate you upon being his happy wife. I do always dote on men of genius! and all genius does not express itself in poetry; and then there is the poetry of action! inventive genius is admirable. I count poets and novelists and scholars among my friends, but I don't know a single distinguished inventor. I do lament that your husband could not leave his business. Are your children here? I long to see them."

In a sort of amaze Mrs. Smith beckon-

ed to Matilda, who stood in the doorway.

"Come here, my darling child," cried the poetess. "I love you, already, for the sake of my brother's children; they always mention Mary Smith in their letters, and my sister-in-law has promised me much pleasure in an acquaintance with her dear friend, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Smith was thunderstruck; like a flash of lightning was revealed to her the mistake under which Miss Harcourt was laboring. Her emotions were unutterable.

"Where is your beautiful brother Charlie?"

Matilda laughed gaily in reply. Miss Harcourt looked astonished, and the little maiden explained as well as she could for mirth.

Miss Harcourt listened in some perplexity, and just as Mrs. Smith, recovering her presence of mind, was about to claim Mrs. Harcourt as a friend; to explain the social position of the other Mrs. John Smith, and to bring up her own dear, rich uncle, she arose with a confused apology.

"Excuse me; I see I have made a mistake. I supposed you were the favorite friend of my sister, Mrs. Harcourt. Please forget my freedom," and with a somewhat sately bow, she turned away.

Mrs. Smith through the windows, saw Miss Harcourt walking on the piazza with Mrs. Col. Ainsworth, and knew that she was relating her adventure. Swelling with rage and mortification, our heroine hastened to her own apartment. As she passed through the hall, she heard the merry laugh of Mrs. Ainsworth, and the latter part of a remark — "To think you should take that vain woman for *our* Mrs. Smith, and that horribly over-dressed little girl for her beautiful Mary!"

This was the one drop too much. Mrs. Smith had barely strength to reach her room, when she gave vent to her feelings in her usual stormy manner. The next day she was really ill from the effect of violent weeping, but towards night she recovered sufficiently to converse with her knowing chambermaid.

Judge Harcourt and family had arrived

in company with a great inventor and his wife and two children. Everybody wanted to see Mr. Smith and praise him for his wonderful invention.

"Do you know anything about this Mr. Smith?" faintly inquired the suffering lady.

"O, yes," replied Betsey, with confidence; "Mrs. Harcourt's girl tells me everything she knows. Mrs. Smith is a great friend of Mrs. Harcourt's; I believe they used to know one another when they were children. She is a perfect lady, so they say, and her children are prettier, even, than the Judges'."

"But what about the invention?"

"I don't know what it is exactly, nor what it is for; but Mr. Smith has got up some wonderful machine, for something or other, and everybody is praising him and telling what a genius he is. He'll be vastly rich, too, for I heard them say that he had already refused one hundred thousand for the patent right."

"Oh-oh-oh!"—groaned Mrs. Smith, writhing on her pillow.

"Dear me," cried Betsey, "your head grows worse every minute! you'll have to take some morphine."

"Yes, these nervous headaches are dreadful! oh—oh! I shall be better alone—hand me that camphor-bottle before you go out."

As Betsey closed the door, Mrs. Smith almost went into convulsions. The pain in her head was agonizing, but the storm of envy and disappointment was harder still to bear.

That Mrs. Smith haunted her everywhere; she stepped in before her, and won every prize from her. And now she was rich and her husband famous! Her own fortune, immense in her fancy, before, dwindled to a paltry thing.

For two days she kept her room, then she made a most careful toilet and ventured below. She seated herself in an obscure corner to take observation. There was an animated group upon the opposite side of the room. Her own children were there, with those of the other Mrs. John Smith and the little Harcourts. They were seated around a table examining books of engravings. Little Mary's sim-

ple attire contrasted favorably with Matilda's elaborate toilet, and Charlie was dressed comfortably as well as prettily.

Upon a sofa near by sat Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. Ainsworth, and her unconscious hated rival. Never had Mrs. Smith seen her neighbor looking so well. She was dressed in exquisite taste; even the envious critic in the corner was obliged to confess it to herself, and her fine features were lit up with a beautiful glow.

At that moment, Mr. John Smith, the inventor, sauntered into the room with Miss Harcourt on his arm. The lady who had a passion for celebrities, and doted on men of genius, was talking in a very fine strain. The merchant's lady was surprised to see how much like a gentleman looked John Smith, the mechanic. His slight figure was erect and graceful; his face delicate; his full forehead white as snow, and his blue eyes keen and flashing. He listened to Miss Harcourt, and smiled blandly, and now and then spoke a word in a very musical voice.

Miss Harcourt saw our Mrs. Smith in the corner, and bowed distantly with a rising blush. Her motion was observed by the ladies upon the sofa, and each pair of eyes were turned in that direction. A smile hovered over Mrs. Ainsworth's lips, but was suppressed instantly, while the other ladies looked away directly, without the slightest sign of recognition.

The merchant's lady had once given the cut direct to the mechanic's wife, and was not surprised at a similar return. But surely that Mrs. Smith needn't be so uplifted with pride, she cared not for her society: and as for Mrs. Harcourt she gave her up entirely; such a complete aristocrat could never be her friend.

She immediately took refuge in her self-sufficient pride, as weak people are apt to do when their overweening vanity is so deeply wounded. She arose and haughtily beckoned to her children to come away from their little companions. She would suffer no more such mortifications, but would take rooms at another hotel, immediately.

But a letter from home, entreating her immediate return, changed her plans. Wondering at the reason of her husband's

impatience, she hastened to obey his summons. She found her house minus a servant, and every apartment, from attic to cellar, in deplorable confusion. Mr. Smith was boarding at a small restaurant. He looked troubled and worn, a very unusual thing for him.

After answering a multitude of domestic inquiries, and telling a doleful story of his experience, he came to the reason of his troubled looks. A confidential clerk had decamped with a large sum of money—more than he could hope to make through the whole year.

Mrs. Smith was sorry, but after all 'twas no serious matter, for he could draw all that he needed from her funds.

Mr. Smith laughed nervously, saying, that her generous permission was but poor comfort.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Jane, we have been completely fooled. That letter announcing your good fortune was a bungling affair. I have inquired into the matter, and the facts of the case are these. Your uncle left a property valued at fifty thousand, all in wild Western lands, and your share is only *five thousand*. Not very available property, and hardly worth going into such expensive mourning for."

This touch of sarcasm on the part of John Smith, was entirely accidental and unpremeditated. He was quite astonished at himself and fully expected to hear his wife call him a heartless wretch. He saw her look of bewilderment and dismay, and waited with a sort of forced indifference, the usual storm of hysterical tears. But the blow was too sudden and deep for any such effect. 'Twas indeed, a bitter, humiliating, crushing disappointment.

"My dear Jane," said her husband, softly, "I am sorry for you!" He sat down by her side, and she laid her head upon his shoulder. He drew her to his breast, and in that moment of acknowledged weakness and humiliation she was dearer to his heart than as the proud mistress of fifty thousand.

Mrs. Smith felt that hope was dead. Her ambition was torn up root and branch, and all her budding aspirations nipped by the cruellest frost. She had no wish to

live longer, only for the sake of her husband and children. She put aside her mourning, ashamed that she had ever worn it. She was ashamed to meet her old acquaintances while they remembered the legacy of her rich, eccentric uncle, and to drown her sorrow, she devoted herself to her domestic affairs with her whole strength. Her husband thought he had never known her to be so gentle and kind, and was happy in his ignorance of the real state of her mind. She considered herself a most unfortunate, broken-spirited woman, while John Smith praised her, and said she bore her trial bravely.

The inventor and his family returned. Mrs. Smith was prepared for renewed struggles in beholding their prosperity. But the Smiths over the way were not aspiring people. They made no material change in their style of living. A modest wing was added to their house, for a library, and a piano, just such an one, as Matilda Eulalia's mother had coveted for her, was purchased for little Mary. While Mary learned music, Tilda took lessons in the kitchen with a happy heart. She did not lament the piano. Charlie had a pony, but Orlando trudged to school without a thought of envy. Charlie went to college and graduated a great scholar, but Orlando, after getting a good, common school education, took his place behind his father's counter. He was a pleasant, obliging lad, and people said he would make just such a fine, common sense man as his father.

As years passed, Mrs. Smith took more kindly to fate, and became almost reconciled to her humble lot. Indeed, her home was so happy, her blessings so numerous, that it was impossible to be wretched, in spite of her *blighted aspirations*.

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Nature is incomplete in its expression without Christianity. The revelations of the material universe melt into shadow, and a nebula of mystery hangs round them all. They suggest more than they can answer. Christianity fulfils that "elder Scripture." It is the Apocalypse to its Genesis.—*Olavin*.

THE FLOWERY PATH.

How swiftly pass the silent hours
 When all is joy and peace within!
 How slow their step when sorrow lowers
 And conscience tells of guilt and sin!

The saddest day beneath the heaven,
 Will brightly shine with morrow's light,
 But oh! the soul to darkness given
 Will turn the noonday beam to night.

O ye who thro' life's fleeting day
 Would wish the peaceful path to tread,
 Pursue where wisdom leads the way,
 The flowery carpet she will spread.

Religion will each care beguile
 While round her magic spell she throws,
 Will make the wilderness to smile,
 And desert blossom as the rose.

THREE DAYS UP THE RIVER.

BY ADA H. THOMAS.

The day was glorious, and promised well for the future. The horizon lay misty and uncertainly defined, beyond the hazy veil of the early Indian summer. Nearer, the hills lay calmly content, rich yellow-green in the mellow sunshine, a duller tint in the shadows, where lay the sleepy hollows stripped long ago of their golden dandelions and flaunting phlox; nearer yet, the meadows, smooth and brown, leading down to the river which moved lazily along, only awakening from its dreamy content to ripple against some tiny jutting peninsula, or to flash into a thousand smiles over a huge rock imbedded in the shore. The trees opposite, had thrown aside some of their superabundant foliage, so that the thousand aisles of the forest, carpeted with brown and yellow and crimson leaves, lay clotted with dots of sunlight, and the scaled and knotty trunks of oaks and maple grew into glistening armor.

It was the glory-time of the year, and we, standing on the shore awaiting the bestowal of the last few articles of our luggage in the stern of the row-boat, moored at the landing, were light-hearted and merry, under the influence of the bright October morning, and the anticipations of a prosperous voyage. The boat was commodious, fitted out for excursionists like ourselves, yet withal had the virtue of a swift runner; trim and narrow, with sharp

bows, sitting gracefully and evenly upon the water. An awning, bound with red, and with the name, "Undine," in famous letters on its curtain, protected the deck from the sun's rays, or from possible showers. Beyond this, a trap door opened, disclosing sufficient room, under the flat floor, for the bestowal of any amount of luggage excursionists would be supposed to require and into this dark region had disappeared kettles, tents, baskets of cooked provisions, umbrellas, blankets, fishing-tackle, and other necessary and less bulky articles comprising our luggage.

"A little to the right, there, that just preserves the balance. And now everything is stowed away, is it not?" inquired Dr. Pomeroy.

"Yes, everything, but this basket of sandwiches, which I have been watching for the last fifteen minutes, mentally revolving the probability of gentlemen forgetting the one thing necessary to a perfect pic-nic party," said Lucy Foster, pointing to a large basket which had remained hidden from observation by the voluminous skirts of the lady.

"Just like you, Lu," said her brother. "Put down five marks of demerit opposite your wife's name, captain!" nodding to Charles Foster, who thereupon made some show of producing his log-book, but failing in the attempt, for an obvious reason, uttered a savage growl indicating a terribly unfortunate end for the unlucky person who had abstracted that book! then turned to with a will, and soon the united efforts of the gentlemen had bestowed the basket beside its predecessors, the trap-door was closed with a business-like clang, and "all ready," given as the signal for our departure.

"Are you sure your shawls and rubbers are all in?" inquired motherly Mrs. Malory, in her kindly voice.

"Yes, yes," we answered in concert. "And then, you know, we're all provided with boots. No water could possibly get through that," pushing out a little foot, encased in a boot high-heeled, thick-soled, "but we've got the rubbers all the same," said Lucy.

"It's a grand time for a trip, I envy you," said the Judge. "I'm sorely

tempted to accompany you, but sleeping in tents isn't the best antidote in the world for rheumatism. Good luck to you however."

"You'll be sure to return Thursday?" inquired Mrs. Mallory. "Thursday without fail," Charles replied, "and now all aboard."

"Kisses all around from the girls, handshakings from the gentlemen, a few more motherly cautions from Mrs. Mallory, and hearty wishes from the Judge, and we were all seated, moving up the river, between the meadows and woodland, waving our handkerchiefs to the assembled party on the landing who watched our departure.

There were six of us. Seated in the stern, with plain cloth dress and coat, a trim beaver hat with just one feather for ornament, fair-haired, blue-eyed, red-lipped, a sweet-tempered mouth, a bit of a wilful nose, a small but erect well-poised head, was the matron of a year, Mrs. Lucy Mallory Foster.

Her cousin was seated next. Connected by her father to all the strange beautiful legends of Germany, which somehow seemed to have given their weird character to her face. Brown, lustreless hair, lies in straight bands over a low broad forehead. A complexion clear and colorless, but full of health; with full crimson lips, perfectly cut. Features clear, and full of character, showing in the round cheek and chin, the warm lines of youth. But the eyes! deep and brown, like an autumn-lake, with something of sunshine, but more of shadow in their depths.

I was next. Habited in the same style as the others. Young, well-looking, and contented, I answered to the name of Lily Manderville.

Nearest of the crew, was Robert Mallory, eldest son of the Judge, and a lawyer like his father. A broad, not high forehead, steady blue eyes, brown waving hair, an honest, manly smile, a face without hidden meaning, open and true.

Near the bow, rowing as though that were the one object of life, sat Dr. Richard Pomeroy. Erect, well proportioned, with a healthful bronze on features not perfect, but well defined; and strong though deli-

cate in their outlines. A close observer of human nature as well as outward things; and moreover one who in judging would rather pity than condemn. "A good man"—one would say, after observing closely, and look again.

Lastly was Charles Foster—a man of the world; handsome, agreeable, not yet spoiled, not yet to be, if one trusted the firm mouth, shaded by a brown moustache.

A week before, seated in the drawing-room at the Judges, Dr. Pomeroy had asked, "Robert how far above are the Forestmoor falls?"

"Some twenty miles, more or less, and a charming sight they are. It must be nearly six years since I visited them last. You know, mother?"

"Yes, six years ago, last month. You and Ed. Farnham went together in a boat up the river."

"Yes, I remember well," chimed in Lucy. "I know I condescended to cry to go, but you nipped my expectations in the bud by declaring little girls to be nuisances."

"But I presented you with a fright of a doll as soon as possible, as a peace-offering."

"It wasn't remarkably well chosen, considering that I had not asked such an article for four years at least. I know I made a solemn vow to go with you sometime, and the fulfilment is at hand. Girls, I propose we prepare for a week's gipsying, and proclaim these gentlemen our happy escorts."

The idea was eagerly hailed as promising a delightful season of unrestrained enjoyment. The rest of the week had been devoted to the necessary preparations, and so it was that we were sailing up the river that bright October morning towards the orestmoor falls.

"The wind comes from the east. If we only only had sails," said Lucy, "we should skim along like a bird."

"I like it better so," said Alice, "I love to hear the steady fall of the oars, and see the little drops of water glitter as they fall. It recalls pleasant memories too."

"Do you still row," inquired the Doctor.

"Yes," she answered, without looking at him, gazing into the woody avenues of the shore. A shade fell over the Doctor's pale face, and he returned to his rowing again with vigor, while Charles and Robert kept up a pleasant chat. I turned to Lucy and inquired in an undertone, "Why is it that Alice always treats Dr. Pomeroy with so much coldness? I think him one of the most agreeable men I have ever met. I can see no reason, unless she dislikes him, which, he being such a man, seems impossible. Even her short acquaintance—"

"Short? you mistake. They have been acquainted for years. They met in Germany."

"She never mentioned it." Remembering rather jealously for a moment, the one room we had shared together for the four weeks I had been at the hall.

"Of course not. I learned it by accident. She avoids it, and the Doctor is too much of a gentleman to refer to any past time, seeing how the matter stands."

"What is your opinion of such singular behavior?" I inquired.

"Why, I've none at all, only that my sweet cousin, to all her other loveable qualities, has the unfeminine quality added of keeping her own counsel. She is peculiar, as you have doubtless observed. You are, in your straight forward way, and so am I, probably."

"The most philosophical sentiment you ever uttered, Lucy," I laughed; casting my eyes and thoughts upon the shore, which had lost its home character, stretching out plain, and even, on either side of the river, dead and lone, except where a possible farm-house formed a heavy shadow in the sea of grass, far out in the misty distance. Alice's eyes, I saw, never moved from their steady gaze on the lonely plain, as we sailed silently upward for miles; and I fancied I saw a mute correspondence between their expression and the melancholy sadness of the moor. The scene however began gradually to change. Yellow willows scattered their golden gifts upon the water, and at intervals the crimson crowned sumach hung its beaded clusters under feathery sprays of foliage. Groups of poplar, with smooth white trunks and yellow-green coronals, shaded us as

we passed. The ground too had become undulating; rising in round swells from the river, and at length the scattering groups of trees grew into a forest of brown and crimson tinted oaks, with here and there a yellow beech, or red maple.

Charles pointed to a little stream that opened to view at the foot of a hill. "There Pomeroy, you're an old campaigner, what do you say to that for a camping ground?"

"Charming!" ejaculated Lucy, before the gentleman questioned could answer; but he smiled, quietly saying, "I agree with Mrs. Foster. We can find none better for our purpose."

The boat was run quickly up the creek, a landing speedily effected, and tents, poles, and provisions being unloaded for the erection of our primitive dwellings, and the establishment of ourselves therein. The site was charming as Lucy had said. The hill on the opposite side the narrow stream, covered with bright hued foliage, protected us from the freshened breeze; and the hill rising behind the flat lawn chosen for our encampment, sheltered us still more, while the warm sun falling in, had drawn all fresh and spicy odors from the moist earth.

Lucy ran up the bluff to the level ground, bidding us remain behind while she superintended the erection of our habitations; and we busied ourselves adorning each other's hair with fanciful trimmings of gay leaves and scarlet berries, talking gayly as our fingers wove among the leaves. The shade had entirely disappeared from Alice's face now, and she said twining the last spray of bitter-sweet in my hair, "I believe I'm glad we came. This fresh air is full of a new life to me. I feel like a child again."

"Of course you're entirely glad. We're going back into the old life, for a few days at least, to live the true life of the Patriarchs, throwing the petty subterfuges of the new life aside, taking up instead the old customs and truth."

"What are you saying of the Patriarchs, Lily?" inquired Robert, who had returned to meet us.

"I was telling Alice that as the Patriarchs lived truthfully, we, following in their footsteps however late, should endea-

vor to live in a like manner, by our honest convictions of the right, not by what our new society might think or suggest."

He smiled, an honest, open smile, transfiguring the whole face. "Brave conclusion, and more easily carried into execution here in the woods than in the ball-room, of two months ago, Lily, you'll allow. But as to your assertion regarding the Patriarchs, I confess I have my doubts respecting its truth. The Arcadian age always lies very far off in the past. I've often thought those old fellows were very nearly like us after all, living no nearer an expression of the truth than we who lie, and cheat, and hunt one another to the death, in this age of the poor old world. But we'll leave them to their rest, and visit our habitations. See there."

We looked. Two tents had been erected, and already a thin, blue smoke was curling from the newly builded fire in front.

"O, we're to live like princes!" and Alice darted forward to the door-way of one of the tents. She turned back with an expression of dismay on her countenance, "Did the Patriarchs sleep on the ground, I wonder?"

"Possibly, but we're reformers in a small measure, so I'm off to the boat immediately, and if I don't return with couches fit for princesses, may they not provide me with hot coffee and sandwiches." And off he rushed, and we soon heard the steady splash of the oars up the river.

"You see Charley and Dr. Pomeroy have gone for fish, and we're to have a good fire against their return, to cook them."

"Which, the fish, or your husband and the Doctor?"

We laughed, we were in high glee, ready for the weakest attempt at wit; and went to work, gathering dry leaves and twigs, throwing them on the fire, which crackled and laughed in high spirit as if enjoying the fun too, and soon shot up into a high hot flame. The kettle had already been hung, filled with water, and was bubbling in glee when the gentlemen returned with two good sized pickerel nicely dressed. Our part of the cooking was merely nominal, the Dr. taking the fish off our hands entirely.

"You see, I've cooked before," suspending the operation of turning, and looking up at Lucy's watching face.

"One could see that with half an eye," using however both of hers, holding the salt for him as he sprinkled the already crisping sides of the fish.

Meanwhile I had the coffee steaming over the fire, and was assisting Alice in laying the cloth with our other edibles. We soon had everything prepared, fish dished, coffee taken from the pole and brought to a convenient distance, when Robert made his appearance with a bunch of hay in one hand, fanning himself with his "wide-awake" in the other.

"What do the princesses think of that for a bed?" thrusting the hay into our notice, before accepting our invitation to seat himself before the viands.

"How many apiece?" asked Lucy regarding the handful, while we laughed, and Robert threw himself beside Alice, begging some one to give him a cup of coffee.

"This is something like living, Foster," he remarked, after finishing his second cup; "this is even better than the old College pic-nics."

"Decidedly," was the laconic reply.

The meal was a success. We said it confidentially to one another, as we cleared the dishes for the morning.

We went for a walk, leaving the gentlemen to bring the hay to our ledge. There were a few hardy flowers yet blooming on the southern slopes, and the crimson berries of the sumach with gorgeous autumn leaves, and scarlet bunches of bitter-sweet grew into charming bouquets in our hands. As the brilliant cloud-castles in the west grew into purple banks of shadows, and the aisles grew dusky in the evening twilight, we returned to find our camp-fire burning brightly, the gentlemen in careless attitudes smoking cigars. We exhibited our treasures, and took the seats already provided for us.

"Fair day to-morrow. Fishing and hunting in the morning, a short sail, the remainder of the time being taken up in sentimentalizing on the beauty of the falls. Programme for the day. By the way who gave that name to the falls, Robert?" inquired Charles.

"Some tourist who chanced here upon a time. Tourists are scarce in this part of Wisconsin, and that one proved one too many, for he robbed the fall of its euphonious Indian name, signifying 'the falls in the forest by the moor.' Father can tell you the name which was very beautiful. It has escaped my memory.

"There are no Indians here now, then?" inquired the Doctor.

"None. They no longer visit their burial grounds of which there are a few around, but they have left their traces in the names of many of our rivers, and there are many mounds and fortifications still remaining as they left them years ago."

"We will visit them. I love to hear of the Indians," said Alice.

"Pomeroy can tell you of them," said Robert.

We looked at him. "We will have a tale of them from you to-night, then, if you please," I entreated.

Lucy joined her request to mine. Alice looked interested. It was sufficient as I saw. He said,

"This free day has awakened old remembrances, of which I will relate you one, which I will call

NENEEMA.

It was at Yale I became acquainted with Walter Merriman. We were class-mates, and loved one another like brothers. Just before taking our degrees, we were arranging our plans for a summer tour, for we had both studied until entire mental relaxation was necessary: Merriman said, "We're neither subjects for watering places, we have visited the White Mountains, and camped by the Moosehead. I feel an æsthetical desire for the prairies, and a physical craving for Buffalo ham."

"My very requirements," I answered; and as it chanced that a few weeks later we found ourselves accompanying a party of Indians on a Buffalo hunt. We were in the Dakotah country, just west of the Missouri, and herds of Buffalo were said to be ranging the vast plains stretching back to the mountains. We had been riding at a moderate pace, when, with no previous intimation of alarm, Walter's horse reared on his haunches, throwing

his unprepared rider heavily to the ground. I dismounted hastily, and on examination found that his leg had been broken in the fall; so placing him on my beast, binding his injured limb lightly, we retraced our way to the village, accompanied by the Interpreter. This village was located on the west bank of the Missouri, at the mouth of one of its smaller forks, and the inhabitants, peaceable and friendly, had, under the teachings of a Catholic missionary, mostly embraced that religion, and were in a small measure conversant in the language of the whites.

We had fallen among good Samaritans it proved, for on our entering the long street of the village, the old Chief immediately ordered a lodge for my friend, and the missionary, who was also a physician, attended to the fracture, which proved not nearly so severe as I had at first feared.

But the unwonted fatigue of our long journey, the exposure of low-land swamps and sluggish rivers, had laid the seeds of a fever, which the accident now matured, and before night the blood coursed as hot as molten lava through his veins.

The Chief's daughter, Neneema, was my constant and unwearied fellow attendant; and often the kind old Indian women would come in with presents of cooling drinks, with kind glances, and tender Indian words for the tossing sufferer on his couch of healing boughs. All day long I would sit by the couch, while Neneema sat near, busied with her bead embroidery, now and then casting a look at Walter's flushed face, or moving gracefully to and from his bed, administering the necessary medicines.

Sometimes I would instruct her in her English, and answer her earnest, girlish questions of my people in her imperfect words. The Indian girl was beautiful. Her face resembled none I have seen; before or since, unless it be that of the wife, Pocahontas. That was calm, satisfied; this restless, eager, untaught but happy.

I used often to look at her, as she sat earnestly at her work, speculating what kind of a woman she might have become, had the pure blood of the Caucasian flowed in her veins, instead of that of the savage. The face was full of promise, but

the past of her people forbade its fulfilment, and an Indian woman has no future.

I would grow sad, looking at the face of the girl, with all its buried possibilities.

Weeks passed, and Walter lingered between life and death; but his young strength at length obtained the mastery, and one morning he spoke lucidly in his poor weak voice. The tears blinded me, or I should have seen the true meaning of the light in the little girl's face. I remembered it afterward.

Neneema did not visit us often after that; only once a day as the shadows grew long, she would come in to lisp her inquiries in her imperfect English.

"What a face," Walter remarked one day after her short afternoon call.

"Yes," I replied, "it is a great pity she is nothing but a savage." He said nothing farther, but lay quietly musing.

The next three weeks, leaving Walter, I followed the hunters, and revelled in the excitement of the hunt. I returned to find Walter entirely restored.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed earnestly, "you are looking as I never expected to see you again. And now you are sufficiently recovered to think of your homeward journey."

"Yes, undoubtedly, we must start immediately; there is no need for delay. He spoke energetically, quickly. His mind had been made up, it was evident.

"To-morrow will not be too soon?" I inquired.

"To-morrow? no, the sooner the better,"—setting his lips firmly together. He was restless, uneasy—what old women term nervous. I could not understand such a phase in the character of one usually so collected. I ascribed it to his recent illness.

We were walking by the river. I looked toward the village, and saw Neneema evidently watching us. I waved my hand in recognition, but Walter made no sign; he broke off a branch of willow, already growing yellow-leaved, and said, looking off to the wide extended prairie: "It is free off yonder, a free and happy life one could live on the plains."

"Yes, perhaps for a season; it does very well for a change; but one soon tires

of it. It is made for such as those yonder," pointing to the village, "but we, with the stirring blood of centuries of merchants, mechanics, farmers, and statesmen in our veins, are made for cities and towns. This life is not for us, man—we must move to the eastward where the sun rises, its earliest rays are life-imparting."

"But this people?" he questioned speculatively.

"Leave them to their wide plains; their faces are set to the westward. There can be no sympathy between them and our race of the sun-rise."

"I believe you are right Richard; there can be no sympathy," he said mournfully.

"It is growing into the afternoon, we must acquaint the old Chief of our intention," I said.

We found him in his family lodge, with his wife and daughter. His squaw was inspecting the drying of some herbs before the fire. Neneema came towards me with real pleasure.

"The autumn flowers have come, and you have returned; you are welcome."

"The autumn flowers will soon fade, and long before that, we must walk toward the sunrise. The water cannot tarry longer on its way, it has slumbered too long in the still lake; the waves call to it, and it must obey."

She turned dusky white, the full lips parted, the despairing eyes were turned toward Walter. The poor, untutored Indian girl, had no veiling for her heart. I read it all. I should have seen it before.

The little girl after that one look, turned and left the lodge. The old Chief was still sitting, smoking by the fire, the wife attending to her herbs. I turned to Walter; he was white and irresolute.

"You saw it, and you said the truth, as I believe, that there can be no sympathy between the two races. What am I to do?"

The tent door was up, we saw Neneema hurrying down the street toward the river. Walter looked at me irresolute no longer. I knew what was to be.

The Catholic marriage service was pronounced that night, and on the morrow the Indian wife accompanied us on our journey to the eastward. I left them at

Dubuque. I visited an uncle in St. Louis, and thence proceeded by the way of New-Orleans to Europe, where I remained four years perfecting myself in the study of medicine at a German university.

I returned to Boston, and inquired for Walter. No one could give me information. At last I met an old class-mate.

"Living somewhere among the hills of Berkshire, with his Indian wife. A strange marriage. There was a sensation produced on his return from that tramp. There must have been a scene. His mother and sister have neither been known to visit him since."

"Have you seen her?" I inquired.

"Once, a casual glance; she is beautiful, which is singular in the race. There is a rumor afloat that he is trying to tame the savage by education."

I was going to St. Louis. I should pass through Berkshire. I found him with less difficulty than I had been led to expect. A pretty cottage, five miles from the depot, was pointed out to me as Merriman's residence. He knew me instantly, welcoming me with all the old cordiality. Older and careworn he looked when I had leisure to observe; but his voice was as musical as of old. I asked for Neneema in a pause of questioning.

"I will call her, she is much changed in appearance."

She came, taller, dressed in crimson silk with some kind of dark fur around the neck and floating sleeves. She was changed indeed. The savage had disappeared, the lips had lost their fulness, the features were more clearly defined, the eyes brighter and more steady. She welcomed me with a warm gentle womanliness. She did credit to her educator. I was astonished, and showed it, I saw by Walter's gratified look. He left her with me for a short time. She came to me with the free wild step.

"How does he look?" she asked, demanding an answer with her questioning eyes.

"He is older, it is four years now, we all change," said I.

"I know." She was not to be answered so. "But you have not the hungry look in your eyes. He is starved," wring-

ing her delicate hands, "and I have no food to give him."

Poor Neneema, the woman had learned through suffering, what the savage had failed to comprehend. But there was no hope for her I saw, she was fading away. I staid long enough to see Walter the kindest of husbands, and bade him farewell, questioning whether it might not, after all, prove blessed. Neneema said good-bye to me with a sad smile on her face.

"A good-bye for the whole journey," she said in her figurative style, and so it proved, for in a few months after she died.

He sat quietly gazing into the fire.

"And Walter," I inquired.

"He mourns for her like a true husband."

"So he was wrong in the end it seems," ventured Alice.

"I think not entirely," he answered, "his love for her was more than that of a father for his child, and her's for him simply worship."

"You think he did wrong in marrying her—you would have left her to suffer?" I asked hastily, with tears in my eyes.

"It is difficult to distinguish clearly our duty at times. I think, indeed I am sure, I should have advised him at the time to have done otherwise."

"Perfect mutual love makes all things equal, but where that is wanting, as I think it was in this case, all circumstances are adverse to a marriage. My judgment might have been proven right. I do not think it has been proven wrong yet."

"Yes, it is hard to distinguish our duty, we may be wrong," Alice said as if communing with herself.

It was full, frosty morning when we awoke. Our breakfast was waiting us. We were in good spirits, and could afford to have such a march stolen upon us without ruffling our tempers.

There was frequent discharges of rifles all the morning, and several ducks were packed in the boat, when we again embarked up the river. The scenery was charmingly diversified, hill and dale; the banks

growing into tall bluffs on one side, and stretching out in warm meadows on the other. Now and then an opening would disclose a farm-house, nestled down happily with its lowing cattle and talkative fowls; but soon the hills would close in upon us, leaving our boat load alone upon the river. We were a merry party; calm, reticent Alice talking and laughing, and the quiet Doctor taking a prominent part in our foolishly happy conversations.

The Doctor watched the animated face of Alice with glowing eyes.

"Is she not beautiful?" I asked, leaning over toward him.

"She? yes, she is the beauty of the carbuncle," quiet but with a burning light within. I like the carbuncle," he added more to himself than me, "it is self-existent, strong, warm, not intruding. I love to watch its steady gleam."

"You are a student, can you read me her life?" seeing the subject gave him pleasure,

He looked at her.

"She is a home-woman, a good daughter, a firm friend. If she have a husband, she will make his home the loveliest spot on earth, she will be his one joy, his pride, his very life;" he said his eyes glowing: "She is unchanging; where she sets her affections it will be forever. God pity the man who loves her in vain, for she is unchanging; that is her chief beauty; there are no evanescent gleams about my gem of gems!" he kept on rowing silently, with white, still face; finally he looked up with a smile, "Have I read her aright?" he asked.

"I believe so, yes," I answered, musing sorrowfully to myself for the weight that man must bear who loved such a gem not to possess it. At length I turned my attention again to the scenery. We were moving, as it seemed, straight into a mountain; an abrupt turn brought us in full view of the falls.

A hill, covered with the luxuriance and tropical coloring of our forests, rose abruptly from a level wood. Through the centre of its crown the river came, narrowed between the rocks; plunging down in one full sheet until it met the rocks again, and dashed in a smaller broken fall,

spreading out into the widened basin in white foam and tiny whirlpools, eddying and dancing in mad excitement, until wearied into quiet, it flowed again a calm river between the bluffs.

Robert's voice near me, recalled me from the view.

"You like it," he said, "it suits you entirely I can see; your eyes were gray a short time ago, they are full violet now."

"Yes, it suits me," my face warming, "I am glad we came."

"The patriarchal life is the thing too, is it?" he inquired.

"I think it is, for the present at least," I answered.

"It is the life for you I am sure; you have grown younger, your face rounder, since starting; I wonder if Pomeroy's story isn't wrong after all, and if the real life for us wouldn't be here, in sight of these falls."

I smiled. "Who of us is strong enough in the opposite belief to propose it?" I asked. "It might prove the nucleus of a great social reform, but the probabilities, I fear, would be on the side of a failure."

"Because we're better than the patriarchs or they than we?" he inquired; "but," he added, "I had no intention of proposing so extensive a scheme." He took his oars again, and we moved up into the midst of the dancing waves. The landing of ourselves and luggage was a matter of time, for the bank was steep and rocky, and our encampment was chosen on the shore, in full view of the falls.

"We will go up the hill. I have been there before," said Lucy, calling us to follow her, as she ran up the path.

"There are Indian relics on the hill, Alice, Pomeroy and I will be there presently to help you investigate."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," said Lucy saucily, "I dare say we will get along very well without you."

We clambered up the hill, which was steep and rocky, following a winding path, the remains of an Indian trail. In some places the intruding hazel bushes had choked up and nearly obliterated all trace of it, but presently it would open again farther up among the rocks and fallen leaves. Finally we emerged on a round,

circular opening, higher than the river, with mounds running in a semi-circle on its outer ridge.

"These are the Indian relics of which Robert spoke. That high bare knoll was formerly a signal hill of the tribes, it is visible for miles."

We went up the elevation, by a series of rocky steps, and looked out into the hazy dimness of hill and dale. Farther into the dusk of the misty horizon, growing into the blue of the sky, a faint line extended, that Lucy said was the line of Lake Michigan; nearer the moor lay brown and still, and nearer yet the falls rushed and sung below us, and the gentlemen as we swung our handkerchiefs, returned our signals.

"I'm sure I see some flowers yonder; they look like sun-flowers. I'll just run down and see," said Lucy, hurrying down the artificial hill, hat in hand, carolling a gay ditty. We saw her weaving in and out the gay leaves like a gray fairy, and caught faint gushes of song above the voice of the water-fall. Its tone was inviting; I wished to see it nearer, and leaving Alice, I started for the head of the fall. As I reached the level ground of the real hill, it was hidden from my view, but the waters above were swift and impetuous, hurrying on to the brink, for the mad leap upon the rocks below. I looked back. Alice's face was turned from me; turned toward the heavy line of the smoky forests. A crash broke the quiet—the sound of a tree falling, with a sharp snapping of branches, like the rattle of musketry after the roar of the cannon. The gushes of song had ceased, and I hurried on oppressed with a nameless fear. Rushing down the falling ground toward the head of the falls, I beheld a sight that paralyzed my heart with terror.

The mighty convulsion that had thrown this rocky mass together for the sport of the waves, had cast a rock high and unshapely, right in the centre of the river's narrowed way, at the very brink of the water-fall, the mad waves parting on either side, to meet again in one unbroken sheet. Not ten feet from the shore the rock had a smooth surface not more than fifteen inches square, the sharp pinnacles of

straight rock rising around and behind it.

On this table stood Lucy Foster, while around her the frightful waters threateningly roared. How she came there I did not question, my only thought was of her possible rescue. She could not leap, if she should miss by one inch it was certain death. Her husband and Robert and the Doctor, were at the foot of the hill, probably a mile away, and before they could possibly reach us in time to render assistance, she would have fainted from excess of excitement, and be lost. My mind ranged the whole limit of possible help, while Lucy stood white as a statue watching my face. An old cedar, gnarled and knotted, grew down over the brink, its pending branches nearly reaching the water. It was my only hope. I reached to it, Lucy's eyes following me.

"I shall throw my left arm closely around this branch, holding tightly by my hand. Do you reach over, take my right hand and spring. A moment and you are safe."

She smiled almost: "No, I shall not, you are not strong, the branch might break, and you would go too."

I did not heed her. I wound my arm around the branch, throwing my body forward, keeping my eyes fixed on the pale face of the girl, steadying my frame with the thought of her deadly peril. The waves rushed swift and gleaming below me. Looking at her, I yet heard the fierce roar of the waters below, contending with the rocks; I saw the misty spray rising in cloudy columns, and the shivering beeches on the shore beyond. A flock of birds, bound to the south land, came in a rush of wings above, and a katydid burst out into accusations in the grass behind me.

Not a moment had passed. She leaned a little forward, a great joy of hope upon her face, when I was torn from my hold with a giant's force; I heard a gurgling and rushing, as of many waters, and in a black wave of insensibility I was lost.

The flood passed. Alice and Robert were bending over me, the Doctor looking on, while Lucy sat near leaning on her husband's shoulder. I looked from one to the other, I was yet faint, and question-

ed, "is this you Alice, and Lucy, I thought we went over the falls."

"Not exactly, thanks to Robert and Foster," the Doctor said.

"But how came we here?" I persisted, questioning Robert's pale face; "it was so weak and wicked in me to faint when I should have been so strong."

"No, you would not have fainted if we had not come upon you so suddenly," said Charles, drawing his arm closer around his wife, "Robert snatched you away from what with your little arms would have proven certain death to you both, and I, taking your place, held Lucy safe, I hardly know how."

I closed my eyes. Like the surge of the waters, the tide of thanksgiving flowed out from my innermost soul. "Out of the valley of the shadow of death Thou hast delivered me, oh Lord," sang the waves of praise.

"I do not think I shall ever be so foolishly and wickedly daring again," said Lucy. "You see, Charley, the tents are not visible from here. A tree had fallen, and rested, as I thought, securely on the rock. I thought I would run over to frighten you a bit, and run back again. I was not in the least afraid. I have run, as a child, too often over the half built boats in Uncle John's ship-yard at Lynn, to feel my footing insecure. I reached the rock, and just saw that you were gone, when the tree moved from its position, reeled and fell. I thought I should have fallen too; Lily came, and I gathered hope from her face. But I wouldn't have had your life on my soul, Lily, even if I should have had to follow the tree."

She shuddered slightly as she looked at the rock, rising from the angry rushing waves, and I knew from the depths of her heart she was thanking Him, who in all times of danger, is near and mighty to save:

We were a quiet party that night by the blazing fire, with the full October moon sailing high among the stars, her light making silver of falling water; while the shore opposite, and the recesses of the hills lay in shrouded caverns black, and haunted. Some whip-poor-will in among the bushes, was shrilly telling its mournful

tale, and a few lonely crickets were posting one another in the news of the day under the fallen leaves of the oaks.

The charm of the hour was upon us. Lucy sat by her husband, the firelight playing on her waving hair and soft eyes. Alice by me, and the Doctor further away in the shade of the tent. Robert's face, honest and handsome, shone out against the tree by which he sat; and I, looking at the face, truthful in every expression, with kind blue eyes and gentle mouth, felt that the few words spoken on the hill, coming down together, would surely prove blessed. He had merely said,

"Lily you know I love you, will you give me the life saved you to-day?"

And I had answered "yes," knowing all subterfuges or evasions, unworthy the truthful character of the man who would give me his love and protection for mine in life.

"The wind is surely veering," said Charles, breaking the silence.

"How can you tell," interrogated his wife. "I can feel not the least breath; I think it must have lulled entirely."

"Look up then."

The ruddy light illuminated the tops of the trees, and looking up we saw the lesser branches swaying to and fro, leaning to the westward.

"Whew," was the astonished exclamation of Robert.

"Not rain?" inquired Alice.

"It really appears like it," said the Doctor. "I've been watching the clouds all day, and toward night they have assumed a threatening shape. You will see, looking over the river, they have nearly obscured the moon."

It was true. Heavy masses were gradually growing compact from the addition of floating islands, from between two of which the moon only showed half her face.

"Well?" we asked.

"We'll have to start for the hall 'early in the morning,' as the song book says, for if I mistake not these clouds are but a prelude to a rain of a week's duration," said Charles.

"But it positively is too bad," pouted Lucy, "to have such a wet sheet thrown

over our enthusiastic anticipations. I don't relish this chapter with 'another lesson on disappointments' as the heading."

"Nothing like learning a lesson by heart, sis."

"You're likely to do this, eh? I'm in such a state of mind, I wish you would take pity on me, and help me to a last view of the falls, by subdued moonlight, while I compose myself by lecturing my husband as a good wife should, under a disappointment."

"Well, Lily, Alice, Pomeroy," said Robert, rising to his full six feet, buttoning his coat, "further up the shore a shelf reaches out over the river, and it is so much nearer the falls, that the moonlight will be sufficient, uncertain as it is."

"Put on your hat, Alice, you will surely take cold," said Lucy, as Alice walked silently beside us, hat in hand.

"Yes, Miss Alice, permit me." The Doctor gently disengaged the hat from her hand, tying it under her chin. "You are careless. I shall not let my old patient throw her life away, when it was saved so dearly."

"Dr. Pomeroy may not know how little worth the saving it, appears to me."

Robert was speaking to me at the time, but I heard the answer in its tones of tender passion.

"Why do you speak so? You are happy in Chilton's love. There is surely nothing that life does not promise in fulness to you. Nothing but a morbid melancholy could make you feel in that way. You are happy, or should be. Tell me, I entreat, that you are so."

She walked on without a word.

He continued, excitedly, yet an excitement under the control of a strong will, but the words came sharp and clear, "you love Chilton. Alice Farnam would never do the great injustice to herself or another to marry where she did not love. Alice, the Alice I knew once would say to her heart: 'A true woman's life finds in her husband the full expression of her own. She feels that in his every act he but obeys the promptings of her own diviner nature. She feels through the remotest fibre of her being, the perfect correspondence of their

tastes and desires. She is his, as he is hers in life and death, and away from him feels the entire emptiness of her nature.' Does not Alice say this?" he questioned.

"The Alice you knew died long ago. Fate murdered her. In her stead is the Alice Farnam before you, who is to marry Edward Chilton without this love of which you speak."

"Alice you are not yourself. There is no such thing as fate. God's providences control us at times, but to them alone we must bow, and not grow dumb before circumstances that are too weak for providences."

"But a dead father's expressed desire, the one desire of his last days, for months recognized by me, is that not a providence?" she entreated, her voice wavering between despair and a newly awakened hope.

"Not unless your heart recognizes it as such, your"—

"Why my darling you are weeping," said Robert, bending over to catch a glimpse of my face, drawing me tenderly to him. What ails my little girl?"

The tears choked me for a time, the only expression for my excitement. Seating me on a fallen tree, Robert waited patiently until I should speak. Finally, I brushed away the last tear. "Did you hear their conversation?"

"Certainly not, little girl. I was talking to you."

"Yes, I know; but what will you say when I tell you I do not know a word you addressed me?"

He raised his eyebrows: he looked questioning. "You listened to them," he asked.

"Yes, it was wrong. I was not conscious of listening, I felt such an interest, I could not help it," I attempted in justification.

"Yes, dear, I know, it was right enough," he said, with a reassuring smile; "but it must have been something of consequence to bring the tears to these eyes. What was it?"

"Dr. Pomeroy loves Alice," I exclaimed.

He started slightly. "I know that; but it is not like him to tell her of it. He knows of her engagement."

"He did not tell her so, but it is not the less evident for that," and I related to him what I had heard of the conversation. He listened to the end, only exclaiming at the close, "It certainly is pretty bad, and I'm surprised enough."

"And so am I. Please explain how it comes that Alice is engaged to a man whom she does not love?"

"This Edward Chilton was a ward of her father's, and since a short time previous to her father's death, her engagement has been known among her friends. I certainly thought she loved him, but from this it seems she entered into it only to please her father, whom she adored."

"How very wrong in a father to require such a sacrifice," I exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly," he returned; "but uncle did not look at it in that light. He was a tender-hearted man, but dreamy and unobserving, and thought probably he was doing the only thing that would insure her happiness. It is strange what tyrants these good people will sometimes make of themselves when they try to be so unselfish."

"Why does not Alice see it in this way?"

"She was educated in a peculiar manner, and her duty seems stronger that is bound by a promise to the dead."

"Her ideas of duty must be educated anew. Her duty lies with herself and the living, not the dead. We should look to the future, not to the past. A living necessity is of more weight than scores of dead promises."

"Advise her then, little girl. It would be a sad thing for Alice to bind herself for life to a man whom she does not love."

"Loving another man," I added.

"What? not Richard, surely," he questioned, doubtfully.

"I believe so," I said.

"Little prognosticator! by what art do you divine? By intuition, observation, or by value of experience?" bending over to look into my eyes.

"Certainly, by the two first, possibly by —"

I was unable to finish the sentence, not having control of my lips.

"But we've not had our moonlight

view yet," I exclaimed, after hosts of happy questionings and answers.

"Nor shall we, for do you know it is really blowing hard, and so dark it would be foolishness to attempt sight seeing. We will postpone our view until next spring, when we can take a glimpse on our wedding tour."

I found Alice in our tent on reaching the camp, her cheeks and eyes all aglow. Lying awake, listening to the steady fall of rain on the canvas, the shivering of trees, the subdued voice of the waterfall, and Lucy's even breathing, Alice told me all.

How travelling through Germany two years before, the Doctor had been detained in the little village near her father's estate, and had raised her up to life by constant care and careful nursing, until with newly growing life a love as strong grew up with it. Then how her father's health gave way, and with the intense eagerness of a dying man, had implored her to give her hand to his ward. Influenced by his wishes, not knowing the Doctor's love for her, which would have been a sure anchor, she promised, and the engagement was made public, whereupon the Doctor left suddenly, and she had neither seen or heard of him since, until their unexpected meeting at the hall, a surprise to both.

"All has been made clear between us to-night, Lily; but we cannot act alone by our feelings. We may be blinded; advise me?"

And I advised her as my own heart prompted.

Before we slept, she said, "To-morrow night, if we reach uncle's, I will write Edward the whole, leaving him to decide our future. He is an honorable man, and will do what is best, I am convinced."

The morning broke dull and chilly, with a fine constant fall of rain, with lowering clouds, and threatening aspect for future days.

Robert's good morning was not merely a shake of the hand, but an embrace and a kiss, which was followed by both from Lucy, half between laughter and tears.

"I never have been so happy in my life," she said. It is just what I've wanted

ever since we were caged together at boarding school."

"You never intimated such a thing," I said.

"To be sure not, I'm a sensible person," with a show of dignity; "if I had, do you suppose I could have coaxed you into the wilds of Wisconsin a year ago, and now again? Give me credit for a little sense, if you please?"

The meeting between the Doctor and Alice was the same as usual, to uninterested observers; but I knew all veils had been drawn aside, that perfect confidence was established.

By seven o'clock our arrangements were complete, and through the rain, we took our last look at Forestmoor falls, and quietly floated down the river.

There was little conversation, except at lunch, when I escaped observation long enough to acquaint Robert of my further knowledge.

"It will be all right in the end, believe me," he said, with his warm smile.

So down the river, between the bending willows, dripping like mermaids; between the heavily laden grass of the moor; between the whispering trees and saddened meadows; with the still rain of an October day falling in ceaseless drippings; six happy hearts, warm with love and hope, floated quietly with the drifting tide: and when, as we moored the boat at the landing, in the early following darkness, the judge came out with questioning "All right?" Each and all of us returned, and the years since have proven it true—"All right."

—•••—

The sapling, green and tender, yields readily to wind and sun, and the hand of the trainer; the grown tree resists the storm, and 'tis well with it if it be not torn up by the roots; the aged trunk, dried to the core, spreads out its branches and perishes. This is human life.—*Chapin.*

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If anything is made clear in the New Testament it is that the best affections of this earth are not changed when they are translated to heaven.—*Ibid.*

A SERENADE.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

O, come to the river to-night, love,
The moon is afloat on his breast;
The wind has sunk down to a whisper,
The light has gone out of the west.
There's a bank, where the willow is bending,
Of velvet, with violets blue;
There's a star looking down from yon heaven,
To smile on my meeting with you.

O, come to the river, to-night, love,
Its silver waves beat like the heart,
Where love sleepeth soft as the moonlight,
But not like its splendors to part.
I have murmured the song to thee, dearest,
And breathed thy sweet name to the air,
A sigh from the lip that thou lovest,
Is calling thee;—hasten, then, my fair.

Then come to the river, to-night, love,
We'll drink in the voice of its chime,
And the heaven that dwells in thy glances,
Shall rival that heaven divine.
And the ruby that flushes thy lip, love,
To mine shall be wine of delight;
I will pledge thee a faith never broken,—
O, come to the river, to-night.

Island Home, Wapatchie, N. Y., June, 1862.

WEEK IN THE CAPITAL OF THE GRANITE STATE.

BY MRS. S. M. PERKINS.

A beautiful city in a sunny day is Concord. The shade trees are numerous, the houses are, many of them, elegant, the people are social and apparently good humored, and the weather is propitious for the most part, and with a heart to enjoy the short respite from care, the week will pass quickly and pleasantly. I have three or four friends with me to help enjoy the passing moments, and our thoughts, be they grave or gay, wise or foolish, are freely exchanged.

The Legislature is in session, and my friend and I found seats at an early hour, in the ladies' gallery. It was to me an impressive scene when his Excellency the Governor and Council and the "honorable Senate" filed into the House, and with the three hundred members stood uncovered, while the Chaplain asked God to guide them in that day's deliberations. It seemed no unmeaning ceremony, but an acknowledgment of God's presence and care, by the wise and good of the State. The prayer over, the Governor and Council and Senate withdrew, and the business is brought forward by the Speaker, a man

not slow of tongue or lacking in strength of voice.

But soon an important bill is introduced and calls up the talent of the house. The bill provides for the granting of certain lands to Dartmouth College. We feel that we are in the nick of time as Professor —, from Hanover, rises and speaks in favor of the bill. He is an impassioned speaker, his logic is good, his arguments pointed, and his conclusions so well drawn, that I had no fears for the result. The bill would pass of course; there was no other way. But alas, for human expectations!

An old man rises, a member from Portsmouth, and replies to the learned Professor. He has not the fluency of speech by which we were just captivated; but he has seen the world and possesses good common sense, and a few sarcastic, earnest sentences, and the bill is defeated.

The Professor had referred to Daniel Webster, (whose full length portrait adorns the Representatives' Hall,) and thought Dartmouth should be regarded with favor as the *Alma Mater* of such a noble son of New-Hampshire. His opponent referred to graduates whom he had known, one of whom purchased a turkey and a goose, once upon a time, and was exceedingly troubled on his way home because he had forgotten to inquire which was the goose.

The members of the house, taken as a whole, are as honest and intelligent looking a collection of men as one often sees together. Some are in life's decline, and their forms begin to totter with the burdens of many years. Others are in life's morning, with the future beckoning brightly before them. But the greater proportion are in middle life—men upon whose shoulders rest the heavy responsibilities of the present, and the weal or woe of the future. There is one boyish figure in his seat at our right, whose countenance and the shape of his head strongly resembles T. Starr King, as I saw him several years ago in Hollis-street Church, Boston. I fancied he was the young member from Sharon, of whom I had heard, that he was but just twenty-one, but was regarded as the most talented man of the town which he represented. I afterwards learned that

my conjecture was right. He is modest and deferential, and has made no speeches as yet; but I imagine that in future the public will in some way hear from him.

There is, as usual, a full share of lawyers in the house, whose tongues seem never at rest; their words flowing as easily as if there were ideas to accompany them. After listening to the speeches of several of them, I was forcibly reminded of the little girl's criticism on the remarks that were made by a stranger in her Sabbath school one day. The superintendent questioned the school about how much they remembered of the remarks. One little girl raised her hand, signifying that she could tell all about it. The school was called to listen to her version of it:

"He talked, and he talked, and he talked, and we all thought he was going to say *somethin'*, but he didn't say *nothin'*."

Precisely the case with some of these lawyers.

The physician has left his pills and his patients, (giving the latter a chance to recover,) the mechanic his tools, and the farmer his plough and horses, and here they gravely sit whirling their thumbs, or reading their daily paper, during the long and sometimes dull debates.

There are five clergymen in the house, two Congregationalist, two Methodist, and one Universalist. One peculiarity I noticed in them: They are all comparatively young men, and yet they seemed care-worn and prematurely old. I should judge that they were earnest, thinking men, who had seen hard service in combating the sin and wickedness of the world. There is no class of professional men who really accomplish so much, or toil so hard, as the conscientious clergymen. If a lawyer make a half-dozen able speeches in a year, he is set down as a talented advocate. But the clergyman spends as many or more years in preparation for his work, and then he has fifty or seventy sermons to prepare in the year, with constant demand upon his time for funerals and parochial calls. And the sermons must be no commonplace productions, but they must be systematically arranged, the illustrations to the purpose, the logic right; or else the speaker is subjected to the severest criti-

cism. No wonder so many of them fail in physical health, and pass to the grave before their time.

There are the usual number of lobby-members present, book-agents, &c., who have an eye to their own interests. One gentleman of vast proportions is pointed out to me. "That is Mr. —, who wants to go to Congress next year."

Is he a member of the house? I asked.

"O no! only a lobby member," was the reply.

It is amusing sometimes to see the anxiety of poor mortals to take the highest seats, forgetful of the words of Christ concerning the lowest seats. One would not think the way to Congress lay through this house, and if it was necessary to come like a bee among the flowers, and dally awhile with one member and then with another.

It would be interesting to know what that gigantic man is saying to them all. But probably like the ancient apostle he becomes all things to all men, hoping thereby to win some. But doth He that ruleth the universe, and sitteth up one and putteth down another, require so much help in carrying on His work? Could He not accomplish His purposes without it? They may succeed in gaining the coveted place, but if in gaining it, their integrity and manliness is gone—it is not worth the having. It is sometimes with them as with the ancient Israelites, "He gave them their desire, and sent leanness into their souls."

The "honorable Senate," twelve dignified, elderly men, have a more quiet time than the house; and I should prefer a seat there, because the air is purer, both morally and physically. I have heard no exciting debates there, perhaps they all think alike on every subject.

The State House is a fine, stone edifice, surrounded by a large yard, well shaded by maple and elm trees. The Nashua Cadets perambulated the streets one day, and were addressed in this yard by Gov. Berry. They were a fine military company, and as there is now a call for more soldiers in the field, they will probably soon be off to the war. How few will return.

His Excellency the Governor is not an eloquent speaker. He reminds one of a trembling school-boy with his first declamation. Yet you feel that he is a good and true man, and you can trust him. I reverence him from my heart because he has always been a friend to the poor and down-trodden.

The members of the Legislature have held a weekly temperance meeting, and a weekly prayer meeting, which have been well attended. Each religious Society in the place have an annual festival during the session, finding it more profitable to have it at this time, when so many strangers are in the city. I attended one of these gatherings where all were as gay as need be; a crowd were there, but my heart was not in the merry-making. The music saddened me. I did not enjoy the tableaux, or speaking, or feasting. From one corner I observed the scene, where every countenance was strange. It was my only hour of home-sickness. It grew to a late evening hour, and in spite of my efforts at self-control, my heart went one hundred miles away, to a village-home where two little girls were quietly sleeping, and perhaps dreaming of their absent parents. I left the hall, the music, the gaiety, and wept myself to sleep that night like any child. But a beautiful morning came, and a cheerful message from home gave me better spirits.

That day we visited the Asylum for the Insane, a pleasant retreat, where I should judge the poor unfortunates are well cared for. They can at least have the advantage of good medical treatment, which cannot always be obtained in their homes. Yet I know one cannot always tell about such places by merely looking them over. Of course the best side is out on visiting days, and the restored ones who come back to us, do feel that they are often unkindly treated. Still I believe they are merciful institutions, and where the patient is cruelly treated, such cases form the exception, not the rule. Should the time ever come when what little reason I possess should be dethroned, I would thank my friends to place me out of harm's way, in an Asylum for the Insane. Far better there than to be the theme of a rural neighborhood's gossip.

But the last day of the week comes, and the cars convey us from Concord to White River Junction, where we find a carriage awaiting us, and proceed a few miles farther to a pleasant farm-house situated on the banks of the river Queechy, in Vermont. We worship on the Sabbath in a rural church, which in other years has echoed with the voices of the fathers of our denomination. What a contrast to the busy week, in the busy city, is the holy hush of the Sabbath in this country place. The day seemed truly hallowed. I have often felt that all nature responded to the sacredness of the Sabbath, and was pervaded with the feeling that God had blessed the day and hallowed it. And I have fancied that the sweet incense of praise was borne upward this day from all inanimate creation. There seems such a holy stillness brooding among the trees and flowers, and even in the sunshine.

We were up before the sun the next morning, and taking leave of the friend with whom I had passed the week, a half-day's ride brought me once more to the loved group at home, happier, if not better, for the week's absence, and grateful to Him who had kept us from harm and evil.

THE TREASURE.

Suggested by a Dream.

BY COUSIN MAGGIE.

Grand old woods, whose arching branches,
Satin-leaved and mossy boughed;
Shut the sunlight from each recess,
Hushed the wind which murmured loud.
Stretched behind me, and around me,
Tangled snarls of briars grew;
Just before, a rugged mountain
Pierced the heavens' celestial blue.
I had heard a wondrous story,
Of a treasure hidden there,
For the one whose strength and courage
Bore him to the summit bare;
So I left the shadows sleeping.
At the cool, green forest's edge,
And commenced a weary climbing
Up the slant and ragged ledge.
Upward, till I reached the summit,
With its scant, gray mosses crowned;
But I thought not of the treasure,
Sought it not upon the ground.
For a scene of wondrous beauty
Burst upon my ravished sight;
And I gazed o'ercome with wonder,
And my soul grew with delight.
Nature, clothed in royal beauty,
Spread her lavish gifts around,

From my mountain's granite basement
To the blue sky's farthest bound.
Far beyond the breezy forest,
Stretched a range of wooded hills,
And the sunshine leaped and trickled
Down their sides like sparkling rills.
To the North the mountains parted,
And a valley lay between,
With a stream like shining silver,
Bordering its robe of green.
There a little village nestled,
Looking like a drift of snow,
With the grass-spires pushing through it,
And the wealth of spring below.
To the left and far behind me,
Rifted hills and vales were seen,
And their verdure waved and glistened
In the Day-god's glittering sheen.
O, I could have gazed forever,
And ne'er wearied of the sight,
But a shadow filled the vallies,
And the sunshine left the height.
It was night. I cried in sorrow—
Nature, thy bright day is o'er;
And unsatisfied my spirit,
Callesh yet for something more.
Then a soft and holy brightness
Filled the air like shining dew;
Touched the mountains and the forest,
With a mystic, silvery hue.
Looking up, I saw, above me,
In the concave deep and dark,
Riding at her starry anchor,
Luna, in her silver bark.
Nothing of the sunbeams splendor
Rippled from her shining prow,
But it shed a misty lightness
On the evening's dusky brow.
All the stars looked down in silence,
Even the wind was hushed and slept,
And my soul's wild passions slumbered,
As I gazed and softly wept.
Then a voice came through the shining
Of the silver fretted air,
Like some far-off music saying,
"Hast thou found the treasure there?"
In surprise, I turned, not thinking
What I climbed the mount to get;
And the same voice still repeated,
"Hast thou found the treasure yet?"
Then I turned and looked about me—
Searched in every hidden spot:
In each cleft, beneath the gray moss,
Answering still, "I find it not."
Then a sigh like that of sorrow,
Trembled from the vallies dim,
And was echoed from the mountains,
Like a mourner's whispered hymn.
And the same voice said, "Poor mortal!
Has thy labor been in vain?
Has thy soul laid up no treasure,
For thy weary toil and pain?
Canst thou look upon the wonders
Of the blossom-tufted sod;
On the green-robed hills and forests,
And be brought no nearer God?
Canst thou see the golden sunshine
Glancing through the crystal air,
Or the moonlight's silver sadness,
And not call them treasures rare?
They are thine, and God is telling

Unto thee his boundless love;
 In each blossom, in each sunbeam,
 In each star that shines above.
 And the time will come in sadness,
 When the sun will veil his light,
 When thy pleasures will be clouded,
 And thy soul strive with the night.
 Turnest thou to count thy treasures?
 Lo! thy gold shall rusted be:
 And thy fame and earthly honors
 Shall be worthless unto thee.
 Then the knowledge of God's goodness,
 Which hath been thy daily shield,
 May be, to thy soul, such treasure,
 As this earth can never yield.
 His great love can fill thy spirit
 With a sweet and holy light,
 Even as the pure white moonbeams
 Change the murky shades of night.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XIX.

Vesuvius—Partial ascent under difficulties,—Experiences thereof—Examination of two extinct craters—Peep under ground at Herculaneum—Excavations, with some of the results—Living over the sleeping city—A tattered costume—the Neapolitan's indifference to danger from eruptions—Comparison between Vesuvius and *Ætna*.

Snow had fallen in considerable quantity upon the top of Vesuvius; this, and the prolonged rain below, had thus far prevented our contemplated ascent; about this time too, the agent whose business it is to furnish a monthly report of the appearance of the volcano, announced the exhalation of unusually pestiferous gases, rendering great caution necessary in approaching the mouth of the crater. (A Russian count but a short time previous, had lost his life by inhaling the deadly fumes, while visiting the top of the volcano.) These symptoms were thought indicative of the near approach of one of those occasional displays in the way of pyrotechnics, with which this mountain firing is wont to electrify the surrounding region.*

Strong in the hope of being able to gain the summit, though told that it would be almost impossible just at this time, on account of the snow, we sat out, fortified with a good stock of courage and over-wraps against the keen air, neither

of which, (as the sequel will show) proved sufficient for our need! To visit Naples without ascending Vesuvius, we felt would be like "the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted;" thus, it was with light hearts, after waiting impatiently for the rains to cease, while the days of our stay were fast passing, that we were at last fairly launched upon this expedition.

At Resina, we left our carriage, and, mounted on horses and donkeys, accompanied by several guides, our party took its way over the zigzag track, (if track it could be called) of broken masses of lava, which covered the surface for miles along before us. Cold and colder blew the wind, down from the snowy peak far overhead, until, chilled through, we were very thankful to accept an extra shawl, proffered by a gentleman of the party who, fortunately for us, had one to spare.

As we wound around the steep ascent, the way became more difficult; in some places seeming quite dangerous for anything but the sure feet of the practiced animals who pawed along at a considerable pace, amidst the pushings and vociferations of the guides.

Until within less than two years, a tolerable carriage track had been open as far up as "the Hermitage," a lone building, occupied by a monk, and, half way up the mountain where strangers were entertained—or rather permitted to entertain themselves; but the last serious eruption had overwhelmed the old track for miles. Riding past the dark masses of this stream of lava that had once rolled along in molten fury, and lay piled up just as it was left when congealed by the air, we realized more fully than from anything else that we saw, the terrible power of that agent of destruction, the awful sublimity of this upheaving of nature! After riding in this way for several miles, in the midst of a scene of desolation so complete as scarce to be described; chilled with that biting wind, we gladly dismounted, and prepared for the vigorous task of clambering up the steep ascent, composed of huge masses of scoria, piled higher and higher, in one great mountain waste above us. Desolation upon desolation! how it was heaped up around us—as on we toiled! now lifted

* An eruption soon after occurred, but with less destructive effect than sometimes attends these not uncommon convulsions.

from block to block, by the guides, or struggling, slipping,—now on our knees, and again breaking through the brittle foot-hold, catching at a mass with our hand, to prevent rolling quite down the steep. As we neared the bed of burning lava, the heat of the surface increased, and we began to feel the baneful influence of the gasses, escaping from beneath. Unfortunately, the wind blew it directly in our faces, so that every other moment we were obliged to turn directly about to catch a breath of fresh air.

Nothing could exceed the look of blank desolation that reigned over this region ! All prospect from this point being cut off by the huge masses of scoria, looming up on every side. It seemed like the terrible environment of a nightmare, where one is driven on by some unconquerable power, farther and farther over frightful heights, to be at last surrounded by inaccessible barriers from which escape is impossible. As the heat continued to increase, the fumes from below became unbearable ; in vain we turned about to get a supply of fresh air, to sustain our lungs, in an approach to the object of our visit ; at last, when within a few yards, — as it were, — of the fiery stream, whose brilliance we had nightly witnessed from our window, we were reluctantly compelled to abandon the undertaking, notwithstanding the cheering words and help of our companion, and his disappointment that we could not enjoy a sight of this wondrous fire-king together.

The vapor had the appearance and smell of a lucifer match, partially extinguished, most injurious to our lungs, which felt the ill effects of it, for some time afterward, and which warned us at the time not to incur any farther risk by such inhalation. .

Descending rapidly, we gained an open space where we had the opportunity of peeping into the mouth of two extinguished craters, and of forming a more correct idea of the appearance and operation of an eruption, than we could otherwise have gained, without ascending to the summit. The last eruption had opened these two craters, the interior shape of which, was like that of an immense cauldron. The

depth might have been ten or twelve feet ; the surface-opening, the size of a large well ; the lining was of deep yellow, like ochre, and at the bottom was the orifice still filled with a stream of what had been molten lava, remaining a pitchy-looking mass, just as it had congealed after the last throes of that convulsion. Presently our party returned, F. bringing his regrets at our inability to witness the wonderful phenomenon, and in his hand a trophy of molten leaves, just taken from the fused mass, and stamped while hot. Deciding that an ascent to the upper crater would be neither practicable or safe, at that time we descended to a more convenient place, and took a lunch, after which, mounting our donkey, we fell in a line with the rest of the party, and made a rapid descent, forming altogether a motly looking cavalcade rather more *ludicrous*, we must acknowledge, than picturesque to the beholder.

Alighting at Resina, we must, in course, take a peep into the lower regions of the buried Herculaneum which, in its way, has proved a most profitable discovery for the modern town so long unconsciously resting over that entombed city. First found accidentally by the workmen of Emmanuele di Lorena, while excavating stone for a house at Portici, in A. D., 1711, it excited great interest, and the work of disinterment was prosecuted for a time, until prohibited by public authority. It was afterwards renewed under the order of Charles III., in 1738, and carried on at intervals until 1828, since which time nothing further has been permitted, as it is considered dangerous for the town, to undermine in this way. The labor of excavating was immense, as the lava by which the city was overwhelmed, has hardened in the process of time, into great strengthened solidity, so much so, at the time of Lonner's discovery, that he was quarrying it for building purposes, and in cutting through the masses, his workmen struck upon the room behind the stages of that vast theatre which is now exhibited to the traveller. The result of all the excavations thus made, is the discovery of this theatre, a public forum, measuring 228 feet long, by 182 wide, adorned with

columns and statues, and several other buildings. The villa of Aristides, in which were found the celebrated "Faun Inebriated," the "Sleeping Faun," the "Dancers," and others. A private house, containing rich mosaics, pictures, and other objects, in a wonderful state of preservation. Two equestrian statues, in bronze, were found in the Theatre, among the other objects of art; also, a colossal statue of Vespasian.

Of ancient date, at the beginning of the Christian era, it was occupied successively by Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans. Suffering more or less from eruptions, at different periods, it was at last overwhelmed, A. D., 63. At that time it was a favorite resort of Roman nobility, as well as the other eligible situations near the charming bay of Naples, and contained many splendid villas, occupied by the opulent of those days; all of which (save the few places excavated,) still remain hermetically sealed in that silent repose of centuries upon centuries!

What a strange world of still, "death-in-life," lying there just below the busy world above! The wheels of progress rolling over that sleeping city! Other people — countless almost as the sands — from age to age, as time has been passing, living, walking, talking, eating, drinking, sleeping, just above the spot, where so long imprisoned without change and decay, the old city still lies, impervious to sight, yet ever near! Strange, passing strange! and yet one of the palpable relations of life, so fraught with intense and half painful interest as it is!

A more dilapidated looking individual than the writer, at the end of that excursion, could scarcely have been found among the civilized of her countrywomen! We considered ourself the embodiment both of the "maiden all forlorn, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn," and of the "men all tattered and torn," — the two descriptions appropriate to our condition by the simple change of gender in the last named!

Boots, burnt and peeled, until the original material could not easily be told. Riding skirts hanging in rents, like a last "forlorn hope," of repairs. Wounded

gloves, with which we had saved several falls in clinging to the rough masses on Vesuvius, all indicated the violence of our exertions, and needed only to be shewn as proof positive that we had been pursuing some object "under difficulties," whether that object had been successful or not! It is marvelous to a stranger — the utter indifference to danger shewn by Neapolitans in living so near the scene of these destructive manifestations of volcanic power! Yet, a second thought convinces one that it is, after all, the most natural thing to expect. That constant familiarity with danger, robs it of power to incite fear; and those whose local attachments are strong, gladly return to the spot where they have been used to dwell, as soon as an eruption has once subsided. So long as one strip of this most fertile soil still remains, doubtless it will be occupied by these fearless children of the south.

We could not but reflect that if struck with wonder at the force and size of this volcano, which is 3,500 feet in height, what would we think of Mount *Ætna*, with its altitude of 10,874 feet, towering so much above Vesuvius that the latter would look like a pigmy by the side of a giant, in comparison with it! Of all the lava that has been thrown out from Vesuvius, how small it would look compared with that of *Ætna*, whose main stream measures 5 miles in width, with a course of 15 miles in length! Truly a monster volcano! — but as *Vesuvius* this day proved quite too much for our strength, not a thought would be permitted to wander out of going to see the greater wonder of the twain!

M. C. G.

Lilfreds Rest.

— • • —
Munificent nature follows the methods of the divine and true, and rounds all things to her perfect law. While nations are convulsed with blood and violence, how quietly the grass grows; and God now sees the earth tending constantly in one direction, — growing truer and better, — a minim in his universe, driving on its point of melody to swell the chorus of his majestic theme. — *Chapin*.

AGAIN THE ROSES BLOOM.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

Again the roses bloom around
The daily paths I tread;
And fragrant blossoms skyward gaze,
From wood and garden bed.

Once more the blue-eyed violets
Send forth their perfumed breath,
While bud and blossom softly sing
Their triumph over death.

The summer's opening leaves again,
Fair nature's brow entwined,
But ah! no tender hand shall wreath
Her brightest buds for mine!

O, starry eyes of violets,
Within thy deep, dark blue,
Would I might meet the beaming glance
Of eyes so like to you!

O, loving eyes that sleep in night,
That knows no tints of day;
No more within these depths I gaze,
Where once sweet meanings lay.

O, heart that mourns the early lost!
Around his silent tomb,
The Summer roses cluster fair,
And humble daisies bloom;

But low within its silence deep,
A pulseless heart lies hid;
And earnest eyes forever closed,
Beneath the coffin lid!

Auburn, June, 1862.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

BY REV. G. S. WEAVER.

If I were a voice and could speak with Christian authority in all the homes of Christendom, and had but one word to utter, I would say "Forbear." If I were permitted to extend that word to a sentence, I would say, "Forbear one another in love," so great do I regard Christian forbearance. It should be the ruling virtue of every home, and hold a steady sway. The family clock should not tick out the hours with more constancy than should forbearance rule us in our homes. True as the voice of steady friendship; faithful as the beat of earnest love; constant as the swing of the planets should be the sway of the forbearing spirit within us. We should feel it as an angel beating sweet harmonies in our souls; as a Jesus walking upon the sea of troubles; as the voice of God calling

us to remember him and his law, if we would live in peaceful, happy homes.

Perhaps there is no place into which troubles come more unbidden than into the family circle. When friends come they ring the bell and wait to be ushered in, but vexations come unbidden to our firesides and tables. The evil spirit never waits to ring or knock. He enters with defiant intrusion, into the gorgeous palace and humble tenement, calling every place his own, and usurps authority where angels ought to wait to be invited. And ofttest do we hear his intruding voice in the petulant answer, the reproving taunt, the harsh rebuke, the impatient complaint, the reproachful tone, the bitter accusation. This fiend of the home lives in embittered feelings, in ruffled tempers, in galled nerves, in irritated bosoms, where he could not stay, if a fair share of forbearance were kept in its place.

Thousands of homes lose altogether the character of homes, for want of forbearance. And thousands more are invaded by an evil spirit, and tried and dispirited, when a little more forbearing resolution would have kept the domestic peace unbroken. Probably there are very few homes, if any, that feel not, at times the cold breath of evil, and which do not suffer for the weakness of the forbearing spirit. We are nearly all of us too ready to censure; too apt, in spirit, if not in act, to find fault with those whom all our interests urge us to aid, improve, and make happy. It is not always for want of love. True lovers will sometimes be at variance, if there is not a sustaining principle, a fixed fidelity of character, on which their love rests. Love alone is but a doubtful navigator on the sea of life. He has so often stranded, that by common consent, he is said to be blind. Love has its envies and jealousies and irritabilities. It is sometimes spleeny, bilious and morose by turns. Both conjugal and parental love are liable to the changes of temper and spirit which come and go so often, in ordinary men and women. Mothers who would give all they have, and life itself, to bless their children, are sometimes hasty and cruel towards

them. Companions whose love the wealth of worlds could not buy, will sometimes worry and torture each other. These are experiences so common, that we must conclude that something more than love is needed in the home circle, to hold it above the sway of evil passions, and the annoyances of petty feuds and contentions. A great mistake has been made here. Many have started new homes as faithful lovers, expecting a perpetual paradise, and have been surprised to find the old serpent whispering lies in their credulous ears, and mingling bitterness in the cup of their joys. Troubles have multiplied upon them, and suspicions accumulated, till in some instances, no doubt, they have separated, —torn themselves asunder, to bleed, suffer and die, when the fault was not with their love, but with their characters. They lacked virtue and strength of character. They lacked Christian charity, fidelity and forbearance. They lacked the steady sway and ennobling influences of Christian purposes and principles. They were selfish, petulant and exacting in their love. Had that same affection been baptized in the fountain of Christ, had the Holy Spirit breathed upon it, had it learned its frailties and foibles at the feet of Jesus, and instead of trusting to its own strength, thrown itself into the arms of God, and so put its trust upon the Rock of Ages, all would have been well. And this same lack or feebleness of character, is the bane and bitterness of many homes. 'This want of Christian strength and trust, is the open door, the vulnerable place where evil spirits enter and disturb the peace of a great majority of families. We want to take Christ by the hand, and say to him, "Oh, help us by thy great principles, by thy holy charity, by thy mighty faith, by thy self-sacrificing spirit, by thy benevolent gift of thyself for other's good, to be equal to the trying emergencies of life, to bear and forbear in all our loving relations. We want to go to God and cry to him for help in every time of need, to strive in the use of every means of grace to improve our characters, and fortify ourselves against the evils we must meet. We must have the bone and sinew of well-formed Christian characters

within us, or we shall be upset by the spurs of temper and quick gusts of passion that will otherwise come. We want a principle to live by, a rule of life, a positive law, or we shall often fail and suffer. In the close-pressing relations of domestic life, we must have the principle of forbearance to hold us above the everyday annoyances and trials almost necessarily incident to life on earth. We must learn to forbear one another in love, and so fulfil the great law of the Christian home.

Lawrence, Mass., July 11, 1862.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Rock of Ages — cleft for me,
Now, the storm beats heavily,—
And there's none to help but Thee,
None to guide.

Now, the life-storms wildly rave,
Grace and strength from Thee I crave;
Thou alone, hast power to save;
CALM THE TIDE.

Rock of Ages — help, O! guide.
Let me linger near thy side,
O'er the dark and surging tide,
Of life's sea.

Thou, who canst the tempest still,
Reconcile me to thy will;
Shield my soul from every ill,—
Dwell with me.

Rock of Ages — now, I know,
That thy care thou wilt bestow,
For I feel thy blessings flow,
Fast and free.

"Peace, be still;" thy voice hath said,
Now, my soul is not afraid,
Through life's stormy floods I'll wade,
Trusting Thee.

Rock of Ages — Light Divine!
Let thy spirit o'er me shine:
I would follow and be thine;
Guide my way.

Shepherd,—guide thy wandering sheep,
O'er the by-paths, rough and steep;
From surrounding dangers keep
All who stray.

Rock of Ages — Fount of Love!
In our spirit-home, above,
None will from thy presence rove,
On that shore.

None will feel the soul's unrest,
In the mansions of the blest;
All will from their labors rest,
Evermore.

CONVERSION.

BY MRS. H. G. PERRY.

Jesus says :—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The subject of conversion has occasioned much dissension in the religious world. All agree, however, that it signifies a change of some sort, while many assert that it is a change, an entire change, in the nature, in the heart, of humanity, to something above and beyond the nature which it pleased the Creator to bestow upon us; and that without this entire and radical change, there is no salvation from sin either here or anywhere. Such a change must, of course, exclude children from being saved; but as the words of Jesus do not recognize such salvation, we shall leave the idea to its advocates to defend. That conversion sometimes means a change in religious faith, as from the heathen to the Jewish, or from the Jewish to the Christian religion, the Bible abundantly proves. But the conversion of which Jesus spake does not refer to something beyond our present state of progress, but to something back of us—something from which we have strayed. The first question which forces itself upon the mind, is what are little children? We need not take isolated specimens, we are willing to take them as they average, and though this may not be the most flattering to our view of them, yet if we also average the adults, we fear not the triumph of the little ones.

We say, then, as a class, children are innocent—innocent of wrong intentions—and when they do wrong it is from extraneous inducements, instead of innate depravity or love of the wrong—in short, it is from ignorance. They are artless, guileless, have nothing to conceal. They are loving and kind, not only to those who love and manifest great love for them, but to any and all who do not repel them, and not alone to those, but even to the brute creation. Witness their fondness for pets of all descriptions. Seldom will they hurt, or allow others to misuse, these objects of their love, after they are old enough to know the meaning of words and

actions. Children acknowledge the equality which the Creator has instamped upon his creatures, and always avow it in their conduct toward each other, when not prevented by false teaching. Neither caste or color is recognised by them if left to themselves.

"My child," says the mother, "with whom were you playing in the yard a while ago?" "With Annie Lee, and Susie May, and Ellen McCully, mama." "But Susie May is a colored girl, and Ellen McCully is a paddy girl, my daughter should not play with such girls!" "But ma, are they not good girls?" "Yes, they are good girls, but my child must not play with them." Shall we wonder if that little one shall some time need "to be converted." Do you think she will long disregard nation or color in the great Father's family, in the choice of her companions?

Children are not selfish. See that noble boy, who, scorning to betray his schoolmate, receives the punishment due to that schoolmate in his own person. Noble is he now; but alas! he learns of that "wisdom which is from beneath," as he grows in years, and falls a victim to temptations, and with others is found in the hard path of the transgressor. The officers of the law have caught him, and to clear himself he becomes the betrayer of his companions in crime, and descends a long way in crime and meanness, by turning evidence in favor of the State, against his fellows. Who will not say he needs to be converted *back* to his childhood's nobility and unselfishness? Little children are by nature honest! "Mother," says Allie Hale, "I want my pretty ball you gave me the other day. I must give it to Tommy Fields." "O, no! you will not give away your ball." "Yes, mother, I must, for I have lost his ball, and he ought to have mine," and the ball was given up cheerfully. See that boy, in after life, when schooled in worldly wisdom, pay his creditors fifty cents on a dollar and close up business, and live luxuriously upon his ill-gotten gains. God grant him a conversion back to the honesty of his childhood. The affection of children is expansive, and when unfettered,

extends to the circumference of their knowledge. They are ready to make *many* friends, and to love them all, while maturity contracts its friendship to the few, and loves those with a select and selfish love. Consequently, persons of mature years are more ready to accept a faith which is satisfied with a small heaven, and peopled with a select few, while children would have room for all. No one will deny the last assertion, who has studied childhood closely.

Depend upon it, when we are converted and become as little children, we shall not even choose our own seats in the kingdom of heaven, but shall value alike the highest, with their responsibilities, or the lowest with their helps and blessings.

The "Kingdom of Heaven" is that realm, either in this world or any other, where Jesus Christ reigns as king, where his laws are established and obeyed. Its nature is righteousness, peace, and joy; its laws are based on love. As love works no ill, so unrighteousness departs. It maketh no war, so peace prevails, and sorrow flies before its joy-inspiring presence. We cannot enter this kingdom with thought and life at variance with its elementary instructions. As a spiritual kingdom, it has its seat in the human soul in its most natural and childlike state; and though it is often nearly driven out by the entrance allowed to unclean spirits, by the change from the natural to the carnal—for it is the "carnal mind" and not the "natural heart," which is at enmity with God; yet conversion restores it again, "sweeps and garnishes" the soul, and gives it its rightful control. The question yet remains—What shall become of those who are not converted, and are not like little children?

There are but two kingdoms—the one of heaven, the other of earth—and those who are not in the one are in the other. Therefore will we patiently, yet not idly, wait, until the "kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," for the mission of Jesus shall not fail, and he shall finish sin, and see the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

Let us all seek for that purity and tenderness of thought and life which belong

to childhood. We need individual conversions, and national conversions, but possibly it would not do for our nation to be converted just now; to become childlike just now; it would change the whole aspect of affairs surely. A nation of little children! God grant unto us that conversion which will make us such, in something more than in lack of strength and wisdom!

Norwich, Conn.

GRANDMOTHER'S UMBRELLA.

BY MRS. O. SPRING MATTESON.

It is rumpled, and shabby, and faded, and worn,
It's once shining folds are all tattered and torn,
The standard is covered with mildew and mould,
And the brass on the top looks rusty and old;
But long years ago it was shining and fair,
When first it was trusted to grandmother's care,
And nought but the sound of the church going bell,
Ere brought it from cover, she prized it so well.

The Sabbath to her was held sacred to prayer,
And the Sabbath school scholars her holiest care:
With her umbrella serving as staff by her side,
She walked to the church in her glory and pride.
Ah! a dear, kind old lady was grandmother then;
Her virtue and goodness were prized as a gem,
And the only thing earthly she worshipped below,
Was the shining umbrella' with its broad silken bow.

But grandmother faded and vanished away,
And her favorite corner we used for our play,
And the umbrella, carefully cherished so long,
Was used for a shelter in sunshine and storm;
It's brightness began to be sullied and dim,
And its beautiful texture grew rumpled and thin,
For the change from such carefulness after a space,
A woful change bred on the umbrella's face.

I often times think as I gaze on it now,
How grandmother looked with her placid white brow,
As she lay in her coffin enshrouded and cold,
With the umbrella near her—forsaken and old;
And I often times think, from her home in the sky,
She has watched her umbrella with tear-moistened eye,
As she saw how her care had been useless and vain,
And the umbrella grown to look shabby and plain.

What old-fashioned people our grand parents
were,
In the days long departed, of powder and spur,
When truth was a virtue, deception despised,
And life's warmest feelings were cherished and
prized;
And thus in the future our fashions to-day,
That we prize for their beauty, will vanish
away,
And only in mem'ry their glory remain,
Like the umbrella grandmother used for a
cane.

FERDOUSI.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Homer has written the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, Dante the *Inferno*, Milton the *Paradise Lost*, and to each the world has accorded a crown of immortality. But among them all not one is more deserving of such proud distinction than Ferdoussi, the elegant poet of Persia. In an age when letters were almost unknown, he undertook and accomplished a task that would be gigantic in even this age.

The *Ohah-Nameh*, or *Book of the Kings*, is the history in verse of the Kings of Persia, from the heroic times to the conquest by the Arabs under Jezdegerd, the last king of the Sassanienne race. Desirous of shedding over his reign a splendor more brilliant and enduring than had distinguished that of any of his predecessors, this sovereign conceived the idea of endowing that portion of the Orient under his sway, with a benefaction whose magnificence could not be surpassed, and had never but once been equalled. The history of Persia was entirely unwritten, living only in oral chronicles, rude ballads, and meagre traditions handed down from father to son from remote generations, each cycle as it passed casting a deeper obscurity over the tale. It was this monarch's noble design to gather together all these chronicles, ballads and traditions that still lived in the memory of his subjects, and embody them in one grand work. When it is remembered that all these sources of history were as absolutely unwritten as if letters had never been discovered, the magnitude of the task can hardly be imagined. Only one sovereign of the age, besides Jezdegerd, was capable of so great a thought, and, singularly enough, Charlemagne, with his savans, undertook

and accomplished at nearly the same period, a similar work for his western empire. Unfortunately this monarch's grand work has never come down to us. It perished in the convulsions of the dark ages, when a book was often regarded as the work of unholy and infernal machinations. Jezdegerd was more fortunate than Charlemagne, and his work, the *Basten-Nameh*, the *Book of Former Times*, survived, though the storm which destroyed the work of Charlemagne, shook Persia like an earthquake.

It was in the year 636, that the inundation of dawning Islamism covered Persia, overturning in its course the resplendent throne of the last of the Khosroos. The Mussulmans, ferocious, fanatical and barbaric, destroyed alike man and his works. Languages, books, bodies, and I had well said, souls went down beneath the surging waves of this new and overwhelming fanaticism. In the grand sacking everything was annihilated: all history, religion, heroic and secular, all memorials of the former times of Persia, would have been wiped out from the earth, had not this one book, the *Basten-Nameh* floated above the deluge, a dove of promise, transmitting to the new world the memories of the world engulfed.

The preservation of the *Basten-Nameh*, may, without superstition, be looked upon as miraculous, when one recalls the terrible logic of Omar which was that of all the conquerors whom Mahomet launched upon the regions of Asia. This ancient history of the kings of Persia left to the conquered country the memory of the early days, when Djemchid adored the fire, when Feridoun was a beneficent prince, gentle as his name, when Rustum accomplished valorous deeds of greatness and renown. Nothing was more dangerous to the conquerors than such a book. They could but destroy it. The precious manuscript, brutally wrested from the repose which it had enjoyed in the library of Jezdegerd, by Saad, at the sacking of the palace of the Persian monarch, was committed by the Mussulman general to the hands of Omar. The Caliph ordered its translation, but this translation served only to demonstrate to him that this precious collection must be

annihilated. It was then cast among the objects given up to pillage, and fell into the hands of an Abyssinian. This man, on his return to his country, presented it to his king, who ordered the work to be translated into Ethiopic. Thus strangely the heroic history of Persia escaped the grand destruction of Omar.

But the book was an exile. Concealed under foreign garbs it wandered long, buffeted from land to land, from Persia to Araby, from Araby to Ethiopia, then from Ethiopia to Hindostan, where Yakoub Leith, Prince of Khorasan, sent four learned scholars to copy and translate into Persian the precious manuscript. Happless fugitive ! It was only after languishing long in other lands and traversing three barbarous languages that it entered again its native tongue. Returned thus to its own country, it at last reposed from its long perils ; and, in the tenth century, one of the kings of the Samaniense dynasty ordered Dekiki to put in verse this immense work ; but the poet had hardly completed a thousand stanzas when he died, assassinated by his own slaves. This great work then remained suspended, and in some sort forgotten, until the accession to the throne of Mohammed Sobokteghin, at the commencement of the eleventh century. This illustrious conqueror commanded the numerous men of letters who graced his court to unite together to finish this beautiful monument of the Chah-Nameh. Thus, strangely inconsistent, Mohammed of Gazna hunted before him, like flocks of sheep, the unfortunate Parsees ; he scattered their feeble and decayed remnants to the four winds, but their imperishable remains, their histories and traditions he searched after and cherished with a father's care. He destroyed without pity men who are mortal ; their books, which are immortal, he enthusiastically delighted in. Thanks to this inexplicable contradiction which has preserved to the world the ancient annals of Persia.

Mohammed selected from the Basten-Nameh seven histories or romances, which he distributed among seven poets to be rendered into verse ; wishing, it would seem, to judge of the merits of each, establishing, in fact, a poetic prize course. The

poet Onsouri, charged with the history of Rustum and Sohrab, bore away the prize, and would have been entrusted with the composition of the Chah-Nameh entire, had not Ferdoussi appeared.

At the hour of his birth this individual was announced to the world as a marvel ; his father beheld him in a dream, his face turned towards the west, lifting his voice, which echo repeated from the four points of the heavens. Then he had a wonderful infancy. His memory was all-embracing and enduring, and he was in his early childhood endowed with an inexhaustible power of attention. He was born in Tous, a town of Khorasan, and here he quietly nursed the poetic talent which was born with him, early attaining a success rarely reached in the lifetime of most poets. The attempt of Dekiki to put into verse the chronicles of Persia, and the determination of the reigning king to patronize an undertaking which promised to shed so much lustre on his reign, reached him in his retreat. Ferdoussi dreamed not of presenting himself as a competitor for the prize. In his conscious poet pride, he admitted not the possibility of such a step ; he needed no other estimate than the mighty voice crying from the depths of his soul, " write." He wrote in verse the combat of the tyrant Zohak and the virtuous Feridoun. This work was so much admired, that immense crowds of the people pressed towards the dwelling of the poet to hear him recite his verses, and it was not long before their fame reached the ears of the king, who immediately sent for him to come to Gazna. The poet had abided his time, and he obeyed.

Ferdoussi had reached the gate of the royal city when an incident, which might seem incredible, if not absurd, to a prosaic people like ourselves, but which has a beauty well illustrating the manners of a poetic people, introduced him to the court with great *eclat*. He was passing near a garden where Onsouri, Asdjedi and Farrokhi were seated under the shady trees, as one often sees them in pleasant Cabul. The poets having observed the approach of Ferdoussi, agreed among themselves that if the stranger manifested any taste for poetry they would welcome him among

them as a friend. As he reached the garden they put him to the test. Onsouiri began improvising aloud a verse of remarkable beauty. Asdjedi, in his turn, recited another, a continuation of the same theme, not at all inferior to that of Onsouiri. But hardly had Farrokhi added a third verse, equal in merit to those of his illustrious friends, when Ferdoussi replies by a stanza so exquisite in thought and language that the poet-trio sat in mute admiration. From this moment they treated him with the most cordial friendship. The incident is trifling, but I have related it because it paints so charmingly what seems to me a virgin society, fresh, naive, not an artificial society, worn out and effete like those of modern Europe or even our own. The Persians are a poetic people, and many a scene of beautiful, patriarchal simplicity might be cited in proof of this assertion.

Ferdoussi was presented by his new friends in all honor to the court, where Mohammed soon learned to admire his genius and poetic power. The recital of a poem relating the battles of Rustum and Isfendiar enchanted the monarch to such a degree that he immediately conferred upon him the honor of completing the Chah-Nameh, ordering his minister to pay to the poet a thousand pieces of gold for every thousand stanzas of two lines; at the same time honoring him with the surname of Ferdoussi, because he had shed over his court the delights of paradise. (*Ferdous* signifying, in Persian, paradise.) Onsouiri, whom his sovereign had previously appointed to fulfil the noble task which he now committed to Ferdoussi, submitted without regret to the humiliation, recognizing with a poet's soul the superior genius of his successor.

The minister offered to Ferdoussi the payment for his stanzas as he proceeded, but the poet preferred to receive the price of his labor only when it should have been completed, desiring to leave at his disposal a sum of money sufficiently large to bestow a noble and lasting benefit on his native city. To this may without doubt be added a repugnance to be like a common laborer who receives, at stipulated periods, the dollars and cents his labor has earned.

The poet had nobler desires than that each of his stanzas should bring its piece of gold; they were worthy, in his eyes, of something more and nobler—glory. The proposition of the minister was declined, perhaps, with too much spirit, perhaps, irritation, for the minister became the enemy of the poet, taking occasion, whenever possible, to misrepresent him to the king, and accusing him of being infidel to the true faith. There was, without doubt, jealousy in the heart of the minister, for power is always jealous of an intelligence which may rise above it. But whatever was the cause, his efforts were unsuccessful, and the glory of the poet continued to increase, particularly among the masses. They followed with admiration the progress of his labors, and gifts poured in upon him from every quarter. He was the intimate friend of the king, who every evening desired to hear from his lips the poetic effusions of the day. "For when I am oppressed with sorrow or care," Mohammed would say, "the verses of Ferdoussi alone can give me solace."

The Chah-Nameh was at last completed. The composition of the sixty thousand stanzas cost Ferdoussi a labor of thirty years. The king penetrated with admiration of this magnificent monument of genius, which, more than all things else, would perpetuate his own name, determined to reward the poet with a magnificence corresponding, in some degree, with that of the work itself. He ordered his minister not only to fill his mouth with the most costly pearls and precious stones, but to present him with gold sufficient in amount to weigh down an elephant. No tale in the "Arabian Nights" seems more unreal, yet it is nevertheless true. The hatred of the minister to Ferdoussi, never appeased, was augmented at this command, and he determined to destroy him, to humiliate him, if possible, well knowing that nothing would incense the poet like that. Instead of the marvellous gift ordered by the king, he sent the poet sixty thousand pieces of silver. Ferdoussi was at the moment of its arrival in a public bath.

"Silver!" he exclaimed. "Who dares pay for my verses with silver? Only

gold, the color of the sun can remunerate me for them."

Irritated by the insult, he gave twenty thousand of the pieces to the bath-keeper, twenty thousand to the vender of refreshments, and twenty thousand to the slave who had brought the unworthy salary.

"Tell the king," said he proudly, "that Ferdoussi has not labored thirty years to be paid in silver. I despise and reject his gift."

The minister had calculated well. The cool man is always sure of getting the advantage when he plays upon a man of strong passions. The minister related to Mohammed the story of the outrages of which Ferdoussi had been guilty, so exaggerating them, that the incensed king commanded that his favorite poet should, on the following morning, be trampled to death under the feet of an elephant, treating him to the last like a great man! Alas for him who must submit to be governed by despots! To-day, for his recompense, gold is cast into one basin of a vast balance, and an elephant in the other; to-morrow he may be condemned to be trampled by the same elephant.

Struck with terror at this new royal edict, the unfortunate poet hastened to throw himself at the feet of the king, imploring his mercy and pronouncing a pompous eulogy on the glories of his reign, and the innate goodness and greatness of his heart. Touched by the extreme distress of his favorite, and dazzled anew by the splendor of his genius, the king finally revoked his order.

But the humiliation of having praised what he in his heart despised, was too much for the noble heart of Ferdoussi. He felt that he had prostituted his great gifts by so doing, though it was to save his life.

He returned home and immediately commenced a keen and bitter satire on Mohammed, painting the hardness of his heart and selfishness of his soul with all the power of great genius. The satire completed, he remitted it to Ayasé, one of his friends, charging him to deliver it to Mohammed in twenty days after his departure from Gazna.

Ayasé was faithful to his trust, and de-

livered the poem, but with what result is not known.

The poet had fled from the court, passing some time in various cities, and seeking refuge at last in Bagdad, at the court of the Caliph Elhader Billah, with whom he enjoyed the highest favor. He added a thousand stanzas to the Chah-Nameh in praise of the goodness of this prince, who ordered him to be clothed in a magnificent robe, and presented him with sixty thousand pieces of gold. During his sojourn in this illustrious city, he wrote also a poem entitled Joseph.

Mohammed at last learned the perfidy of his minister, and immediately banished him from his presence. He saw at a glance the extent of the injury he had done him in the eyes of posterity, who would load him with eternal contempt for his injustice and ingratitude towards a man who had, by his unequalled genius, elevated his throne so high. He hastened to send to Bagdad a present of sixty thousand pieces of gold, a robe of honor, with a letter containing all the apologies the proud heart of the poet could demand. It was too late. Ferdoussi was no longer in Bagdad. He had not been able to resist the desire to revisit his friends and native land, and breaking his voluntary exile, had returned to the place of his birth; it was a presentiment of an approaching end.

One day the illustrious old man was walking in one of the parks of his native city, breathing with delight the air of his childhood, when he heard a young lad chanting one of his poems. After so long an exile to return and hear his poetry sung by the children of his early home was too violent a pleasure. He fainted, was carried home to his house, and died in a few hours.

The messengers of Mohammed had followed him to Tous, and entered by one city gate with the pompous and sumptuous cortege which bore the presents of the king, just as Ferdoussi was being carried out in his coffin by another. He died at the age of eighty years, without having had the consolation of knowing that his sovereign had, at last, in the fullest manner, recognized and rewarded him with both wealth and glory.

A daughter was his sole heir ; she accepted the presents of the king only to fulfil the intentions of her father, who had destined the products of his glorious works to found useful establishments in his native city. His wishes were fulfilled, he bequeathed to his country utility and glory.

The fate of Ferdoussi and the Basten-Nameh were similar. The book and the poet were persecuted and banished, and both returned to their country after wandering long in exile ; the book returned to be clothed with a robe of honor by the poet ; the poet, in his turn, would have received from the monarch a robe of honor, had not death stepped in with his robe of immortality.

The story of the poet is told. A few words in relation to the general character of his work. It is prodigious. There are few nations but possess a collection, more or less complete, of their traditions, and the chronicles of their earlier times. The Hebrews have the Bible, the Greeks, their Iliad and their Odyssey, the Scandinavians, their Eddas, the Hindoos, their Mahabharata, the Spaniards, their romances, the Scots and English, their traditional ballads, the French, their books of chivalry.

The immense collections of chronicles and poems just enumerated are the work of various hands ; many men and many centuries have contributed to them, but the Chah-Nameh issued in full panoply and splendor from the single brain of Ferdoussi. It is he alone who laid the foundations, hewed all the stones, lanced into the air the graceful columns and bold arches ; he alone reared the exquisite temple, like the palace of Aladdin, in a single night, and all the Orient to-day does homage to Ferdoussi and his wonderful poem, which, marching on in the rich, sweet language of Persia, the followers of Mohammed hope to chant hereafter in the beautiful gardens of Paradise.

Not in the achievement but in the endurance of the soul, does it show its divine grandeur and its alliance with the infinite God.

THE RELIGIOUS FAITH OF THE POETS.

Dear Mrs. Sawyer.—Can a true poet be other than a believer in our sublime faith ? It seems to me not. Hence we see the sweet singers of all nations hymning the songs of Universal Salvation. Attention has been called so often to this fact, that it is unnecessary for me to cite the oft-repeated instances—but I have found one or two little poems recently, in the course of my desultory reading, which prove another very talented writer to belong to us. It is well to claim all that belong to us ; therefore thinking, perhaps, some of the readers of the old favorite monthly, of our denomination, may not have seen them, I would like to present them to them, with your permission. I think they appeared first in the Home Journal, and are written by Hattie Tyng, a name new to literature, but called by many second only to Alice Cary among American poetesses. The first is entitled,

THE MISSING SHIP.

From out a sheltered sunny bay,
With white sails rustling in the breeze,
The proud ship like a sea-gull swept
Over the distant purple sea.

But somewhere on the foaming deep,
The ship for angry waves was sport,
And all we know is that she ne'er
Dropped anchor in the wished-for port.

And many an anxious, troubled heart
Cries "where is she," with trembling lip,
God only knows, for shades surround
That dreary thing, a missing ship.

In thy broad sea, Humanity,
A gallant bark with us set sail,
But drifting on, our courses changed
With the first rising of the gale.

And we have spoken many a sail
And waited answer with white lip,
In hopes to hear from one who is
To us through life a missing ship.

But never sounds the welcome name
When trumpet answers o'er the sea,
Yet "sail ahoy," still starts the thought
That this the missing craft may be.

Is she afloat, a shattered wreck,
Or is she deep in coral caves,
Or is she where those floating bergs
Wedge them within their icy graves.

We cannot know until we gain
That port for which we all are bound,
But there we know all sails will meet
And every missing ship be found.

The italics are my own. The other poem is called

RUINS.

Over sea and over desert
Wandering many a weary mile
By the lordly banks of Ganges,
By the softly flowing Nile,
Travellers wander, seeking ever
Ruins which may tales unfold
Of the rude barbaric splendor
Of the mystic days of old.

And they watch with straining vision,
Watch, as pilgrims at a shrine,
For a glimpse of those half-hidden
Castled crags along the Rhine.
O'er all ancient lands they wander,
Ever with a new delight,
Seeking ruins which are sacred
To their wonder-loving sight.

And they know not that around them
Close at home are ruins spread,
Strange as those which glimpses give us
Of the ages that are dead.
Crumbling fane or fallen turret,
Ruined mosque or minaret
Have not half the depths of meaning
Of those ruins which are met,

Everywhere throughout the man-world,
Ruined lives and broken hearts,
Wrecks of manhood, far more shattered
Than these fragments of lost arts.
And we need not go to seek them
Far from our own native land.
For, unnoted and forsaken,
Near us many ruins stand.

But when eyes and hearts are heavy
Gazing on them, comes the thought,
That though corniced aisle and column
Soon shall crumble into nought,
Still these darkened human ruins,
All rebuilt, will one day stand,
Beauteous fanes and noble structures
Within God's most glorious land.

It is thus that these sentiments of ours are being preached, perhaps, more effectually than in any other way, by writers in all secular publications, who reach an audience whom we should never be able to reach by periodicals, or articles published expressly by us as a denomination. Thus is public sentiment being educated by writers whose truth and beauty will inevitably attract public attention. We have discovered one more sister—let us welcome her. Yours, fraternally,

G. S. RICHARDS.

We are pleased with the foregoing letter, and much obliged to its writer. It is the commencement of a work which we have long de-

sired to see, and which, we trust, will yet be performed, the work of presenting, in a compact form, the mass of evidence to prove that the best of modern literary writers—especially the poets of England and America—are Universalist to the core. Not that we, by any means, say that they belong to that communion, or publicly fraternize with the denomination, but that they do, consciously or unconsciously, receive its fundamental doctrines, and most plainly and undisguisedly teach them.

Who will perform this work for us, and strike the popular communions dumb by its results? That it would do this there is not the slightest doubt, and we owe it to our denomination and to liberal sentiments at large, to shew plainly where the wisest and most intellectual stand on this great and momentous subject of the future destiny of the race.

We hope some one competent, and we have several such, will ere long address himself to this work.—Ed.

ARTHUR HALLAM: A LIFE SKETCH.

The deeply loved and lamented friend of Tennyson, was born in London, Feb. 1st, 1811. He was the eldest son of the eminent historian, Henry Hallam. His father was devoted to his son's education, and was proud of his capacity for acquiring knowledge.

Arthur was no less distinguished for quick mental perception, than sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manners.

At eight years of age he made a short tour to the Continent. At nine he read Latin and French with ease, and evinced strong love of poetry, and even made rhymes. At ten he was put under the care of a Clergyman at Putney, and continued there two years. His father again took him to the Continent, and together they travelled eight months in France, Germany, and Switzerland. On their return, Arthur went to Eton School, where he remained five years. He was not ambitious to attain a high standing in abstract sciences; he chose rather to devote his best energies to the study of English literature. Shelly and Wordsworth were his favorite authors.

He is described as a sweet-voiced lad, fond of sport, always attracting and entertaining his school fellows with stories and

games. At an early age he contributed both prose and poetry to the best Miscellanies of the country.

In 1827, he and his father made another visit to the Continent, spending most of their time in Italy. An Abbate, becoming strongly attached to Arthur, devoted himself to the task of aiding him in the study of Italian literature and poetry. He read Dante's "*Divina Commedia*," with the deepest interest. He also studied the Schools of Art with equal devotion, and was at home in the Venetian, Tuscan, and Roman Galleries.

In 1828, he returned to enter Trinity College, where his name had been entered previous to his last tour. His health, which had been poor, improved at College. He drank as deeply at the fountain of true friendship as of learning. Hallam and Tennyson loved each other devotedly. They agreed to labor in the literary field, and to publish together.

Arthur was the personal friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth; his visits to the latter are immortalized in verse.

The superior excellence of his character was in his meekness, and Christian devotion. At the close of his College studies he returned to London, to study law in his father's office. Again were father and son brought into near and happy relations with each other.

But Arthur did not give up his literary studies. He improved all his leisure hours in his favorite pursuit. He was too soon interrupted by sickness. Besides a fever, he had symptoms of a brain disease. Again his father travelled with him, visiting Germany and other countries, Arthur still improving every opportunity to add to his stores of knowledge.

While in Vienna he was seized anew with a fever, which suddenly terminated his life, Sept. 15, 1833. All who knew him, deeply mourned his loss; but none so deeply as his affianced bride, and her brother, Tennyson, and the desolate and broken hearted father. The reader will remember, with profound admiration, that sad, sweet monument to his memory—Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*,"—and feel, as all must, that Carrara never afforded, nor Canova chiselled, a marble so beautiful and so enduring as that poem.

ROMANCES AND BALLADS.

From the German.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

The Burial in the Busento.

Midnight broods o'er swift Busento
As a wailing dirge-like strain,
By the hollow waves re-echoed,
Wildly swells and dies again.

Up and down beside the river
Warrior Goths, like spectres, tread,
Weeping for the brave Alaric—
For their nation's noblest dead.

Far from home, and all too early,
Here for him they seek a grave,
E'en while yet his youthful tresses
Brightly round his shoulders wave;

Slow along Busento filing,
That their oath they may redeem,
They a new bed trench, and in it
Turn the deep and mighty stream;

In the wave-deserted channel
Dig a grave, and then the corpse
Bury deep in mournful silence,
In his mail and on his horse.

Now with earth they deeply cover
Hero, panoply and steed,
That the grave may be o'er-rooted
By the long, pale river weed.

See, 'tis done! The mighty river
Backward now is proudly led,
And once more the wild Busento
Thunders through its ancient bed.

Soft an undertone now rises—
"Sleep in peace, O, warrior brave;
Never now can haughty Roman
Desecrate thy royal grave!"

Wild and high, the Gothic legions,
Swell the proud and grand refrain,
"Roll Busento, o'er our hero,
On forever to the main!"

—AUGUST VON PLATEN.

MORNING.

BY HELEN M. RICH.

I sit at my window, the river below,
The soft bending sky of a morning in June
Above me, and there where the birds carol so,
The island with wildflowers thickly is strown.
The oak and the maple, the elm and the pine,
To the breezes sway lightly and gently as
stray;
Through the locks these pale fingers are wont
to entwine,
Ah! can it be morning when thou art away?

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE.

Poised on a leafy branch, glorious with song
and beauty,
The Oriole looketh down upon the river;
Thus art thou beloved, the bird that maketh
music ever,
Above the silent river of my life."

Editor's Table.

I had been meditating, in most unsatisfied mood, how to add interest to the "Editor's Table," fearing, by my efforts, rather to provoke drowsiness, than to incite a more cheerful or sympathetic vein. It is not always so easy to write an article as it might seem, or even as it is to read it. The sacrilegious ascription of a certain poet, that he had always found "your easy writing made confoundingly hard reading," is, in a sense, true. I was in a "quandary," and a little discouraged, when lo! two letters from the Far West, the one from a fair correspondent of Wisconsin, and the other from a friend and well-known writer of Chicago, both bearing testimony to the interest of this very Editor's Table, came to hand in the nick of time, to make an opening in the cloud-rift about me, and inspire me with renewed zeal. Few who are not considerably experienced in the gentle art of the scuffle, have any idea of the many doubts and hesitations which sometimes overshadow the courage of the writer. Few therefore, can understand the sudden bravery with which I am inspired to-night, and which I have no doubt will bubble up and foam over like a yeast jug. Pardon! if it only will but raise some good wholesome, mental bread, my readers will have great reason to congratulate themselves and render homage to the above-mentioned correspondents, as I myself, most truly do.

But I began this prologue with the intention of saying something of

THE BIRDS.

Among God's most beautiful and pleasing gifts, I just now feel that we might reckon birds. As I sit under the shade of this graceful tree, covered with the most luxuriant foliage, it seems as if the whole scene around me were filled with the varied notes of the feathered tribe. I am struck, as I never was before, with the great variety and numbers of these interesting denizens of the air. Indeed, till it is made a subject of observation or reflection, we are not prepared to judge how many, and

how many kinds of birds there are about us. We must first count them up, if so I may speak, before we can persuade ourselves of their actual existence in the neighborhood. These birds, too, seem half domesticated. They love to take up their residence in orchards and about human dwellings. Perhaps they find security in the vicinage of man against their most dreaded enemies. Or what is equally probable, perhaps they have a natural fondness for our society. Who can say that this instinct which leads them into our neighborhood, was not given them for our sake — to multiply our pleasures, heighten, and may I not add, purify our joys, and finally, to subserve other and more outward useful ends.

The love of birds seems to me one of those natural and yet refined tastes that all good people should cultivate in themselves and encourage in others. It is well, and I had almost said religious, to love the beautiful and useful creatures of the Divine hand.

But I was speaking of the variety of these half domesticated birds. In different regions, this variety is much greater or less, and in each place, always differing from others. Here, in Central New York, it seems to me very rich. It embraces the robin, which, as my favorite, I place first; the gray sparrow, the swallow, barn and chimney; the Baltimore oriole, the pee-wee, or Phebe, the wren, the yellow-hammer, the king-bird, the merry black-bird, the sweet-toned thrush, the cat-bird or Northern mocking-bird, the wood-pecker, speckled and red-headed, the blue jay, the lively little chickadee, and others that I cannot at the moment recall. How various the forms of these winged neighbors! how wonderful their plumage! how different and yet how pleasing, their notes! And then, how peculiar and full of interest, are their habits! What a study for the naturalist, nay, for every person touched with the love of nature, and a just appreciation, if I may use so strong a term, of God's manifold works! I love to watch these little creatures

as they build their nests, gather their food, rear their young, come and go, and thus fill up the round of the season. I take an interest in their joys and sorrows, and sympathize with them in every note they utter, whether of gladness or gloom. They make a part of my own life, I believe, and render me the better and happier, for their being. I could not willingly live where there were no birds. The air would be silent without them and the trees tenantless.

But I must not forget to mention the beneficial labors which the birds perform. They are not sent us merely for pleasure. They are eminently *useful*. Without them our orchards and gardens would be overrun and destroyed by worms and insects. They are the guardians of our interests. And yet many thoughtless or badly educated people treat birds as if they were natural enemies, fit objects of a cruel scourge, or a heedless sport. Boys are permitted to worry, and, if possible, destroy them; and even those calling themselves men, arm themselves against these invaders, and are only too well pleased when they can kill or frighten them away. I once knew a young minister of the gospel, a man of education and influence in society, who spent several days in shooting robins, because they ate his cherries. And among the rest, he destroyed a pair that had nested for years in the branch of a tree within three yards of my window, and were as innocent of fear as a petted chicken. Those robins were dearer to me than would be all the cherries his trees ever bore.

But the lesson I would draw from all that I have said, or would say, on birds, is, that of humanity and care towards them. Spare the birds, foster them if you can. Encourage them to take up their abode near you; observe them, study their habits, and become acquainted with their ways. Reflect that if a few of them occasionally injure you, they still do you far more good. "Behold the fowls of the air," said the Saviour, "for they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

From the birds to the poets is naturally but a step. The singing poets, I mean, for many and many a true poet never sends out his voice to charm the world.

"A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them,
Alas! for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

I once had a canary bird that was like these.

Strangely excited he always was at the sound of music, and I knew that the Divine afflatus was struggling for an utterance that would never be attained unless at that last hour when, like the swan, it would sing its own death-song. Events proved I was not mistaken. The sweet strains of a flute, one day broke the spell, and the song of the bird at last burst forth, and in such sweet, entrancing melody, such piercing beauty, such rising and falling splendor, as is impossible for words to describe. It continued for a half hour, when, with one triumphant anthem, the songster fell from its perch, silent, motionless, never to sing again. The bird had died with the strain which heralded its freedom. How many poets die, not "with their music in them," but with its first, proud, triumphant utterance on their lips.

But I wish to present you, dear reader, with a few sweet utterances of beauty, such as poets in rare moments, can give birth to. They shall be a chaplet of

FESTIVE AND MOURNING PEARLS.

Some of them you may have admired before, but most of them I promise myself are new to you. New or old, however, they are none the less charming. The first is dedicated to one bearing that name so sweet and holy, the sacred representative of St. Peter has commanded that it shall be henceforth no more conferred on mortal maiden.

TO MARY.

How softly steal the twilight shades
Along the pale September sky;
And purely bright the diamond dew
Among the clover blossoms lie.
At this sweet hour when toils are o'er,
And homeward hies the weary bee,
I know beside my cottage door,
My bride, my Mary, waits for me.

The clover-bloom is on her cheek,
And in her eye the diamond dew,
And ne'er in virgin bosom beat
A heart more loving, pure and true.
She thinks her hunter strangely late,
As shadows lengthen o'er the lea,
And now beside my cottage gate,
My gentle Mary waits for me.

The bloom is fading from her cheek,
Her eyes are dim with starting tears,
When lo! adown the forest path,
My Rover's welcome voice she hears,
She strives to pierce the gloom in vain,
For darkness deepens round each tree,
And now, along the shadowy lane,
My trembling Mary flies to me.

My Mary! 'tis not fear that gives
Such fleetness to her steps to-night;
That makes her press so close to mine,
Those balmy lips and eyes of light.

My cottage by the wood no more,
My happy cottage home would be,
If at the lane, the gate, the door,
My Mary waited not for me!

The next is one that blazes like the diamond,
yet nevertheless, is a pearl of the first water.
Sultry in its glory, you will, notwithstanding,
find in its gleamings, the quality of the rose-
colored pearl.

AN IMPERIAL BEAUTY.

She sat
In a great silence, which her beauty filled,
Full to the heart of it; on a black chair,
Mailed all about with sullen gems, and crests
Of blazonry. Her face was bowed.
A pause of slumbrous beauty, o'er the light
Of some delicious thought, new-risen, above
The depths of passion. Round her lovely head
A single circlet of the red gold fine,
Burned free, from which, on either side,
Twilights of her soft hair, from neck to foot.
Green was her kirtle, as the emerald is,
And stiff from hem to hem with seams of stones
Beyond all value; which, from left to right
Disparting, half-revealed the snowy gleam
Of a white robe of spotless samyte pure:
And from the soft repression of her zone,
Which, like a light hand on a lute-string
pressed
Harmony from its touch, flowed warmly back,
The bounteous outlines of a glowing grace,
Nor yet outflowed sweet laws of loveliness."

Was there ever a prettier festive pearl than
the following which we find in a popular Mag-
azine?

SHE IS COMING.

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the
flowers,
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty, back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting.
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea,
All the sweetness of the South,
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervor of its skies,
In her gentle, Northern eyes,
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.

In sad contrast to the gushing gladness of
those sweet lines, is another, a mourning pearl,
by a poet whose verse-pictures are touched in
with a master's hand, albeit, he is sometimes a
little pretentious in his style. You can see the
sombre-growing landscape, as you read

PALINODE.

Athwart the West, where dies the day,
A stormy rack of cloud is drifting,
And round the uplands bleak and gray,
The wind its mournful voice is lifting;
With weary moan it says to me,
" 'Tis night, but she comes not to thee."

Sharp thorns now dimly deck the bough
Where clustered once the crimson roses,
With roses once she wreathed this brow,
Where now a thorny crown reposes;
A bitter past alone I see—
Ah, Heaven! she comes no more to me!

In the same strain, and just as sweet and sad,
is the following, by one whose affianced is
"gone to the wars." How many, as they read
it, will feel an answering heart-throb? Ah!
for them, how many of the seven hundred and
fifty thousand young men, now fighting for
our beloved country, do waiting, watching,
loved ones still keep tryste? Sitting by the
fire-side, or in the twilight shadows of the
once gay, but now silent room, they remember
the happiness of the past, and look forward
with sad forebodings, to that future whose mys-
terious veil no human hand can lift? Bless
God that no human hand can lift it, for who
in these troublous and fearful times does not
shudder at what may lie behind it? Who
originated the thought that life is a "sea of
troubles?" There is most melancholy pathos
in the little humorous squib, lately sent forth:
"WANTED, a life-boat, that will float on the
'sea of troubles.'" Where is that life-boat?
Ah, me! wrecked, wrecked, I fear, for many a
drowning mariner, like the basest and most
out-worn fishing smack!

But you are waiting for the low, sweet wail
of the young affianced, for the second mourn-
ing pearl, and here it is in its beauty.

LONELY.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;
And the heavy evening gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky;
Now the countless, busy feet,
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that rapped so lightly,
And the face that beamed so brightly,
Come no more!

By the firelight's fitful gleaming,
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
And the voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound:
Now the weary wind is sighing,
And the murky day is dying,
And the withered leaves lie scattered round my
door;
But that voice whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating,
At each fond and frequent meeting,
Come no more!

Why is it, that to-day, wherever I turn my eyes, they fall on some tender strain, that breathes always the same sad story? Were I superstitious, I should believe that some cloud was settling over the spots where my three sons are waiting for, or now striving hand to hand with the desperate and cruel foe, for everything bears the impress of the desolation made by war. Shall I tax your patience, if I add yet another pearl to the rosary, called,

MY SOLDIER?

Oh! red, red moon!
And Indian summer's night of balm!
Oh! wild wind-tune,
Sing notes of heavenly calm—
Sing sweet and low,
A blessed psalm,
As golden rivers flow
Through groves of palm.

Oh! red, red moon!
And azure-colored, floating mist—
Oh! leaves blow wandering by,
Through clouds of amethyst;
My heart will break,
Oh! blood-stained leaf!
My heart will break
With bursting grief.

November night!
Where is my brave young soldier now?
His dark eyes light
The tender glory of his lip and brow;
His loving word,
His kind caress,
The comfort of his valiant soul's
Exceeding gentleness.

Blow autumn winds!
With hoarse sea-breezes blend terrific shout,
Till dust, and mist, and sea-foam put the red
moon out;

Blow louder winds!
A furious gale—
To drown the battle's boom,
And death's sharp wail.

Should he be dead,
With cold hands folded on a heart like stone;
Or, with unsheltered head,
Unstraitened, uncoffined and unknown;
This heart would break;
I too, should die;
He, for sweet Freedom's sake,
And for his, I.

Should he return,
As he went to that May morning's light,
With lip more stern,
Cheek dark and ruddy as the camp-fire's light:
Ah, sweet young May,
With flowers wild,
I should laugh out,
Like any child.

Where is he now?
A dull, uneasy sense of pain,
On heart and brow,
Wears like the dropping of November rain;
My heart ~~comes~~ out—
Ah! midnight black!
Will moon and sunrise
Ne'er come back?

But I reserve space in my chaplet to be filled another time. I will not satiate you with too much sweetness at once, lest, like the Lotus-eaters, you care for nothing but "neotar," and sing,

"There is no joy but calm."

LETTER FROM CAMP.

Having been assured by several correspondents of the great interest they take in the extracts from army letters, from time to time inserted in the Editor's Table, I am tempted to commit another extract or two to the same keeping, which give some idea of the hardships and annoyances of a soldier's life, with a glimpse at some of its rewards. The first extract is from a letter written before the disastrous battle on James Island. The writer had been hard at work for two days, in assisting to get the Division to a plantation, half way to the ford which led to James Island, the rain all the while pouring in torrents. He says—

"During the whole morning, again, the rain poured in torrents, but the sun once more made its appearance, the first time in five days, and its rays gladdened many a soldier's heart, I can assure you. The rear of the column reached Gen. Williams' camp about dusk, with the baggage train. I had enjoyed during the afternoon, a cup of coffee, and a few hard crackers, and was in pretty fair condition for a forced march; still I was congratulating myself on the prospect of a few hours' sleep, as we were to take up the line of march at twelve o'clock that night. In this, however, I was disappointed, as the General ordered me to get the baggage train in proper order, and ammunition properly assorted, wagons numbered, number of each calibre of ammunition in the different wagons and their position in the train, &c., &c., which task was accomplished by twelve o'clock exactly. The original order was to assist the chief quarter-master and his assistants, but they all rolled themselves up in their rubber blankets, and left the whole work on my hands, to my intense disgust and indignation. But I was amply repaid by the very flattering acknowledgments and thanks of the General, when I reported its completion.

"Soon after twelve, the column took up its time of march, in one of the severest rain storms I ever saw. The rear crossed the bridge leading from Seabrook's to St. John's Island, just at break of day. Gen. Wright, Col. Sewell, Dr. Huston, myself and several orderlies started for the front. After riding four miles at a

furious rate, the General ordered me to remain with an orderly to report to him when the rear came to that point. Here it seemed as if we should be delayed; there were from four to eight inches of water on the road, and no shelter for us. Fortunately I found my rubber coat of great service, and I was pretty dry. I must have remained at this point for nearly an hour and a half, when the 47th made its appearance, followed by the train, and 99th Pennsylvania. I sent the orderly forward, and waited for the 97th Pennsylvania. Here I found the Adjutant-General, and we rode on for several miles, when I felt that something was wrong up the road. I proceeded up rapidly, and about two miles ahead I found the 47th and seven wagons on the wrong road. It delayed the column an hour, having with difficulty got the wagons turned about, as the roads here are only wide enough for one wagon. We arrived at the ford, three miles from the Store about noon. Gen. Wright sent me off twice on a reconnaissance, some two miles down the creek, leading to Lagreenville. By two o'clock the entire column was over the creek, and, in company with the field officer of the day and several others, I pointed out the vulnerable points in our position which I had discovered in my reconnaissance. This done I rode into town completely worn out, having been in the saddle forty hours, with only one cup of coffee and two hard crackers."

The Division remained at Lagreenville two days, and then crossed over to James Island, where, soon after, the disastrous battle occurred, which resulted in a defeat by overwhelming numbers, the enemy numbering nearly three to one of our forces. The details of the battle are too sickening to insert here. The writer who is a member of Gen. Wright's staff, says:

"I had many narrow escapes during the action. One shell passed between my horse's head and my breast. I never saw so many sickening sights in my life as I saw that day. I now know what fighting means. I never did before. I was in the hottest of the fire more than four hours and how I escaped I don't know. Shells burst all about me, and I received not a scratch.

"Gen. Wright gave me honorable mention in his official report, the same as the rest of his staff. There is one satisfaction, I stood fire as well as the next man, and I was surprised at myself. Before I got into action I was afraid of myself, and confess that when that first shell whizzed past my head, I felt anything but

comfortable, but I soon got used to it, although I did not put myself out of the way to come in close proximity to the deadly missiles, and when a shell burst fifteen feet over my head, I don't remember ever evincing more elasticity. It is a wonder I was not hit, for few were more exposed. Four times during the most tremendous storm of shell and shot, Gen. Benham sent me the entire length of the front to deliver orders.

"It is all very glorious for people at home to say, 'he died for his country,' or 'he had his leg shot off in battle,' but, to say the truth, I am very glad I kept both head and legs."

"It is wonderful, when you are in battle, how soon you become accustomed to the horrid and sickening sights around you. You forget the wounds of your comrades in the heat of the contest. All is excitement, and you are brought back to the horrors and dangers of the scene, only as a shell or shot whizzes by your head, and then only for a moment."

But I will not weary you, dear readers, by further extracts. Let us all thank God for those dear to us in this fearful war, who still remain unscathed!

BOOK NOTICES.

Recreations of a Country Parson, first and second series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

One of the pleasantest of all pleasant books, is the one with the above quaint and suggestive title. Never was a more genial, straightforward parson, whether of country or city, than its author. Never parson was so apt to find recreation where others would find only toil. He knows "how to put things" in the most delightful manner; never raking across your sensibilities with a rusty hand-saw; never making truth hateful by dressing it in sack-cloth, and throwing it in your face with a great sneer; nor religion frightful and aoid by shrouding it in gloom or huddling it up in the miserly rags of pure selfishness. He knows how to make the best of everything, and, lacking a writing table, he spreads his paper on the face of his favorite horse, directly between the eyes, whereupon his pen canters off in glorious styles. His "Summer Days," abed warmth and light over your whole intellectual and spiritual being, and his "Solitary Days" are peopled for you with a gallery of sweet, sad pictures, and racy, burly portraits, while

from his "Future Years," a thousand new and startling thoughts and feelings flash upon you, as you read. His pathos and humor are not inferior to Sidney Smith's, and he touches everything with a refined but strong and nervous pen. The more you read these "RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON," the more you will delight to read them, feeling that you are imbibing something of his riches, and learning to look on the world, and nature, and nature's God with a more reverent and appreciative eye.

We are greatly obliged to the publishers for these volumes. If they had done nothing for the year past but issue these charming books from their press, they would have conferred a favor on the reading public, not soon to be cancelled. They are got up in a style worthy of their contents. C. M. S.

Two other books are before us from the same publishing house—

Agnes of Sorrento and the Pearl of Orr's Island.

These charming stories by Mrs. Stowe, are too well known and appreciated to need a word of commendation. It is only necessary to say that letter press and binding are neat and tasteful as is everything issued by those prince of publishers, Ticknor & Fields. C. M. S.

The Master, by Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

The many admirers of this charming writer, will be delighted with this story, just issued in the neatest of dresses, by this excellent publishing house. Its interest is remarkably sustained from beginning to end, and you follow the characters with all the sympathy you would feel towards friends. It is a most pleasant "Book for a Corner." C. M. S.

The Child's Pictorial Scripture Question Book. By Minnie S. Davis.

This little work by our associate, Miss Davis, is a true godsend to the little children of our Sabbath Schools, and to their teachers as well. Its lessons are simple, brief and comprehensive, and made attractive by neat woodcuts. It supplies a want much felt in our infant classes, and I hope it will find a place in all of them. Published by the late Abel Tompkins, and sold by the present firm, Tompkins & Co., Cornhill, Boston. C. A. S.

The Altar at Home. Selections and Prayers for Domestic Worship. Walker, Wise & Co.

This is a book for which thousands of devotional hearts will thank both writers, editor

and publisher. It is a cheering feature of our time that such books are more and more called for, that their need is more and more felt. The one before us is arranged with taste and judgment. The prayers are imbued with a most submissive and catholic spirit, and written as they are, by a large number of different clergymen, they possess great variety of style with one Christian tone. Let the ALTAR AT HOME find its place at many a domestic hearth.

The Marten and Nellie Stories, six volumes, 16 mo. By Josephine Franklin. Price 50 cents per volume. Boston: F. A. Browne & Co.

This beautiful series of juveniles comprises the following books: "Nellie and Her Friends," "Nellie's First School Days," "Nellie and Her Book," "Little Bessie," "Nellie's Visit," and "Zelma." Whoever Josephine Franklin may be, whether it is a real or an assumed name, one thing is certain, she has produced as fine a series of stories as can be desired, or, we may almost say, as good as can be found in the country. The celebrated Rollo Books do not surpass them in interest, and in style, they are chaste and beautiful, abounding in incidents that cannot fail to please the young reader. Although the characters are the same in each volume, yet the stories are entirely distinct.

The mechanical execution is of a superior order; fine paper, clear, open type and fine engravings, make them attractive and interesting, while the beautiful and artistic bindings are unsurpassed by any juveniles that are made. They should be in every one of our Sunday School Libraries. They are pure, chaste, interesting and instructive. For sale by Tompkins & Co.

A Primary Cook Book, by Mrs. Putnam. For new beginners in house-keeping. Receipts suited to the times. Loring, publisher, Boston.

The title of this book expresses fully its object. It is a capital book for those who have never learned the first principles of housekeeping, and to those who have had some experience, it will be found valuable in many instances, if only for reference.

Parson Brownlow's Book, Philadelphia. Geo. W. Childs, 12mo., price \$1.25.

The fighting parson is too well known to need any extended notice. There are many *adjectives* that might with propriety be omitted from his vocabulary, but the book before us is replete with patriotism, and will be read with interest by thousands. For sale by Tompkins & Co.

CHRIST TO THE CROSS. (Part 1st.)

Old Scottish Air.

A. G. LAURIE.

Lento ed Espressivo.

A rag - ing crowd, with an - gry eyes, And

tossing arms, and vengeful cries; "Lead on! lead on! He dies, he dies, Let

Him be cru - ci - fied!"

2 'Tis like the sea when tempests blow;
And as it surges to and fro,
Spring loud those bursts of wrath and woe,
"Let Him be crucified!"

3 Within that crowd, with brow of blood,
Who staggers 'neath a cross's load?
'Tis Thou! Oh patient Son of God,
Must Thou be crucified?

4 On, on they urge, with blow and jeers,
He only prays, through sob and tears,
"My God! my God!"—He only hears,
"Let Him be crucified!"

5 Oh Earth! dost not thou shake for shame?
Oh Sun! how canst thou shine the same?
Oh silent God! why sleeps thy flame,
While Christ is crucified?

CHRIST ON THE CROSS. (Part 2d.)

1 The Cross is reared, the nails are driven;
Then rend the rocks, the graves are riven,
The thunder roars, black spreads the heaven,
Above the crucified.

2 The lightnings leap, the dead stalk free,
The murderers beat their breasts and flee,
The Roman soldier whispers, "See,
God's Son is crucified!"

3 Poor Mary, prone on that red sod,
Lift, lift thy drooping eyes abroad,

Those signs of dread proclaim that God
Has owned the crucified.

4 Then break not, bursting heart, amain,
Crouched in the shadow of thy slain;
Three days, and he shall rise again,
The Christ, though crucified.

5 His pain is past, his glory nigh,
And for his death, all Death shall die,
Till every soul, through Heaven shall cry,
Let Christ be glorified!

THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCRIPT.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"And so you think," said I, "that our authorities will really proceed to drafting?"

"Of course; what can they do if volunteers in sufficient numbers to supply the recent demand of the President, do not come forward?"

"But it is so dreadful. It seems almost like slavery, or at best like rebel strategy. I do not like it at all. It is not like the Free North. We shall not conquer with such tyrannical means resorted to."

"But the Free North has once before resorted to such means, and it seems to me perfectly legitimate to raise forces in that way, when it is the ultimate resort."

"But what right, really, has the Government to coerce and lay violent hands on a free citizen?"

"The right which an individual has to defend himself against assault, by the surest means in his power."

"I do not see the analogy, I confess."

"Strictly speaking, there is none. I will better it by saying, the right which a father has to compel the needed and just services of his child, when they are not voluntarily rendered."

"Umph! you don't pretend that the Government sustains the same relation to you, that your parents did?"

"In a sense, precisely."

"How do you show that?"

"In this way. The Government

watches over my rights and liberties, and defends them when they are assailed by others. It guards my property, so that I feel no apprehension that it will be wrested from me by the dishonest or unscrupulous. I can go thousands of miles away, and a little piece of parchment which I hold secures me in the possession of this house, for instance, or that land, even though I should not see it or hear from it again in twenty years."

"Well, what of that? It is the parchment, not the Government, to which you are indebted for that."

"But do you suppose the parchment would be worth a straw, were it not made potent by Government?"

"No, I suppose not."

Well, then, if Government does so much for me, watching over and protecting my interests, all my lifetime, has it not in its turn, a just right to demand that I shall defend it as I would a kind parent? Does not less than the royal law require that I should do all I can to sustain and uphold it?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But after all, I think I could never be reconciled to having my brother, or father, or any one near to me, drafted for the war."

"O, that is another thing. Yet, let me tell you, you are under great obligations to this same conscript law which you so much dislike."

"I under obligations to it! how so, pray?"

"O! you owe the small matter of a father to the conscription of 1812."

"A father! what do you mean?"

"That your father was a conscript, or rather a substitute."

"I never knew it."

"Very likely. There are many things which, wise as this little head is, you never knew. It is true, nevertheless."

"But a *substitute*! that is horrid. It seems like selling one's self for money. I am ashamed of it. A substitute!"

"You need not be ashamed in any case, and especially in this. Your father sold himself for *love*, not money."

"For love! O, that's delightful! do, pray tell me all about it, there's a dear!"

"Sold himself for the love of the *beaux yeux* and loving heart of your mother."

"But the story — the story — I am all anxiety for that."

"Sold himself, the brave young hero! and yet gave himself away, and his heart into the bargain, without money and without price."

"My dear, must I tell you that my curiosity is rampant and my patience exhausted?"

"Well then, I must relieve you. But I must begin after the fashion of all good story-tellers, at the beginning, and tell you how the war of 1812, after having exhausted the voluntary system, at length determined that drafting was necessary, and that the ranks of the army must be filled by conscription. Of course there was in many instances, a wild scattering among the youth and young householders of the country, to escape this dreaded mode of massing men and muscle wherewith to whip Old England. Not that many loyal men had any objection to Johnny Bull's being soundly thrashed; on the contrary, the majority rather gloried in the idea, feeling as we do now, in this crisis of our nation's history, that nothing would do the overbearing bully so much good — conduce so much to his spiritual health — as a thorough and most unmerciful drubbing; but, like the guests bidden to the feast, one had bought a yoke of oxen, another a farm, another a wife, and therefore *they* begged to be excused.

"Among this class was a young man by the name of Alfred Foxcroft, not that

he had bought either a farm, an ox, or a wife, but he would rather witness the desirable feat of whipping said growling mastiff, than assist in its performance.

"He was a student in Harvard College, a somewhat green, and shame-faced youth, but nevertheless, with the making of a hero in his breast. The day for the drafting came, and the students were summoned to the gathering place, but, when their names were called over, Alfred was missing, nor could he, after much searching be found. So the requisite number of men was obtained without him, and the recruiting force marched away.

"It was a fine moonlight evening, and Alfred sat like a certain royal fugitive, quietly perched among the branches of an old oak tree that at this distant day still lifts its gallant branches to the sky, and battles with the storms of time, though hundreds of years have rolled over its head.

"The truth is, he had sat there snugly hidden since early dawn; the pocket-full of crackers with which he had commenced the day, was long since exhausted, and he had begun seriously to consider the feasibility of clambering down and seeking both food and safe lodgment. But how was he to effect this? To go back to the college, while the recruiting force was in the neighborhood, was quite out of the question; he might be nabbed at any moment; and to get out of town, when he had every reason to suppose many lynx eyes were on the look out for him, was not easy. His quandary was not yet solved, when an incident occurred which bade fair to keep him fast in his sheltering nook another half hour.

"Two young girls accompanied by a young man, approached, and finally stopped nearly under the tree, and commenced a conversation, which was not so low but he could distinctly hear every word they said. They were strangers, but he soon made them out. It was a young man who had been that day drafted, his sister, and the young girl to whom he was betrothed. They had come to this secluded spot to speak their farewells, and to utter those words so dear, yet so sad to the heart, and which so many thousands are,

all over the Loyal North, perhaps at this moment uttering. The betrothed maiden was tearful and almost silent, but the sister seemed radiant with excitement and resolution. She stood out in the moon-shine, and her face shone clear and beautiful in its rays.

"O, Charles, if I were only a man, how gladly would I take your place, for I do glory in the cause for which you are going to fight! But I am only a poor, little girl with a very brave heart and a very weak hand, so I can't go, you see, that's out of the question. You ought to go, but I don't want to have you go, and Hepsy don't want you to go; she is crying her eyes out already, and, for my part, I am determined to find out some way to keep you at home."

"You can't do it, Kate, and there's no use in trying. The only way is to look the matter in the face and bear it. It's rather hard on a fellow, I know, who is just going to be married, to go off and stay two years, and perhaps be shot, or have a great bayonet hole in his breast, just where the image of his little wife, that was to be, is cuddled down. But it can't be helped, I tell you; and so what's the use o' making it harder for a fellow?"

Here the poor fellow rather broke down, and Hepsy burst out in great sobs.

"Now, Hepsy, don't!" exclaimed Kate, "he shan't go; I'll find some way to keep him, if I'm a woman. I'll go to the Colonel—you have a Colonel, haven't you?—and I'll get down on both my knees, and I'll tell him you don't want to go, and that you have a little wife that don't want you to go, and a little sister that don't want you to go; and I'll say, 'I shall always love you if you will only let him stay at home; but if you don't, I shall always hate you, for you have no right to take my brother away from me and from his little wife, who can't live without him. I'll hate the British just as much as you please, and I'll stand by the eagle and the stars and stripes forever and ever, only let my brother stay at home.'"

Kate stopped half laughing and half crying, while Charles turned away his head with a little impatient sigh.

"It's no use, Kate, I tell you again.

What must be must be, and I've got to go. Only one thing could keep me."

"And what's that?" exclaimed Kate, the color rushing to her cheeks, and her hands involuntarily clasping.

"A substitute."

"Is that all? then why don't you get a substitute?"

"A substitute costs money, and that you know I haven't got."

"Well, it is easily enough had. Here's my gold cross with mother's hair set in the face, and my ear-rings that grandmother left me, and my beautiful shawl that uncle Nathan brought from the Indies. You shall have them all, and everything else I possess, to sell."

Charles shook his head. "Ah, my poor Kate! your gold cross and your ear-rings, and even your India shawl would go very little way in providing money for a substitute—so let us waste no more time in thinking of it."

Kate bowed her head and was for a few moments lost in reflection, many changing shadows flitting in the clear moonlight over her pretty features. At length seizing her brother's arm, "I have thought of another thing; we shan't need any money for a substitute. I will give myself. I know two or three persons who like me. I don't like them to be sure; but I will go to one of them and say 'I will be your wife, if you will only save my brother. See, I shall not make a disagreeable or ill-favored wife. I am pretty—everybody calls me so; I am good-hearted and loving, and I am a neat-handed housekeeper and all these advantages shall be yours when you return, if you will only enlist as a substitute for my brother. I promise you, on this gold cross of my mother's, with her sacred hair in its centre, that I will become your true and loving wife, if you will only save my brother.'"

She stopped too excited to say more.

Charles looked with love and admiration on the sweet, glowing face of the young girl, but shook his head.

"You are a darling sister, with a heart of gold; but this plan is the worst of all. But we must go home. My knapsack is to be packed, and all must be ready for

me to leave early in the morning. Come, Hepsy! come, Katy, dear." And the little company walked silently away, and soon disappeared in the shadow of the roadside trees.

The knapsack was packed, the soldier's little kit of tin ware, knife and spoon, was slung to it, and the brother and sister and betrothed sat down to take their last simple meal together. Kate was now the most silent, if not the saddest of the party, and while Hepsy and Charles, in low, stifled tones, exchanged their many endearments and promises for the future, Kate sat gazing on her untasted supper, and said nothing. Suddenly a loud knocking came at the door.

"Come in!" cried Charles, in the fashion of the times, without rising from his seat.

The door opened, and an old sergeant who had through the day been active in the drafting service, stood before them.

"Good evening. How d'e do? does the new recruit, Charles Lateman, live here?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, then, that's for you!" said the old soldier, throwing a letter on the table and himself into a chair.

Charles read it at first very slowly, then went over it again in an eager, excited manner.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, trembling and weak, looking up at the sergeant, in strange consternation.

"What it seems, neighbor, I guess," answered the old man.

"It is a regular and formal discharge."

"Of course, that's what it is; there ain't anything strange in that, is there?"

"Yes; but how did it come about?"

"O! that's what you want to know, is it? Well, a substitute offered himself, and though he hadn't your fine military whiskers, I concluded to accept him. His face'll soon get colored with the powder-smoke—well—no matter—I enlisted him, and here I am with your discharge; there ain't no harm in that, is there? Good evening; I must go and look after my recruits, or maybe some on 'em'll be giving me the slip, and I don't want to go

over the business again. I tell you this drafting's 'tarnal hard business. Good evening."

His hand was on the latch, when "By the holy hookey," he exclaimed, "If I didn't come plaguery nigh forgetting—and I reckon arter all this is about the most important." And taking another letter from his pocket, he looked at it and then at the two girls. "Is either of these young gals your sister?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Is her name Kate Lateman?"

"Yes, sir, and this is she;" said Charles, pointing to Kate, who sat pale with happiness and emotion.

"O! 'tis, is it? Well, this is for you, Miss," said he, throwing the second letter upon the table.

"Come, sergeant," said Charles, "sit by and take supper with us. Here's some good cold beef and some fine cider."

"Sartin, sartin! there's no harm in that. They can't make you enlist again because you give the old sergeant a supper."

The old man drew up near the table, and, while Charles endeavored to draw out of him some explanation of his discharge, Kate sat down to read her letter, and Hepsy moved briskly about, rearranging the table, and every minute stopping behind Charles, to give him a little love-pat on the shoulder, or a pinch on the cheek, interrupting his questions by little merry conceits, and, in short, playing all sorts of delightful and joyous pranks, as unlike the former Hepsy as possible.

"Come, sergeant," said she, at length, pouring him out a glass of cider, "you must drink all our health, welcome bearer of good tidings as you are; and Charles shall drink yours, as well as success to the good cause."

The old soldier took the glass, looking out from under his bushy eyebrows, with a pleasant expression, as the laughing girl darted around the room and performed her various useful and ornamental feats.

"She'd make a nice soldier's wife, she would; and beat all the sutlers in the camp, with her brisk little ways," said the old man with a little nod, and smacking

his lips, as he tasted his cider. "Here's to your health, sir, and to yours, Miss, and—"

The old soldier suddenly interrupted himself at seeing Kate, agitated and trembling, crush the letter in her hand, and gaze fixedly on the table.

"What's the matter?" said Charles. "Kate, darling sister, what alarms you so? Let me see your letter. Selfish egotist that I am. I forgot all but myself. Let me see—let me see. Who has dared to write this?" and the blood rushed hotly to his face. "What does this mean?"

"I know," said Kate; "read the letter aloud. I am perfectly willing. Great Father! what shall I do?"

Charles read aloud—

"Miss Lateman:—

I have learned your name, and I hasten to relieve your distress. I require no pledge and no money; I set out with no conditions; I become a substitute for your brother, freely. You need him, and no one has need of me. I am alone in the world, and if I die there will be no one to mourn me. But I am respectable, honest and true, and, wonder if you will, I gave my heart to you, when I saw you weep this evening. I send you a ring which belonged to my mother. If you do not scorn me, you will take from your neck the little gold cross which I saw glittering in the moonlight, and which contains your mother's hair; you will carry it to the oak tree under which you stood this evening, and place it in the notch of the lower branches. To-morrow morning I will take it away. Then you will wait two years, and if I am not dead, I will report myself on that spot. You will remember that you have made oath upon that cross. ADIEU."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Charles, excitedly; how did he know—? Sergeant, do you understand this?"

"Umph! I reckon the young man set picket-guard over you."

"Why, then, did he not come frankly and see us? What sort of a way is this of conferring a favor?"

"O," replied the sergeant, with a shrug, "every one has his own crotchets. One is afraid of being received like a mosquito, that you brush off your nose; another is timid and afraid to speak, but knows how to write, and so chooses that way of telling his mind. One is romantic and likes to do things kinder as they do in books, you know, and so we go."

Charles leaned his head on his hand for a few moments, and a fixed determination grew over his face.

"Sergeant," said he, "give me your hand; I will not accept this substitute; my sister shall not be sacrificed; I will go with you—stay!"

He took his discharge, and was about tearing it in two. Kate seized his hand.

"But if I am satisfied! If I wish it—" said she—"and really there is something very beautiful in all this; he goes away without exacting any conditions; he is unfortunate; he has no friends to mourn for him; and then I have only this means of keeping you; and then I have a great, earnest longing to be loved—yes, I have! it is true. And this young man has acted with great discretion and judgment, for if he had shown himself, I dare say I should never, never have been able to let him go; I will carry him my cross, but I wish to know—sergeant, have you seen him?"

"A little."

"Well, he is not bandy-legged nor hump-backed, is he?"

"What nonsense! Do you think the American army is made up of humpbacks and bandy-legs? Do you suppose an old soldier like me would enlist such fellows? Every recruit must be sound in wind and limb, and of a manly figure. That's what *my* recruits must be."

"Is this man a true and honest fellow," inquired Charles.

"Sartin! sartin! I swear to it!"

"Well, then!" said Kate, detaching from her neck the cross with its little velvet band, "tell him that what he has done is well and noble, and place this cross with your own hand, in the notch of the great oak, and after that tell him nothing more, not a word you heard here; but never lose sight of him if you can help

it; do you hear? And by and by, when the two years are out, bring him to me, and be able to say, here he is—he is worthy of you; he is a brave soldier, and a good patriot. He has done his duty.”

Charles and Hepsy stood gazing into the inspired face of the young girl, without the power of uttering a word. The old sergeant took off his cap, and a tear glittered on his grey eyelash, as he took the cross reverently in his hand.

“Enough! it shall be done,” and he left the house without another word being spoken.

Kate turned to her brother and future sister-in-law. She was no longer the same. A strange look of awe and solemnity rested on her now pale features. The very character of her person seemed changed. There was unwonted dignity and seriousness in her clear voice, as she said—

“Congratulate me, Hepsy; I also am betrothed. My pledge is in the hands of an American soldier. Here on my finger is his, whom I religiously trust one day to marry.”

It is not my design to follow the young recruit through the perils of the war to whose changing fortunes he had so generously devoted himself. A year after his enlistment a second drafting was found necessary, and Charles Lateman again found himself a conscript. This time there was no substitute, and he was obliged to join the army and march to distant fields. Nor would he have remained behind. The country was roused to the greatest pitch of indignation by that Vandal act, committed by the British—the burning of Washington, and old and young men ready and anxious to lend their aid in driving out the ruthless barbarians.

You would hardly believe now, when all England is up in arms on account of our war to defend the Government, lavishing all sorts of insulting epithets upon us for our barbarous determination to put down the rebellion, that England herself had burned down not only Washington, with all its public buildings, but a large number of other towns along the Atlantic

coast; burned them, too, without the least provocation.

“No; nor would you think that they had employed the savage Indians to scalp and murder our women and children, and burn down their villages. But do go on about Charles Lateman. You say he went to the war after all?”

“Yes, and at the battle of Plattsburg he was wounded and fell in the thickest of the fight. He would have been trampled to death under the feet of the combatants, had not an officer of his regiment, a young lieutenant, risked his own life to save him. They were surrounded, but hewing down the enemy at right and left, with his sword, he dragged the wounded soldier from the midst of the enemy, who, filled with admiration at his dauntless bravery, forbore to molest him. You know how the battle of Plattsburg ended. It was one of a series of victories won in the North, and helped to shed glory over our national arms.

Charles Lateman lay long ill of his wound, and was carefully tended by the young lieutenant who had rescued him, until a truce at arms enabled him to obtain a furlough and accompany the wounded soldier home. The journey was long and painful, but, under the care of his new friend, and with a strong constitution, Charles grew every day, stronger. The joyful prospect of soon seeing his sister and betrothed, added new energy to his weakened frame, and by the time he reached home he was strictly convalescent.

To describe the joy of Kate and Hepsy at seeing him home once more and out of danger, is quite impossible. Of course the entire culinary abilities of the two young housekeepers was brought into requisition, to do honor to the occasion, but as I never had the slightest facility for describing good dinners or suppers, I must leave you to picture them out in the way best suited to your own ideas of the rural luxury and splendor of those somewhat cramped but glorious days.

The lieutenant who was without a home, was very naturally persuaded to spend his furlough in the quiet little family. Very naturally, too, the charming Kate, who had lost none of her gayety of manner, be-

came a very attractive person in his eyes. The young girl herself could not but feel a strong attachment to the young officer who had saved her brother's life, but whatever might have been her feelings, in no degree did she swerve from her fidelity to the unknown youth who had so generously become her brother's substitute, and whose betrothal ring she wore upon her finger.

"You will always have my deep and true attachment, as the rescuer of my brother," she said in reply to his suit for her hand, "but more than that I cannot give — I am betrothed to another."

"But you have never seen him; you do not love him, and it cannot be that you care for me, or you would not for a mere myth, as he seems to me, deny all the deepest feelings of your heart."

"But I am engaged to him, if I never have seen him, and whatever might have been my reply under other circumstances, I can give no other now."

There was a sadness in her voice and expression which betrayed more to the young man than she was aware. There was a glow upon his cheek and a light in his eye as he continued to urge his suit.

"But you do not hear from him. It is now nearly two years since he enlisted, and surely if he were alive you would have received some sign."

Kate was very pale, and her voice was low and full of emotion, as she looked in his face and said, "Is it kind to make my trial harder than I can bear? I have my own struggles, but they will be borne, and I religiously intend to keep my faith with him whose ring I wear. It will be two years to-morrow night since he sent it to me and charged me to meet him at the great oak tree on that evening. I shall wait him there, and if he comes back with my cross and claims me, I shall be his wife."

A glorious smile beamed over the face of the young lieutenant, and lifting his hand to his breast, he drew forth — a cross.

The eyes of Kate fell on it. "My cross!" she exclaimed, bewildered and astonished—"where did you get it?"

"We will not wait, darling, until to-

morrow evening, nor seek the old oak tree to keep our tryste."

"And you are my brother's substitute?" and a glow of happiness and surprise overspread her features.

"I am: and you are my promised wife. Are you willing to redeem the vow you made upon this little cross?"

Kate laid her hand in his, and her reply may be guessed when I tell you that they were married two weeks after.

"And these were my father and mother?"

"Your father and mother, darling, and a very happy couple they were."

"What a romance in real life! But where was the old sergeant whom my mother commissioned to bring back her betrothed husband?"

"Under the sod, dear, on the plains of Plattsburg."

"Poor old man! what a pity!"

"Say rather, patriot and hero! he died for his country."

SONGS OF THE HEART.—NO. III.

BY G. T. T.

No more, alas! the morning's gleam
Brings its surcease of sorrow;
The past is but a vapory dream—
Sad symbol of to-morrow.
My heart hath drained its sources dry,
My soul is sore with weeping;
Above me hangs a leaden sky,
And life's scarce worth the keeping.

The brave old world rolls on as erst,
The trees are all a-blooming:
And everywhere in earth and air,
Are signs that summer's coming;
The summer of my life has come,
And autumn's mine already;
The snow-flakes of my winter fly,
The cold is strong and steady.

But lo! along the distant verge,
I see a golden shining;
The cloud will surely lift at length,
Have done with thy repining!
Across time's dial shadows flit,
Obscuring hand and figure;
But busily the hand of Love
Is toning down the rigor!

Away, then, cares that crush the soul,
Away, unmanly sorrow;
Within the foldings of the cloud
Is lodged a blessed to-morrow.
And souls, by trial, are renewed;
In virtue and in feature:
The Father, merciful and good,
Still careth for his creature.

O, then, indulge no sceptic doubt,
Nor think thyself neglected;
A blessing rests on all without,
Within are all protected.
A Providence, both kind and large,
Records a thrilling story,
And, faithful to its bounteous charge,
Will consummate the glory!

EXHIBITION OF THE PAINTINGS OF ARY SCHEFFER.

From "Melanges de Critique Religieuse par—
Edmond Scherer."

TRANSLATED BY R. F.

[The following article is not only on a very interesting Artist, but is ably written, and very nicely and carefully translated. It is rather out of our usual style, but we are sure that our readers will read it with interest and attention.]

The author, Edward Scherer, D. D., was formerly Professor of Theology in the University of Geneva. His theological views having changed, he was led to resign. Since then he has devoted himself to critical articles, or dogmatic essays, aimed against the errors of Orthodoxy, and for a more liberal and rational interpretation of the Bible and religious truth.—ED.]

Here is the true proof of an Artist's talent. In viewing his collected works, we instinctively compare old with new impressions, and the judgment carries about such peculiar painting with us as the whole inspires; thus is formed, upon the whole of the work, an opinion more reflective and definitive. The lines are prolonged, tendencies are developed; we have before us, in some sort, the painter judged by himself.

This is not, as the Italian Boulevard should be, complete. There is wanting in it the first, *Francesca*, that of 1835; the *Christ Consolateur* and the *Christ Remunerateur*; the *Confesseur de Naples*; the *Marguerite au Sabbat*; the *Promenade au Jardui*; and still others. We cannot, however, deny but that Scheffer is sufficiently represented here. We may, in this gallery, study him under all his aspects, follow him in all his stages.

I have said, in all his stages. In studying, in fact, the career of most artists, we are drawn to distinguish in it different periods.

Without doubt, every true artist reviews himself. The mannerist alone remains fellow to himself; he seeks fame, and persists in the qualities which procur-

ed it for him. He does not catch a glimpse of the ideal. The attained elevation does not become for him the point of departure for a pursuit more ardent, after truth and beauty. But the artist worthy of the name is like the philosopher worthy of his; he remains his whole life an inquirer. He is different in his youth, different in his manhood, different in his maturity. We remark, in passing, that it is to these three periods of life we may bring back the three manners between which is divided so naturally, the life of very many writers, painters, and musicians.

Raphael, it is true, died at thirty-seven; yes, but he paints the *Sposatio* at twenty-one. In a brief life, he furnishes a complete career.

It is a long way, without doubt, from Raphael to Ary Scheffer; but in the latter's life there is this proof of sincerity of soul and talent—continual progress. He began with small, homely paintings, popularized by the engraver and lithographer, of women with fair skin and flaxen hair—the *Veuve du Soldat*; the *Mere Convalescente*; the *Famille du Marais*. Then came the bituminous and sembraesque esquisses, which inspired for him, since 1828, the reading of the German poets, and the seeking of new effects. At this time, the manner of Scheffer run the risk of turning to mannerism; he escapes the danger by the vigor of a sound and true talent. The last twenty years of his life show him to us a free man, but always inquiring. He seeks his vein, and attaches himself, by turns, to Goethe, Dante, the Bible. He tries his brush, and passes off a painting impasted and bistré in outlines almost barren, and in tones all but harsh.

This continual seeking forms the variety, as it constitutes, perhaps, the principal charm of his work. He is not a painter whom we may reproach so much with faults, and who, at the same time, also attracts and interests greatly. He groups badly, or he does not group; the expression of his personages, good in reflective attitudes, is insufficient when the question is of rendering a situation dramatic; his model is feeble; his types are little varied;

his coloring is rarely, in fact, true; he lacks spirit. Well, with all this, the career of Scheffer presents an admirable artistic life, and his work a work very fair, truly large, and very worthy of attention.

He has the unity of a continual aspiration. Is there anything more rare to-day? However, I have found in him another kind of interest.

Scheffer is not an epic or dramatic painter, he is lyric. He does not retrace scenes in the life of man—their efforts, their destinies, he applies himself to render their sentiments. His best known works are those which express some contemplative mood of the soul—*The Doubt of Faust*, the *Revery of Mignon*, *Augustin and Monique lost in adoration*.

But, as it frequently happens to artists engaged in this way, Scheffer seeks to elevate the feeling which he expresses, to a general value, and he comes thus to symbolism. I wish to say, that situation or expression retraced, lose their individual and historic sense, in order to become, in some sort, the type of a character, or even the sign of an abstract idea. It is useless to call to mind those paintings of our artist which bear this character. *L'Amour divin et l'amour terrestre*, the *Christ Consolateur*, the *Tentation du Christ*, immediately present themselves to the mind as examples of the tendency which the painter obeyed.

Here is now what we experience in surveying the exhibition of Scheffer's paintings. On the one hand, we are struck with the purity, the elevation, the nobleness, which distinguish all his inspirations. On the other, these inspirations appear impressed with a certain impotency; the plastic side of the work is in suspense; we cannot recognise in it, to use a happy expression, either the convincing hand of the draftsman, or the passionate hand of the colorist. Scheffer, with fair, technical parts, remains intellectual and abstract. His talent, in fact, is not at the elevation of his thought. The idea, with him, dominates, and debases the form.

Such is the impression which the work of Scheffer produces. This impression raises a question. We ask ourselves if the discord of which I come to speak, is

simply the result of a personal insufficiency, or if it may not be the effect of a general cause, the indication of a contradiction between the conditions of art, and the manner in which Scheffer has conceived it.

These thoughts have vividly taken me back to those which were suggested to me at the exhibition of Manchester, in 1857. It is impossible to study a gallery in which the works of the masters are arranged in chronological order, without being impressed with one fact. All these paintings are religious, by the choice of the subjects; but the depth of religious feeling in them is in inverse ratio to the picturesque perfection. The masters of the 15th century are stiff, bound to conventional notions, awkward and unskilful. They did not comply with any of the conditions which we regard to-day so elementary; evidently, they belong to the infancy of art. And yet, in the midst of this ignorance and awkwardness, we see bursting forth a singular power of expression. An indefinable impress of humility, fervor, adoration, shines upon these canvases. An aureola of sanctity encircles these heads. The divine shines brilliantly in these stiff and lean forms. These angels, saints, virgins, are as if illumined by an inner light. In them the supernatural finds a body; the mysteries of faith are manifested to the eyes; man and nature are transparent symbols of superior realities. We have here, we feel it, Christian inspiration in what is furthermore spontaneous and authentic. Still we advance. Art goes on developing itself. It studies the naked, observes the perspective, varies expressions, puts its personages in motion, arranges and groups them; its design becomes wiser, and its colors truer; briefly, it tends to render nature more precisely. For the types consecrated by tradition, are substituted the individual conceptions of the artist.

From symbolic and conventional, art is becoming realistic, or at least the ideal which it pursues is no longer so much of expression of form and style. Unhappily, it is found that the painter has lost, in spiritual beauty, what he has gained in human truth. Is this saying that things might have passed on otherwise? I do

not think so. It is in the nature of the arts that their mediums of execution, their exterior and material elements, go on perfecting themselves. But how happens it that this perfection should be at the same time a fall? The prodigies of the 16th century cannot make one forget Giotto and Orcagna, Angelico and Perugin. The madonas of Raphaël are inimitable in grace and purity; but they are for the most part young, charming Italian mothers. I do not at all recognize in them that Mary in whose bosom was accomplished the mystery of mysteries. The author of *Transfiguration* marks no less the decline of his art than its apogee. The same tendency which manifests itself at the beginning of the century of Leo X., by every exquisite *chefs d'œuvre*, will soon end with Carrache, Guide, and Guerchin.

One may perceive already where I desire to come. Scheffer has made us see the idea extending beyond the form, subjecting it, sacrificing it to itself, and thus tendering, in the name of the higher interests of art, to disregard material conditions. The history of painting on the other side, has shown us the pre-occupation of the element properly picturesque, the seeking of the form, the study of the beautiful, in certain antagonism with the spiritualism of ancient Christian art, in some sort that submission to the material exigencies of art appears tending to suppress the superior element, from which it cannot, however, pass. It seems, then, that there is here a secret contradiction in virtue of which art, at least religious art, comes to deny and destroy itself. It pursues plastic perfection only at the expense of the idea, it pursues the idea only at the expense of truth and beauty, and thus it takes its rise only to annihilate itself in bearing a blow at the one or the other of the conditions of its existence.

Let us say first and directly that the question here is not by any means the opposition between what we call the day idealism and realism. Idealism is the seeking of the beautiful, and realism the seeking of the true. There is then, here, even less two opposite tendencies than two poles between which art moves itself,

two elements which, far from excluding each other, ought to unite, and do unite, in fact, in every artistic work. What is not true is foreign to art, for the sphere of art is the truth; what is not beautiful is foreign to art, for the aim of art is beauty.

There is another opposition which will put us, perhaps, on the way. That of idealism and realism, or of the beautiful and true, appertains entirely to the domain of the execution or of the form; but the form is found itself in all analogous opposition with the idea. Let us not, by any means, confound the ideal and the idea. By ideal I mean that typical image which our mind perceives spontaneously in view of any object whatever, and to which it brings again this object, declaring it beautiful or ugly, according as it responds or not at the image interview.

With regard to the idea, in a work of art, it is the intention which is expressed in it. The artist, by choice of his subject, and by the manner in which he treats it, seeks to render his conception of things; the work gives a body to this conception, it becomes the eternal interpreter of it. This property of the work, this intention of the artist, is here what I call the idea.

Besides, it is necessary to make distinction between the arts. There are two among them — architecture and music — which act immediately upon the soul — the one by the direction and proportion of lines, the other by the effect, still more immediate, of sonorous vibrations. They possess themselves of our being by the senses, without the intermedium of mind, without reflection. It is not the same in sculptor and painting, especially the latter. These arts have an intellectual element. There is in every painting something to comprehend, a precise idea to recognise. The esthetic enjoyment which produced this painting does not follow solely from the harmony of the colors, the science employed in the composition; but also from the interest which inspired the conception of the painter, and the power with which the latter has rendered it.

On the other hand, painting and sculpture are essentially arts of imitation. Thence their complex nature. They can

express an idea, a religious idea, for example, but they can do it only by means of a plastic representation, the truth and beauty of which confound themselves, not with the truth and beauty of the idea expressed, and they preserve their relative interest, although the idea be false, or the expression of it imperfect. This is, that the imitation of nature, the reproduction of the real, has the gift of interesting us, independently of all thought which attaches to it, that the form has its beauty, exclusive of the idea, that one may endeavor to express in it.

And, to remark in passing, it is with poetry as with plastic art. Like sculpture and painting, poetry has, for condition, the imitation of what is, for matter or subject, human truth. It re-produces truth by language, and, in the succession of its developments, instead of offering it under a visible form and fixed aspect, but it is equally subject to the laws of truth and beauty. Like painting and sculpture, it may propose to itself the expression of an idea, straining to produce a moral sentiment, a religious emotion, but like these same arts, it can accomplish it only indirectly, by means of paintings or recitals, the poetic value of which will bear the first merit, and, like these arts, it may make this poetic value subsist in a work whence every superior idea may be absent.

There are three arts, and painting is of the number, in which we may distinguish two elements—the intellectual and plastic. We can distinguish, them, and, consequently, up to a certain point, separate them. Now, it is the form which dominates, and is attributed a peculiar value, and an independent existence. The *Noces de Cana*, of Paul Veronese, remains a work of considerable art, notwithstanding the absence of idea and religious character which appears to reclaim a subject. Again, it is, on the contrary, the idea which dominates over the form, and falls thus into symbol. Such is the fault, we have seen, which injures the paintings of Scheffer. Too often his idea is abstract; he desires to say too much, and to express, too immediately, his thoughts. Is this saying that this danger may be inherent in religious painting, and that

thenceforth it is wrong to seek here the word of secret contradiction, the last of which has appeared to us reached? I do not believe so. In the first place, there is nothing which has been said which censures, specially, religious paintings. But, besides, we can distinguish the idea from the form, can separate them, we could not put them in opposition. These two objects do not reciprocally exclude each other by virtue of their like nature. Every great artist tends to unite them, and does unite them, in some degree; every fine work harmonizes them, every classic work at least. Art can no more pass by the idea than the ideal.

The imperfection of Scheffer's work, then, finds a full explanation simply in the abstract nature of his conception, or in the picturesque feebleness of his brush. It is not absolutely necessary, in order to account for it, to go back to the fundamental principles of art. But, in return, the incidental question, which has become here little by little, the principal question, has not yet found its solution. I wish to speak of the contradiction which the history of religious painting manifests, and by virtue of which, religious character seems to exclude the beauty of form, and the beauty of form religious character, so that plastic art, in serving the interests of Christian feeling, surrenders its own conditions. In other words, Christian art would be a contradictory notion; the more it would be Christian the less it would be art, and the more art the less Christian.

The contradiction appears to me to explain itself by the very nature of Christianity.

Christianity is an intense spiritualism. This is its grandeur, beauty, and strength. It is thence that it saves the world. It is no less true that this spiritualism is exclusive, or, if one prefers, absolute, and that Christianity reposes upon dualism.

Christianity, for as much as it is supernatural, rests upon the opposition of the divine and human. It is true the divine is manifested in it under a human form, that the supernatural does not take, by any means, the fantastic appearances of Mythology. Art is no less thrown by Christianity outside of its ways. The

mind may accept the incarnation ; but how represent it to the eyes ? How shall the finite reproduce the infinite ? Art is closely bound to the imitation of nature ; it is the finite, the real, the human, which furnish for it its language : thus the artist will not be able to reproduce the mysteries of faith without assigning to the elements of which he disposes, a new and conventional value. Religious painting will always be more or less symbolic. On the one side, in the degree that painting shall approach the true and beautiful, it will lose this character of adoration towards the invisible and supernatural, which distinguishes the great picturesque works of the 15th century.

A second opposition, which appears in the very essence of Christianity, is that of nature and grace. Biblical religion is the only ethical religion, the only one which has, if not understood the feeling of sin, at least ~~has~~ seized this feeling in all its tragic force, and which has at the same time presented to man, a model of infinite perfection. The Gospel is supported upon these two great ideas—evil and good, forfeiture and restoration. This is to say that the Christian's pre-occupations are all moral ; but this is also saying that Christianity will be so much the less favorable to the culture of the arts, as it shall be more faithful to its primitive character. We cannot, in fact, conceal it : the sphere of esthetic feelings, and that of moral life, are foreign to each other. There is in the idea of sin, in the travail of the conscience, in the work of personal improvement, something austere and sad, which it is difficult to reconcile with the serenity of art. Christianity represents the exertion of man upon himself, re-action against nature ; art, on the contrary, accepts nature, plunges into it, defies it.

This leads us to the last element of Christian dualism—the opposition of the flesh and spirit. We have not sufficiently remarked that Christianity has introduced into the world an entirely new idea of beauty. Beauty in the ancient or pagan sense, is purely physical ; it is the perfection of forms.

It has nothing personal, because it has nothing moral. The gods and goddesses

of Greek statuary have not, by any means, physiognomy ; their features do not speak ; they want expression. Expression, on the contrary, has taken chief rank in the modern notion of the beautiful, because Christianity has made us spiritualists, and because expression is the revelation of the soul, is the beauty of the spirit manifesting itself to the view. Sometimes the spirit, in the arts, ought to animate nature, it should not sacrifice it ; it may become the principle of beauty, it cannot constitute it in itself alone ; it may idealize the body, it would seek in vain to suppress it. The artist cannot make abstraction of the form, because the form is the very element of his art. Now, when he reproduces it, he is bound to embellish it, and, consequently, to enter in conflict with the exigencies of a rigorous spiritualism. The asceticism of the brush which excuses the technical ignorance of the 15th century, cannot be accepted as it was voluntary. The painter is bound to please, to satisfy the eye, to seek for beauty—beauty, that is, nature, form, and, it may well be said, flesh. We see why ancient painting is religious, but imperfect as painting ; and why painting, in taking leave of the 16th century, attained plastic perfection only at the expense of religious character.

It is wholly true that art is essentially pagan—pagan like the ancient world, like human nature. Is this saying that it is destined to remain always pagan ? Is the ascetic or dualist form, the true form of religion, its definitive form ? Is monastic Christianity the Christianity ? Is the *Imitation of Jesus Christ* the authentic expression of piety ? Will not the day come, in which, without losing its sap and virtue, the Gospel shall enter into the sphere of art, as into that of duty and secular life ? Could this Gospel be divine if it was not entirely human ? Will the pagan world be vanquished as long as Christianity shall not absorb paganism ?

It is not simply retribution for sin, but the consequences of the nature of sin, that it separates us from God.—*Chaplin.*

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

In my boat, like a sea shell as rosy and quaint,
The moon sailing with me, the beautiful saint!
Stars flushing and paling, and gilding the night,
White clouds sweetly veiling the portals of light;
June's airs melting round me, caressingly bland;
I float on the river to Fairy's bright land.
Alone, and slow gliding away and away,
Through the glen by the wood, to the calm of the bay;
Now in shadow so deep, that the heart's in eclipse;
Now in light so divine, rapture springs to the lips;
Leaning down for the waves to caress my glad hand,
They murmur "We're thine and obey thy command!"
Down among the white Lilies that love and so die,
Among the rich hearts beating up in the sky,
Dreaming wilder dreams of the Lotus and Nile,
Cleopatra and Isis, and Anthony's smile,
A bugle afar breathing love and delight—
Like Egypt—I drink the rich pearl of to night!
Oh! to dream thus forever, or dreaming to die
Like a whispered farewell, going out in a sigh,
Like a wave that first breaks on the shore in a kiss,
And is gone like a thought, a moment of bliss!
A perishing leaf, floating out on the tide
Of life with its conflicts of passion and pride,
Caressed by the waves that will smile when you sink,
Torn by tempests, and lost o'er oblivion's brink.
Loving, hoping, aspiring—Angels dear of the Lord,
I sink by the fountain! Unloose the bright cord!
Let me up to the stars! I have languished to read—
'Tis not much—the last bend of the poor broken reed;
Give me rest, Oh! ye isles of the golden to come,
I weary, I faint—take me, love, to thy home!

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful, and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.—*Chapin.*

GOLD DUST GATHERED IN MY JOURNEY.

BY MRS. FIDELIA WOOLLEY GILLET.

CHAPTER I.

How softly, and with what a sweet, sad murmur, this September breeze sings through the Oakwood, and rustles the brown threads of the Fringe trees, and goes up on the hill sides to dally with the black tassels of the ripening corn!

Back and forth, in the woodland, wave the top-mast boughs of the great Oaks, as though telling each other, in their whisperings, how lonely it is; now that the birds have gone from their nests amid the branches, and the music has all departed, that once came up between the swaying leaves, and filled all the air with such throbs of melody. The Sassafras leaves are changing to a bright golden, or a clear vermilion; the soft Maples begin to wear a gleaming red; the Hickories, too, are hung around with a glow, as if brightest sunshine; and as far as the eye can reach, the woodlands are crowned with Autumnal glories.

Gently, gently—as though she were the loveliest of spirits—does September touch the earth with her wand of beauty; and I sit here and watch the dropping of the black cherries from the roof tree; and see the sunlight glint across the faded, yellow floor, and look down the broad alley of shrubbery, and through the apple orchard, and on to the forest, and over the meadows and cornfields—each and all of them flecked with silver, covered with a lustre brighter and mellow than the summer ever brings—and as I gaze, I bethink me that the most beauty-craven spirit in the vast universe may, on this day, drink its fill. I do not forget, either, that another month is coming, and will soon be here—this next golden month, that likes me yet better—when the earth will wear her brown carpet, and the nuts lie in little heaps all over the crisp threads, and the brooks gather a six month's sweetness to their ringing, and the woodlands—oh! I shall clap my hands and look up at them, as I clapped my hands and looked at them years ago, when I stood, a child, on the banks of that one bright brook, over whose bubbles I crowed when a baby in my

father's arms, and that sings to day the sweetest song that ever brook sang upon the earth.

How much the heart makes dear to us! Here is a forsaken, sunken hearthstone, a decaying cottage, a moss-grown step, a winding rivulet, a well its sweep overhung with the oblivious ivy—frailer are they than wings of gossamer, and of as little worth to many hearts; and yet, to us, what are they not? dearer than the miser's hoarded gold! more precious than gifts of rubies! There is an idle waste, a patch of wildwood, or an uncultivated moor, upon it stands the humblest of habitations, and the agriculturist passes it with a sneer, and the stranger forgets that he hath seen it; but *we*? ah! those we love have met us *there* at the hearth and board; *there* we have toiled, together through the heat of the day, and welcomed in, with one voice, the twilight and the star-shine; *there* have we met the long, dark night of doubt and despair, and given out upon the air one joyous cry, as the Lord God of our fathers sent His angel to take away our bondage. And so, in our hearts, is it "a little, happy valley," that we will not have trod by alien-feet, or despoiled by stranger hands.

Therefore, do I believe me, that when we obey fully, that commandment, "Love ye one another;" when we feel that "of one blood hath He made all the nations of the earth;" when we come to that tender, clinging love, that gathers all the world in its kindred, *then* will every lordly hall where human hopes have budded and blossomed, every lonely wild where human eyes have met, every by-place where human hands have labored, be to us, like the previous spots of which we have spoken. For then shall we know *our one great family*, and then shall we have learned *what it is* to sit in love at the feet of *one Father*.

And out of this love, out of this spirit of affection, purified of all barrenness, free from all gross selfishness, comes the great, perhaps the only real and never-failing joy of the soul. All other efforts for happiness, all other struggles for peace, will avail one little; they will bring only a gilded semblance, only a jappanned cover-

ing that will soon wear away, and leave the worm-eaten spirit full in view. So he who brings his gift in any other spirit, trusting by assuring word or winning smile, or protestations of tenderness, to gratify his own wishes, or favor his own aggrandizement, must, indeed, go on beseeching his great reward. Blessed always *have they been*, and blessed for ever more *shall they be*, who "love much!"

Silence and peace are all about me. On the hills, yonder, the reapers are gathering the corn, and down in the vallies below, men are busy pulling the withered potatoe vines, and gathering the bulbs into baskets. No sound of human voices breaks upon the air, and through the sunshine I can almost hear the shouts of the excited populace, welcoming England's future king. "Come in and see the Prince," said my friend; but, lo! I went not, and yet I see the eager crowd, the beaming eyes, the anxious faces, the hurrying feet. I see the proud ships, their stars and stripes mingling with the British Lion, the sparkling water, the animated crew, the waving streamer, and drawn across the broad, magnificent avenue, the white banner, bearing upon its folds, "Welcome laddie for thy mither's sake." I hear, as it were, the roll of drums, the sound of horn and fife, and I see, too, amid it all—the *all-in-all*—the one slight form and youthful face. Child of a race of kings, heir of a Royal Crown, proud England's boast and hope, the boy-god—

PRINCE OF WALES

"Come in and see the Prince," the letter said. "There will be crowds to welcome him, and all the fair will go and offer up their smiles To glad his way; and stern, old misers, who For years have listened to the chink of coin Within their cold bank vaults, their grisly beards

Will trim, and glove their skinny hands, and coax

Their lips to unknown words, to greet the Prince."

Now, there are men, whom but to see, the whole

Of this great world, I'd wander o'er, to look Upon whose regal brows I would go, lone And foot-sore, through a great highway of blood;

And I would kneel before them low, and with My poor, weak blessing, bless them for the strength

They gave unto mankind; and I would climb

With clinging hands, far up the pearl grounds
Of the white ladder leading to the skies,
If for one moment I above the walls
Of Heaven might look, and see the glory
crowned,

Who years ago, in brave hope, trod the
press
Of grief, and toiled, and bled, and died, for
man.

But this young princeling—what hath he e'en
done?

Why should I bring to him, fair though he be,
My gifts? Born was he in the purple, heir
To that most regal toy—the Crown!

Ah! we,
Who own no master save the King of kings,
And bow bent at the feet of Him whose fair,
Meek brow was crowned with thorns; from
whose pure lips

Fell gentle love—words that shall never die;
We who believe that every peasant's son,
Born in the wildwood though he be, and
swathed

With coarsest weeds, as royal is as he,
The heir of England's throne, so but his soul
Is spotless: we—who'd plight our sacred troth
To moorland-maid, or cottage-girl, be she
But pure and loving; we no incense burn
Along the pathway of this pilgrimage,
And he—this young boy—king—hath he a soul
Of royal dower; could scorn us if we should.

So were I with the thousands there to day,
Why I should give my cheer out on the air
With all the eager, shouting host, and he
Would journey on; and never would be known
That I had loved him better than the crowd;
That I had loved him well enough to pray
That he might never fall proud England's
hope:—

That in him all the weary and the poor
Might find in him a friend, and in his heart the
whole
Of his great nation rest.

And yet I would
That I had stood beside him there and held
His hand in mine, and looked in his young
face

To see if it were like his mother's: if
From out his eye the same sweet spirit shone
That in that midnight, when the king lay dead,
Went up before the Father's throne and plead
That she might govern for her nation's good!
God bless him for his mother's sake: and
though

His eyes shall ever read these humble lines
Penned in a cottage—home upon the plains
Of the Great West, yet once more will I say,
“We love him for his mother's sake!” may
God bless

The child of love—Victoria's first born son;
The helpless babe that in life's rose-crowned
morn

Lay on her breast and heard the cooings soft
Of her dear mother-love; the fair, bright boy
Whose small wee feet she led, and paused
sometimes,

To tell his sire, no queen before had half
So good a son; the proud young king, to sit
Upon the throne, and wield her royal sway.

Still may the love she gave him, ripple back
To her; and when at last, the years steal on,
And bring the silver for her hair, may his
Fond tenderness be more to her, than e'er
Hath been her royal sceptre and her crown!

Slowly, even lingeringly, as though it
loved to stay, and were unwilling for the
parting, the sun glow leaves the Eastern
sky, and draws its glory from the zenith
clouds, and sits by the Western gates, and
touches the hills with splendor, and adds
new radiance to the gleaming woodlands,
and finally gathers the floating clouds into
mountain piles—their tops gleaming like
molten gold, their base hissed by waves of
purple and crimson; and one almost ex-
pects, in the utter silence, to see the gates
fall back, and hosts of the redeemed
standing therein, with angel crowns and
snowy robes, and smiling faces, and sing-
ing the songs of eternal joy.

I love to watch the sunset, to grow into
better and holier moods, as it fills the West
with such magnificence, and departs with
such inexpressible beauty; and I always
take up my burden more readily, and
feel more sacredly the responsibilities, of
even my humble life, after my soul has
been enfolded in its transcendent loveli-
ness. Sometimes—if I can get them—I
go out with my friends, and we look, and
wonder, and talk, and try to imagine if
God could have given us anything more
glorious? Then I sit alone, with none
but the birds and the flowers to keep me
company; and to-day I have not even
these, for the flowers have all faded—ex-
cept a few that are hid away by the wood-
land springs, or in the clefts of the old
rocks—and the birds have been gone many
days; and yet, strange as it may seem,
one black-winged, brown-bosomed singer,
has come home again—come home to look
about the broad yard, and flit among the
deserted trees, and sing through the long
porch, and go in at the open door-way, and
fly along parlor and bed-room, and then to
beat its soft, downy breast against the win-
dow frame, and come out to my feet, and
flutter, and gasp, and die. Shorter and
more tremulous grows the failing breath;
closer and closer fall the thin lids against
the meek, brown eyes, and now, the slen-
der pointed bill shuts, to open no more for
ever. I hold it tenderly on the palm of one

hand, and caress it gently with the fingers of the other, and wonder if there will be any watching and yearning in the bird kingdom, for the absent, dead warbler? If the mate will miss it, and coo tenderly and sadly in his loneliness? If the little ones will sorrow in their desolation for the mother who watched the brown nest so faithfully? Were they here—all here—would they come and look down, with such meek-eyed sadness as little bird sufferers always wear, upon the friend now sleeping so quietly upon my hand; and “thereafter,” would they follow like mourners, as I bore it away to its tiny grave?

This thought reminds me of a remark once made to me by a woman of great *progressive instincts*—a woman who had developed to that point of spirit and growth that I never expect to attain—“That the love of parents for their children was no better, and no more lasting than the mere instinct of the animal race, it being only the congeniality of character and sentiment, the sympathy of mind and opinion, that continues affection, and cemented it in an everlasting link between the child and its parent.”

Now, having been taught something entirely different from this theory; having gone all along the rose-wreathed years, up to the dawn of womanhood, in the faith that sees no tie so beautiful, so eternal, as that between father and child, between the mother and her babe. Having read so many times—that it was a precious, never-to-be-forgotten story—in that good old Book, so many have professedly out-grown, of the *one* tie that binds man to his Maker, so surely, so safely, so eternally, that “neither death nor principalities, nor powers,” could break it—the matchless tie of Fatherhood. Having thought all this so long, the new-coined wisdom that was to overthrow it, “struck me (as a young acquaintance of mine said the first sight of Niagara did her,) rather hard,” and I merely folded my hands, and rocking back and forth in my low chair, said that old “Mooley forgot young Bill” when he was large enough to be yoked to the sled, and bring home the bough from the wood, and the corn from the mill, and while we

patted his full neck, and smoothed his red coat, and called him such a fine, young ox, she seemed to care nothing for him, and to think only of little “Nell,” wandering by her side in the meadow; that the Phosbes, coming back every spring to re-build the old nest in our porch, never brought with them the fledgelings they had nursed so carefully the summer before, and built only for other wee things, seemingly forgetting that they had any older; but I had never known one child to take the mother’s love from another, or the brightest and dearest baby ever to draw to itself all the father’s pride in an older boy, even though that eldest trod away upon the verge of manhood. No, no, I said; there must be something more in the parental relation than mere petting, or fondling, or tending to the needs of children while they were babies, for I had never known a child, even of the worst of parents, grow entirely away from the love it was born with—from the heritage God gave it in life’s beginning—even though it went on and on to the years of three-score-and-ten. I *had* seen it turned away as irreclaimable, by those who *seemed to forget*, and for weary months and dragging years it trod the downward path, until I thought all the blossoms of its soul must be burned down to ashes; when lo! upon the very borders of the grave, it wandered backward, wandered homeward, sinful and polluted still; but there the trembling old father, who said he cared not whither went that spirit of his spirit, received and blessed it, and the wasted arms of the wan-cheeked, and whilome, indifferent mother, folded about it, and at the last, they two stood together—this old man and his old wife—by the soft flowing river that winds among graves, and reached their withered hands over and above it, and begged of God to give this—their child—a happy, a blessed heaven, in the land of eternal bloom.

And so I told the woman that I could not, then, accept her thought; and as I sat here amid the glory of the sunset, my old idea seems to have grown just enough (not, however, toward the theory she presented,) to let me query if the parent birds who have neglected this one so long,

if the brothers and sisters that have known her not for the many summers that are gone; if the mate, true as he has been, and faithful, were to see her now, would they gaze upon her with that inexpressible emotion; would they yearn for her with that inexhaustible tenderness that is often experienced by the most depraved of human kindred? If they would, then are little birds immortal; and I wish it were so, that the birds, and the flowers, and the trees, might live forever, not with that life and immortality that cold materialists mean, when they tell us nothing can ever die, but with the life and the immortality that bestows on the bird-spirit a fairer form and brighter plumage, and a sweeter song, that catches the parting breath of the dying flower, and robes it with a form more beautiful than all the dew and all the sunshining of the earth could make it; that receives the last sigh of the grand old tree, when the hunter's knife hath girdled it, or the woodman's axe hath laid it low, and clothes it with a greener foliage, and an individual beauty that shall be destroyed no more. Yes; I wish it were so, that I could have these dear old pets again, that I might possess them all in the bright land where I am going by-and-by; that the old house dog that lies buried down there, under the locusts, where the child has planted her violets, and sown her pansies, could come and curl down at my feet, and lay his great, black head in my lap, and look up into my face with his tender eyes; that the birds I have fondled and fed, should sing for me still; that the flowers I have nursed should fill all the air with their old fragrance; that the trees I have watered, and under whose shadows I have dreamed such golden dreams, were mine, to be unrobed no more—mine, glorious and beautiful for ever.

And yet I do not want to behold them metamorphosed into other forms. I want the same old pets—brighter and beautiful it may be—but the same old, old pets still. I should not want to see the faithful old dog changed to a serpent—no, *not even to a dove*. I would not like my robins grown to beetles or to humming birds. I never wish to see my roses become thistles or morning glories. I don't want to see

a tree "developing" itself into anything else. I should not like one of my majestic old oaks to assume the form of an Ourang-Outang, or of a goldfinch; but I do want to see it, a thing of life, thrice glory crowned, casting its dappled shadows over the green of the heavenly shores.

"But all these are whimsicalities—mere foolish vagaries—made up, dressed, and trimmed to your own liking," exclaims some great wise acre, whose head has sounded those deeps of wisdom that mine can never enter, and I meet his exclamation with—"Well, what if they are? What is life made of, even the fairest, holiest life, what is it full to overflowing with, but these sweet thoughts, these melodious fancies—each one ringing through it,

"Like a golden jewel down a golden stair."

Aye, what; but these weak, foolish vagaries, as you term them?

Then, too, I always did have strange opinions, that never grew in books, about these things, especially about the trees, and the flowers, and the birds, and I used to coax Mildred Verne out with me when we were children, and tell her how differently the thistles, and the lilies, and the gentians talked; and how the oaks, and pines and hemlocks, and willows, conversed together, and Mildred would say: "What made you think so much about these things at first? Did your father tell you? I didn't used to care so much about them; now, though, it seems I couldn't live without the trees, and birds, and little flowers."

We talked about their different forms and uses. We said we wondered if any one but us thought they were really good for anything? If any one but our two selves liked to lie out all day under the tree shadows, and talk with them as they would with human friends, and then we queried how the world would look without them?

Sometimes we sat far into the star light, and whispered our thoughts of them one to the other, upon the green banks of the Unadilla, as it wound among the willows and by the mountains, and gave out its mellow, rippling murmur, to the gentle throbs of the evening air.

Again has the evening come, with its

mellow moonshine enveloping the oakwood over the road, and folding around the lilacs and cedars, and casting the shadow of the honey-suckle that entwines one of the pillars, along the porch floor, and streaming in through glass door and window, filling the room with a soft, mild light, and toning down the throbbing, yearning heart, till it become soft and gentle as the moonshine itself. There is not wind enough, autumn evening as it is, to rustle the tree leaves, or stir the clematis vines that hang slender and drooping from the top of the high frame. The old clock tick-tacks upon the bureau; but no other sound disturbs the silence about me. The child at my feet has sung her evening hymn, and uttered her prayer of gratitude and supplication, and folding her hands over my knees, dropped her head upon them and fallen into pleasant dreams. Everything seems so quiet, so peaceful, as though in all the universe there were no sin and no unrest.

Years ago, a sweet poet, sitting alone of an autumn evening, with only his little boy for companion, and the wind moaning piteously to the rain that beat against his windows, wrote—

"There is one who hath loved me, debar'd from the day,"

And as the sorrow, great and strong, and the yearning that would not be hushed, stirred his heart to its inmost depths, the earth seemed a desert, where he would no longer stay, unless he could call back the charmer he had lost.

And yet, trembling as my soul does to night, with this great home sickness, it gives not out that piteous, wailing cry. All day the child and I have wandered, from time to time, down the shrub-bordered walk, and leaned over the rude gate, and look away up the hills and far down the valley, with a strange yearning for the loved and absent, as though we should, as though we must, get sight of them at last; and when she has turned to me almost in despair, and asked—"When shall I see Aunt? When will uncle come? When will cousin May be here?" I have taken her little, brown face, between my hands, and told her that *she should certainly see them again*; and now she has fallen asleep, saying—"I suppose you

mean that I shall see them when I go to heaven, if I never do before; and so I'm glad that grandpas and grandmas, and cousins Carrie and Franky, are there now, because its so beautiful, and they never'll be cold any more."

So my thought takes up the little thought of the child, and goes on beyond the "cold," and sees how worse, than all the torture their going brought, might have been the desolation that continued years would have given unto them! how darker and heavier, than any sorrow ever caused by chilled lip, or hushed voice, or vanished face, might have swept over them the mad, raging billows of the sea of life, while *we who would*, had no power to save! No, no; freed from the tempest, shut away from sorrow, folded from the tempter, sweetly resting upon the bosom of *that* love that knows no change, I would not call them back that we may meet again. Hather, Oh, God! may I lift myself up unto their holy communion, and get ready for their blessed welcome.

I never did experience the least fear of death. Shadowless, and arched with rainbows, to me always was the journey to the other world. Many a time have I stood by an open coffin, when a little child, and thrown in my gathered roses, and smiled to think how much fairer were the flowers those hands were gathering then; and I never shall forget how strangely my little friend, Mildred Verne, (as I have called her,) was affected, when, one day, (after there had been a funeral service in our village,) I tried to comfort her with my simple faith.

The Bible is not to be judged in all respects like a history composed since history became a science: but take that old volume, which has survived the decay of ages and the shocks of revolution; whose every book is an epoch, whose every leaf almost turns over a century, and whose simple narratives open to us the experience and link us to the sympathies of our common nature four thousand years ago; take it, and apply to its records the same tests you apply to Polybius or Livy, and the sceptic, if his scepticism is honest, will find less room for his cavils and his sneers.—*Chapin's Living Words.*

LINEs FOR A BRIDAL PARTY.—LIGHT AND FLOWERS.

BY MRS. H. G. PERRY.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the fair young bride !
Ye, who in life's morning have danced by her side ;
And weave them together with delicate art
For the brow of the beautiful ! but for the heart
Bring no orange blossoms, tho' glittering with dew ;
Bring the sweets of pure friendship, the old and the new.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the dear young bride !
Ye, who have so lovingly walked by her side !
Who have hushed every sigh, every tear wiped away,
Since her eye lids unclosed to the glory of day ;
O crown your rich offering with light and with flowers !
Blend the purest and sweetest for life's gladdest hours.

God help you to trust in the blessing of love ;
Its strength and its tenderness O, may he prove,
Who hath sought the pet bird in its beautiful bower ;
Who hath asked and received the long cherished flower !
O God ! make him faithful to love's high behest :
In the infinite only, the finite may rest.

Had he asked for your home, 'twere a trifle to this ;
Or your wealth or your honor,—to give these, were bliss !
But such a dear treasure to give unto him,
Not knowing but sometime his love may grow dim ;—
A sacrifice this, no affection can make
But that born with life, and which cannot forsake.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for your darling bride,
Ye, who have just taken your place by her side !
Flowers, whose beauty and fragrance, shall never decay,
Blooming fairer and sweeter as life wears away ;
O, the bright sun of love will illumine all hours,
Make e'en of life's desert, a garden of flowers !

Bring flowers, ye who may, for the gentle young bride !
I send kindly greetings ; whatever betide
May those two lives in harmony more blend !
Or the great Source of love may they ever depend
To guide them through this, to the dear home on high,
Whose lights never pale, and whose flowers never die.

Norwich, Conn.

ACROSTIC.—IN MEMORIAM.

And thou hast vanished in thy manhood's prime
Behind the cloud which hides the farther shore :
Ensaddled by our God, thy feet no more
Lend their dear echoes to the shores of time.

Thy hands which wrought in patience and in trust—
On God's dear work and never knew fatigue,—
'Mid other scenes with His own saints now league,
Perfecting work which is not of the dust !
Knew we, like thee, the secrets of that clime—
In which, O, friend, thy blissful toils now be,
No selfish tears could fall again for thee,
Safe, safe and blest beyond the wrecks of time !

TRUE LOVELINESS.

"She is a lovely woman, too."

I spoke this by way of parenthesis to the young friend who sat beside me. He was a stranger in the place, and I was mentioning to him the names of the different guests, as they entered the parlor.

He smiled quietly, and then shrugging his shoulders a little, said to me, "You must look at her through the eyes of affection for to me she is anything but lovely. Just notice her figure—it has more than an inclination to be dumpish; it is dumpish, and nothing else, and see her hands—her fingers are regular stubs, and red, too, as a lobster's claw; and her face, gracious heavens! she's as freckled as a ploughboy, her nose a complete turn-up, and her eyes as green as the grass in May. Lovely!" and he shook his head, while a queer grimace distorted his handsome countenance.

"Yes, lovely," I said, emphatically. "I'll introduce you to her after a while, and, mark my words, before you've talked with her an hour, you will forget all about her figure, fingers, and freckles, and more than that, feel inclined to say, if she wasn't married, I'd ——"

"Hold on there, O——!" he exclaimed, "you're piling it on too thick entirely; but hush, here she comes. Lovely! yes, a duck on land!"

I introduced them. He was too truly polite to act otherwise than gentlemanly. I sat beside them till the conversation had taken a literary turn, and then I withdrew to another part of the room, furtively watching them though. He did not leave her side for a moment, though there were beautiful and brilliant young girls about him, and dancing and waltzing in each spacious room. When a lively march on the piano announced that the supper room was opened, he politely escorted her thither, and I saw no fair belle receive as delicate attention as that little homely woman.

"I shall have to look to you for some supper, if I get away to-night," I said, jocosely, to her husband, taking his arm at the time, "for your wife has made a conquest of my gallant."

"As she does of everybody," said he,

in tones that betokened a heart full of honest pride, and then he looked over to her with eyes that overflowed with deep and tender affection.

"* * * "Well," I said, dryly, to my young friend, as we walked home, "what do you think of Mrs. M——, now that you have devoted an evening to her?"

"O, C——, she is an angel." He spoke enthusiastically.

"With a freckled face——"

"Hush——"

"Red fingers——"

"Be still——"

"Dumpy figure——"

"Don't; don't recall those hasty words.

I blush only to think of them. You were right, all right when you said she was a lovely woman, and yet, till now, I never thought one could be lovely without grace of figure or beauty of face. Lovely, yes, as an angel."

He did not seem inclined to talk further, and I let him think on in silence, for I knew meditation would do him good. He was learning a lesson that I had learned years ago, that woman's loveliness is not wrought out of a fair complexion, a beautiful face, a graceful person, or the jewels and satins that make brilliant her apparel—that it is not the glance of her eyes, the smile of her lips, the delicate touch of her fingers. Nay, nay; but as another has truly said, "her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul that constitutes true loveliness." One of the most beautiful women I ever knew, excelling, too, in all feminine accomplishments, was the most unlovely one—a false-hearted friend, a treacherous wife, and an inhuman mother. I have often thought, while gazing on her countenance, so radiant with the tints and forms of beauty, that if there were such things as fallen angels, she was one; for I felt, aye, knew, that for every smile that dimpled her lips, an unholy thought had birth within her heart. On the contrary, one of the homeliest women I ever knew, unlettered, ignorant of art in any form, or

accomplishments in any shape, was the most truly lovely—a tender friend, a devoted wife, a self-sacrificing mother, an angel, verily, all but the wings. I never left her presence without feeling myself advanced in every Christian grace—my powers, my duties, and my destiny more clearly than ever appreciated. Ah! there is a heavenly magnetism about true loveliness that wins all hearts and *keeps* them too.

C. A. S.

LINES TO A MARRIED DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. H. G. PERRY.

When thou did'st leave me for thy chosen one!
I thought to call down blessings upon thee:
I prayed and praying, said O God, my God!
"And *her* God," was the answer given to me.

My thought was stayed, I queried the intent:
But failing to attain, I urged my plea
By saying O, my Father! quick as thought
Came, "and *her* Father," sweetly unto me.

Softly and sweetly, yet I knew that voice,
It gently soothed my fears, bid doubt to flee;
Dear gi t, enfolding every good in one,
The mother's God, the children's God will be.

I rest me here, the tempter dare not come
To taunt me with the trials that *may* be;
I fear him not while to my heart I hold
This promise which my Father giveth me.

Go darling child! another claims thee now,
And tho' I know not what thy lot may be,
To His dear will—who orders it—I bow;
For God—thy mother's God—will be with thee.

That constant joy and faithful love attend
Thine every step, my prayer would surely be;
Yet on this blessed promise I'll depend;
Thy mother's God through all, will be with thee.

A tangled maze thy weary feet may tread,
A barren waste thy tearful eyes may see;
In crooked paths my darling may be led;
Fear not, thy mother's God will be with thee!

It may be thine to cull the fairest flowers,
And pluck the sweetest fruit from life's glad
tree;
But life is glorious in *darkest* hours,
If perfect trust in God, thy portion be.

"Acquaint thyself with Him," and peace al-
way,
And god—beyond thy prayers—shall come to
thee;
For God—thy mother's God—doth surely say,
"The children's God and Father, will I be."
Norwich, Conn.

THITHERSIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XX.

Death among the Flowers—Manufactures of
Naples—Churches—Leave Taking—Strada
Ferrata to Capua—By Vettura to Rome—
Of the Journey Thither—Arrival and Settle-
ment.

Returning with some friends from an excursion in the vicinity of Naples, our attention was attracted by a procession of priests and monks, which, in the distance, looked like a festal train. Upon a nearer approach, the most prominent object appeared to be a large waxen doll, tastefully arrayed, lying upon an open litter, profusely strewn with fresh flowers of every hue. Supposing it to be one of those street parades in honor of some saint, or miracle, which are so common in Southern Italy, we examined the pageant with curious eyes, thinking possibly, half amused and half pityingly, how much an ignorant and superstitious people were dependent upon these senseless shows for their enjoyment; when, looking upon the little painted figure lying upon its bed of flowers, as the procession swept slowly past our carriage, the truth suddenly flashed upon us with a strange thrill. This was no idle, *meaningless* pageant, but a funeral train! And that little, sleeping image, with painted cheeks and lips, made so life-like by art, was, in truth, death among the flowers!

What a touching pathos this discovery gave to the scene, which, but a moment before, was gazed upon with merely curious eyes!

Instantly brought into sympathy with that stranger band, (for there we recognized a common sorrow and common need,) how beautifully significant was the sight! The chanting priests and consecrated banners, the flower-strewn couch, and the lovely little one, arrayed in festal garments, lying there, borne along in the open air and bright sunlight, to its place of rest—all, all combined to render the effect one of deep and tender interest.

Was it because in Italy, the land of beauty and sweetness, that we were made to feel the peculiar grace and appropriateness of this arrangement, because it harmonized so perfectly with the character of

the climate and the people? or, whether (notwithstanding the many absurd and even shocking superstitions connected with papal rites,) there was manifested, in this instance before us, that true, Christian idea, in thus throwing around the departure of children such pleasant and beautiful influences, which the soul recognized at once as fitting and satisfactory! Possibly the remembrance of our first acquaintance with death, when a timid, shrinking child, and the mysterious terror inspired by the ghastly accompaniments then deemed proper upon funeral occasions, might have rendered the contrast more striking in favor of the *higher Christian idea* pervading the ceremonial of this scene before us.

It is both astonishing and amusing to see how many means these cunning, idle Neapolitans resort to for picking up coppers sufficient to supply their limited wants, without the trouble of labor, which seems to be both against their constitution and determination. Standing one afternoon with a gentleman and lady, leaning over the iron railing which divided the "Giardino Reale" from the waters of the harbor below, our quiet enjoyment of gazing upon the pleasant view before us, the musical plash of the waves beneath us, keeping time, as it were, to the half dreamy song which went murmuring along through the heart's corridors, was suddenly interrupted by the voice of one of the young Lazaroni who swarm the shore, intent upon turning every favorable opportunity of gaining a copper, to account.

Himself and companions had been drawn towards our group, which they quickly recognized as strangers, and with animated voice and gestures, commenced entreating the gentleman with us to throw him some "*picciole monie*" into the water, intimating, by a succession of most eloquent pantomimes, quite indescribable, how he would astonish "*Il Signore*" by diving into the sea for it. Don't give it him, suggested the lady; but her husband, amused at the young rogue's good natured persistency, and desiring to see what would come of the affair, as well as to test how much of the *amphibious* there might be in this "genus," decided to invest the coveted *picciole* in the speculation,

and laughingly tossed a silver coin into the waves below. To the dismay of Mrs. M. and ourself (who were watching this little scene with some degree of interest,) the grinning scamp commenced divesting himself of his raiment, (which, at most, was by no means superfluous,) while after a quick exchange of glances, half tragic, half comic, accompanied by a certain tingling of blood in the face, we were on the point of beating a hasty retreat when the young heathen, stopping short of actual nudity, deliberately waded out from the shore, and coolly picking up the money, held it up with such a good natured, knowing look of cunning, as though fully appreciating the ludicrousness of the trick, that we all laughed heartily at the "*sell*," and returned to our lodgings quite merrily, when we related the little incident to F., who was quite edified by this proof of our genuine *verdancy*, albeit he would have been hoaxed in the same way had he been present upon a similar occasion.

We were much interested in examining the beautiful coral shell, and lava ornaments, here manufactured so extensively as to have become a speciality among the Neapolitan business. Large quantities are annually exported—the coral being the most expensive. Probably the sale of this article alone reaches a heavy sum yearly, as it is considered quite desirable, and finds a ready market. The kid gloves of Naples are celebrated for their cheapness, and form a considerable article of trade, affording employment to hundreds of women; but the work must be pitfully remunerated, judging from the cheapness of these articles of wear. They are, however, inferior in quality to the French gloves, with prices usually corresponding to the difference.

Large quantities of polished tile for flooring, chimney ornaments, &c., are here made; they are, usually, gaily painted and glazed, by a process similar to that employed in the manufacture of ordinary crockery ware; but there is no great degree of artistic skill displayed either in the design or finish of them, though as an article of utility, they are of much value where wood is scarce, and the heat of the climate renders these cool, earthen

floors, both comfortable and pleasant to the eye.

Of this material, though varying in quality, are made the large supply of vases in imitation of the antique found in Naples. Etruscan, Grecian and Pompeian vases and jars are imitated with such fidelity that a casual observer could scarce distinguish them from their originals.

The churches of Naples are more showy than artistic, and weary one with their profusion of paint and gilding. They number three hundred, and embrace a great variety of style, and date from the thirteenth down to the present century. One of the most conspicuous and spacious is one of the latter class, — that of "San Francesco and Paulo," a circular edifice, built somewhat after the model of the Pantheon, faced with a wide portico, supported by lofty Ionic columns.

We were much struck with a painting in the interior—"The baptism of Christ," which interested us not more from its being the first delineation of this subject which we had noticed, than by the exquisite rendering of that sublime scene. The Saviour is represented as just emerging from the water, one foot immersed in the crystal stream, and shining with that peculiar lustre natural to objects seen beneath the surface of limpid water. The whole attitude is majestic yet graceful, and the upturned face is one of sweetness and benignity, rarely excelled. This is one of the few paintings seen at Naples, which strongly impressed us, and still lives, a beautiful memory in our heart. The church of "San Severo" possesses some remarkable specimens of statuary; a veiled figure, and a group called "Virtue and Vice," the former represented as shielding by its wings, a child from the influence of the latter, who is endeavoring to throw a net around its desired victim. The open work cut into the solid marble is a curiosity of its kind, but partakes perhaps, more of mechanical skill than of high artistic merit.

At length the morning for our departure came, and we felt that we were leaving much of interest unvisited, after our ten day's stay; but Rome lay before us in the distance, and time pressed. To

the rainy weather (for which we had made no calculation in planning our tarry in Naples) we must attribute our disappointment in losing several pleasant excursions, and as whatever else may be properly said to go wrong in this changeful world, the *weather must be right*, because under the immediate supervision of Divine power, we contented ourselves with the thought that in *this* case, all was for the best!

Taking an affectionate leave of the pleasant party left behind, we started in fine spirits on our journey, by "Strada Ferrata," to Capua, where we were to meet our "vetturino," who had preceded us to that place the night before, where we found him in waiting with the carriage. After some delay, during which, as was our wont, we strayed into a church near at hand,—the luggage was adjusted, and our party of four snugly settled in the comfortable conveyance were rolling briskly along the excellent road through a region of fertility and beauty. The whole day's drive was crowded by a succession of lovely scenes, quite enchanting in their variety, and the many interesting associations connected with this classical region. A fine suspension bridge spans the river "Gavigliano," over which we passed. This utilitarian piece of work contrasted singularly with the fossilized towns and ruins of past times on our route, and was hailed by young America as one hopeful sign for the future of these Neapolitans. It was still light when we reached our stopping place for the night,—"*Mola di Gaeta*,"—that stronghold so beautifully situated on the Mediterranean, and which, not long after, was destined to be the place of refuge for the detested "*Bomba*," whom we had left in his palace at Naples, guarded by his armed soldiery and black-throated cannon (always the supporters of despotism.) Here, too, the Pope had fled during the revolution of Rome, in 1858, remaining here until re-installed once more in his papal chair by the aid of French bayonets: and hither again, if the wheels of progress so tend,—it may be that the white haired old man shall come to escape the destruction which threatens the pretended infallible! Rain fell in copious showers during the night, adding freshness

to the air and beauty to the landscape, which made our morning's ride delightful. The town of "Mola," besides being most charmingly situated upon an elevation overlooking the sea, is rendered more interesting from being connected with the name and fate of Cicero. The inn where we stopped was built upon the site of the orator's villa, where considerable of his time was spent. Not far from there he met his tragic end by the daggers of the Triumvirate of Rome—and by the road side stands the ruins of his tomb, a massive pile of masonry, once coated with marble, but now a rough tower of brick and mortar, unsightly in its decay. Such is the fate of earthly monuments erected in honor of human greatness!

As we started from the hotel that morning, we found the court-yard crowded with a loathsome assemblage of beggars, whose importunities for alms were perfectly deafening. In no place had we been beset with so dreadful a crowd of diseased humanity, and we breathed a long sigh of relief as well as of pity when once fairly escaped from their presence.

"Fondi" and "Itri," were two of the worst places on this route to Rome—for many years they were the head-quarters of bands of brigands who infested the country, and dark tales of murder are still told, as having been of frequent occurrence until within the last twenty years. At the former dirty old town, our passports were examined, and right glad were we to escape from those dark, narrow streets, and the dangerous looking swarm of men who surrounded us as we waited the necessary official signatures upon entering the "Romania" or Pope's especial dominions. During the afternoon we passed the Pontine marshes, which, under the bright sky, of that pleasant day we found to be quite the reverse of what we had expected. A broad expanse of delicious green, outspread on either side, an excellent road, well shaded by trees, with the wide canal, (upon which has been expended so much labor and treasure) now swollen to a rapid river, sleek, fat bullocks, of that soft color known as ashes of roses, being driven along by teamsters clad in picturesque costume, occasionally a few women washing

clothes in the stream—all assisted in making up a picture at once cheerful and inviting. But the same scene under a cloudy sky, or at night, would probably look much less pleasant, and few travellers are so reckless of life or health as to risk their exposure from the malaria of this vicinity after nightfall. Of how we sauntered on for miles over this tract of country, leaving driver and carriage behind us—of how we beheld that sacredly interesting spot, old "Appii Forum," and, with the good apostle, took heart on the way—how we lodged at Cisterna, and lunched at Albano—saw the huge dome of St. Peters, 13 miles then distant!—how we rode on, over the Campagna, bestrewn with ruins of the ancient empire, and entering the gates of Rome before sun-setting, found ourselves at our hotel on "Via Condotti," near the "Piazza del Spagna," we can only glance at here, leaving for another occasion those slight sketchings of days spent in the Imperial city, with their passing experiences, which may occupy a leisure hour.

Lilfreds Rest.

M. C. G.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

Over the river! They wait us there,
In lands than the sunset skies more fair;
They who have passed o'er the swollen tide,
Who one by one have gone from our side;
God called, and we shrank in pain and tears
From the lonely parting of earthly years;
Wildly we prayed, but he knew the day
Which the pain of parting should melt away.

Over the river! They wait us there;
O! the air is sweet and the skies are fair!
They look on our toilings, our grief and woe,
And with angel pity their bosoms glow;
They see us faint in our weary strife,
They see the sins of our hidden life,
But the end they see, and the happy day
When sorrow and sin shall be put away!

Over the river! They wait us there,
Do we think of this in our gloom and care?
Do we think of this by the narrow sod
That veils the friend who has soared to God!
As we look on the marble, cold and white,
Do we think of the face that is clothed in light?
The eyes that beam with the love of old
The heart that loves with a love untold!

Over the river! For us the day
Must come when the mortal is rent away—
The solemn day when alone with God
The dreaded path must by us be trod.

*It leads to them! shall we trembling stand
As we near the verge of the beautiful land!
It leads to them! O, how blest the day
When the clouds of parting shall break away.*

*Over the river! Our Father's hand
Will lead us on to the Heavenly land:
He who has led us, day by day,
Through the perilous path and the thorny way,
Will bring us safe through the last, last strife,
Into the joys of the Better Life;
Will give us back on that peaceful shore,
The friends we have lost, for Evermore.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY REV. B. PETERS.

The nature and importance of this subject, will be best appreciated by those who realize that our physical well-being lies at the foundation of our usefulness. No matter what may be the nature of our calling, we are only efficient, so far as we have a sound body in which to act. It is gratifying to see that parents in the training of children, are paying more attention to this subject. It is also to be hoped that our tastes in fashion, will be determined more and more by the laws of health.

The athletic exercises of the ancient Greeks and Romans, were not without their utility. They were not free from barbarisms, for they were practiced among a barbarous people; but if customs similar to them, with the objectionable eliminated, were established among us, it would no doubt be a blessing to our descendants. If we would hereafter preserve among our people the vigor that was imparted to our fathers by the pioneer life they lived, we must respect the laws of physical growth.

We must develop the bodily faculties of our children—give toughness to their sinews, strength to their muscles, and vigor to the whole physical man. We have grossly neglected the laws of our physical well-being. We have had a dyspeptic dread of grossness. Our sense of refinement has been inspired by oatmeal gruel. Our ideal of beauty, as a picture of brother Jonathan will show, has been fulfilled by a reduction of muscular fibre, a pale face and a slender form. The fashion-plates of the past generation, would furnish an interesting study, as well as a confirmation of this fact. The dress of

our mothers, has been arranged, not so as to transmit vigor and health, but deformity and weakness to their children.

At least thirty years ago, a journal published in Cincinnati, Ohio, held the following language on this subject: "Females should be early taught the important fact that beauty cannot in reality exist independent of health, and that the one is absolutely unattainable without the other. In vain do they hope to preserve their complexion, to give a roseate hue to their cheeks, or to augment the grace and symmetry of their forms, unless they are cautious to preserve the whole frame in health, vigor and activity. Beauty of complexion and shape, is nothing more than visible health—a pure mirror of the perfect performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effects of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise uninterrupted by any species of unnatural restraint."

Fanny Fern, in her quaint way, in a recent *Ledger*, says: "The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing has gone by. Good health, fortunately, is the fashion. A rosy cheek is no longer considered 'vulgar,' and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered 'the style.' Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health, may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it; whether this be so or not, future generations are the gainers all the same. A languid eye and a waxy, bloodless complexion, may go begging now for admiration. The 'elegant stoop' in the shoulders, formerly considered so aristocratic, has also miraculously disappeared. Women walk more and ride less; they have rainy day suits of apparel, too, which superfluity never was known to exist aforetime, sunshine being the only atmosphere in which the human butterfly was supposed to float. In short, 'the fragile women of America' will soon exist only in the acid journal of some English traveller, who will, of course, stick to the by-gone fact as a still present reality, with a dogged pertinacity known only to that amiable

nation." Contrast the spirit of the former quotation with this, and you cannot fail to perceive the change that has taken place in the views and customs of the world on this subject.

Flesh is heir to weakness and deformity. These cannot be wholly driven from the world. But why should they not be less frequent? May we not, as a people, become physically stronger, healthier, and more perfect? Man may educate himself physically as well as mentally. And this is to be done, not alone by seeking healthy food, wholesome air; but by some useful or innocent employment—work, or exercise by which our physical functions may be called into active play. It is a stern, a relentless fact—that things unemployed will rust out much sooner than they will *wear* out, if rightly employed. Machinery kept in use remains smooth and bright; left to stand idle, it rusts, falls into dilapidation and decay. So with our bodily functions. They were made to be kept in action. Their health and activity depend upon employment. In this way our powers of endurance may be strengthened, and our capacity for all kinds of work may be greatly increased. We can hardly fix any limits to what is possible. The experience of Dr. Winship, recently given to the public, is a striking illustration of this fact. By physical exercise, we may overcome infirmities, counteract, if not wholly overcome, hereditary diseases; and thus do something ourselves to retrieve the shortcomings of our ancestors from which we may be suffering.

By repeated efforts to memorise, you may so strengthen the memory that it will retain facts, figures, and words, with comparative ease. By constant practice in discerning objects in the woods, or on the sea, you may greatly quicken the strength of the eye or the ear. Sailors and hunters give, of this fact, the clearest proof, by their experience. The accustomed eye of a sailor will descry a sail on the sea long before an ordinary land lubber can fix his eye upon it, and determine exactly where it is. A skilful woodsman will hear the familiar sounds of game, will know where to look for it, and will find it with a far keener perception than an unaccustomed

peasant or shop boy. The strength of the blacksmith's right arm shows what may be done, to some extent, with every organ of the body.

Dr. Winship developed his physical strength by regular, systematic training, to the marvellous capacity of lifting over *two thousand pounds*. But his *experience*, in developing this strength, is the most instructive. It not only gave him pleasure, and furnished a constant incentive to renewed effort, to find that day by day he was gaining strength, but as he gained in strength he gained in health. He says:—"I discovered that with every day's development of my strength, there was an increase of my ability to resist and overcome all fleshly ailments, pains, and infirmities,—a discovery which subsequent experience has so amply confirmed, that, if I were called on to condense the proposition which sums it up into a formula, it would be in these words: *strength is health*!"

If strength is so essential to health, its importance will be still more apparent, when we consider how essential health is to the enjoyment of life in every possible form in which existence proffers it to us. Mark well the fact, that in our present state of being, the physical man is the basis of our welfare and ability. It is the only medium through which we can make ourselves felt. It is the organism with which God has endowed us, to secure the purposes of this life, and through whose various and interesting functions, we must expect to act for the present. The highest achievements of thought, of literature, and of science, can be best enjoyed, and best attained in a sound and vigorous body. Let us consider some of the specific blessings of good health.

1. In health alone can we enjoy *life*. In spite of the asceticism that has been practiced, and sometimes taught by those who have called themselves Christians; I am fully persuaded that God gave us this life to be enjoyed. I do not think he meant, unless for sinfulness, for violations of law, that we should eke out this life in weakness and suffering. God looks with pleasure upon rosy cheeks. He likes what he makes, better than he does man's

work. He likes health better than sickness. The diseases incident to this life, are the product of violation, and we are the ones guilty of all violations. Health, therefore, is God's work, sickness is our own; and it is reasonable to presume that God likes his part of this work better than he does ours. By the very enjoyment with which he animates a healthy frame, he distinctly says:—"There, that is what I delight in. Seek that as the great good of your present state, and make yourself possessor of all the happiness which I have attached to an obedience of my laws."

2. In health alone, can we attend to *business* as it should be attended to. We cannot get on very well in this world without some employment. The most of us are so situated, that wants of wife, children and home cannot well be supplied without some kind of business. Now, employment lawfully pursued, is not only conducive to health, but health preserved enables us to do the work that may fall to our lot with more ease and cheerfulness. The mind in a healthy and vigorous body, if not clearer, can work to better advantage, and with greater ease solve the problems which business involves. Besides, health will enable you to find pleasure in the very toil you are called upon to perform.

I have thus briefly referred to the need of health in the work-shop and the counting-room. It is equally essential in the parlor, the kitchen, and the nursery. A healthy mother, a vigorous housewife, is no small blessing to a family. She is the genial, health-giving focus of the family circle. Her home is cleanly, her chambers are filled with sweet, fresh air, and her children are well fed and well clad. They receive their life and inspiration from her, and grow up to be wise, virtuous, and healthy.

3. But again: health, let us remember, has much to do with an *upright* and *virtuous* life. Bad men not only subject themselves in a thousand ways, to sickness and infirmity, but through infirmity, good men often appear less good than they really are. It requires a very strong will to triumph over physical infirmity. Indigestion has spoiled the temper of many

an otherwise good-natured man. "Until I had renovated my bodily system," says Dr. Winship, 'by a faithful gymnastic training, I had been subject to nervousness, headache, indigestion, rush of blood to the head, and a weak circulation. It was torture to me to have to listen to the grating of a slate pencil, the filing of a saw, or the scratching of glass. As I grew in strength, my nerves ceased to be impressible to such annoyances.'

Good digestion, healthy gastronomic powers, are very intimately connected with a good nature and an amiable disposition. Many an unhappy home, made so by irritable tempers, might, were it to trace to its source the evil from which it is suffering, find it in a deranged digestion.

4. But once more: *as social beings*, we can only find satisfaction and the enjoyment we need: when we are in health. As real, genuine amusement and vivacity of spirits, promotes health, so health is conducive to social enjoyment. Health is a benediction and a blessing. It goes out into the world with a smile, and comes home to its own happy circle of loved ones, with a cheer. It can unbend the bow, give up quiet habits, break up the spirit of reticence, and pour its soul into every circle of happy and cheerful spirits, lending enchantment to the sweet communion of friends.

Good health feels that life is given for enjoyment, and it does what it can to promote it. It never suffers itself to live in gloom. It is seldom troubled by bad theology. It knows too well, that much of the theology that darkens the minds of men, is the product, rather of bad digestion than of healthy reason. He who is healthy throughout, not only in body but in spirit, is calm, hopeful, cheered by an unshaken trust in God, and therefore happy.

These suggestions may be profitable to all, but they are particularly profitable to the young. For youth is the time for laying the foundation of a vigorous and healthy constitution. We should acquaint ourselves as early in life as possible, with the laws of health, and then seek to conform faithfully to all those laws clearly prescribe. In this way we may not only

render our life infinitely happier, but also far more useful.

Restrain yourself from unlawful indulgence, govern well your varied passions, but do not suffer yourself to be hampered in the enjoyment of that which is lawful. Let no influence check the free circulation of your blood and spirits. Do not coop yourself up in a work-shop — do not eke out your existence beneath the flare of gas light, or by the side of a dim lamp, poring over yellow-covered pamphlets, or even over rare and precious books. Life is too precious to be crushed in this way. Work — study; but see to it, that you also find healthy, invigorating recreation.

LAY OF AN INVALID.

BY MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

I hear the wind, and sun, and sleet,
Sweep o'er the damp and muddy street;
The window shutters creak and groan,
With the wind-god's angry tone.
In thralldom bound by ceaseless pain,
That chases through my brow and brain;
Encircling life with sombre ray,
I've lain throughout the live-long day,
And begged an angel o'er my head
Might stoop and round me gently steal,
Sweet dreams of Heaven—and gently kiss
My brow; and say by this—by this
I call thee home. Beneath my wing
I'll bear thee gently, till I bring
Thee where the immortal fountains gush,
With music's sweetest, bubbling rush;
Then, surely in my longing eyes,
Would shine the dew of glad surprise;
For I have lain long, weary days
Shut from the fields and glad sun rays,
Counting the pictures on the wall,
The leaves, the flowers, the shadows, all
That can an aching brain beguile,
Or the long, lingering moments while.
Of earth I have awary grown;
Grown weary of the sorrows strewn
Along the way. Joy's ardent glow
Is dimmed by scenes of shadowy woe.
A beauteous rose blooms on the heath,
But, oh! the thorn is hid beneath;
And clouds of crimson, as of gold,
Oft hide a tempest in their fold,
And now throughout the live-long day,
I earnestly, but meekly, pray
Ye angel band! that come to cheer
My heart, and make my life less dear,
O, haste! and wave your sheltring wing,
And this most welcome summons bring,
"We call thee home! a golden lyre
Hangs tuneless—from each mystic wire,
Thy spirit hand shall gently press,
Tones of ethereal loveliness;
The Master calleth: Welcome home!
Thy weary feet no more shall roam."

Elmira, April, 1862.

KITCHEN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"But where's the use, aunt? I'm sure, I can't for the life of me see," exclaimed pretty Lizzie Lee, and as she spoke, she twirled the brilliant ring that sparkled on the third finger of her left hand, and looked tenderly at the soft, fair palm.

"Nor I, either, chimed in the equally pretty Mary Lee. "It seems to me only a waste of time, and then it's such dirty work, too;" and the cherry lips curled scornfully.

"Dirty work to make bread!" said good Mrs. Merton. "Well, I never in all my life heard such an idea! Do you mean to say that looks dirty?" and she broke apart a couple of fresh loaves which old Chloe had just brought into the dining room, and held them up for the young girls' inspection. "Don't that look good enough to eat?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lizzie. "Do, aunt Mary, let me run to the dairy for a plate of that nice butter that I saw Dinah carry there early this morning. My long walk has made me as hungry as a milk-maid," and off she skipped, and both sisters were soon spreading the ample white slices cut from the steaming, fragrant loaf, with a generous depth of the sweet, new butter.

"How delicious," said Lizzie, as she took the second slice. "I never could bear bread and butter at home, though the doctors were always telling us we should feel a great deal better if we would eat more bread and less pie and cake; but baker's bread is such tasteless stuff! Dear me, I'd as soon live on chips!"

"And do you really like *this* bread?"

"Don't I," said Lizzie, laughing. "Another slice if you please. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, I should think I did."

"One very good reason why you should learn to make it then."

"But you don't suppose that I could ever learn to make bread like this, do you, aunt Mary?" and the blue eyes dilated in wonder.

"Yes, indeed, and in a little time, too, if you are patient and attentive, for atten-

tion is, after all, the great secret of bread-making."

"Then I'll try next baking day, aunt. I will, I declare I will! and when I've made as nice a loaf as this, I'll send it to 'Will,' with my compliments. I sent him a loaf of pound cake once, for I can make splendid cake, aunt. I took lessons of our French cook, for mama always said a lady should know how to make nice cakes, for there are so few servants who can; I sent him, I say, a loaf of pound cake, and he complimented me the next time he came to see me, by saying, that it was the most delicious he ever ate."

"But cake and bread are two different things," said Mary. "It is a lady-like employment to make delicate cake, but to make bread——"

"Is dirty work," interrupted aunt Mary, with a little good natured sarcasm in her tone.

"No, I don't mean so," said Mary, with a blush, "but, then, it is toilsome, menial; indeed, only fit for servants, and as Harrie, thank fortune, is rich, and will provide me with plenty of them, I see no use of wasting my young days in a hot kitchen, learning to do their work." and she turned impatiently to a novel that lay on the table, as if she wished to change the subject.

Aunt Mary was of too kind a heart to wish to dim, for a moment, the bright eyes of her nieces, with the remark that riches have wings, and sometimes fly away; so she merely said, kindly, "there are but few servants, comparatively, who can make good bread, and the mistress of a family should be competent to direct them in that as in all other duties."

"And I mean to be," said Lizzie, and catching up her white crape bonnet, she danced into the veranda, and then flew, rather than ran, toward the orchard, to help old, lame Ben, bring home the great basket of harvest apples, which the last night's storm had blown from the bending branches.

"She ought to have been a country girl," murmured Mary, "she is such a romp, and then so inclined to learn what she calls *useful accomplishments*. I suppose she'll call bread making an accom-

plishment next! Well, she may learn to bake if she chooses. I know I shan't, not, at least, while my intended husband does a business of five thousand a year," and she turned again to her novel, and was soon completely absorbed in the picture of a maiden leaning from her casement at midnight, to listen to the flute notes which the summer wind wafted over the still notes of a silvery lake.

True to her determination, the next baking day found Lizzie in the large, cool, airy kitchen of aunt Mary. Her sunny curls were gathered into a pretty knot, her fair, white arms, bared to the elbow, while a neat calico wrapper, and a brown linen apron, replaced the muslin morning robe which usually graced her delicate figure. Very pretty she looked, too, as turning the light sponge, which, under Chloe's eyes, she had set the evening before, into the tray, she mixed and kneaded the soft, white dough; and very happy she seemed, too, now carolling impromptu notes, and then laughing merrily at her own awkwardness. But the task was at length accomplished, and four large loaves and two ample pans of biscuit, all light and sweet, and baked to a delicious brown, rewarded her morning's labor. And on every baking day she did the same, till at the end of her novitiate, that is, when the golden autumn months had passed, and the drifting snow called her to her city home—she could make bread which aunt Mary said was fit for a king to eat; brown bread and white, and every sort of biscuit, rusk and tea or breakfast cake, you would even wish to eat, and make "emptyings," too, hop yeast, potatoe yeast, milk yeast, salt risings and "turnpikes;" and she learned to make butter from skimming the pans to stamping the yellow ball; and she could roast, and boil, and stew, all kinds of meats, prepare vegetables in every shape, make pickles and preserves, and cakes and pies in the bargain. Nor did she feel at all ashamed one day, when, on carelessly looking up from the bread she was moulding, she beheld the eyes of her betrothed fixed intently upon her, but only laughed gaily, and whispered in low sweet tones, as he imprisoned her little

white hand, all dusty with flour, "shall you like me any the less because I have learned to make bread?"

"More, darling, more," and he folded her fondly to his breast. "What a sweet little wife I shall have."

* * * * Fifteen years have cast their sunbeams and their shadows over the pleasant homestead of aunt Mary, since her two fair nieces, in the beauty of girlhood, went out from its portals. An October sun is shining through the leafless vines that drape the dining-room windows, and falling in broad, cheerful streaks, over the old-fashioned carpet. A wood fire is sparkling in the ample fire-place, where, close to the hearthstone, in her high-back rocking chair, sits Mrs. Merton, fondling a beautiful babe. Old memories seem freshening in her heart as she looks into its blue eyes, and tenderly lays its downy cheek against her furrowed one, and, as the little creature droops in weariness, she unconsciously murmurs over its sleepy lids, the same terms of endearment, the same low music notes that once lulled into slumber those fair little babes that have lain so many long years under the sod.

"Hush, hush," she says, with a finger on her lip, as the door is flung back, and four bright, rosy children, come bounding into the room.

"But we want mother," says one, "want her right off, 'cause Ben has brought her a letter, and he says its away off from Iowa, where aunt Mary and uncle Harrie have gone, and then we're so hungry, too; come, auntie, we've picked up such a big pile of nuts. Oh! there she comes, good," and as a fair matron enters the room, they all bound towards her, saying "a letter, a letter, but please, 'fore you read it, give us something to eat?"

"Yes, do, Lizzie," says Mrs. Merton, kindly, "for I know their nutting excursion has made them very hungry; there's plenty of cake and pie in the pantry."

"But, mother, don't let us have them between times, aunt Mary. It's bread and butter or nothing," said Eddie, the eldest.

"And we don't want anything else,"

said Mary, the second, "'cause that's what makes us so well and so strong. Please, mother, give me two slices this time, for I'm terrible hungry."

"Give us all two," lisps Willie, the youngest, "and then we shan't want so much dinner, and that'll be a saving you know."

Auntie and mother laugh at the little fellows' *cute* reasoning, and the latter is soon busy enough slicing up a brown loaf and spreading it for the hungry group.

"I guess you've never been sorry, Lizzie, that you learned to make bread," said Mrs. Merton, as the door closed on the beautiful faces.

"Never, dear aunt. Again and again have I, from the depths of my heart, blessed you for the lessons which you taught me that fall before I was married."

"And though you said, when I first spoke of the thing, 'I can't, for the life of me, see the use of my learning,' I reckon you've found out all the reasons long before now."

"Indeed, I have, aunt! My husband, from being a dyspeptic youth, has grown into vigorous manhood; my children are robust at birth, and have scarcely known a sick day in all their lives; my servants are contented and easily managed; my house is well ordered and happy, while prosperity has ever attended us in business affairs."

"And do you trace all these blessings directly back to the fact that you, fifteen years ago, learned to make bread, dear? That is saying a good deal for domestic instruction."

"But I do, nevertheless, auntie. I believe, as one of my friends said to me, there is more religion in a batch of bread than the world kens of; for true religion teaches us to be mindful of these bodies of ours, as a frail body can but ill fulfil the requirements of life; and to be healthy, one must have their food prepared in the proper way, and especially those dishes which are the *must-haves* of the table. Bread, in one shape or another, must be eaten at every meal, and one can easily imagine the difference in one's health, who feeds upon good, light nourishing bread three times a day, or loads

his stomach with those dyspeptic balls which some housekeepers serve up under that name ; and then that habit of patient attention which we acquire before we can learn to make good bread, will insensibly go with us in every duty. If a woman knows how to make good bread, she will be *pretty* sure to know how to make other things good, and she will be *very* sure to have them served in a neat and appetizing way. Her family will love to come to their meals, not so much to eat as to have a pleasant, social time, and they will leave the table happier than they came to it, and carry their renewed buoyancy of spirit into every department of life. She will know how to direct her servants, and, what is most as much, how to feel for them, for until one has herself performed daily domestic duties, she cannot realize what a sort of treadmill service it is, and how much easier when lightened by pleasant looks and cheery words ; and then—but I declare in my sermonizing I had forgotten the letter the children had brought in—from Iowa," and she scanned the post mark, and hastily tore off the envelope. "From Mary, poor dear, do let us hear what she has to say," and she read aloud :

"MY DEAR SISTER,—You have, I presume, ere this, received the letter I mailed at Chicago and Des Moines, and thus know of our wanderings by railroad and stage. I hardly realized I was an emigrant, and far away in prairie land, until I left the capital of Iowa, and crawling into a covered wagon—*schooner* they call them here—ensconced myself amidst a medley of beds and boxes, and heard our driver cry *gee, haw, haw there, gee*, to our oxen ; I did, then, just what you would'nt have done. I buried my face in my hands and cried. In vain did Harrie and the children descant upon the beauties of the prairie which stretched around us ; in vain pluck for me handfuls of strange and beautiful flowers ; in vain picture the play of the sunbeams and shadows, as the one beamed and the other drifted, into the grassy dells. I was blind, deaf, and dumb, to all, and only wished myself in a balloon, and starting for the kingdom of heaven.

Harrie had laid in plenty of cooked provisions at the fort, so we only stopped at nightfall, to make a fire, eating cold lunches through the day. But, even then—I am almost ashamed to say it—I was so disagreeable that I would'nt leave the wagon, but suffered them to make the coffee as best they could, to get supper, and pitch the tents alone. I don't know what Harrie would have done, had'nt our teamsters been old hands at frontier living. As it was, I heard no complaints, and must say, relished my cup of coffee and slice of toast, when I did *condescend* to *descend* from my throne in the carriage, quite as well as I used to that prepared by my French cook.

On the fourth day, shortly after noon, we reached our new home, our cabin on the prairie, not exactly on the prairie either, for though one, ten miles in width, stretches to the east of us, a broad belt of heavy timber land is at our back, and in a bend of that, flanked on three sides by lofty trees, nestles our rude homestead.

I had determined to make myself disagreeable when I came in sight of it, but a few minutes before we stopped, little Lizzie (dear little thing, I verily believe that when you nursed her the time I was so cruelly sick, she imbibed some of your angelic goodness, as well as your healthful milk,) little Lizzie put her sweet lips to mine and whispered—"Now do be brave, mother, for father's sake, for he has tried so hard to keep up ; don't cry, if you do feel bad, we children are both going to be so good, and going to learn to earn our own living, too ; you won't cry, will you, mother ?" I *did* cry more heartily than before, but my tears did me good, for they washed away the dust that had gathered on my heart, and left it cleaner than it had been for many a day ; and, Oh ! Lizzie, I felt repaid for all my struggles with selfishness, when I saw the light that beamed in Harrie's eyes, as alighting and entering the rude porch, I said, "God's blessing rest on this—our prairie home !"

We had a busy time till nightfall, unpacking and setting things to rights, and I worked as I never thought I could work, and strange to say, the harder I worked, the happier I felt. By sunset we were

"fixed," as they say here; but so fixed. Our bedsteads were made of rails, our tables were rough planks laid across barrels, our cupboards were the boxes that had held our bedding, our chairs were trunks, except my little pet rocking chair which Harrie would bring along, while our stove was a three-legged skillet, the team that held our *bona fide* stove being "sloughed down" some ten miles back.

"You've done first rate, wife," said Harrie, in a lively tone, as the last dish was set up and the last nail driven. "You'll make a capital emigrant. Now just get us up a regular Hawkeye supper, while we men bait these tired oxen."

"I'll try," I said faintly, and for the first time since I left the wagon, my heart failed me, for how, thought I, can I get supper without a stove, for you know I am a poor enough cook with everything convenient about me.

"Don't cry, mother," said Lizzie, as she saw the tears gathering in my eyes, "I'll show you how, for I have watched the teamsters, 'cause I knew you wouldn't know how to use such things as these," and she took up the skillet or bakekettle and drew out the coals and set it over them, and then put the cover on to the fire. How reproached I felt. Here was my little daughter, only ten years old, teaching her mother.

"What are you going to make?" I said, as she went to the bag of corn meal and took out a pan full.

"A corn pone, mother. We children have eaten them all along the road, so as to save the bread for you. They are real good."

"And what shall I do dear?" I asked finally, when I had watched her stir up the foaming golden mass, turn it into the skillet, cover it, and envelope all in coals.

"O, you may lay the table, and by plummet and line, too, mother, as aunt Lizzie tells me when I visit her."

I did so, and then sat down to take a lesson in frontier cooking. "This is bacon, mother," said Lizzie; "not ham, as we used to say down east, and I'm going to fry it, and then in the gravy cook some eggs, for we can't have any butter till we get a cow. There, the kettle boils, won't you, mother, please make the coffee."

"But how, Lizzie, we have no filterer."

"Why mother, you pour the water into the coffee pot and set it down on some coals, and let it boil, and it'll be good enough for emigrants."

I did so, but expected to turn a black mess out of the spout, instead of which it was clear and delicately brown, though how she settled it was then a mystery to me, though I have since learned.

Well, we at length had supper ready, thanks to Lizzie, and I never relished one better, though there was nothing on the table but coffee and sugar, corn bread, bacon and eggs. And my first sleep in that new home, in a rail bedstead—why Lizzie, it was the soundest and sweetest I ever had in my life; probably because it was the first time I ever earned a sleep. That every sleep of yours may be as sweet and sound as that, is the wish of your affectionate sister,
MARY.

"I again take up my pen, I have had no heart to write for the last ten days. Don't think now that I have been ill or am homesick. Neither, dear. But I have been trying all that time to do what seemed to me a hopeless task—I have been learning to make bread. O, if I had only learned when you did, that fall before our marriage. Lizzie, there was salvation in that first batch of bread you made. Your husband has been spared to you, a healthy man; your children have never known the wasting pains of sickness: your servants have been a blessing instead of a curse; your home a heaven instead of a hell; and William's business always prosperous, because he brought a clear head and a good heart into his counting-room. I verily believe, Lizzie, had I then learned what I have just, and hardly yet, become perfect in, I should now have been in my old home, surrounded by a healthy group of children, my husband happy in his old associations, and well to do in the world. And O, my heart aches almost to bursting, when I think of those three little green graves in the old burying ground, and how those little tender, clinging hands, now white and still under the grass, might yet have been about my neck, had I only understood, as I ought, the delicate laws of their physical being,

and instead of pampering them with confectionary and sweetmeats, nourished them with the healthful bread that had made your children so rugged and rosy."

"O, Lizzie, if you could only have seen what awkward attempts I made at bread-making. In the first place I sent to my next neighbor's (three miles off) for yeast. She sent me what she called a *turnpike*; it looked to me like some dried chicken feed. Well, what to do with it, I didn't know. But I finally put it in my spice mortar, and pounded it and mixed it through my flour, and set up my dough and waited for it to rise. I waited all day and all night, and all the next day, till in a fit of desperation I baked it. But—well, you know what it was. They asked me for bread and I gave them a stone. Our hired man told me his woman always made salt risings, 'cause she never could have luck with them 'ar hard y'ast cakes. So I tried them, he showing me how. But not until the seventh trial did I succeed in bringing them,—now I would forget and let them get so cold they couldn't come, and then I'd get them too warm and let them bake, and, O dear, I worried over them harder than I ever did over the hardest problem in "Legendre." But yesterday I succeeded. I bent my mind entirely to my pitcher of "risings." I hunted up my thermometer that they might be kept at the proper temperature, and O, my joy when I saw them fairly bubbling over with lightness, and verily, Lizzie, I was never so happy when I mastered a difficult piece of music, as when last night I cut my nice, light loaf and passed it to my husband and children. Not that I regret having learned to play and sing, for these accomplishments which will solace many a lonely hour of frontier life, but that I feel I ought also to have learned domestic duties, *Kitchen accomplishments*; ought to have fitted myself for life's working as well as its leisure hours. I am old to learn, but as one is never too old, they say, I take courage, and now that I have learned to make bread, it seems to me all other things will come easy. I want you to send me your receipt book by next mail. I don't mean any of the

printed ones you may own, but that old manuscript one you copied off that fall we spent with Aunt Mary—when I was wasting my time over foolish novels. I am determined to be a good cook, and by that phrase I mean able to prepare plain food in a healthful, yet inviting way. And I mean my little daughter shall be one, too. Our poverty will not allow us to educate her as we would wish, but one thing she shall know, and that before she is a year older—how to make bread. She is even now calculating for it: says she will mix it and brother Ned shall knead it, till her arms are strong enough. Bless them both, the precious ones! But for their mother's inefficiency they would not now be little emigrants.

Write often, dear sister, for letters from our old home are very precious in this new one. With love to all, I am truly thine,
MARY.

"The dear child," said Mrs. Merton, wiping her eyes. "Who would have thought that she, the beautiful and petted wife of Harrie, would ever have been brought to this, a cabin on the prairie. And yet is all for the best, I feel, for now will the strength and the beauty of her womanhood be developed. And, as she says herself, now that she has learned to make bread, all other things will come easy. I believe, Lizzie, your friend was right when she said there was more religion in a batch of bread than the world kens of. And that reminds me, I must see if ours is light enough to mould over. Poor Chloe, I miss her so much, now that I am grown so old. But Dinah will learn after a while. We must be patient with her. Here, take this dear one, he has had a fine nap, pretty little darling," and she pressed a sweet kiss on the baby's lips, and gave him to his mother—that good mother of his, who had not wasted her youthful days, but wisely improved them, and thus fitted herself for the onerous duties which had devolved upon her as wife to the noble-looking man who even now opens the gate, and as mother to those four bright children that romp about his pathway, and to the little innocent that nestles his golden head on her bosom.

ANGEL VISITS.

BY M. O. GRANNIS.

Like sunshine on the mountains,
When sleeps the stormy blast.
Or cool, clear, gushing fountains,
Where desert sands are pass'd;

As stars shine on, 'mid heaven
Through lone and silent night;
Or moon, through dark clouds riven,
Gleams forth with saintly light;

Like rainbow glories, streaming
Athwart the misty sky;
Or rays of past joy, beaming,
On mem'ry's wistful eye;

Thus come dear ones, departed,
The loved of vanished years,
Whose farewell, kisses, started
Such *Marah* founts of tears!

Come, when morn's gate unclosing
With glory floods the hills,
Or Eve', 'mid shades reposing
Her dewy chalice fills.

A soft, sweet influence stealing,
O'er throbbing heart and brain,
To spirit sight revealing
The old fond looks again.

Oftimes when sad, or weary,
'Mid passion's wild unrest,
Or when forebodings dreary,
And doubtings fill the breast,—

Come they, sweet angels, bringing,
Their wealth of healing balm,
From keenest sorrows wringing
A deep and holy calm!

This life!—oh, say not wrongly,
'Tis void of holy heaven,
When bound thus close, and strongly,
By kindred ties to heaven!

TALES OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY AN OLD FRIEND.

In an obscure part of the State of Massachusetts many years ago, there lived a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and eight children. They lived in a small, partly finished and poorly furnished house, upon the land of a relative better off in the world, and who exacted but little, if any rent, save sometimes making a home there for himself and motherless children; at which times the oblong table, of sterling material and ample dimensions, was too small to accommodate the whole family at a sitting, even with crowding elbows against ribs, but the more bountiful pro-

visions always present at such times, fully compensated for the slight inconvenience felt, and the little ones, who waited till the older ones were served, felt sure of enough to eat, while the care-worn matron cheerfully performed her augmented task, though already, alas, too heavily burdened; for her heart was eased of any apprehensions of immediate want, while entertaining her wifeless brother-in-law, who had enough and to spare — apprehensions that did sometimes sadden her life; for to be a poor man in an old country is no trifling matter, especially, as in this case, when the head of the family, from some of the numerous causes that tend to keep the poor, *poor*, becomes discouraged and loses heart to struggle on in vain attempts to rise in the world. How much, then, depends upon the mother! O, if she, too, loses pluck, wo be to the children! And if she does not, theirs is a rugged path for tender feet — more thistles than down, a great sight. But, lest the reader should think this a digression, I will have to say that it is all requisite to a proper appreciation of the tales I am about to narrate, as transpiring around the oblong table. To appreciate them, or rather to know how much they were appreciated by the children of this poor family, one should first become acquainted with their circumstances, so as to understand how much a story was worth to them. Be it remembered then, that the father of these children was so poor, that he took no paper or magazine, and had no library of entertaining books in his house. An old worn Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, ditto, with wonderful pictures, was all this humble abode could boast, save the fewest possible school books then in use: so that these children were indebted to stories for all they knew of the outside world, very seldom going to meeting, even after of age to go to school one and a half miles. Add to this the fact that the older children were hired out to work as soon as able to earn anything to support the family, and it can be imagined how eagerly the remaining ones would gather around the family table at night, to listen to the tales of the neighborhood — their world — from mother, an older brother or sister at home on a visit;

or perchance some neighbor would come in to spend the evening and tell the news.

It was on one of these important occasions that the whole family were electrified by the announcement that "Aunt Ruth had come into the neighborhood on her annual visit." "Aunt Ruth has come," was repeated over and over by the children, and "when will she come here," was asked again and again, while glistening eyes, told an anticipated pleasure in the coming visit, not often realised in a poor family where but few come and go; and also betrayed an interest, not common in children, in one so aged and so seldom seen as "Aunt Ruth," the reason of which will appear in the story I am about to relate; which story had been repeated in this family so often, that although Aunt Ruth made her appearance but once a year, in the neighborhood, yet was she better known to the children than some persons who lived near them. In short, Aunt Ruth was a household word — her presence a benediction — her memory precious indeed. But who was "Aunt Ruth?" the reader is ready to ask; and what made her so attractive to children? I will repeat, as nearly as I can remember, (for it is many long years since I heard the story) the account given me by those who were acquainted with her, and then you can all judge for yourselves.

"Aunt Ruth" was a maiden woman of great age and varied experience, who had lived in the same parish with this poor family, and was Aunt to them by kindred ties, being sister of the grandfather of these children, and bearing the same relation also, to, at least, two dozen other children of the same parish. Here, too, her ancestors had lived from the time of the Indians and wild beasts. This accounts for the strong attachment between Aunt Ruth and this parish and its people, in part. There are other causes, too, that my story will develop. But this attachment had been sorely tried by circumstances that induced Aunt Ruth to leave her native soil and the graves of her kindred, and "sojourn in a strange land," with a distant relative. Love of home and scenes of youth, however, were not diminished, for did not the good old aunt return year

after year, to the haunts of childhood and the homes of friends, to gladden her heart by living over the past, and to enliven the spirits of all who saw her? and few failed to see her. If she could not visit every house where dwelt some of her numerous relatives and friends, of three generations, the inmates of such houses were sure to find her out and obtain a sight of her placid countenance, and hear the kindly tones of her voice. But, "let us have the story," "do tell us all about Aunt Ruth." Just so the children used to talk about her, and sometimes they would talk very familiarly with her, and even venture to coax some little impropriety of language from her lips, that Aunt Ruth might be tried to see if she were without guile. I remember to have heard of an instance of this kind, when myself a mere boy. Aunt Ruth was visiting at the house of a niece, who was a widow, whose son had lately married and brought home his bride. Not being acquainted with Aunt Ruth, and being struck with her uncommon benignity of manners and gentleness of speech, she attempted to get her to repeat some "bad word," that somebody had said in her presence, and of which she expressed great disapprobation. "But what were those bad words, Aunt?" said the young wife. "What did he say that was so bad?" No other answer would Aunt Ruth give. No ingenuity could draw from her the repetition of a profane or vulgar word, in story or conversation. She did not seem to think it right to repeat such words after others.

"Now for the biography of Aunt Ruth — no more side views — we want to see the picture full in the face." Well, here it is, as given to me.

"Aunt Ruth is coming. I saw her up the street on the same horse she has rode every time she has been here since I can remember. And she has on the same hood, and the same red cloth cloak, and, I dare say, the same gown she has worn for years, and —"

"Ah, yes it is Aunt Ruth, sure enough, just as natural as life — the same equipage throughout — the same visage — just as much of heaven beaming from her blue eyes — the same conscious peace resting year

upon her countenance ; and no marvel, for who ever knew Aunt Ruth do a wrong ? the same reverence in her tall form, and"—"How do you do, Aunt Ruth. Let me help you off from your horse. You look as young as ever, and your old nag holds his age remarkably. There now, if she 'ant as spry as a cat !"

"And Aunt Ruth jumps off, and walks nimbly into the house. She removes the hood and red cloak, as she salutes the household by name ; and then she sits in the rocking chair, as much at home as can be—the personification of happy old age, smiling on youth and beauty. The usual inquiries are made and answered—congratulations exchanged—gratitude expressed—and Aunt Ruth craves a little rest. From her retirement she soon emerges for rest has flown. She is young again—living over the scenes of her youth. Her memory is busy with the past. Why should it not be ? This is the old homestead. Here lived father, mother, brothers, sisters—and here they died, leaving Aunt Ruth an heir loom to their descendants, and apparently making her heir to all their virtues. Ah ! could the web and woof of that loom with all the figures pass before the present, what a commingling of shades and colors would be seen glimmering along the sea of life ? What a mirror of the past, the present and the future ! What lessons of wisdom ! what warnings of vice ! what wickedness ! what virtue ! what changes, in persons, families, and states ! But this may not be. Aunt Ruth is now eighty years old, and none of her nieces or nephews seem to know anything of her youth. Nobody can tell why she lived an old maid. No one remembers when she was not the same good, genial soul she is now. Everybody likes her because she loves everybody, and dislikes every bad thing. The liar would blush in her presence. The swearer feel ashamed to take the name of the Most Holy One in vain, though well assured that she would never think of repeating the wicked word, to embellish his story for him—no, if indeed she told the story, the bad words would be left out."

Such was Aunt Ruth. Such were her virtues, and in such manner did she make her annual visit on horseback to the ob-

scure neighborhood in Massachusetts, till one day word came "that Aunt Ruth was dead." We all felt sorry then ; for we should see Aunt Ruth no more, as we had done. But her memory is cherished by all who knew her, and many who never saw the venerable maiden, nor heard the voice that waked echoes from the dead past, and the living present, have grown better by hearing her simple story. May the reader do so likewise.

MY EARLY FRIEND.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

In the days of my happy childhood
The years that have passed away,
There was one sweet little maiden
Who shared my sports and play:
Her cheeks were like damask roses,
Her eyes as black as sloe,
And this maiden she was with me
Wherever I might go.

We hunted the purple violets,
When the April grass was new,
And the nests of the early robins
That out in the orchard flew ;
We wandered down in the valley,
We loitered oft by the spring,
Where in the oak tree above us
The mocking bird used to sing.

When the strawberries ripened and reddened,
We gathered them from the hill,
And the juicy nuts from the woodland,
When the autumn nights grew chill:
We chased with a childish pleasure
The drifting eddying leaves,
Or sat and watched together,
The stars in the quiet eyes.

We loved one nook in the garden,
It is long since I was there,
Where a snowy rose tree lifted
Its burdens of bloom in the air,
We used to gather those roses
And push the leaves apart,
They were milky and pallid as lilies,
With a sunset stain at heart.

But where is the dear old garden,
And the spots where we used to play ;
Where is the innocent maiden,
Sweet as the blossoms in May ?
When the April violets blossom,
I break the stems alone,
And look in the nests of the robins,
But she is forever gone !

When the strawberries ripen and reddened,
Amid the grass on the hill,
When ripe nuts drop in the woodland,
And the autumn nights grow chill ;
I rove in the vale and wildwood,
Where I roved in life's young morn,
But the dear charm of my childhood
Is gone, forever gone !

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

BY CHARLES F. LAURIE.

Charles the First, although a good, and religious man, was but a poor king.

His exalted ideas of the kingly prerogative, and the fines, prosecutions, and imprisonments by which he attempted to restrain the religious opinions of the English people, raised their feelings to the highest pitch of discontent against him. This, perhaps, would never have brought upon him the ruin which it did, if he had not endeavored to do the same with his Scottish subjects.

The Scots, being an obstinate race, would not submit to any infraction of their Church Government, and, to protect themselves against his measures, they formed the National Covenant—an instrument which, although it was intended to defend their religious liberty, soon degenerated into a bond of sedition and rebellion.

It was signed by thousands. Young and old, rich and poor, noble and yeoman, crowded around the table, eager to subscribe it.

Among its most zealous supporters, while it yet remained true to its original purpose, was James Graeme, Marquis of Montrose.

He was a nobleman whom tradition asserts to have been descended from the Graeme who was the first to scale the wall built by Severus, to protect the Southern part of the Island from the incursions of the Picts and Scots.

And it is a remarkable fact, that at three great eras of Scottish history, three Graemes have played conspicuous parts.

The first, if we omit the one of tradition, was Sir John Graeme, the bosom friend of the heroic Wallace. He fell, fighting bravely, at the battle of Falkirk, in repelling the invasion of his native land by the English.

The second is the subject of the present article. The third was John Graeme, Viscount Dundee, a man to whom most historians, and Lord Macaulay in particular, have seen fit to impute every atrocious crime which the traditions and invention of his Covenanting enemies could invent.

Some documents, however, which have recently come to light through the researches of Mr. Napier, in the library of the Duke of Queensberry, wipe away every stain from his name, and leave to the gaze of his admirers, a true knight—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

James Graeme was born in 1612. He passed the days of his youth in acquiring the usual gentlemanly accomplishments of the age, such as riding, hawking, golfing, practising with the broad sword and rapier, and shooting with the bow and arquebuss.

At the age of fifteen he was sent to the University of St. Andrew's, to acquire a knowledge of Latin and Greek, but before he had been there a year, his father died, and he became Marquis of Montrose.

He was advised by his guardians, on account of the troublesome nature of the times, to marry at an early age, as he was the only hope of a numerous and powerful clan.

He was introduced to Magdalane Carnegie, the youngest daughter of David, Lord Carnegie, and attracted by her beauty and accomplishments, he made her an offer of his hand.

After his marriage, he retired to his castle in the calm sunshine of a love that lasted him through life, though the object of it died before he was twenty-one. He then set out for the Continent, where he remained three years, travelling through France, Germany, and Italy; visiting their Universities, enjoying the society of their distinguished men, and acquiring whatever had been neglected in his education at home. He would have remained longer, but rumors reaching him of the troubles in Scotland, he immediately set out on his return.

The Marquis was now twenty-four. In person he was tall, and finely proportioned. His face was oval, his eyes grey, and full of fire; his nose aquiline, and his long locks, in Cavalier fashion, hung in dark masses about his shoulders.

Continual exercise had endowed his naturally vigorous frame with incredible strength and powers of endurance. He was an excellent swordsman, and the best archer of his day in Scotland; and, as:

the old chronicle says, from the use of the long, Scottish lance, to the Parmese poignard, he was inferior to none.

The powers of his mind equalled those of his body, and he had cultivated them with the utmost assiduity.

On his return, in passing through London, he was advised to wait upon Charles, who received him coldly, his mind having been prejudiced against him by the Marquis of Hamilton, who feared that so accomplished a nobleman as Montrose, would compete with him in the favor of the king; and while he was instilling into the mind of Charles, a dislike of Montrose, he was at the same time inducing that nobleman to believe that the king was determined to reduce Scotland to a dependency of the English Crown.

Loving his country as he did, and indignant at the treatment he had received, Montrose departed; and when the king attempted to introduce the forms of the Church of England into that of Scotland, he at once joined the opposing party. Charles, finding that his measures were resisted, assembled an army to enforce them; but was met by an equal number of Scots, under General Leslie, an officer who had served under Gustavus Adolphus in the early part of the thirty years war. Not being desirous to risk a battle with an army of determined men, under so skilful a leader as he knew Leslie to be, while his own troops were disaffected and unreliable, Charles concluded a treaty. It was, however, of short duration. In 1640 he once more collected an army, and marched to the border. He was again met by the Scots, on the Tweed, and in the battle which followed, Montrose forded the river alone, under the fire of the English batteries, to ascertain the depth of the water, and returning, led the two regiments which he commanded, across. This exploit contributed greatly to the fate of the battle; yet, notwithstanding, he had the mortification to see the Earl of Argyle, his hereditary enemy, a man of doubtful courage, preferred above him.

In opposing the king, Montrose had only desired to preserve the liberty of his country; but when he saw that the ultimate design of the leaders of the Covenant

was to dethrone him, he abandoned them. Peace was again concluded after this battle of Newburn, and Montrose retired to private life.

War, however, broke out afresh in 1644, and he at once proceeded to Oxford and joined the king. Charles received him with favor, knowing now the worth of the man whom he had formerly rejected, and he soon after presented him with a commission as Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland. While still at Oxford, he learned that a body of Irish, under the Earl of Antrim, had landed on the north-western coast of the kingdom. The Earl had promised Charles ten thousand men, and this rumor was supposed to be the herald of their arrival; but judge of the disappointment of the Marquis, when, on joining them at Blair Athole, he found, that instead of the promised ten thousand, the Earl had sent only eleven hundred men. By dint of great exertion, he raised his force to 3,000 men among the Highlanders, and with these he began a career, which, considering the disadvantages under which he labored, is, perhaps, unequalled in either ancient or modern history. He met the Covenanters on the plain of Tippermuir, before the town of Perth, drawn up in battle array. Their force consisted of eight thousand well disciplined and appointed troops, provided with both cannon and cavalry. To oppose these, he had but three thousand undisciplined levies, many of whom were armed with clubs and scythes. He did not possess a single cannon, and indeed if he had, it would have been useless, as he had but one round of ammunition for the few who bore firelocks, and as for cavalry, there were but three horses in his whole army. In drawing up his men, he placed those armed with claymores and Lochaber axes, on the wings, as they would be able to withstand the attack of the cavalry. The Lochaber axe was a weapon made by placing on one side of a long ashen staff, a sharp axe, on the other a hook, and between the two a pike, so that its possessor might either shred off the head of his enemy with the axe, transfix him with the spear, or unhorse him by the hook. A line of men thus armed, could, by placing

their weapons at the charge, defy the attack of a squadron of cavalry. He posted those armed miscellaneous, in the centre, and then took his station on the right wing, armed with a half-pike, which was then esteemed the "queen of weapons." His address to his men was short and pithy:—

"SOLDIERS,—That you have few weapons, and that your enemies have plenty, is true; but as there are plenty of stones upon this moor, my advice is, that each one arm himself with as large a one as he can manage, rush up to the first Covenant-
 anter he sees, and beat out his brains!"

A skirmish ensued between a small body of Highlanders and some Covenanting troopers, whom they drove back in confusion upon their own lines. Montrose seized the opportunity, and ordered his whole line to advance, and, with a wild, Highland skraigh, they rushed forward, and, in a moment, were upon the enemy. The musketeers reserved their fire until within a yard of the opposing line, and, after pouring in a volley, threw away their firelocks as useless, and fell on with the broadsword. The axemen hewed wide paths for themselves, while the Irish, almost frantic with excitement, did marvelous execution with clubs and stones. Such was the fury of the onslaught, that in five minutes the field was won, and the bodies of two thousand Covenanters strewed the plain. The casualties of Montrose amounted to one man killed, and several wounded.

Time and space do not allow me to give an account of his subsequent career. I can merely mention his defeat of Lord Burleigh, at Aberdeen, and his repulse of the Covenanters, three thousand seven hundred strong, at Fyvie. In the dead of winter he penetrated the country of the Earl of Argyle, which was before deemed inaccessible at that season, from the depth of snow in the glens, and laid the whole region waste with fire and sword. He encountered that nobleman, or rather his Lieutenant, at Inverlochy; for Argyle himself was so chary of his carcass, that he got into a boat, and was rowed to the middle of the lake, whence he could view the battle at a safe distance. Montrose

rooted his army, and Argyle fled, leaving fifteen hundred of his men—a number equal to the whole army of the Marquis—and fourteen barons, of his own name, dead upon the field. A detailed account of all this is given in the *Memoirs of Montrose*, by Mr. Grant. Then followed the battles of Aulderm, Alford, and Kilsyth. I cannot refrain from giving an instance of his acuteness in the last. His men were drawn up on a grassy slope, from which they could see the steel-clad musketeers of the enemy, and as they deployed into line, he saw that there was a muttering among his troops, at the complete equipment of the foe, who exceeded them by two thousand in number:

"Gentlemen and comrades," he exclaimed, pointing with his long rapier to the opposing ranks, "you see these cowardly rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir, at Aulderm, and Alford? I assure you, that their officers have found it impossible to bring them before us again, without first casing them in complete coats of mail; but, to show them our contempt, we will, if you please, fight them in our shirts." And doffing his cloak and cuirass, the Great Marquis rode in his shirt-sleeves, swore in hand, down the line, waving his plumed beaver. A wild shout rose from his followers, and throwing off plaid and doublet, the clansmen, with nothing to defend their almost naked bodies, but the light targets braced upon their left arms, drove the Covenanters from the field, with the exception of about six thousand out of the eight, who remained till next day—to be buried. This victory made the Marquis master of Scotland, and if Charles could have sent him a few thousand, well disciplined troops, he would have driven the remaining armies of the Covenant into the sea; not but that the Highlanders were brave enough, for in valor they have never been surpassed, as the victories of Tippermuir, Aulderm, Alford, and Kilsyth, and many a bloody field since has proved; but the Marquis could never depend for two days together upon his muster roll, after a victory, on account of the custom of the Highlanders, going home after every battle to bestow their spoil. In ad-

dition to this, they now went home to get in their harvest. By this, and by the desertion of the Lowland gentry, who had no stomach for long marches and hard fighting, his army was reduced to one thousand foot, and five hundred horse. Notwithstanding this, he began his march to England, to aid Charles in making head against the forces of the Parliament, and encamped on the 12th September, 1645, on the plain of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire. Here, for the first time in his life, he committed to another the duty of placing his outposts, and retired to his quarters to finish his despatches to Charles. The event was disastrous, as the sequel will show.

During the evening, he was informed by some troopers that they had been attacked by a party of the enemy, and several of their number slain; but as they were all in a high state of intoxication, he imagined that they had been engaged in some drunken brawl. However, he sent out a party to ascertain the truth of the report. They patrolled the adjacent country, and returning, assured him that there was no enemy within ten miles. This, they said, they had learned from the country people, who, they afterwards found, were in the Covenanting interest, and had deceived them. About half an hour before daybreak, as the Marquis was still intent on his despatches, he was startled by a confused discharge of musketry. Springing from the table, he rushed down the stair, threw himself upon a horse, and rode in full speed to the field. Here he found the troops endeavoring to form, but in confusion. A heavy mist had shrouded the approach of the enemy, and they were within a few yards of the outposts before the alarm was given. The presence of the Marquis restored some degree of order, but it was in vain. Lesley charged him in front with two thousand cavalry, with four more in the flank, and at the same time a thousand foot assailed him in the rear. The half-formed line was thrown into confusion, and nearly all were either captured or slain. Finding that his endeavors to turn the tide of battle were futile, he placed himself at the head of forty cavaliers, and, with the royal stand-

ard still flying above them, they resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Montrose seemed endowed with superhuman strength. His white plumes were seen dancing in the thickest of the fray, and trooper after trooper who encountered him, fell, cloven to the teeth, upon the ground. He was at length entreated, by the Marquis of Douglas, to remember that this battle involved but a small portion of the King's cause in Scotland, and that they soon would again be able to stem the tide of fortune. Montrose listened to this advice, and, at the head of a few cavaliers, cut a path through the enemy, and escaped. All the prisoners captured by the Covenanters, among whom were three hundred women and children, were inhumanly butchered by them; and, when the massacre was finished, the blood of the victims stood ankle deep in the court yard! After this reverse, the Marquis retired to the Highlands, where he collected his scattered forces; but before he could again enter the field, he received an order from the king to disband his army. He did this with a heavy heart, and being unable to remain in Scotland, he took ship to Norway; thence he proceeded to France, where his talents were held in such high esteem, that he was offered, by Cardinal Mazarin, the rank of Lieutenant General of France, a Captaincy in the Gendarmerie, with a pension of 12,000 crowns yearly besides his pay, the promise of a company in the King's Guard, and the *baton* of a Marshal of France. These splendid offers, the income of which would have amounted to nearly \$100,000 a year, he rejected, much to the astonishment of the prelate. He devoted himself to his king only.

In 1649, he sailed from Gottenburg, for the Orkneys, with a few followers, and a small quantity of arms and ammunition. On landing, he levied a small force among the islanders; but these troops were wholly deficient in the enthusiastic spirit of loyalty which burned in the breasts of the Highlanders of the preceding campaign. The clansmen were inured to their harness, and never, for a moment, permitted their arms to leave their sides, while many of these men, who were fish-

ers, now, for the first time in their lives, felt the weight of a helmet upon their brows, and the encumbrance of a buff-coat about their shoulders. The rest were mercenary soldiers, who, for the hope of a few pence a day, were willing to allow themselves to be shot at. With such troops as these, was Montrose, by circumstances which I have not time to narrate, obliged to give battle to the Covenanters at Invercarron, still called in the language of the country, "the rock of lamentation." At the first fire of the enemy, the isle-men turned and fled. Montrose, unable to rally them, placed himself at the head of the remainder, and endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the day, but in vain. Conspicuous by his rich dress, he became the mark of many a bullet and rapier. Numbers of those who encountered him, paid the price of their temerity with their lives. But even his arm became weary of continual slaughter, and fainting from loss of blood, he was at length dragged from the press by the Viscount Frendraught, who placed him upon his own horse, and besought him to fly "for the sake of God, and the king's good cause." Cutting a path through the foe, the Marquis made his escape. On reaching the river Kyle, he abandoned his horse, and, after swimming across, exchanged clothes with a peasant whom he met. For four days and three nights did he wander among the fastnesses of Assynt, with his wounds undressed, and with no other sustenance than a cup of milk which he obtained from an old woman. At the end of this time, the pangs of hunger became so intense, that he strove to allay them by devouring his leather gloves. Even his frame, iron as it was, at last gave way under these continued privations; and meeting with the laird of Assynt, who had, in times past, been one of his followers, he delivered himself into his hands, thinking he had now found a man who would prove himself a friend in his need; but the villain, disregarding former favors, delivered him to the tender mercies of the Covenant, for the paltry reward of 400 bolls of meal. Montrose earnestly besought him to plunge his sword into his breast, that he might be spared the ignominy of the death which

he knew awaited him at Edinburgh; but the traitor placed him in the keeping of a party of horse, and by them he was conveyed to the metropolis. On reaching the West Port, he was placed upon a lofty hurdle, and his hands bound behind him, that he might not be able to defend his face from the stones which the common women of the town had been hired to cast at him. Still, the calm dignity of his bearing was such, that the shout of derision which the multitude raised at his appearance, died away into murmurs of pity and commiseration. As he passed up the street, he approached Moray House, where the death of Charles had been plotted by Argyle and Lord Burleigh.

"Then as the Graeme looked upward,
He met the ugly smile,
Of him who sold his king for gold,
The master fiend--Argyle."

Unable to endure the glance of the Marquis, Gillespie Grumach, as he was called by the Highlanders on account of his squinting, crept in at the window, upon which, a cavalier in the crowd cried out that he did well, for, for seven long years he had not dared to look him in the face. When in confinement, he was continually pestered by the Covenanting clergy, one of whom, coming into his cell on the morning of his execution, found him arranging his luxuriant hair, and rebuked him.

"While my head is my own," said the Marquis, "I will dress it as I have been wont; when it is *yours*, you may treat it as you please."

After breakfasting on a piece of bread, he received the summons to set forth. He had been provided by his friends, while in prison, with a dress befitting his rank, and as he emerged from the gate of the Tolbooth, a murmur of admiration at his noble presence, mingled with horror at the barbarities about to ensue, arose from the multitudes.

The gallows was placed in the centre of the high street; and, in mockery, had been built thirty feet high. To add still further to the brutality of his punishment, a table was placed at one end of the scaffold, on which the axes, knives, and

other instruments, by which he was to be quartered, lay glittering in the noonday sun. Ascending the platform, he surveyed the multitude for some minutes, but in hand. He asked to be allowed to address them, but this privilege, which was not denied to the vilest malefactor, was refused him; yet, having foreseen this, he threw his last address into the hands of a boy who was waiting to receive it. Those who wish will find it in the "Life and Times of Montrose," by Mark Napier; or in his *Memoirs* by Grant.

Then he knelt down; and, following the example of Christ, prayed for the forgiveness of his murderers. Rising, he turned to the executioner, and asked—"How long shall I hang there?" "Three hours," said the man, bursting into tears; for even this man, brutalized as he must have been by his occupation, was overcome by the majesty and gentleness of this martyr of loyalty. He requested to be allowed to keep on his hat; it was denied. Then to have the privilege of wearing his cloak, and this also was refused. Then taking one last look of the people, he ascended the ladder, and as the clock of St. Giles struck three, the soul of the Great Marquis went up to God.

After remaining three hours suspended, the body was cut down, and the head and limbs were severed from the trunk. Lord Lorn, the son of Argyle, mounting the scaffold, gloated over this scene, "exulting in every stroke of the executioner's axe." He did not foresee, that in a few years both he and his father would deservedly meet the same fate; and while the name of Montrose would be venerated by the good and noble of all time, his own would be remembered only with abhorrence.

The head was placed on the Tolbooth, and the limbs were distributed among the principal cities of the kingdom. The trunk was placed in a square deal box, and interred in the Borough Muir, among the remains of criminals; but thence Lady Napier obtained possession of his heart, which he had bequeathed her, and which she enclosed in a steel casket made of the blade of his sword. In this casket it is still preserved.

On the night before his execution, he inscribed these celebrated lines on his window:

"Let them bestow on every fairth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake!
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air,
Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms
are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

Cardinal de Retz, the friend of both Condé and Turenne, the two great captains of the age, says of him:—"He was the only man in the world who has ever realized to me the ideas of certain heroes, whom we now discover only in the pages of Plutarch. He sustained, in his own country, the cause of the king, his master, with a greatness of soul that has not found its equal in our age."

After the Restoration, his dust was recovered, and Argyle, who was then confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, had the chagrin to see, from his grated window, the bones of his great enemy, interred with most magnificent ceremonies.

* Point of the compass.

BLIGHTED.

BY LILLY WATERS.

With skilful hands we plant the vine,
And watch its upward tending;
While fancy brings its purple wine,
And breath like incense, blending
With autumn's dreamy golden air,
A floating sweetness everywhere.

But autumn, with untimely chill,
Ends Flora's perfumed breathing;
And scars the green of vale and hill,
And vines of summer's wreathing—
Now purple grapes will never fill
With nectar drawn from mystic rill.

Of hearts will plant some loving hope,
And watch in faith its starting;
But mourn for buds that never open,
And summer hours departing:—
Oh! what is life when doubt hath spilled
The wine that once love's chalice filled!

Hartford, Conn.

Despite all refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—*Chapin's Living Words.*

Editor's Table.

A gossip concerning a strange subject for a woman's pen—

BEARDS.

The question "What do you know about war?" is often irreverently put to woman when she ventures to discuss, in straightforward speech, the all-enquiring topic of the day. With similar impertinence, I have no doubt, some unmanly masculine biped, will blurt out, when he sees the above startling subject, "What do you know about beards?" Indeed, and what don't I know about them? More, perhaps, than I should venture to tell were I disposed, and, fortunately, I am just now enabled to discuss the important matter by proxy, for a fair correspondent, who evidently does "know something about war," has sent a little disquisition on the subject that is so characteristic, and to the point, that I can certainly do nothing better for you or me, than to lay it bodily before you. I do not wish to be understood as exactly vouching for the invincibility of some of the fair writer's positions, wisely leaving a hole, out of which myself to crawl, should the wrath of any of the masculine's be too deeply stirred. Hear, then, what the fair writer says of BEARDS:—

The question concerning the "final cause" of beards, is one of the vexed questions of the world. It has been discussed for six thousand years, and has given rise to more speculations, and greater differences of opinion, than almost any other subject with which nature has furnished philosophers and savans. That relating to "fate and free will," upon which Milton's angels held such high, but unavailing debate, is nothing in comparison with it.

I shall not attempt even a sketch of the history of this discussion. What the ante-diluvians thought upon the subject, is not very well known, though it is beyond controversy that Methuselah must have pondered it a great deal while his own beard was growing so long, and it seems to be pretty well settled, that

beards had much to do with the sins of the Old World, and its final overthrow. Nor need I repeat the opinions of the ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians, Carthaginians, nor even those romancers, the Hindoos and Chinese. The Turks and Romans studied the subject profoundly, and have left their wisdom on record, for the enlightenment of such as please to avail themselves of it.

In more recent times, our physiologists and philosophers have entered into the controversy with equal zeal and science; yet the problem seems no nearer a solution than it was three thousand years ago. One tells us that beards were given men to shield them from the inclemencies of the seasons, to protect the face and neck from the biting frosts and cold nor-westers of winter, and thus fit them for the out-door life they were intended to lead. To others, this reasoning has not appeared quite satisfactory; first, because women, in many parts of the world, are fully as much exposed as the nobler sex, and, with a more delicate organization, stand as much in need of protection and safeguards; and, secondly, because some rudely shave or clip this divine shield, and seem unconscious of any loss. Others think that beards are intended for the special use of a few mechanics, to save their lungs from the fatal effects of drilling, grinding, turning, and manifold kinds of handicraft in which men live, in the midst of malignant dust, which, but for beards, would soon give them their quietus. But beards serve as a kind of sieve or strainer, much as whalebone, so called, ministers to the use of the great Leviathan of the deep. Unfortunately for this theory, we have too many beards for such a meagre purpose. It was hardly necessary to arm half a race with beards, to accommodate a few scissors grinders, or the whole posterity of Tubal-Cain, the workers in brass and iron; besides, if this was the end to be attained, the device has nearly proved a failure, for, say

what we will, not one beard in a hundred so covers the mouth and nostrils as to serve as any considerable protection, and then why contrive this protection for men only? Are women never exposed to dust? or are their lungs less liable to injury from it, than those of the lords of creation! There are others still, who believe that beards are given men chiefly or wholly as an ornament, as peacocks are decked with enormous tails, or common cocks with *brain* combs, or turkey cocks with a brush protruding from their breast. Something must be done, say the philosophers, to distinguish men from women, and what could be more obvious or striking than a good beard? Yet, in opposition to these lovers of wisdom, it must be confessed that many a beard is naturally anything but an ornament. What special beauty can our savans perceive in a fuzzy, carrotty crop, or even in a black, bushy affair, looking more like a horse broom than a delicate ornament, or "thing of beauty?"

Thus far, and these are prominent specimens of the world's reasoning on the subject, there seems to be nothing satisfactory to an inquiring and solid mind. The opinions men have entertained, rest on grounds rather specious than substantial, and disappear the moment they are touched with the wand of a large and comprehensive philosophy.

But what, then, is the use of beards? every one is ready to inquire. With the young Elihu, I will venture to show "mine opinion." Beards were intended to subserve two ends, both important, as will readily be seen, and as observation of their practical uses will demonstrate. The first is to stimulate the ingenuity of man, and give field and scope for the exercise of a rampant fancy. Observe what an opportunity a beard affords for studying effect in the infinite variety of cutting and chipping which it undergoes, and how much it is made to contribute to the personality and character of the individual. If, in the olden time, "men talked with their fingers," how much more do they now tell by their beards? Women have almost an infinite range of effort in the boundless diversity of fabrics and colors with which they set off the charms of their persons. Of ribbons, bows, fringes, and jewels, there is no end. Men have nothing but their beards, and of these, it must be confessed, they make the most. One shaves his whole face, and looks as much like a great masculine woman as it is possible for him to look. Another leaves his

moustache, and another a goatee. One cultivates a pair of delicate whiskers, while another makes them broad and strong as the back of Hercules. One curves them gracefully round this way, and another in that, while a third presents them square and hard, or pointed and piquant. Indeed, there is no end to the diversity which our five hundred millions of men manage to create with so simple a thing as a human beard. With all sorts of colors, it is made to assume all sorts of shapes. It gives fierceness to the warrior, and renders the lover irresistible. It is defiant or attractive. It terrifies or soothes, and in many cases seems to be the only gift indulgent nature had to bestow—the grand substitute for brains.

But this is not all; the beard has still another use. It is not only the great subject for masculine task and skill: it becomes also a universal toy and plaything. Who has not admired the wisdom and goodness of Providence in furnishing this great awkward creature called man, with so acceptable and so convenient an object to engage his attention, and occupy his hands. When not otherwise engaged, men are almost uniformly busy in stroking their beard, pulling their moustache, or coaxing their goatee. Without such a resource, what could they do? Women can manage to hold their hands gracefully in their laps, if they have nothing else to occupy them. Men find this impossible, and hence resort at once to their beards.

But I need not dwell on a subject which a few hints like those just given, with the suggestions naturally implied, must render plain. Margaret Fuller said gravely and with an obvious condescension, "I accept the universe." It was a terrible fact to her, no doubt, but there it stood, and she could not readily dispose of it. So under the necessities of the case she accepted it, and seemed willing to do the best she could with it. In like manner I accept beards. As ornaments, I think meanly of them, however young gentlemen may pride themselves on their possession; and as to all practical uses, the evident failure to discover a single one, after six thousand years of earnest inquiry must satisfy all but philosophers, that there are none, unless indeed, they are such as I have suggested above. Still, I accept beards. Here they are, and there seems little probability that the masculines of our race will soon be rid of them. And who will venture to say they were made in vain, since they occupy so much thought that would otherwise be idle, and lead

to so much invention, breaking up the fog-ism of custom, and introducing new twists and turns every day, creating a special profession of honorable men, who, though addicted to barbarous practices, hold half the world by the nose, and finally give endless occupation to heads and hands which but for this hirsute appendage would find nothing under heaven to do!

By a change in a few letters "Beards" becomes "Ballads." Is it this remote similarity which has suggested the topic of

THE BALLADS OF THE WAR?

When a certain great master was one day requested by a pupil to look over a piece of music he had been composing, turning to his pupil he simply asked, "Will it grind?"

"Yes, sir; I think it would," replied the embarrassed pupil.

"That is enough—the music is good."

There was great knowledge of human nature as well as of music in this master. The melody that will stand the test of being ground out by a thousand organ grinders every day, and all day, and yet hold on to the public heart, however deficient as a scientific composition it may be, is still true music.

The same remark may be made of the "Ballads of the War." How many of these that stir the heart of the nation, wringing tears from the eyes of the most stoical, are in themselves poor things as literary compositions? Yet they are true poetry, nevertheless; inasmuch as they enter the very citadel of feeling, and wake up enthusiasm where the finished composition would fall flat. Who ever thought that "Yankee Doodle" possessed any merit? yet in our old war it was better than the sound of a trumpet to inspire military enthusiasm. The song to which whole armies have, in these days, marched on to victory, and dying soldiers have murmured in their death-throes,

"John Brown's soul is marching on,"

is stirring and awful, making the marrow quiver, yet in itself half-ludicrous. Who would ever have thought of building a reputation on that! Yet I question if the artistic Tennyson has ever done, or will ever do, anything half so popular, half so keenly appreciated and felt by a great military people as this simple, unartistic bit of doggerel.

There is a great literature of the war growing up. The proud English will not hereafter have occasion to say that "America has no themes for poetry." Thousands and tens of

thousands are springing up. They are found under every green tree where a dead hero reposes: by every river bank, where the soldier sleeps his last sleep; on every mountain top and plain, and in every valley where our brave boys have fought for their country—nay, in every wretched swamp where they have ingloriously toiled and sickened, and died in vain, are the themes of glorious and enduring song. Our war-ships and gun-boats have uttered them in magnificent thunder, and our sad yet brave mothers have each and all breathed them forth, in their loyal farewell injunctions and tearless adieus.

And many and many an incident of the war has already found an exponent and won expression that will not soon be forgotten. A new and stirring ballad entitled "THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE," sung by our new volunteers, as they "go marching on," bids fair to rival the "John Brown" song. Undoubtedly most of our readers have seen it, yet they will be glad to preserve it in this quiet corner, as a memento of the patriotism and gallantry of their brave brothers and friends who have left "their ploughs and workshops, their wives and children dear," perchance to "lay them down for Freedom's sake," as thousands and tens of thousands—aye, hundreds of thousands have done before them. But you shall have the song of the

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from
New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our
wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a
silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the
northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision
may decoy:
And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy
veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and
in pride:
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands
brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our vallies, where the growing
harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming
into line;

And children from their mothers' knees are
pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against
their country's need;
And a farewell group stand weeping at every
cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hun-
dred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by
Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, our brother's
bones beside;
Or from foul Treason's savage grasp to wrench
the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments
to parade;
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have
gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hun-
dred thousand more!

As my pen traced the last lines I was start-
led by the intelligence which has already elec-
trified all the North, that the "peninsula was
evacuated," and the designated army of the
Potomac was waiting at Fortress Monroe for
—what unknown movement? The *living* army
has left the pestilent swamps, and the banks of
the James, and the dreadful fields of blood, but
alas for that army almost as large, that still
sleep in the swamps and the trenches and on
the banks of the deserted stream! Who shall
call them up from their beds that they too may
win back to the safe neighborhood of our For-
tresses and our naval squadrons? Who shall
sound the *reveille* that shall rouse them
to the new expedition that our great military
rulers have no doubt long ere this mapped out?
Who shall beat the loud tattoo that they sleep
not on when their comrades are marching
forth—God grant, it may be next, to victory?

Alas, for the sleeping army, whether they
have fallen on the fatal field, struck by the
bomb or the bullet, or pierced by the horrid
bayonet; or whether they perish in the despe-
rate march, or sink in the night-trench, spade
in hand, stricken not of the bullet or the bayo-
net, but of typhoid and the deadlier swamp-
fever—they shall march no more! Their
warfare is ended—their camp-life is over; their
toils in the field and in the trench are done.
The Great General on high has called them
home and paid them their wages. "Hence-
forth there are laid up for them crowns of glo-
ry," far exceeding in splendor the fading lau-
rels of earth, where the hand of rivalry or cru-
el jealousy shall not tear them away, or the
simoons of time wither their perennial verdure!

A charming and most sad little poem is that
of

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

My sister Blanch, her child, and I sat on the
lawn that morning.
"Oh would a wife's strong love, she cried,
"could shield a soldier's fate!"
Her voice a little trembled as if touched by
some forewarning.
Then rode a soldier up the lane, and halted at
the gate.
"Which house is Malcolm Blake's? I bring a
letter to his sister,
I took it, Blanch half murmuring said, "What!
none for me, his wife?"
The stranger dangled Madge's curls, and bend-
ing over, kissed her:
"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved
him as my life."

Then suddenly he galloped off, without a word
more spoken.
I read the letter. Blanch exclaimed, "What
makes you tremble so?"
—O God! how could I answer her? How
should the news be broken?
For first they wrote to me, not her, that I
should break the blow.
"Another battle fought!" I said. "Our
troops were brave, but lost it."
Her quick eye saw the letter was not writ in
Malcolm's hand.
I glanced a moment at her face—a sudden shad-
ow crossed it.
"Read quick, dear May—read all, I pray—
and let me understand."

I did not read but told the tale, and tempered
so the phrases
That scarce at first she guessed the worst. I
kept the fatal word,
Till I had told her of his march—his charge,
his comrades' praises.
And then, the end!—While she, a statue—
never spoke nor stirred!

Oh never yet a woman's heart was broken so
completely!
So unbaptized of helpful tears, so passionless
and dumb.
She stood there in her agony till little Madge
sighed sweetly,
"Dear mother, when the battle ends, then will
my father come!"

I touched my finger to her lip, and led her to
her playing.
Poor Blanch! the winter on her cheek grew
snowy as her name!
What could she do but kneel, and pray, and
linger at her praying?
O Christ! when other heroes die, moan other
wives the same?
Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep
the cause from failing?
God pity our brave lovers when they face the
battle's blaze!
And pity wives made widows!—shall it all be
unavailing!—
O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!—and
to Thy Name the praise!

Was ever wordless anguish and brokenness of heart more graphically painted? Ah, many a widowed wife and bereaved affianced might have sat for the picture—and still many and many.

"Other women's hearts must break, to keep the cause from failing,"
God grant that it "shall not *all* be unavailing!"

May the great unavailing campaign just ended, and the thousands and thousands of hearts widowed, broken, scarred to death by this fearful hecatomb of our best and bravest, be counted sufficient for the punishment of our cruel *sin*, and God smile once more on the Banner of Freedom and Right!

The Battle of the Cumberland, that brave old ship that went down with her flag still flying, and whose sunken hull is still manned by her dead crew, has inspired unnumbered poems, very few of which are without considerable merit. One of the most touching, as it is one of the best written, is entitled

THE SWORD BEARER,

and seems to have been written by one of the brave crew. What a fine old English ballad sing it has! Read it.

Brave Morris saw the day was lost;
For nothing now remained,
On the wrecked and sinking Cumberland,
But to save the flag unstained.

So he made an oath in the sight of Heaven,
And kept it as do the free—
"Before I strike to a Rebel flag,
I'll sink to the depths of the sea."

Here, take my sword, 'tis in my way,
I shall trip o'er the useless steel;
For I'll meet the lot that falls to all,
With my shoulder to the wheel."

So the little negro took the sword,
And kept it as do the reverent care,
Following his master step by step,
He bore it here and there!

A thought had crept through his sluggish brain,
And shone in his dusky face,
That somehow—he could not tell just how,
'Twas the sword of his trampled race.

And as Morris, great with his lion heart,
Rushed onward from gun to gun,
The little negro slid after him,
Like a shadow in the sun.

But something of pomp and of curious pride,
The sable creature wore,
Which at any time, but a time like that,
Would have made us laugh and roar.

Over the wounded, dying and dead,
Like an usher of the rod,
The black page, full of his mighty trust,
With dainty caution trod.

No heed he gave to the flying ball,
No heed to the bursting shell;
His duty was something more than life,
And he strove to do it well.

Down with our starry flag a speck,
In the whirling sea he sank,
And the captain and crew and sword-bearer,
Were washed from the bloody plank.

They picked us up from the hungry waves,
Alas, not all!—and where,
Where is the faithful negro lad?—
"Back oars! avast! look there!"

We looked, and as Heaven may save my soul,
I pledge you a sailor's word,
There fathoms deep in the sea he lay,
Still grasping his master's sword!

We drew him out; and many an hour
We wrought with his rigid form,
Ere the almost smothered spark of life
By slow degrees grew warm.

The first dull glance that his eyeballs rolled
Was down toward his shrunken hand;
And he smiled and closed his eyes again,
As they fell on the rescued brand.

And no one touched the sacred sword,
Till at length, when Morris came,
The little negro stretched it out,
With his eager eyes aflame.

And if Morris took the poor boy's hand
And his words seemed hard to speak,
And tears ran down his manly cheek,
What tongue shall call him weak?

The list of the *Ballads of the war* might be made longer, yet none excel this last in beauty and touching simplicity. I am sure that the reader will not be reluctant that the subject closed now, shall be resumed at another time.

BOOK NOTICE.

New Gymnastics for Men, Women and Children, by Dio Lewis, M. D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1882.

This is one of the few practical books of our time. Dr. Lewis is not a mere theorist, like too many who write books. He is himself a gymnast, and is proprietor of the popular Essex Gymnasium, of Boston. He aims not to give monstrous strength, at the expense of grace, nor excessive grace at the expense of strength; but to equalize and develop both. The exercises are adapted to both sexes, and to persons of all ages. The work is illustrated with three hundred cuts and is printed in the usual good style of Ticknor's publications. For sale by Tompkins & Co., 25 Cornhill.

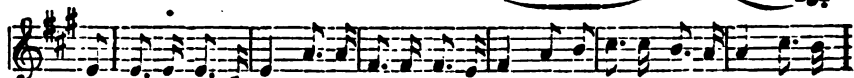
A FUNERAL HYMN. By A. G. LAURIE.

Dedicated to the Sunday School of the Universalist Church of Charlestown, Mass.

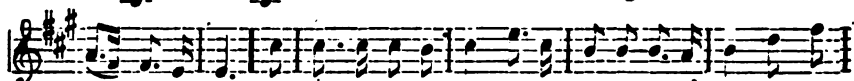
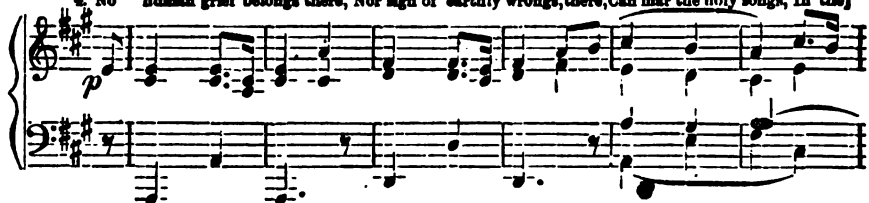
Old Scottish Air.

Arranged by MRS. A. G. LAURIE.

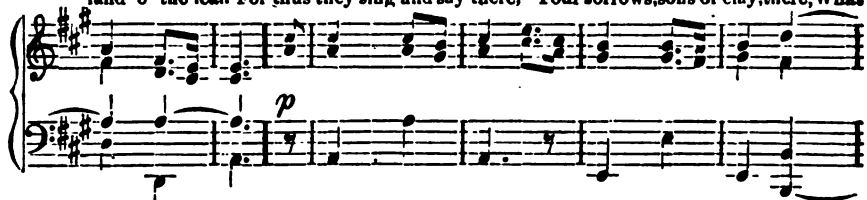
Adagio Sostenuto.



1. A song of sorrow's scathe, now, Of earth, and parting breath, now, And yet a song of faith, And the
2. His father's hopes are flown, now, His mother sits a-lone, now, And weeps for him that's gone, To the
3. And we like her, deplore here, That he can come no more here; But he has gone be-fore, To the
4. No human grief belongs there, Nor sigh of earthly wrongs, there, Can mar the holy song, In the]



land o' the leal! For one, who wont to share here, Our Sunday song and pray'r here, Now
land o' the leal, For tho' to him tis bright, now, The tears that fill her sight, now, To
land o' the leal. To us he leaves the pain here, With us, the tears remain here; To
land o' the leal. For thus they sing and say there, "Your sorrows, sons of clay, there, What



sings where angels are, In the land o' the leal.
her, have dimmed the light, Of the land o' the leal.
him, they seem so vain, In the land o' the leal.
glories shall repay, In the land o' the leal."



NOTE. Leal, means true, loyal; but the phrase "Land of the Leal," is a Scottish circumlocution for Heaven

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1862.

BILLY CRÆSUS.

BY J. K. FISHER.

The young ladies, with one exception, agreed that he was interesting, excellent, liberal, sensible, etc. The young gentlemen liked him; but smiled when they were called on to praise him. None said anything against him; but they failed to pay that deference to his dignity which the ladies, with the one exception, deemed his due: perhaps he was not so fast as they, or his notions were not up to the time, or he was deficient in dash and brilliancy; or something else was wanting. However that may have been, they liked him; and borrowed his money.

Mr. Washington Swift was his devoted favorite, and allowed to joke him as he pleased, even when he was present. It was understood that Mr. Swift was as likely to marry Miss Julia Dix as any one, how-beit she did not profess to admire his friend Cræsus. This did not in the least disturb the friendship of the two gentlemen; on the contrary, Mr. Cræsus seemed always to desire the society of his friend's lady-friend, and was content with the limited attentions she paid him.

Whether Miss Dix was in earnest, or Mr. Swift was in earnest, or it was mere flirtation, was not agreed. Some thought one was in earnest, some the other, some both, some neither. For a year or more opinions were unsettled. What the truth was we are not authorized to say; but if there was anything more than flirtation, it ended in smoke, as follows:

One evening they were walking together, and Mr. Swift asked if she had any objection to his smoking. She said she had not. He lit his match, having to protect it from the wind with both hands, and in about the usual time had his cigar lighted. But were was Miss Dix? He could not see; but a hackney coach was rattling away at a furious rate.

Next day he called to apologise for his self-indulgence. No apology was necessary: she could not in any case allow herself to interfere with his smoking, or other pleasure; but as she did not like to be smoked, she preferred to go home alone, and summoned a coach that stood at the corner. It was her principle—*principle*—never to stand between any gentleman and his pleasures, nor to suffer any gentleman to stand between her and *her* pleasures. It was therefore necessary that she should not again walk with him, lest he should be taken with a desire to smoke; but she should always be happy to see him at her house, if he would have the kindness to come when his clothes did not smell of tobacco.

Mr. Swift played the amiable to the best of his ability. When he had gone, Miss Dix said to herself: "It is rather lucky that I did not get into that concern." What she meant was not precisely known.

Soon after, Julia sate in her boudoir, talking to herself, somewhat as follows:

"Julia Dix, what do you intend to do, in this world, and in these times. Papa is evidently down-hearted, though he

tries to look at ease ; the country is drifting into war ; everybody is afraid of failure ; and it is your duty to look out for yourself, and relieve your father from the care of you. You have flirted with fops enough : now, honestly, is there any one whom you want to marry, and who may want to marry you ? Do you want ; let me see ; where is my basket of cards ? Do you want Geo. P. Drake ? Goodness ! No. Do you want this one ? No. No. No. Nor any of this lot. Oh ; I should have kept the ladies cards separate. Why there are no more gentlemen in the lot, except Billy Croesus. Nor do I want to be Mrs. Billy Croesus ? No."

"But I want to be Mrs. Somebody : Must be Mrs. Somebody : pretty soon, too."

"Let's run them over again. No-N-no. No. No. No. No. Now this is a good fellow : but if times go hard it wont do : I can't think of him. This is a splendid balloon ; but likely to burst if there comes a pressure : besides he is in love with Fanny Moore : and she is a good creature. This is,—pshaw ! And here, at last, is Billy Croesus again."

"And I don't want him. Want a man who is called Billy ! I think I see myself in such a concern."

"Heigh ho ! lets look over again ! I wonder if there is one among them who wants me,—I ought to have thought of that before. This one I can't afford to take, if he offers. This wont do. This I wont have, any how. These are doubtful, every way. And here, again, is William Croesus. I wonder whether he wants me."

"I wish women had their rights, and could pop the question, without loosing caste. Heigh ho ! But we must take the world as it is, and not fag ourselves to better it, as some she-reformers do."

"Heigh ho ! Quarter to ten. I'll go to bed, and think more to-morrow."

Mr. Croesus, as we have said, was a favorite with all the young ladies. They were sweet upon him ; and generally were confident that their appreciation was merited by a corresponding appreciation on his part. He was always at their service,

always at leisure ; fond of riding ; his horses were gentle if not extremely fast ; and his carriages were comfortable, if not extremely light ; they all found them delightful, and admired his taste in the selection of roads. One thing they remarked, —that he seldom subjected them to the discomfort of dust ; but seemed to keep a look out for showers, and to take the best advantage of them. Mr. Croesus was a nice, sensible young man : and in this opinion their mammas all concurred.

But although many had strong opinions on the subject, it was not positively known which of all of them had established her authority over him. Even Julia Dix who deemed herself spread in such matters, could not see that he was deeply affected by any one in particular. In fact, he seemed quite as well pleased with her, who had generally disputed him, as with those who had assented to all he said. Nor would the young gentlemen better agree : they thought him as likely to prefer one as another, excepting Julia Dix, who joined with them in calling him Billy, and laughing at his innocent notions of men and things.

Whether he had made up his own mind, or thought about it, was not positively known. If he was sounded as to his opinions of this or that lady, he always answered in terms of commendation, so warmly expressed as to leave an impression that he was decided ; but what he said of others, in turn, threw a doubt over the whole matter. As to being a flirt, every one believed him too honest. Even Julia had always mitigated her satires by adding that he had sense and principle, which were very necessary if not very fascinating qualities, at least in her estimation.

One day Croesus remarked to Julia that his friend Swift had been busy of late — too busy to ride : he feared that his business was under the influence of the times : and begged the pleasure of her company to ride, and that of her mother and young sisters. His invitation was accepted, and all were pleased. On bidding Julia good evening he said, "Whenever you can spare time for a ride, just let a fellow know."

It is not our business to speculate as to what may have turned the brain, or the mind of Mr. Croesus; but his visits and rides became frequent; and the effects upon himself were decided, as we judge from the following monologue in which he indulged.

"Heigh ho! I'm about afraid of her. She's such a politician, philosopher, business man—I mean business woman; and such a slashing satirist; such an explosive scold; such a she-Napoleon. If I could believe she could love a fellow, and wouldn't laugh at him, but just help him along! But Swift is in the way; so I ought not to think about it; he is such a worthy fellow, although some, who don't know that he is hard up for money, just for the moment, have doubts about him."

If Mr. Croesus did not know his own mind, Julia perceived it, or conjectured it, with tolerable clearness. She did not fail to estimate the influence of the idea—if he entertained it—that Swift was a favored lover, or even one who wished to be favored, might have upon him. Therefore she watched, on an occasion to set him right on that point. The occasion soon arose.

A very good and amiable young lady, in a way, Miss Eliza Williams, whom the reader may have seen and admired, thought it wrong that Miss Dix, who had so long distinguished herself from all other ladies by expressions of doubtful respect for Mr. Croesus, should be guilty of flirting with him, to such extent as to excite a suspicion, in those who did not know her habits, that she really had serious designs upon him. Such conduct was opposed to all her notions of duty and propriety: it was a wrong not only to Mr. Croesus, but to herself. Miss Williams, who honestly respected Mr. Croesus, and, in short, was anxious that he should make a proposal that she had long expected, and that he probably would have made long before, had not the unkind—not to say unprincipled conduct of certain others, temporarily diverted the fancy of that somewhat inexperienced young gentleman. It certainly was, at the least, uncharitable, not to say wicked; and it ought to be rebuked, not to say punish-

ed; and she was morally bound not to suffer such wrong without an effort to repress it. She deemed it right, moreover, that Mr. Swift should know how, during his business emergencies, his dearest interests were exposed to remark, not to say actual doubt; and, knowing that gentleman's sister, she determined to convey a warning to him. She would, that very evening, invite herself to take tea with Miss Swift; and if she should meet her brother; she perhaps might herself be able to drop sufficient intimation.

Miss Williams could not successfully tamper with a secret. Mr. Swift's genius was wholly in the way of discovering secrets and weak points, and taking the utmost advantage of them: and he was not an hour in reading the desires of Miss Williams in reference to Mr. Croesus, and in forming a scheme to turn to his own advantage the exasperation into which she had reasoned herself, and he had sedulously inflowed. He was not a man to forget the contemptuous treatment of Miss Dix, although the stake was too great to be abandoned, and he had dissembled his mortification and rage, and persevered in his attentions until in his judgment, further perseverance would not pay. Hence he was prepared to give up the idea of a "splendid operation," and to consider one less eligible, but still desirable, in all points of view, and opportune in his present financial emergency. In a word, Miss Williams, with eighty thousand in her own right, and great expectations, was not a poor substitute for Miss Dix, with nothing in her own right, although her expectations were very much greater: and Mr. Swift resolved to play his gullible friend Croesus upon Miss Dix and himself upon Miss Williams; and to win as much as possible before the first crash which he anticipated in the affairs of a man whose pockets were always open to all who flattered him with demonstrations of friendship.

Julia Dix ought to have been a man, and President of the United States, or Commander-in-Chief of the Army, in this emergency. She loved no one, male or female, young or old: but she was some-

times kind, when not bothered; and would give away anything, from a lover to a bit of needle-work, if she no longer felt much interest in it. But if crossed, she would not be at all obliging, or do anything desired, or allow it to be done, even by her dearest friend, much less by one who had presumed to set up as her rival.

Among those who had received many kisses and trinkets from her, for which she returned profusion of sincere gratitude and love, and practical devotion and service on all occasions, was a pretty and vivacious young lady named Jenny Smith. Jenny ran in, much out of breath, soon after the mutual consultation of Miss Williams and Mr. Swift, to tell her friend Julia the news that was all over town, that the affair was broken off—there was to be no such concern as Swift and Dix, —but Swift and Williams was sure: Swift himself had confidently signified half as much, by telling all sorts of stories against Julia; and Miss Williams had gossiped shockingly about Julia and the milk-and-water Croesus, and betrayed her spite against both of them; in short, Swift's business was improving, under the impression that these was a *sure* thing in prospect.

There was not much in real life that Julia admired: but she heartily despised many traits of character; and was sometimes more influenced by a spirit of opposition than by any direct interest. She had perceived the motive which was at the bottom of the friendship of several fast young gentlemen for Mr. Croesus, and her dislike of them reacted in sympathy for him. He probably felt this sympathy, without understanding it; and it was this which attracted him to her. He believed in her friendship, and could not doubt her sincerity: in fact, she was the only one of his acquaintance, male or female, in whose sincerity he had confidence; and a word or look of kindness from her had more effect upon him than he was aware, until after he had heard the gossip which Jenny Smith had taken the liberty to report to him as well as to Julia.

When he heard the hard sayings of his bosom friend Swift, he shed tears. "You are very weak to shed tears for such a sel-

fish ingrate," said Jenny; "Pardon me for telling you my mind."

"Pardon! God bless you: I thank you: tell me whatever you are inclined. Do tell me."

"Then I *will* tell you. You have been shamefully imposed upon by all the men and women of your acquaintance, except John Bowman and Julia Dix: all the rest have surfeited you with false pretences. I don't mean that the women had not a certain degree of sincerity: but they all had selfish designs."

"Don't believe that I have been altogether imposed upon: I have not taken without allowance half the professions and attentions you refer to."

"I fear that you have made but insufficient allowance: you would not otherwise have been surprised and affected by the duplicity of your friend Swift."

"True! I have been deceived by him."

"And by others also, I believe. But all I can do is to caution you. Forgive me if I have said too much."

"You have not said too much. Not enough. I wish you—but never mind now. I am very sensible of the kindness of Mr. Bowman and Miss Dix. I wish—but never mind now. There is going to be a shower; and towards sunset, I think, there will be time for a ride, without dust, and everything looking fresh: wont you favor me with your company, and invite Miss Dix? Do!"

"I invite her? I? You have invited me to speak frankly to you: I therefore tell you that it would be much better for you to be more direct, and invite her yourself. As for my company, I shall be very happy to bestow it whenever you desire it."

"But you are much in favor with Miss Dix: don't you know it?"

"I do. I feel very sure of it: thank God?"

"Then why not oblige me by inviting her?"

"Because I fear that by so doing I might defeat your purpose. I should be sorry to have your purpose defeated. Your best way is to speak for yourself, whatever you may desire of her; you may be sure you will lose nothing by it: besides, she

dislikes one who is too politic to hazard a repulse of any kind."

"God forbid that I should be so politic; that is, that I should be unwilling that she, and all the world, should know that I greatly desire her company: but I fear that I may lose her favor by seeking to trespass too much upon her attention."

"It is necessary to incur such hazards. But you see that there may be worse hazards in too much reticence. But the worst hazard is that of seeming to be too moderately interested."

"I have faith in your counsel. I shall ask her, although I have of late been so much in her way that I fear that she may have wished me out of it."

"You will find me with her this afternoon: therefore say nothing of my going with you: I shall be invited by her. I think it best that neither of us should mention what we have just said to *any body*."

"Dear Jule: pardon me beforehand for a grave impertinence."

"Pardon you, dear Jenny? I can't conceive the possibility of an occasion for it."

"So much the better: then you may safely promise."

"I promise whatever you may ask. Now what have you to say or do?"

"I have to ask your confidence. Do you love John Bowman?"

"Yes: very much: considering how little I am a loving person,"

"Do you wish to marry him?"

"No. All things considered, I do not."

"Are you quite decided?"

"Yes. Entirely so."

"You pause a long while. My answer is exact—you may trust it entirely. It can never be otherwise. I love Mr. Bowman, as a man of noble principles, refined breeding and good taste, and amiable disposition; but he and I could not do well together, as man and wife."

"You still pause," continued Julia.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"If I merit your confidence."

"I love him."

"Indeed! I did not suspect it. Have you not been a little prudish, dear; not to tell me before?"

"Not at all. I would have told you had I not seen that he loved you."

"Much as I love him."

"You are very good, my Julia."

"So are you, my Jenny. And you could make a good wife for John; and he would make a good husband for you,—as I judge; but you must both judge for yourselves."

"Would you think it improper to help me to his company?"

"Not at all, dear. I shall do so, whenever I can arrange it for your advantage. That is settled. Now I have something confidential for you. I am going to be Mrs. Croesus."

"I am glad of it. He is honorable, kind, carefully polite and only errs in having too much charity for mean pretenders. I am persuaded that he will be devoted to you, and that you will be well contented with him."

"I believe I shall be well contented."

Dispatch of business was inevitable with Julia. The concern was soon organized. One morning Croesus gave his wife a small duplicate key, requesting her to keep it always tied to her person; it unlocked a small safe, in which were all other keys of importance. He had no secrets whatever from her; and had implicit confidence in her discretion, and wished her to know all about his property and affairs, and at all times to give him advice.

Before night Julia found, to her astonishment, that an enormous amount of money, in small sums, scattered over a period of six years, had been lent to young gentlemen of great reputed wealth; and that but few of these, and these the smallest borrowers, had ever repaid any money; and no interest had been paid.

In the meantime the consequences of political operations had become embarrassing and alarming even to the wealthiest mercantile houses; and the rents of certain class of buildings had fallen to two thirds, and in some cases less than one third; and in cases of costly buildings on leased ground the ground rent and taxes exceeded all the rent paid by tenants. Much of Croesus' property was of this kind. And Julia, on a brief view of the

abstract of affairs, which was kept with remarkable clearness, saw reason to apprehend serious losses, if not ruin. This apprehension was increased by recent dates of loans to young men of doubtful stability. Indeed she was alarmed by his last words to her that morning: "Julia, the times are getting hard, even for the strongest: if your father is ever pushed, you must let a fellow know." While these words were in one sense gratifying to her, they betrayed a look of caution that promised little for his own security, if current apprehensions should prove well founded.

While she was engaged with these accounts, Jenny Smith, in great excitement and tears, and Eliza Williams, extremely pale, came into the room unannounced. It is all over—the vile knave, brook-former, quack-philosopher, insolent anob! There will be no such concern as Swift and Williams: it is very lucky: But what do you think?"

Wait a moment, Jenny. Miss Williams, I am very glad you have called."

"I have called to ask your pardon for having treated you shamefully, and without the slightest cause."

"I am sure you believed there was just cause for whatever you have done. Be sure I will bear no hard feelings towards you. Sit down: stay to dinner: I wish to say a great deal to you."

And now, dear Jenny, what is the cause of your tears?"

"Vexation, partly; partly joy; partly shame and rage that I ever spoke to such a puppy. A free-love match! Infamous blockhead, knave, monster of conceit!"

"Now tell your story calmly, my Jenny: you can do so if you will."

"Very well: I *will*! You know little Mary Tyng, who lives with her dear good old maiden aunt, who adopted her when she became an orphan. Dear, little creature. When she heard it buzzed about that Eliza was getting her wedding dresses, up she come, in a hot sunshine; in she rushed; we were all in the midst of business; up she rushed to Eliza, and drew her away: and what do you imagine she told her? Why just this: last August—mark, *August*, the early part—

Mr. Washington Swift, who had been unaccountably kind to old Miss Tyng, got money subscribed to pay off her mortgage of six hundred dollars, and expressed his desire to make her and her interesting niece comfortable, grew sweeter and sweeter very fast; and finally intimated that his affairs were so situated that his creditors might blame him if he married; but he was very desirous to make a private agreement with Miss Mary, which would be all the same. Now, this was last August. Whether he was courting any heiress at that date I never was informed; but I am informed that his commercial kites were kept up by rumors to that effect. Now I need not tell you that Eliza is too honest, and too sensible, and too spirited, and has too much good taste, to go into such a concern; and the dresses may go out of fashion, if they will."

The extreme mortification of Miss Williams increased, but her grief, if she felt any, much diminished, by an exhibit, under injunction of secrecy, of an account of confidential loans amounting to about ninety thousand dollars. It was the opinion of this court that the commercial, stock-jobbing and matrimonial schemes of this progressive individual had been mainly supported by the prodigal weakness of Croesus. On this basis he had managed to establish a general belief that he was to marry the daughter of a merchant of immense wealth; and when this failed he had played the same game with another lady, and nearly succeeded. The decision of the court was reserved.

Reader, allow us to introduce Mr. John Bowman. He is on the books of Mr. Croesus to the amount of about nine hundred dollars, in divers sums, all of which has been paid. The junior partner, from previous acquaintance, and the books, concludes that he may be trusted. She is now proposing to him to give up his clerkship in an eminent law concern, and take an office for himself. He is obliged to her—very deeply obliged for such interest and kindness: but thinks his ultimate success will be more sure if he remains the assistant of men of high reputation and ability until he becomes known,

by their liberal aid, to a reasonable number who may require his services. She rather pointedly inquires if they are very friendly to him; if they would remain friendly in case he should quit them: if they would aid him professionally, in difficult cases. He believes they would. Finally, she desires him to confer with them, to make sure of their good offices; and proposes to retain him as counsel in some cases out of the regular business of her concern.

Next day Mr. Bowman returns, and joyfully announces that he has been invited not to quit the office, but to become a partner, and has accepted. He looks with peculiar interest at Jenny Smith, who is present, and blushes, and smiles. But business is business; and they go at it. Jenny fears that her friend Julia will become wrinkled prematurely, if she meddles with business, and compresses her lips so rigidly.

"Mr. Bowman: you will have the kindness to examine the accounts in this book; and inquire what may be expected from them; and institute such proceedings as you judge will be best to settle them. First of all, and with the least delay consistent with your convenience, you will attend to the account of Mr. Washington Swift: in this case you will proceed with rigour. In other cases you will advise me when you think accommodation will be reasonable. You will understand that my husband, with great kindness, has sent me to inquire into the affairs of my father; and that I have found them in considerable peril; and, at my request, my husband has given me these claims, as my own, understanding that I intend to use them for my father's benefit. You will not be governed by my judgment; but I suggest that you may do well to consult with my father: perhaps he may be able to offset some of them. When you wish to see me on business, send word, and you will find me at home. When you can spare time to dine with us, or to make a social call, always come without special notice."

"Sweet is my revenge, especially to women." So sings Byron, as truly as

most poets sing. Before Bowman got through his task, he said one evening to his wife—from whom he kept no secrets of his own—that he had feared that his life would be embittered by one regret, however well he might be married. That fear had vanished: he no longer regretted that he could not have Julia. While his admiration of her had of late greatly increased, he had become convinced that he should have feared her so much that his fear would have cast out love. With all her accomplishments, and power of pleasing, and inspiring love, and all her aversion to wrong, and love of right, she was utterly unmerciful. Without a shade of relenting, she had exacted the instant payment—with three or four exceptions, of an aggregate of half a million dollars, which spongers, some of them knavish, but most of them thoughtless, had borrowed from her husband, who, high-principled as he was, had never learned that it was his duty to preserve the wealth he had inherited. It was fortunate for Cressus that he had such a wife. He seemed to love her, in spite of qualities which seemed to me incompatible with love. He feared that she did not love him, or any human creature: but she was more able to inspire love than most women who are capable of returning it.

"You mistake Julia, at least in a great degree. It is gratifying to me to be assured that you do not regret that she is not yours; but I ought to correct your unjust estimate of her heart. I know many instances, which I never learned from her, of acts of generous affection, and generous forgiveness; and, although I had more of her confidence than any other, I never knew her to betray the confidence even of those who strove to cheat her into alliance with ignoble pretension. I never was told by her that she did not entertain thoughts in favor of the exploded balloon Swift; but were I as sure of a long and prosperous life as I am that she never for an instant thought of marrying him, I should be perfectly content."

"So it may be: but it is hard for me to believe, after the service she has made me perform. But you have long been her bosom friend; and I ought to trust you

impressions rather than my own. This I believe : that she is faithful, kind, and even affectionate, wherever she professes friendship, and her friendship is not abused ; but if a despot were such as she, his subjects would tremble."

"Dearest : if she had been autocrat of this country for the last ten years, the present troubles could not have existed. If she had been *your* wife, she would not have felt it her duty to depart from her proper sphere ; and you would not have known that she was capable of such inflexibility. She's what her duty requires and her faculties enable her to be ; if her duty had allowed her to be more exclusively a woman, you would not have known her as you now know her. Others may be like her who seem totally different. Look among the poor women who have to protect themselves: do you not see in them enough to show that such elements are in all womankind, ready to burst out when there is occasion ?"

"Yes ; but in them the elements are without power : it is the union of power with unrelenting severity that, as I said, would make me fear such a wife, and that to such a degree that I could not love her as I think one should love a wife."

"Or as a woman should love a husband. We women know that fear is a great enemy of love. You are partly right : if Julia had such a husband as the unprincipled pretender Swift, and she discovered his true character, there would be fire in the house : she would certainly neglect no means of delivering herself from him. But you would have had nothing to fear : you must love her warmly as a friend : but I don't ask you to regret that you have me instead of her."

"Well, dear ; I believe that is the best way to arrange it : I will love my friend as a friend, and my wife as a wife, and thank God for both of them. Now you want me to tell you the end of all these complications in our social circle ?"

"Yes. My curiosity is always great ; and it has been pent up for some time ; and is decidedly prepared for all that you are at liberty to reveal."

"First : Mr. Dix has been released by his creditors, for sixty cents on the dollar.

He represented that if they would allow time, he could do better by them. Some of them were extremely rigorous, and even almost insulting, designing, probably, to get Croesus involved. But Julia, who would be present at the final meeting, in spite of my entreaties, made a speech that astonished them, and settled the whole business at once. She told them that she should not fail to do her duty as a daughter ; that her husband had most liberally and kindly provided her with means, and urged upon her much more than she had accepted : but her duty was to him, and not to his creditors. He had been true to them : had never been more profuse in his expenses than they allowed to be reasonable : his embarrassments were due to the common calamity, and his creditors ought to be content to take all he had. She was willing and prepared to pay the estimated value of his assets, if they would release him. They might judge whether, being released, he would ever voluntarily pay more, in case his hopes of collecting debts were realized. It was better that they should leave him active and unembarrassed, better for them as well as for him. But if they pressed severely, in expectation that she would sacrifice the interests of her father to avoid the stigma of a failure, they would be disappointed. What *he* had was theirs ; what *she* had was his : and if they did not take either the goods and papers, or the value as estimated in the paper before them, they could not possibly contrive to get any of *her* money. The dissentients gave in ; and very wisely ; for every one of them feels confident that he will be paid in full as soon as Dix has means of his own to pay. Nearly four hundred thousand was paid out : and a hundred thousand put in as new capital. Julia is special partner in the concern : and it is my opinion that she will make money, in spite of the times ; for Mr. Dix is considered one of the best merchants."

"Swift's creditors got nine cents on the dollar. Fortunately for him and his family, he has just met with an honorable death, at the head of his regiment,—the command having devolved on him in consequence of the Colonel being wounded.

The creditors of the other dashing friends of Cæsus have fared not much better. It is a remarkable fact that every one who has made free with Billy Cæsus is now utterly collapsed."

"And is Cæsus cured of his folly?"

"I am afraid not. He heard that I had been asking the price of the house up in our old neighborhood, and yesterday he said to me: "if you want money to buy a house, just let a fellow know: I think it may be a good time to buy." But his partner will take care that the business is well conducted. I have no longer any apprehensions on his account."

"And what are all our friends to do for husbands?"

"I am afraid they will have to marry men, or remain single until the country recovers its prosperity." I am glad Miss Williams has fallen in love with Mary Tyng, and taken her as a companion for life, since poor old Miss Tyng is dead, and she has become disgusted with the inconstant sex."

"Miss Williams is a good young woman, as well as a fine lady. Mary Tyng will be a charming companion for her, and save her the annoyance of a house full of birds and poodles."

"Julia wants us to spend next month at their country seat. Can you go into town every day, or as often as your business requires?"

"Yes."

"Then shall we go?"

"Yes. And we shall have a delightful time, of repose and recreation. I think I need it: and so do you. How happy are we to have such friends. Friends whose welcome we confidentially believe in."

"And whom we need not fear, in any sense. John: before we return, you will have got entirely rid of that conceit."

"It does not amount to much: I shall not be obstinate in holding it. Shall we go next Saturday, or wait until the month begins?"

"Next Saturday, of course, if you can be ready."

Do not ask if a man has been through college. Ask if a college has been through him;—if he is a walking university.

THE OAK OF

BY ADA H. THOMAS.

Who planted the acorn of freedom,
Deep down in the breast of the ages?
Who gave it the heat, and the moisture
That warmed it to life,—oh ye sages!

The frail, tiny shoot—who hath guarded
From frostings and snows of December,
From merciless heatings of summer,
And wild, chilling blasts of November?

Or when the red tongues of the lightnings
Flashed flame through the arches of heaven,
While men hid their eye balls in terror,
And all the proud forests were riven,—

Whose arm stayed the wrath of the tempest,
And guarded the oak to its glory?
It fills me with wonder,—oh, saviors,
Relate me the marvellous story!

Far back, in the beautiful ages,
When young were the hills, and the mountains,
When greener the mane of the ocean,
And sweeter the voices of fountains,—

When winds from the islands elysian
Wrapped earth in entranced embraces,
And all of her valleys prolific
Were teeming with happier races;

One day, from the sun-lighted mountains,
A god took his way to the river,
That flashed through its reeds, like an arrow
Lost heedlessly out of its quiver.

The blue of his eyes he had shaded
With lids, like the mists of the morning;
And redder his cheeks than the vapors
Which burn with the signals of warning.

Ah! fairest of gods, as he threaded
The red-bordered banks of the river,
For love, all the blossoming grasses
Bent low, with a tremulous shiver.

All white, paled the lily for longing;
And blood-red the phlox changed in blushes:
For love of his blue eyes, the reed buds
Blowed blue, as he walked through the rushes.

Thus listlessly wandering, an acorn,
Wave-sprinkled, fair-colored and teeming,
Swept up from the heart of the river,
And woke him straightway from his dreaming.

Right down, from the sides of Olympus,
The waters poured swift in the river:
The god grasped the seed of the forest,
And cried "Surely Jove is the giver!"

He scooped with his fingers a hollow,
Where warmly the sun lay, when shadows
Stole down from the cloud-hooded mountains,
To darken the wide-spreading meadows.

He gathered soft loam from the forest,
Dead leaves from the reeking morasses,
Long, musical reeds from the river,
And feathery, blossoming grasses.

"Ah! sweeter than reeds it shall murmur;
Shall rival the strength of the river,
Exist when the mountains are fallen!
For Jove of Olympus is giver."

The lily paled whiter, despairing,
And died in a tremulous shiver;
The phloxes flushed redder with anger,—
The flags hid their shame in the river.

But straight from its cradle, the acorn,
Beloved of the fairest Immortal,
Shot up, till it vied with Olympus,
And gazed through the cloud-guarded portal.

Shone white, through the mists of the morning;
Glowed red, with the sunset of even;
When tempests swept down from the mountains,
Burned blue, as the pavement of Heaven!

The forests unnumbered departed,—
The mountains grew wrinkled and hoary,
The gods, in a happier region,
Exceeded their olden-time glory.

The clouds from Olympus had lifted,—
Wide open the long guarded portals;—
The river had dried, and in dust, lay
The oak of the happy Immortals.

The earth travailed on in her labor,
Grown aged, and worn, in her sorrow,
Remembering the light of her morning,
To dread the dark shades of her morrow.

One day, from her cloud-hidden mountains,
A man wandered down to the river,
That flashed through its reeds, like an arrow
Lost heedlessly out of its quiver.

And thoughtfully wand'ring, an acorn,
Wave-sprinkled, fair-colored and teeming,
Swept up from the heart of the river,
And woke him straightway, from his dream—

Right down from the misty Hereafter,
The waters rushed swift in the river,—
The man grasped the seedling of freedom,
And cried, "Surely God is the giver!"

He scooped with his fingers, a hollow,
Where warmly the sun lay, when shadows
Strode down from the mountains of horror,
To darken the wide-spreading meadows.

He gathered the souls of the freemen,—
Far whiter than mists of the morning;
He poured out their blood in a fountain,
That faded the signals of warning.

Blue eyes gave their light, at his bidding,
To guide its dark way through the shadows;
Blue lips breathed their prayers unceasing,
Blue hands toiled on hill sides and meadows.

And straight from its cradle, the acorn
Shot up,—but the earth had grown older;
Less full of the life of her pristine—
The blood in her arteries colder.

Seven years did the summers and winters
Keep march—till the oak in its glory,
Grown strong with the moisture of freemen,
Out-rivalled the heathenish story.

Shone white, through the mists of the morning,
Glowed red, with the sunset of even;
When tempests swept down from the mountains,
Burned blue, as the pavement of Heaven.

Thus planted—~~the~~ acorn of freedom!
Thus painted the hues of our Nation!
God-given, God-nurtured,—Jehovah
Insures its eternal salvation.

Summit, Wisconsin, Aug. 1862.

BROKEN CHAINS.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

The mistress of a beautiful Southern mansion lay sleeping in her chamber. The thick curtains caused a sort of twilight there, and the faint fragrance of fair flowers filling the alabaster vases on the marble stands, made the air strangely oppressive. The furniture of the lofty apartment was all in order, and every little article of daily use was put out of sight.

Madam Hayward lay upon her snowy couch in motionless repose, and at the foot of the bed knelt a young maiden whose face was hidden in her hands. Alas, too deep, too still was the lady's slumber! It was the last, long sleep of death. They had robbed her for the tomb, with loving, reverend touch and flooding tears. Lina had directed all things; her taste and judgment even the haughty daughter, Mrs. Col. Gordon, did not dispute, and all had pronounced her work well done. Lastly, she had laid an exquisite white japonica with myrtle leaves upon the dear sleeper's breast, and there was nothing more for love to do.

Then all her suppressed anguish arose like a mighty torrent and overwhelmed her heart. She fell upon her knees and the sound of her bitter sobbing smote the air. Utterly desolate and bereaved was the little maiden. Her beloved mistress and friend, her foster mother, was no more. And Oh, the cruel parting was not all! Who would befriend her now? who

must henceforth be her mistress? What dread future lay before her?

Sixteen summers had Lina counted, and all her life long had she been a slave. But hers had been a gentle bondage—the chains of slavery had been a silken flower, wreathed on to her—it had never galled her sensitive spirit. She had been more like a child than a servant to the good Madam Hayward. In that household love had been the ruling spirit.

Madam Hayward had been a widow for many years; her son and daughter, long since married, resided in Washington, consequently she lived alone with her devoted servants.

Mrs. Col. Gordon often remonstrated with her mother upon her indulgence to her servants; she specially objected to her treatment of Lina. Though Lina was fair and beautiful, she was still a slave, and that fact should ever be impressed upon her mind. But Madam Hayward would smile and gently waive the subject, and, if possible, be kinder still to her little maid.

Madam Hayward was so idolized by her servants, that she needed seldom to command, for her wishes were all anticipated. Now death had breathed upon the beloved one, and she lay ready for the last resting place. A bleak cloud enveloped that splendid home, and grieving hearts throbbed fearfully in dusky bosoms.

Lina was not permitted a long indulgence of her sorrow. Her name was called in a sharp, imperative whisper, and she lifted up her head like one bewildered. Mrs. Gordon stood at the door beckoning to her. She obeyed mechanically, and stepped out into the hall and closed the door. Mrs. Gordon looked searchingly into her tear-stained face, and grew much displeased. She had been half jealous of the love her mother had lavished upon this girl, and was angry at such manifestations of sorrow.

"Lina," she said, in a cold, stern voice, "let us have no more of this. Stop crying and attend to your work. If you do not behave you will surely suffer for it. I don't make babies of my servants, as you will soon learn. You have been humored and praised until you think

yourself handsome and better than the rest of your class, but you are not. You are no better and just as much a slave as the blackest darkey in the house. Do you hear, girl?"

Lina had been listening with a frightened air, and at these words she shrank and drooped as from a sudden blow.

"Meg is in the breakfast room, making crape trimming; do you go and help her as fast as you can; there are yards and yards to make."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lina, humbly, and she turned away.

"What's the hurry, pretty one?" cried Mr. Allen Hayward, intercepting her on the way, and putting his hand on her shoulder. Lina trembled, blushed deeply, and turned her face away.

Mr. Hayward was a handsome man of thirty-five, with a proud, dashing air, selfish, wilful mouth, and dangerous eyes.

He smiled triumphantly as he saw the girl's trepidation, but said, in a soothing tone, "don't be afraid, puss; I think you are deuced good-looking. I'll take you to Washington, and I'll swear there'll not be a handsomer wench in the city. Do you know you are mine, now, child? You shall have fine times; no work to do, and plenty of gay clothes. Eh, Lina, look up and call me master!"

But Lina could not; she started away, panting and sobbing. In the breakfast room, Meg, Mrs. Gordon's maid, sat crying over her work.

"Come, help me, Lina," she cried, crossly, "or missus will beat me again. Work hard as ever I can she will call me lazy. Oh, dear!"

Lina did not heed her. She stood with clenched hands, the image of despair. A slave—oh, was she a slave? She had never been called so before; she had never realized it until now. "A slave—a slave"—and she writhed as if in torture. Her face and form were reflected in the mirror, and she could have cursed her beauty then, for even in her fright and grief she was wondrously beautiful. A clear, olive complexion was hers; scarlet, pouting lips, teeth like pearls, starry eyes, and a magnificent wealth of purple black hair, which fell in wavy ringlets to her

waist. "O, hateful beauty," she thought, "better be like black, stupid Meg."

"*A slave, and his!*" she cried aloud, "I shall die, *I shall die!*"

Meg looked up in amaze. She was always bewailing her fate as the servant of so cruel a task-mistress, but had no conception of the depth of anguish expressed in Lina's voice and manner.

Lina was not ignorant of the profligate character of Allen Hayward. She had seen her dear mistress weep when she knew his conduct was the cause, and she had felt instinctively that Madam Hayward wished to keep her out of his sight. Alas, poor child, the instruction which had made her so pure and womanly, seemed now but a cruel kindness!

"Allen Hayward's slave — subject to his will! Oh, God have pity!"

She sank down upon the floor moaning and weeping.

"Get up instantly and go to work!" it was the voice of Mrs. Gordon, trembling with passion. "Bad as Meg is, she would not dare to disobey me so. Get up, I say! If it were not for my mother lying dead in the house, I'd teach you a lesson you would not soon forget!"

Lina wiped her eyes, and in utter desperation commenced her work. Mrs. Gordon stood looking upon the two girls with lowering brow, for a little time, then withdrew in dignified silence. She found her brother in the parlor. He instantly saw the cloud upon her brow.

"What now, sister, you look terribly vexed?"

"I am; Lina is such an impudent piece. Mother has spoiled her, I fear, but I'll try to subdue her, and I never failed in such an undertaking."

"O, pshaw! let the girl alone; she is well enough, and besides she need not trouble you long, for I shall take her in my share of the property."

"No, indeed, Allen, mother intended to give her to me. A few months discipline will make her humble enough. She is a beautiful sewer and the handiest maid I ever saw: worth six of those like Meg. Now don't say a word, Lina is mine."

"But I do say a word," persisted Mr. Hayward, "*Lina is mine!*" I've cov-

eted her this two years, and do you think that because she is a nice waiting-maid that I shall give her up to you? No, Madam Gordon. Besides she will be happier with me, for you would discipline her, and I shall treat her like a queen. Take your pick of all the others, but I'll take Lina."

Mrs. Gordon flushed to the temples and bit her lips in anger. Though she was silent she did not yield the point; she only waited, out of respect to her mother's memory to press the subject further. She did not wish to quarrel with her high-tempered brother about the division of the property, while the poor lady lay dead in the house. A long procession of carriages followed Madam Hayward to the grave, and many tears of sincere sorrow were shed, for her unobtrusive goodness had won loving friends. But the household servants, who gathered around the open grave with irrepressible groans and weeping, were the truest mourners. Helpless children bereaved of parents and home, could not be more desolate than they, for the most dreadful possibilities lay in their future. Lina lingered alone by the resting place of her beloved mistress until night, then, with the fountain of tears all exhausted, she returned to the house, sick with forebodings of woe.

The property was to be divided equally between the brother and sister, the mother having left the arrangement of matters to their own discretion. Allen Hayward was an honorable man in regard to business affairs, and was prepared to make a just division of the estate. But a serious quarrel arose between him and Mrs. Gordon, concerning the poor slave girl Lina. Both were determined to own her.

"These are troublesome times," said Mr. Hayward, "and slave property is in a precarious condition. This war is stirring things up strangely. I think that our domestic institutions are likely at any moment to be destroyed, and the fewer niggers we have in our possession the better for us. I claim Lina, but the other servants falling to my share I shall dispose of immediately."

Mrs. Gordon coincided with her brother in the plan of disposing of the property, but claimed Lina as her own.

Mr. Hayward offered to allow thrice the value for Lina, even more, if his sister would give her up to him. But no. She was determined to own the beautiful girl, and argued her point as energetically as her brother.

The discussion waxed warmer and warmer, until ungenerous and unmanly and unwomanly words were uttered. But after all both were obliged to yield, and concluded to give Lina up and dispose of her with the other servants, at public auction.

One evening the principal servants were grouped in the kitchen, where for many years, Juno, the cook, had reigned with undisputed sway. Juno was a wholesome looking mulatto, past middle age, with a commanding, self-sufficient air. In her way she was quite an autocrat, and exercised far more authority than her gentle mistress had ever done. She was a famous cook, and prouder of that distinction than author or artist ever was of fame. Still, she had a soft heart in spite of her scolding tongue. Her "ole man," the coachman, she treated like a petted child, and her only child, or rather the only one cruel fate had permitted her to retain, was the idol of her heart. Her mistress, Madam Hayward, she loved devotedly, and would have served her upon her knees if it had been required.

Jane, the housemaid, and Alonzo, the waiter, sat on the door step side by side. Their hands were clasped together and tears were in the eyes of each. They loved, and Madam Hayward had promised that they should marry soon. The pretty Jane had dreamed of the wedding festival every night for a month, and the white muslin for the wedding robe had been purchased by her generous mistress. Now their cup of bliss had been dashed to the ground, and their hearts were full of bitter grief.

Nancy, the laundry woman, sat in a corner rocking a babe upon her bosom. She was very black, and her features were of the true African type. She had not been an inmate of the establishment long, and seemed unlike all the other servants. Her ways were sullen and repulsive, so that the gentle Madam Hayward had been

tried by her stupidity and obstinacy. No one loved her, and she loved none except the black mite of humanity in her arms.

Poor Nancy! black, ugly, unlovely, a slave—but *still a woman!* She never spoke of her past life, yet she could have told a story of tragedy. She had never known a home, never a friend. She had been passed from one master to another continually, and toil and abuse had been her daily lot. Five times had she been a mother, and each time until now had her babe in early infancy been torn from her bosom, and sold away from her. She had struggled at parting, and contended like an enraged tigress, then from sheer exhaustion she would sink into sullen despondency. Her heart was turned to stone with but one womanly spot where the word *mother* was written.

Juno's "ole man" gave an audible sigh, and said, "if it must be, it must. 'Pears like 'twill be hard to lose our Joe, now, but Mass'r Allen will want him, and Missus Gordon will take us."

"O dear," responded Juno, "'taint no matter where we be now since ole missus is gone—there is nobody like her. Joe is so spunky and pert it will be hard times for him, poor boy!"

The lad she commiserated, at that moment passed by Juno and Alonzo and stood in their midst. He was a straight, bright-eyed boy of fourteen, with a clear, dark complexion and features so purely European that he might have denied his lineage but for his wooly hair. There was an expression upon his face which attracted the attention of each one present, as he stood with lips apart and breast rising and falling with strong excitement.

"Mother," he burst out at length, *mother, to-morrow we'll be sold at auction; every one of us!*"

A cry of dismay and anguish burst forth from each heart.

"Oh, Lor! it can't be, nohow!" groaned Juno.

"Who told you?" asked Alonzo, rising to his feet and standing very erect.

"Major Simmons just now patted me on the head and said I was a smart boy, and that he should look out to-morrow and buy me if I didn't go too high."

"*Buy you—Oh, Lor!*" and Juno wrung the black, toil hardened hands.

"Just what I said, 'buy me?' and he said, 'certainly, your name and tother servants of Madam Hayward is put down on the list to be sold to-morrow at auction.'"

A groan went around the circle and the women burst into tears. Lina, in passing through the room, had heard Joe's last words, and she stood transfixed with horror.

"Yes, you, *you'll* be sold, too!" cried Jane with a flash of cruel joy even in her pain. She had ever been jealous of Lina's beauty and superior privileges. "You'll come down now and be a nigger like the rest of us!"

"Jane, Jane!" said the kinder Alonso in beseeching tones.

"I don't care!" cried the girl with a renewed flood of tears.

"Now Missus is dead we's all gwyn to destruction," sobbed Juno, "me and my 'ole man' 'ill be totin round the world till we die—and Joe! Oh, Joe, praps 'ill go to Georgia!"

"Mother, see here," commanded Joe, "Is'n a nigger, *but I won't be a slave!* I shall watch my chance and mabby I'll be in Canady some day," and the boy threw back his head with strong determination.

"O, don't Joe, *don't*, you'll git ketched and be whipped to death." Poor old Juno was getting quite wild with apprehension.

All this time Nancy had sat strangely quiet with her face hidden in her baby's hair. She had made no sign of pain, and the others in their own trouble cast no thought upon her. But the deepest, bitterest sorrow was in her soul, and a wild determination arose in her clouded mind.

With fleet steps Lina passed on to Mrs. Gordon's room. She had thought it a dreadful alternative to be either the servant of that lady or her brother, but now a more awful and unlooked for future loomed before.

To be sold at public auction! a young, beautiful maiden, pure, womanly and refined! Any who had money could buy, be he ever so brutal, coarse or wicked!

Shuddering and weeping hysterically, Lina cast herself at Mrs. Gordon's feet,

Mrs. Gordon instantly divined the cause of Lina's grief, and her face blanched as she passed her jeweled hand over her brow with affected bewilderment.

"*Oh, Mrs. Gordon, have pity, have pity!*"

"What do you mean, child?"

"They say out in the kitchen that we are all to be sold to-morrow!"

"Well." Mrs. Gordon's voice was very cold and indifferent, but an accusing conscience seemed whispering in her ear the dying words of her mother—"be kind to my servants, especially poor Lina."

"Oh, Mrs. Gordon, *don't, don't!* I am on my knees to you. I am humble enough now! you have said that I was above my place and needed discipline; you have said that you would soon take me down—Oh, do it! punish me, beat me every hour; I will work while I have breath; *but don't sell me!*"

"What a parade you make," cried the lady. "Are not servants sold every day, and is it worse for you than others?"

"But my mistress was so kind to me, and I never expected such a thing!" pleaded Lina. "Let me be your slave, don't sell me and I will serve you so faithfully that you will be glad you granted my prayer!"

Mrs. Gordon turned her eyes from the beautiful face upturned to hers in such agonizing appeal, saying, "No, no, child, it cannot be. I am sorry for you; it is hard, but no worse for you than thousands of others. Now be a good girl and don't trouble me any more; go, go, for I am tired."

Lina felt that her fate was sealed, and turned away in despair.

"Pretty Lina, don't cry," said Allen Hayward in her ear. She started and shuddered as if at the hiss of a serpent.

"You are to be mine yet, in spite of Mrs. Col. Gordon. Though I do not take you in the division of the property, I suppose I have as good a right to buy you as any body; he, he, he! Lina, to-morrow put on your poorest dress, braid up this beautiful hair, and mind me when they put you up for sale, that you look dull and cross, and don't show those eyes of yours. You're a prize and I'll win you. Do you

hear, and will you obey? remember I'm to be your master."

Lina, trembling, answered "yes," and still more humbled and grief stricken, she hurried away.

The dread morrow came. A sad, silent group were ranged in the kitchen of the Hayward establishment. They must give up the home they had known so long; they must be parted cruelly and widely. Lina was there crouching in one corner, dressed as her future master had commanded. The idea of being sold was tenfold more harrowing to her than to her ignorant companions, and the probability of becoming the property of Allen Hayward did not in the least lighten the burden of her woe.

Nancy sat as yesterday, with her child in her arms, constrained and motionless.

"Glory, glory! shout glory!" cried Joe, rushing into the cabin and seizing his mother around the waist. "Shout, every one of you, glory!"

"Is the world comin' to an end?" gasped the frightened Juno.

"No, no," cried the boy in triumphant tones, "but *slavery is!* we're free—we're free!"

All were crowding around him but Nancy, questioning in broken phrases the meaning of his words.

"Brother Sampson was a preachin' on 'e meetin' house steps and all the cullud op'lation was 'bout him. I stopped to hear, and he said, 'Shout Ethiopia, your chains have fallen; the day of deliverance has come—you are free, *you are free!*'"

Brother Sampson was a free colored preacher, much looked up to and believed in by the negroes of the neighborhood. Hope, sunshine, was beaming in the faces of Joe's listeners.

"Has the war done it?" asked Juno's 'ole man.'

"Have the niggers ris?" queried Alonzo, meaning to ask if there was insurrection of the slaves.

"Have the abolitioners come?" asked another, eagerly.

"O, pooh," cried Joe, contemptuously, "it's done easier than you say. The President, bless him! has said 'free all the nigger in the distric' o' Columby,' an' when he speaks it is done. We shan't be

sold to-day—we *shall be free*—O, glory!" And Joe danced about the cabin in ecstasy.

Foolish people! they fell to weeping for joy, and shouted 'Glory,' with Joe, most uproariously.

But Lina feared and trembled. With pallid lips she implored Joe to stop dancing and tell her all he knew about it. The boy pulled a paper from his pocket, saying, "you can read about it and tell us."

Lina was not ignorant of the nature of the war in which the country was involved, and vague hopes of such a possibility had presented themselves to her even in the depths of her despair.

She read, and with gushing tears assured her companions that Joe had told them truly. They were all to be purchased of their masters and made free.

Free! free! Oh, glorious tidings! it was as though the morning sun had risen upon the midnight of their woe.

Free! sweet word, blessed word, to black as well as white. It seemed too good to be true, and for a few moments they were silent from depth of feeling. Then Juno clasped her 'ole man' around his neck with her great black arms, sobbing, "*We shan't die slaves, O, bress de Lor!*"

Joe walked the cabin back and forth with the air of a general. The fires of manhood were struggling in his breast. Slavery would have been a bitter thing for him.

Alonzo and Jane fell into each others arms. They were free. No man could part them. They might love and wed; they might toil for and with each other and none could gainsay their right.

But Lina's sense of deliverance was greater still than theirs. One moment she had crouched upon the floor, a *slave*, crushed, humbled to the dust, and writhing at the prospect of such degradation. Now she stood erect; her chains were loosed, and she could wrap the mantle of pure womanhood about her and go her way. Her heart leaped up like a winged creature, singing praises to God.

She left her companions to the characteristic manifestations of their joy, and went forth to the grave of Madam Hay-

ward. O, for the sympathy and direction of that unselfish friend! With a renewed sense of loss and anguish, she cast herself above the dust of her dear mistress, and gave herself up to uncontrolled weeping. Though no more a slave she was homeless, helpless, friendless. God pity thee, poor Lina.

But while the tears were flowing, hope whispered encouraging words in her ear. She recalled the counsel of Madam Hayward, and a thrill of unutterable joy went through her soul as she thought that the dear one in heaven could look upon her and know how well and purely she could live. Now no one could say unto her, "I am thy master." She was free, *she was free!* Was that not enough for her? She arose from the grave, after giving thanks to God and asking his guidance and protection, strengthened and soothed.

On reaching the grounds before the house she encountered Allen Hayward. The news of the morning had excited in him a high degree of excitement, and at the sight of Lina, it broke forth in curses loud and deep. She was in his very path, yet she did not tremble and droop and shrink, as when she last met him. She calmly raised her wonderful dark eyes to his, and the new expression in them told him that she knew he had no more power over her. He ground his teeth, lifted up one hand with a menacing gesture, partly in defiance of her, partly of the government, and strode on his way.

Mrs. Gordon had exhausted her first indignation at the President's proclamation, in conversation with her brother, and sat pale and stern, considering upon the future, when Juno appeared before her with disturbed eyes and outspread hands. "Oh—oh—Missus!" she gasped. "Nancy has clare kilt her baby. He slept he self to death in her arms!"

Mrs. Gordon started in affright, and followed the cook to the cabin. Lina was bending over Nancy and the babe. The child was in the still, deep sleep of death, and Nancy looked on it with icy composure. She was deaf to the reproaches and lamentations of her fellow servants. She declared that she gave it laudnum to make it die, and she was glad that it could not wake.

"O, what a wretch!" cried Mrs. Gordon, with a shiver, "some people pretend that these creatures have feelings like white folks; this looks like it!"

"Mrs. Gordon, why did she do it? because she loved it so much! 'twas easier to let it sleep its life away in her arms than to see it torn from her heart to be sold in slavery."

Was that Lina who spoke as an equal in that clear, searching tone; she who yesterday knelt and prayed that she might be her slave?

It was too much for Mrs. Gordon. The dead child, the wronged mother, the freed maiden, looking with that mournful reproach upon her. She turned and silently went away.

"O, poor Nancy," cried Lina, with a flood of tears, "we are free now, and the baby might have been free too!"

But Nancy's dulled senses could not take in the idea. Her child was free, for death had broken the chains of slavery. The boon of liberty had come too late for him. Too late, *too late, alas!*

"Free, free!" murmured the poor creature—"yes we'll be free up there!" She threw up her hands, there was a passing gleam in her eye, then she sank back in the spasm of death.

Nancy had followed her child. The universal liberator had led her forth from all earthly bondage, and she was never more to be a slave. Poor Nancy! God take thee to himself!

IN THE MAY TIME.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

When the gates of the sweet May sunset
Burned gold through the azure gloom,
And silvery pink like sea shells
Were the orchard boughs in bloom;
And the dew was thick on the long grass
And lay impearled where it fell,
With a hurried step I hastened
Adown through the greenwood dell.

'Twas not for watching the elm tree
Where the oriole's nest was hung,
Or the shy, dark eyes of the robins
Which 'mid the branches swung:
But because that an angel tender
Had come o'er the shadowless sea
To lead me forth in the splendor
Back to what used to be!

How softly I followed the vision,
 Though it was a thing of air;
 With the nameless grace of its presence
 And its drooping shining hair:
 Adown thro' the long, green pasture,
 Where the last faint daylight fell
 O'er the broken sheen of the waters
 That flashed in the greenwood dell.

Above the boughs were in blossom,
 Beyond the boughs were in bloom,
 And the golden gates of the sunset
 Shone through the gathering gloom:
 As there at my feet I saw them
 Dewy and pensive eyed,
 Such violets large and purple,
 As he brought me ere he died.

They smiled in their meek, faint beauty,
 With others pallid as snow;
 White as the brow of our darling
 When he was laid down low;
 Oft for me he had culled them,
 Ere we were severed apart,
 And the buried flowers folded
 Down on his stainless heart.

I severed the long stems gently,
 For could not my spirit see
 How the beautiful shadowing angel
 Gazed down thro' the dusk on me?
 As the snowy bells of the lilies
 On the rocks began to toll,
 Touched by the hand of the night wind,
 Speaks he not to my soul?

Thus clasping my violets closely,
 From under the boughs of bloom
 I glided back to the pathway,
 White in the risen moon;
 But the vision holy and tender
 Had fled o'er the shadowy sea,
 That came in the sunset splendor
 To gather those flowers with me!

MARGARET THORP.

BY ADA H. THOMAS.

A gray-robed figure, with folded hands and fair still face, framed in among the plumed lilac branches, rested, looking out through the clusters of purple blossoms, upon the glad afternoon, smiling in sunshine, and gleeful with singing birds; looking out upon the sunlit tree tops of the farther forest, and the nearer swells of the meadows; with white dots of homesteads among the greener foliage where the village lay, and nearer still upon the apple trees, white with milky clusters, and plums hidden in a mantle as pure as that the spring winds had melted not long ago, — and underneath, the green of the tufted June grass, dotted with dandelions, and flecked with sunshine.

The door was open, and the sunlight fallen in through the maple branches, painted wonderful pictures of glancing sunbeams and fluttering leaves; and a thrush just outside sent in his blessing in an enraptured strain, trilling out his gladness in a rippling flood, taking short flights among the branches of apple and plum, coming back to his hidden treasures, to swell out the gushes of melody, until the breezes stopped among the apple blossoms to listen.

There was nothing aside from the glory of the day, and the face and form of the girl, to beautify the room; for the sunshine fell on an uncarpeted floor, the walls were destitute of paper, the windows had simple muslin shades looped back with knots of ribbon; and in furniture there was only a table with plain white cover, a sewing stand with basket and thimble, the needle in a stitch of hemming, thrown down carelessly; plain chairs, and the only article of luxury, a mahogany bookcase with curious carved doors; but looking at the girl there was that in her face, youth and hope and cheerfulness, sufficient to beautify any surroundings.

"Margaret, Margaret!" and the hurried, light steps of a boy, with his ringing voice, were heard with the latch fall of the gate, before he rushed into the room, making a long break in the sun-pictures. "Guess what I've brought you?" going up to her with his hands behind him.

"Well, in the first place, you've brought my careless brother who never hangs up his hat, and secondly you have not forgotten to bring along the package from Smith's."

"As sure as you live." Backing up to his hat thrown down on the table, taking it in his hand; "and something beside. It's an invitation from Mrs. Burton to a tea party on the island for to-morrow, and you're to have a vacation, and I'm to bring you at two o'clock, that is, provided Mr. Manning favors me with an half day's recreation."

"Arrangements complete," she said; taking the note from him, opening it with a quick movement peculiar to her, flitting it again for the envelope, as she finished the perusal, listening to her brother who continued:

"I met Mrs. Burton coming from the store. They could not come to-day, Louisa said; but would call to-morrow morning certainly. She sent her love to you." A bright smile rippled over Margaret's face.

"How does she look now?"

"As pretty as that almond blossom out there," he said with enthusiasm.

"Your comparison is unfortunately chosen," she said, a slight melancholy softening her face, "It is the blossom of a day, such soft tints are not lasting."

"Oh I'm sure she is really well," he said confidently, "for her cheeks are rosier than yours, and she doesn't look in the least ill. But isn't it almost supper time, sis," looking around the room, seeing no signs of preparation: whereat he made a wry face. "That's the way a fellow is repaid for services rendered to his sister. Well I'll just go into the garden and declare war against those abominable weeds. They grow so I'm mortally afraid of waking up some morning in an impenetrable forest of bloodroot and pig weed. Isn't the lettuce looking splendid though!" he called from the back door, — preparatory to taking his hoe; "After all its a garden to be proud of, for all are not weeds that meet the eye," with a satisfied flourish of the hoe, indicating the rows of green where the vegetables associated together happily; or as was the case with the beet bed, drooped despondently in lonely bunches. Margaret came out with an admiring countenance, while he showed her how fast the little green leaves had opened on the peas since last night's dews, how the unformed fruit was rapidly taking the shape of currants on the bushes: and changed into a sympathizing look, as he mourned the depredations in the unhappy beet bed made early in the morning by an investigating pig. "He was well beaten before he left, I assure you," he said; beaming with the thought of the merited reward of the investigator. "I should judge he was," Margaret remarked dryly, looking at the rows of ugly trenches where the little red beets had once so contentedly flourished.

She was standing thus, listening to Willie's graphic account of the terrific en-

counter that had ensued before the final punishment and expulsion of the despoiler of domestic gardens, when suddenly her young narrator stopped in the midst of his tale bowing over her shoulder. She looked up to see a tall stranger, with fish hook and fish, gravely regarding them. He bowed addressing her: "I beg your pardon for intruding;" then to her brother, "I saw you from the lane. I have brought your pole; it is famous, and did me good service."

Margaret went back into the house, and quietly set about getting supper. She was quiet in all things but never idle, — even when at rest the little fingers had a tendril like habit of twining one with another; but now they worked to a purpose. Willie liked warm biscuits, — he had been hard at work all day in the store, he was tired and hungry she knew. So there was the kneading board to bring, the milk and other articles; then the grey sleeves must be looped and fastened; the blue checked apron donned; and thus prepared, she made quick work of mixing, rolling, cutting, and getting them into the oven in the little back kitchen. Catching a glimpse of her then, her usually colorless face glowing with exercise, her white arms the least sprinkled with flour, Philip Copeland as he betook himself toward the village, wished he had accepted Willie's invitation that he might have a taste of those wonderful cakes.

Pouring out and seasoning Willie's cup, when all was prepared, Willie said confidently, "I tell you what, sis, I mean to become just such a man as he."

"Well, who is 'he'?"

"Why, Dr. Copeland, to be sure."

"And 'why Dr. Copeland to be sure,'" she questioned. "Well, he seems about the fairest specimen of a man I've had the pleasure of knowing. There's Mr. Manning is a bluff, honest good hearted sort of a man, kind and all that sort of thing; but bless you! he no more compares with his cousin, than — than anything!" at a loss for a suitable comparison to indicate the immense difference existing between the two gentlemen — "I don't know how it is, but I think, someway, he is possessed with more soul than most folks, sympathy

or whatever you call it ; for he acts in a manner as if he were half way related to you, and had an especial interest in your welfare particularly."

"He must be a wonderful man to have walked into your affections so unceremoniously. I shall begin to look upon him, as Mohammed regarded his wonderful angel visitants, only this phenomenon doesn't appear, as did they, in the garden or elsewhere, for that matter."

"Don't he?" how stupid in me. That was Dr. Copeland from whom you ran in such an unceremonious way just now. I had forgotten you didn't know him. You never go even to Mrs. Manning's now-a-days. I just wish that school was in Guinea, it is wearing you into a shadow."

"Shadows are not supposed to take their second biscuits"; reaching out for hers.

"Well when I in a man —"

"I sincerely hope you will be a good and true one, even if the school continues indefinitely, and Guinea not thought of."

"To be sure I shall, I intend to pattern after Dr. Copeland."

The ensuing morning came with bright sunshine and melody, the air heavy with dew impearled blossoms. Margaret arose early. There was always much to be done before nine o'clock brought the score of uneasy, restless limbed children, bright, stupid or common place, who taxed her time and strength for seven hours. There were Willie's clothes to look over this morning. Poor boy, there were not many of them to be sure, but what there were, were mostly well worn and thin, requiring constant attention and renovation. He could not indulge in new garments like most boys of his age for, come what might in the way of seedy clothes to him or her, he must have an education ; and then he did n't need them, for nothing could make the bright face look better or fuller of future promise, thought the proud sister as she plied her needle, patching here a small rent, and there a determined fracture. Dear boy, she thought, what a comfort he was to her, how since her mother went, he had been her one hope,—as thoughtful and considerate, so much like the dear father she remembered of her younger

girlhood, of whom her mother had spoken always. "A good man," that was Willie's greatest ambition thank God. And so the needle with its slender thread kept pace with the busy thoughts, and the thoughts sang in concord with the thrush in the maple, and the robin in the plum tree, until the clock in the school room broke in on both reverie and work as the last stitch was taken. Breakfast was nothing to prepare, and Willie had been gone two hours, whistling down the lane on his way to the store, morning work all completed before eight o'clock sounded from the school room, and the sound of wheels, stopping at the gate, with the quiet hum of women's voices, brought Margaret to the door flush and expectant. The greetings were full of warmth, as greetings are when friends meet for the first time after a long separation, kind words and kisses mixed with hurried questionings and happy answers. And Margaret knowing how the past had tried them in the balance and found them not wanting, when others had flown at the first breath of misfortune, as the petted birds of the southland take wing when the first blast comes down from the north in October, felt her whole heart grow warmer at the return of these dear ones, who had always such a warm nook in their affections where she might rest secure.

"Not in there, Margaret, out under the apple trees;" said Louisa as Margaret at length, awakened to her position as hostess ; "not there, I'll not breathe Woonsutta air within walls, when it is to be had in such an excess of sweet out of doors. It is so good to see the apple blossoms again!" she said letting go Margaret's hand to gather, in child-like delight a whole bunch of pink, feeling of it with soft caressing fingers. Looking at her so Margaret thought they were something akin, the bunch of pink blossoms and buds, and the girl in her dress of some pink floating stuff, with thin fair skin, transparent as sea shell, soft hair and eyes, the impersonations, both, of beauty in form and coloring.

"You can't tell how I've envied you this last year, having all the off scenes around you, but then you give yourself no time for sight seeing."

"Oh yes I do," said Margaret laughing; you've no idea what a landscape can be narrowed into a window. Why, I've the whole of the Burreen hills in one pane of glass, and between classes I can look at them, recalling hosts of memories to fill them out into sunlight where the shadows lie most."

"Those old runs over the hills, how often I thought of them lying in the stifling stateroom, hearing the ceaseless dash of the waves, longing so for just one breath of the clear pure air I knew was rushing down the gullies up among the Burreen; and it seemed like a half glimpse of paradise when, nearing the island, I could see the hills of Porto Rico rising tier on tier of green, with orange and lemon groves; and among the foliage the little villages of plantations. I wish you had the picture as I saw it, sick of sea sights and sounds and gales, with the hot winds that stir the Carribbean at times; with that wilderness of vivid green and promising coolness."

"The pictures and odors and southern sea breezes have wrought a miracle I see, said Margaret, contrasting the face and form with that of the drooping girl who went as she had feared only a year since, to find a grave among the islands of the Carribbean.

"Yes, I have brought her back all bloom, and promising vigor: but you, child, look worn and wearied. I'm going to have you down to the Farm for a long time to keep us in spirits, and gather a little more strength. You must come at the close of your term."

Happy tears welled up in Margaret's eyes. It was so good to have again these friends to care for her, and recall the days when she stood not so alone and sad.

"And for the present," broke in Louisa, "you and Willie are to come down to-day. We are to have only a quiet little party for this time, all your acquaintances excepting Dr. Copeland, who tells me he has not met you yet. He is a Porto Rico friend and already knows of you through me."

"Indeed," said Margaret, I should have been so anxious to meet him had I known this before. Mrs. Manning has

been so troubled with her anxiety for her sick baby that I had no opportunity to question her when she told me she had received news of you."

"Of course you would have been, — but for no other reason, oh most retiring Margaretta! But there come fifty or less of your cherubs, and we will bid you good morning. Come early, be sure," she added, as she sprang into the carriage, looking back to fling a kiss to Margaret standing under the maple. The clock struck nine. She walked leisurely into the school room, greeted with enthusiasm. With little hand-clingings and kisses, Little Lena Manning brought a bouquet of pure white verbenas, fragrant heliotropes, pink-belled fuschias and myrtle sprays. Mrs. Manning knew Margaret's passion for flowers. The bell was rung and then there was reading and grammar, arithmetic, drawing, algebra and spelling in half learned lessons, few perfect, but those few repaying her for weary headaches, and, very rarely, heartaches. They were all sent away at one, — boisterous at the unexpected half day's vacation; and Margaret, after arranging the disordered room, repaired to her chamber that Willie need not wait too long, for she had heard his impatient whistling for an hour. She came down all prepared, soft folds of white muslin draping her slender form falling away from the white arms like sea foam from coral. Willie pronounced her almost perfect, adding however a finishing touch to her hair by pinning in a bunch of fragrant waxen lilies of the valley, — giving her another to pin where a brooch would have lain, had Margaret possessed one.

"Line Leonard will need to look to her laurels," he said with perfect satisfaction in look and voice. "She is a tulip, — too gorgeous; you are the lily, and now the lily is the favorite of the spring."

"But if we are tulip and lily, Louisa is a rose, and the rose is queen of all," she said, humoring his conceit. That his lily was properly appreciated by some, Willie could see, for on reaching the landing, Louisa came running down, both hands outstretched with welcome in smile and voice. Louisa's arm around her,

flushed with joy, Margaret came up from the pier to the company where the introductions were dashed off in Louisa's rambling manner. "This is Mama, Miss and Mr. Leonard; Mr. and Mrs. Manning; Dr. Copeland."

Miss Leonard's haughty head barely moved the black curls from their even sweep, in acknowledgment of the unnecessary introduction. There was certainly no need that she should ruffle her conscious superiority of position to notice a girl whose possessions were of that sort of which Miss Leonard knew nothing, aside from the accident of beauty, which she could not but acknowledge. There was that, too, in Margaret's face, and manner, a dignity of right principle and a gentle, elegant pride which baffled and incensed her.

Charles Leonard acknowledged her beauty, not being womanly jealous of comparison, and was in the habit of teasing his sister in her unamiable moods by avowing intention of tendering his heart and fortune to that nice little Thorp girl. Certain it is however, the same that baffled his sister, effectually kept him from intruding attentions, which, even his sublime self complacency, was forced to allow, were not appreciated by her. The greetings of the Mannings were more than friendly,—good sensible people, understanding the quiet, strong nature of the girl,—appreciating its beauty. Dr. Copeland, the only stranger, acknowledged the introduction with a polite bow, and a smile thrown toward Willie; returning again to Miss Leonard who sparkled like wine, while he, abstractedly pulling the leaves from a maple bough, spoke in short, curt sentences, an amused smile just curling his lips.

Charles took advantage of what he termed his sister's "new play," to follow Margaret and Louisa, who, arms entwined, were asking and answering the hundred-and-one questions that thronged upon them. Margaret was so thoroughly satisfied with the content of the moment,—feeling full of the satisfaction of pleased affection,—that even good natured Charley came in for a share in the general joy; and had the pleasure of walking by her side, appropriating any amount of stray smiles to him-

self, breaking meanwhile long links of grape, twining the white blossom of shade and thorn, with stars of Bethlehem and strawberry.

Miss Leonard evidently liked her new play. It was seldom Woonsutta owned a man whose very presence declared him a scholar and gentleman so unmistakably. Moreover he was from a good family, and reported to be wealthy. Miss Leonard counted her twenty five years, and was sensible enough to know that American girls who have little beside their faces to give for a husband, must look to the best chance before the ephemeral beauties depart; and Line Leonard, coquette as she was, possessed a shrewd sense, underlying the apparent softness, a cool, calculating judgment, regulated by a heart not over soft, for which certainly, few of her admirers gave her credit; but to which, had they been possessed of discernment enough to understand, they might have known they owed their dismissals. Here however, was one entirely different from her attendants, consequently, being desirous to please, she appeared to advantage. At least Charley supposed — if he threw one thought in that direction — that she was trying her powers of fascination; for she allowed him to remain in the vicinity of his enchantress, ignoring all thought of his existence until the distracted attention of her companion caused her to follow the direction of his eyes,—seeing only a pretty picture. A fair girl in pink crowning Margaret with Charley's wreath, the green tendrils fallen around her face, the lips parted in a smile.

"Oacuna, crowning Themis! really it seems we are to learn a lesson on equality and fraternity."

The doctor saw the covert sarcasm. "Say rather two sister dryades beloved of the forest. Will the pink illusion melt into a spray of Columbine, or the white take her form and shake her lily bells at our approach? I've a mind to try."

"Where is Feronia that she allows her nymphs to be disporting to the danger of unsuspecting mortals?" he inquired, coming up before Louisa had completed her task of twining a spray of grape around Margaret's shoulders and waist.

"She went an hour ago on a visit to Flora, and bid us capture two wandering knights to pilot us to the mansions of the naida."

"Lay your commands, oh nymphs, what man can do is at your service."

The tinkle of a bell came over the hollow. Louisa sprang to her feet, Margaret hastily commenced disrobing herself of her fanciful adornments, but was effectually stopped by an "if you dare" from Louisa.

"We'll discard romance for the present, for none but flesh and blood subsist on such substantial fare as mamma provides," taking Charley's arm. Dr. Copeland turned to Margaret; but she was already with Willie, and with a half shrug, noticed only by Miss Leonard, he devoted himself exclusively to her. Careful Mrs. Burton had carpeted the arbor, surrounding her beloved daughter with every care, feeling what a precarious hold she had of life, how almost any disastrous wind might waft her away as the others had gone; and the doctor with thoughtful care, after seating Miss Leonard, brought from a pile of wearing apparel a fleecy knitted shawl, throwing it over Louisa's head whence its folds fell over neck and shoulders. The seats were all taken, excepting one next Margaret which he then appropriated.

"It seems so natural and delightful to get back again where people breakfast, dine, and sup, like sensible and responsible beings, that really mamma and I are becoming great epicures," said Louisa.

"So the rising and breakfast at eleven in Humacaa didn't meet your fancy. I thought you rather liked it at first."

"So she did," said Mrs. Burton, "the novelty of the thing answered for a time, but after you left, she commenced a new order, up with the sun, 'over the hills and far away!'"

"Philip has a great passion for Porto Rico," said Mrs. Manning; "I'm afraid he lost his heart while there, and intends to return to some black eyed senorita."

"Black Katrina for instance," his eyes sparkling, nodding to Louisa. "Never you fear Katharine, I'm too essentially American to go far after a foreign charmer; besides the scent of sugar plantations is too penetrating."

"Burleigh doesn't think so it appears."

"I'd wager this cookie," holding up the fanciful nothing, "he would give all his old panamas to visit the States again."

"O well," said Mr. Manning, settling himself firmly in his seat for an argument, we don't want him, we have already too many returned travellers for the public good. It is becoming a mania among our young men. Of what use are they, will you tell me, after returning from a gastronomical tour of garlic, oil, figs, oranges and heaven knows what not; a linguistic babel; with morals and habits of all nations heterogeneously compiled; good, bad and indifferent, — in codes as long as their travels; and with politics — heaven help us! and Mr. Manning swallowed his tea and indignation.

"Rather a sweeping insinuation Frank," said the doctor, his eyes twinkling. "I'm good natured enough to allow you to hug the former delusions, but the latter is too broad. My democracy is established I believe. Because I see no great honor in settling down as the political nabob of a town or district, I'm considered a genteel vagabond, and travelling has done the business for me. I want to know if I don't fraternize with every gossiping Irishman and phlegmatic Dutchman with no anterior motive of coming elections either! But my cousin is ready to tell you that isn't well established democracy. The basis is wrong. One must fraternize with the masses, not as human beings, possessed of souls, feelings and desires, but as so many members of the body politic, subject to taxation, and capable of giving a vote for or against this man, Republican or Democrat. That is the true meaning of democracy as taught by the political giants of the nation, and preached by Mr. Manning, Miss Leonard," addressing her.

"So much the better if it become so," she said; "I don't bother my head with politics farther than they affect society; but I think this talk of democracy, free rights, equality and what not, has been creating a wrong state of things. I confess I would prefer something more in the form of an established Aristocracy, where the lines of distinction between the different grades could be more closely drawn."

"Chinese aristocracy for instance," he

said with a peculiar smile, while Mr. Manning looked on delighted with the argument he had commenced, "or possibly, he continued, "Southern autocracy, the latter phase of which is a charming demonstration of American equality."

"Running down American institutions," said Mr. Manning, good humoredly, bowing to Margaret, "isn't that a practical demonstration in favor of my theory?"

"To be sure," continued the doctor. To be a Socialist, Politician or Religionist, it is incumbent that each party, society, or sect, draws out its plans, builds its walls, and established therein, denounces all outside its fence for not being in, and all who unfortunately have seen the inside of others, and possibly think the rough and unfinished portions as frequent, and in as much need of renovation in the one as in the other, as radicalists or reformers, — worse names than traitor or sceptic."

"Well isn't that right, haven't we the right so far as we consider it just, to build those walls, and as we please?" inquired Mrs. Manning, unconsciously taking her husband's grounds, as most good wives do.

"The right insuring the justice?" with a smile. "No I think not." His voice changing from its bantering tone, into real earnestness. "I do not think there is such a right recognized. God is the builder of all distinctions, and in so far as we follow his plan are we correct, and not one iota farther." Margaret looked up, her face full of endorsement. He met the look. "Is not that Democracy?" he appealed.

"It is Christianity which means good will toward all mankind," she said earnestly.

"And does *not* mean the nations of the earth, nor the legislations of men," said Louisa, with a mischievous half laugh.

"Too much truth in that, even for an argument, Miss Burton," said Mr. Manning.

"But just true enough for your reformers to come in, Mr. Manning," said Margaret throwing down the glove.

"As how?" questioned doctor Copeland.

"In God's own time and way," she answered. "Sometimes I feel almost despondent, when I think how surely retribution will overtake the sins of a people."

"But you are hopeful for the end?" he said.

"Yes, when God handles the plough the furrow is deep and wide, and will show the right grain when the harvest comes."

"Have we discussed politics and morals in the abstract and otherwise sufficiently for the present?" asked Louisa, folding her napkin. "If so, Sir Launcelot take your queen Guinevere and let us have our proposed ride before the heavy dews begin to fall."

That Dr. Copeland was to personate the knight of romance, was evident from the direction of Louisa's brown mischievous eyes; but notwithstanding Line Leonard's disinclination to take part in the representation did not appear strong, he seemed indisposed to give his fair enchantress a local habitation and a name, for instead, he walked quickly down the path with Willie, leaving Charles to follow more leisurely with the ladies. Coming down on the beach from the path between the hazel bushes of the bluff, the party found the boat all ready, the doctor and Willie chatting together like friends. The doctor was in a gay mood, and standing with his hat off, his hair thrown carelessly off his full broad brow, his eyes sparkling, and cheeks flushed with exercise; he looked quite, what in his ordinary moods none would think of calling him, a handsome man. He laughed and told stories in the funniest manner, he sang clear passionate Spanish songs to the oar falls, and called in shrill tones to the numberless echoes hid away among the hills. Miss Leonard liked this phase better than that shown an hour since, and returned jest for jest until a perfect war of wordy bandinage arose between them. Miss Leonard's wit was not in the least forced. It sparkled like brilliants, was pointed as icicles, the sharp missiles falling on no matter whose head so they hit. However she was guarded now; she had permitted herself to make one error in

judgment — she must retrieve it, — so as they came around the point to the main land sloping down from the house, Line said in her genteel manner, "You have been too great a stranger, of late Margaret, I am coming down to tease you out of your seclusion."

Charles was astounded. "What the deuce!" he ejaculated; but failing to elicit any information from that source, he contented himself with wondering, "what on earth Line was up to now!"

"What do you think now of doctor Copeland, sis?" was Willie's first boyish inquiry regarding his favorite.

"He appears like a good man," she answered, and the rest of the two miles was passed by Willie in enumerating the doctor's manifold virtues.

Between the tiresome routine of school hours, and music lessons outside, the cool breezes of June gave way to the sultry heats of July and August, with the coming rest so needed by Margaret. The globous wonders in the maple had taken to themselves wings and flown away; and now the humming birds fed from the sweets of pinks and hollyhocks. The wooded hills wore a deeper shade of green, and the meadows had grown brown and rusty under the burning sun of midsummer. Fair and beautiful the memory of the past two months stretched back in Margaret's vision. Filled with tiresome work as it had been, it was overrun with happy thoughts and hours. Louisa came often, and now and then Dr. Copeland came in with a book or a flower; a specimen or tale; filling the long twilights with pleasant pictures of other countries, and seasons and scenes; entering with her into all her hopes and speculations, and making unconsciously the hours "between the dark and the daylight," the fairest portion of the day to her. But in one moment those pleasantly remembered evenings grew like adders to her, stinging and venomous. It was only a few words, in Line Leonard's well bred voice that produced the change. "So the doctor is really engaged to Louisa. So romantic, — and Mrs. Burton told Auntie, in secret you understand, they had been engaged since early last winter, and were to be married

this fall, returning to Porto Rico for Louisa's health. Isn't it unexpected! How quietly they have kept it, although, to be sure his attentions have been unequivocal."

Why should Margaret's eyes wear that worn, anxious expression, and the hands push back the heavy bands of hair from her forehead, thinking thereby to push off the tiresome reiteration of Line's words?

Sitting thus not long after, Willie's step coming slowly up the path, aroused her. He came in, throwing himself on the floor, leaning his head in her lap, talking all the time in a lazy fashion, the result of the heat of the day. "When does your term close?" he inquired, after exhausting the small talk of street and store. "Next week, dear, and then we can go on with your studies."

He laughed contentedly. "Well you must give me credit for keeping mum once, and being uncommonly industrious, for Virgil is completed and Geometry done for." He roused himself into something like interest. "You see," he continued, "the doctor said you were working too hard any way, and offered to help me on any demonstration or translation whenever I got stuck, so you see I've done wonders."

"You have done wonders," bending over him, "and doctor Copeland is very kind."

"He says his brother is coming from Porto Rico. I wonder if he is anything like Philip. It seems as if everything connected with him must be of a different sort, — higher and better somehow."

She had thought so too, and with the remembrance of that came back the others. Willie's voice, in drowsy tone broke in upon her reverie. "I am glad you don't think of going to the Leonards' to-night, for I feel particularly tired and sleepy." Was this the tone of indolence? she chided herself for being so selfishly abstracted. Poor boy he was worn out.

"You must go up stairs and lie down, while sister gets you some tea," she said.

He was in that quiescent state that he allowed her to marshal him up stairs into his room, and at her bidding closed his eyes, while she sponged his face and hands, talking cheerfully, until the white lids

really closed in a heavy slumber. Going down stairs, she builded the fire, and busied herself in preparations for a grand supper, thinking Willie would be hungry enough when he awakened. Once or twice she ran up quietly, fearful of disturbing him, running down again to some unfinished task, while the clock in the school room ticked never so loud, and in the kitchen the crickets and teakettle kept up a brisk running conversation; until the long shadows fell heavier, and at length the full harvest moon showered down a flood of white light, and Margaret began to grow faint from her long fast and unacknowledged anxiety. A knock at the door,—and Charles Leonard made his appearance.

"Miss Thorp," he said, "I left them all dancing at the house, and you not among the number."

"Not an unprecedented circumstance certainly," Margaret said mischievously, remembering that since a child she had hardly entered the doors. Charley took no notice of her smile, being intent on the result. "Line sent me as soon as she found you were not there," (heaven forgive the lie, he mentally ejaculated) "so please do come along."

"I had no intention of doing so, and if I had, could not have gone, for my brother is not well."

Charley bowed himself out, fully impressed that there wasn't the man born who could influence Margaret Thorp to do what she "had no intention of doing."

She hurried up into Willie's room, finding him still sleeping, with burning face and hands. "O he must be sick" she exclaimed in real alarm, the words sobbing out, growing weak and nerveless before this new calamity. "What can I do, what can I do!" not knowing if she should wake him, yet feeling so terribly alone, with his feverish breath stirring the stillness ominously. She heard the clang of the gate, and short, firm steps coming up the walk. She knew them, and rushing down met doctor Copeland in the open door. A light was burning on the table, still waiting, already laid for tea, and it illumined Margaret's pale, tear-wet face.

"What is it, dear child?" he said, his

voice wavering, her pleading look appealing as to his heart.

"O doctor, I'm afraid Willie is very sick."

"Calm yourself, you are nervously excited and alarmed," he said hopefully. "Where is he?" looking around the room.

Speaking so hopefully, looking so cheerful, Margaret grew calm again, and led the way into Willie's room. Looking at him a moment, feeling of his pulse, the doctor asked: "how long has he been sleeping so?"

"I don't know! it must have been about six when he laid down."

"And now it is ten, I shall need to go home for some medicine," with his fingers still on Willie's wrist. You must not be here alone with your care and anxiety. Don't you know of some one who could come and help you?"

"O, I need no one," disclaiming any weariness. "Nevertheless you should have some one; you will wear yourself out, child."

"Why?" she questioned, "do you think he will be very ill?"

"I trust not;" with a reassuring smile, "he is threatened with fever, but I hope with a few remedies he will be as good as well in a few days; but meanwhile you must have help,—if you can think of no one, I shall take the responsibility of bringing some one myself."

"There is Mrs. Smith, — Willie's old nurse. She could come I know; she is reliable, and thinks of us as her own children."

"The Mrs. Smith who lost a child not long since?"

"Yes, I met you there several times."

"Now I want you to come down," seeing her take her station by the bedside as he started to go." She followed him into the room below. "You have eaten no supper," he said.

"No! I'm not in the least hungry," feeling that any thing would choke her in her present state of mind.

"But you *must* feel hungry," he said positively. "You must have strength to attend to Willie, and unless you take care of yourself, I shall have two patients instead of one. You must make a good

strong cup of tea, and mind you take something beside," he said firmly. You promise me?" he asked from the door, looking back.

"Yes," she answered, knowing that he was right, feeling conscious whatever should come she must keep herself well. So calmed by the assurance that he would soon return, she sat down to her meal, and when the doctor returned an hour afterward, soon followed by Mrs. Smith, he found her as composed as usual.

Wearily, and slow, the sultry summer days lengthened themselves out, and made way for the cooler breath of Autumn; yet Willie lingered,—the young lusty life battling bravely with disease: and still the patient sister waited, and watched, and hoped; only, as the weary days of September burned away toward their ending, her hope became almost mechanical; the mere force of her will making her cling to the possibility of final restoration.

The doctor had attended constantly,—talking and reading to Willie during the days when the disease seemed to have given way; watching days and nights after the relapse came on.

It was one afternoon, after this, when Willie had been lying delirious for days, and latterly in a stupor, that he came in thus, going up, with set, solemn face to Willie's bedside. Margaret was standing there when he came in, and he had caught a look on her face which he had never seen there before. Such a look as may be seen on the faces of those poor wretches, who—God pity them!—drift up from the bottom of some foul stream whose waters, at last, have given them respite from the pitiless hand of misfortune.

There was no need for him there, so he followed Margaret,—finding her out under the apple tree, whose round globes of banded yellow and red were shining out of the green.

"Why don't you tell me all?" she asked, turning her face defiantly toward him. "Do you think I am weak? Those who carry the heaviest burdens grow strong in time, I can bear any thing now."

"You are only *desperate*, and that is not strength," feeling, oh so pitiful, for the

girl so terribly weak before the Omnipotent hand,—and knowing how many lives, drifting out on the ocean of despair in this way, are hopelessly wrecked on the rocky shores of Scepticism, and Atheism, and Fatalism in just such stormy seasons. And, like a prophet-voice the grand words of the Psalmist came into his soul, and he uttered them.

"Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance.

Deep calleth into deep: all the waves and the billows are gone over me.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the sea; though the waters thereof be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

She looked up, her eyes swelling with tears, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever."

The tears stood in his eyes too, as she looked up. "You are sure we are to lose Willie?" she said.

"God is the only hope," he answered.

Not even Philip Copeland knew how she had cheated herself with false hopes, until then.

"All the waves and the billows are gone over me!" But she came out of them.

"I can not stay longer," he said when she was calm again. "I have patients who need my constant care. I will surely return before night. You are not afraid?"

"Oh no," she said, "oh no, not afraid."

The day moved on into the still afternoon. A slight breeze came down from the hills in constant ripples of coolness, stealing through the mingled leaves and fruit, filling the chamber with its refreshing presence. Margaret was alone with Willie; Mrs. Smith lying asleep in the adjoining room whence Margaret had sent her to take the needed refreshment. Willie was sleeping calmly, but Margaret burying her face in the pillow by his, was convulsed with bitter weeping. She was

conscious, at length, of a soft hand smoothing her hair, and raised her flushed, tear-stained face, meeting Willie's eyes.

"Dear little sister" he said, his poor weak voice filled with tenderness. The flush had died away from cheek and brow.

"O Willie, dear boy, do you know me?" she eagerly questioned, hearing the natural tones for the first time in so many days.

"Poor sweet little sister," he said again, stroking her hair with his weak, nerveless hand. His eyes had an imploring look, — a misty trouble blinding their blue depths: and yet again he said, "poor little sister."

She rained kisses on his brow, and cheek, and hair, the tears streaming from her eyes beyond her power to check their tide. "Are you in any pain dear?" she questioned.

"No, where is Philip?" he had called him so since his illness.

"He went about two hours ago," she said; "he will return before night, — it is now four o'clock."

He lay quietly a moment, looking at her as if measuring her soul, — its height, its length, its possible strength. At length he said: "Has he told you I am getting well?"

She held the natural sorrow back, — no more tears now. "No love, he thinks you are going to papa and mama."

He looked at her still in that strange fashion.

"You are not afraid to go, remembering the promises?"

"Oh no, it is bright up yonder; but here it is dark and you will be alone."

The dear boy! always Margaret first!

"The way will be lonely and sad at first, but knowing who leads me, and the blessed end that shall approach sometime, I can be patient." She nestled herself on the bed, drawing his head up to her lap. He looked up with eyes from which all earthly questionings were passing. "You are sure you are contented?"

"Yes dear, quite sure."

"I will tell mother, and she will not grieve that I left you so. Philip has not come yet, give my dear love to him."

He shut his eyes, lying quite still, but opened them again soon. "Kiss me

Margaret," he said, and she kissed him on lips and eyes and cheeks. He smiled drawing her close.

In what a glory did the sun set that night! Few saw the trailing garments of the newly made spirit when the golden gates opened and the sun went down! So one more day had passed. The golden, and pearl, and sapphire portals shut down on darkness and cold dew-falls, until the holy stars came forth!

After it was all over, — three mounds in the graveyard instead of two, tired, over-worked nature asserted her rights. Mr. Manning, as Willie's employer and friend importuned her to make her home with them, and Mrs. Manning, with tears in her eyes, besought her to come. She was too weak to raise objections, had she felt any, and passively allowed them to do with her as they pleased. It pleased them after she was there, that she should follow her own pleasure partly from Mrs. Manning's own heart, more through the doctor's advice. "She is worn out!" he said to the good little woman who was lamenting that Margaret seemed to desire no society whatever, which grieved Mrs. Manning exceedingly, — "Leave her alone, don't force nature."

So Margaret came and went, having her own way in everything, spoiling the children to their hearts' content and their mother's dismay; or sometimes joining the family in the parlor of an evening, when Philip would draw her out, by his cheerful conversation, into something like her old self. She felt in great need of Louisa and her mother, sometimes longing unspeakably for their kind sympathy, — a craving desire which others could not satisfy. When Willie was first taken ill, she had questioned the doctor of their absence and he had said simply,

"They have gone to Newport, and will remain some time." Nothing further, and Margaret had not questioned excepting, of late Mrs. Manning, but the poor open-hearted little woman had seemed so distressed, as though there was some secret she was fearful of betraying that Margaret forbore, although with an inward pang, that they did not deem her worthy of confidence. She is preparing for her mar-

riage, Margaret thought, and from her inmost heart she prayed it might be soon, thinking, poor heart, that her chiefest battles would then, all have been fought and won.

The early October-day was gradually drawing to its close, when Margaret ran down into the demi-twilight of the closed drawing room, for her shawl which Lena had carried away, thinking to walk far up toward the hills before the light should fade into grayness. In passing through the door she stumbled over an obstruction, which proved to be Philip's feet, as he lay half asleep on a sofa, who rising hastily just saved her from falling by catching at her arm.

"I thought you were gone!" she exclaimed as a half apology, seeing her shawl which evidently had served the careless fellow for a pillow, — gathering it up, and preparing to go.

"So I should have been — to dream-land, had you not stopped my journeying so unceremoniously," he said, taking the shawl from her. "What have you been doing to-day?" he asked, shaking out the wrinkles, folding it nicely.

Various things, sewing, reading, playing with the children after their lessons."

"Principally?" he questioned.

"Looking into the future."

"What did you find there?" searching her with keen eyes.

She met the gaze, brave and unflinching. "Plenty of work for hand and head," she answered.

"Nothing for the heart?"

"Yes, I've a life to live, and whatever in it I shall wish to do cheerfully and contentedly, I shall set my heart to."

"Duty is but starving food to give."

"We must learn to distinguish between luxuries and necessities in life's bill of fare," she said. "But love, home warmth and faces, are the heart's natural food. You do not mean to deny them to yours."

"Many have lived without them," she said, taking hold of her shawl to go. It was too cruel!

He held it close, — not noticing the gesture. "Margaret I have waited and watched for the rosy gleams of the coming morning of the home-life that should be

given me. I hailed it with such a thankful heart not long ago. Shall it prove but the cold light of the mocking Aurora Borealis?"

She leaned on the back of a chair to steady herself, recalling all of Louisa's lovelinesses of character, saying: "Wait, it betokened the morning."

He came close, flushed with its warmth, she shrunk from the happiness that beautified his face. She started to go, reeling, — her new-found strength insufficient for the excess of her emotions. He caught her in his arms. "Why, dear child, what is the matter?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Let me go?" she demanded, rendered desperate. "Do you wish to torment me farther? Go to Louisa."

In the demi-light of the room her face shone out from the brown bandings of hair, white and appealing. Poor little face, how it had paled and changed in the last four months! It called for the deepest pity of his manhood.

"So Katherine has told you," he said his voice full of a soothing, tender consolation.

"No, Katherine has been very guarded, — she has violated no trust;" she said bitterly; "Line Leonard told me."

"I meant you should not have known it yet dear, you are hardly strong enough to bear more sorrow.

Taunting her with her weakness! giving her his pity, — he must speak gently to her too, not wishing to hurt too much with the knife! She buried her face in her hands: womanly shame triumphing for a moment.

"I would have wished you should have heard of Louisa's death from us rather than Miss Leonard." She tore her hands from her burning face. Louisa dead! She forgot everything in pity for this poor heart near her, going up with both hands outstretched, her eyes filled. "I have been so selfish in my sorrow, I have not considered that others might be afflicted too."

He took the little pitiful hands in his own. "God's providences are universal. You know she was dear to me as to you. She would have been Burleigh's wife."

"Burleigh's wife?" she questioned in

a vague wonder, looking up with inquiring eyes.

"My brother. Didn't you know? But Louisa was remarkably taciturn regarding herself. You thought it was I?" he said a light breaking upon him. "No Margaret, none could hold that place to me but you. I know you will not misunderstand me, will not think me selfish in urging my love when we have both been so bereaved. It is only that you are so alone, and because I wish for you so little Margaret, that I ask you to let me give to your life what I may in the years to come."

And, feeling the want of sympathy and care, feeling so alone in the great world, famishing for human love, she lifted her eyes, saying:

"O give it to me," — and she was taken to the great heart which, henceforth was to be her shelter and protection.

The sun had only dipped its yellow disc below the burning mountains of vapory splendor; and Philip, seeing Margaret's shawl lying on the floor where it had fallen, gathered it up, saying! You had started for a walk, — run for your bonnet and you shall take it yet."

She came down, her fair face shrouded with the fleecy falls of her "rigolet," and Philip calling her his "dainty pearl," threw the shawl over her shoulders; and they went out together into the hazy evening, taking their path toward the distant, changing hues of the hills where the breezes were running races. The voices of children in silvery trills of laughter, stirred the resonant air like bell chimes; and lowing of returning herds from the distant farms, mellowed into music; with bursts of a sympathy from an organ, rose in their concordant hearts, as though the new earth was learning a sweeter pean that she might swell her happy voice in the eternal chorus of creation.

Their path, passing out from the shaded village street into the open highway up the rising ground, Margaret's eyes, through the shading willow trees caught a glimpse of Louisa's home, its windows burning in the reflection from the west. Philip saw the direction of her eyes.

"Mrs. Burton has not yet returned,"

he said, "and Louisa sleeps in the graveyard at Newport. It is lonely yonder."

"You did not tell me how she came to go."

"She took a cold at the Leonards, bringing on that cough again. I knew only sea air could be beneficial, and that proved not for long. Burleigh is on his way thinking to carry her to a more genial climate. It will be a sad welcome. And Mrs. Burton has lost the last of her family jewels." Margaret looked again at the house among the willows. The glow had died from windows and roof. Grey, and lifeless, and desolate it looked, — symbolical of the remaining life of its owner. But Margaret's cheek and brow were still bright with the glow of the sunset, and looking up she met Philip's smile, tender and protective.

LET THE BONDMAN GO FREE.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

When the chains of the oppressed
To the wild, free air are thrown,
When the hosts pass out of bondage,
Then will God's will be known.
Then these worn and faded valleys
Will put on their robes of green,
And the herds in peaceful grazing
On the hillsides may be seen.

Then the grain will grow untrodden,
And the bending orchards stand,
And joy and gladness gather
O'er all the travelled land;
And glorious flowers will blossom
O'er all the lowly sod,
Where the martyred hearts are lying
Whose spirits live with God.

When the loud word shall be spoken,
In the stormy noon of strife,
"Man shall be no more a bondman,
Rend the fetters from his life."
Then the eastern skies shall brighten,
When we reach that waiting day,
And upon the eyes of millions
Will their radiance flood to-day.

We are walking in the darkness,
But with God is always light,
He is bringing out his purpose,
It is clear before his sight.
Lo, the day that millions wept for,
In their anguish and their pains,
It is dawning, he has listened,
He will rend away their chains.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXI.

Rome—View from 'Monte Pincio,'—Carnival time—Scene on the Corso.

We had expected to find Rome far from a cheerful city in its general aspect, — grand in truth, and sitting still a Queen amid her storied monuments, so splendid even in their decay yet brooding in the shadows of the past,—that past, whose history only serves to make her present weakness the more pitiable — as contrasted with those olden days, when to be a Roman citizen was of itself sufficient honor to gain the respectful consideration of the whole civilized world ! Thus we were quite unprepared for the charming treat that awaited us, as ascending the broad flight of stairs leading from Piazza del Spagna up to Monte Pincio, we took our first general view of the city ancient and modern, from that delightful eminence.

A more propitious time for seeing Rome to the best advantage could not have been chosen.

It was a clear bright Sunday, — during the season of the Carnival ; — all Rome was in its most festive garb : — we had passed through the Corso with its display of balconies gaily draped for the last great show of this gala season, that street being on our way to the home of our American Consul, where church service was celebrated : — for both at Naples and Rome, no Protestant service was permitted, except under the protection of a national flag. So much for the liberality of papal rule ! — after service, in company with some friends we made our way through the throng of pleasure-seekers to those beautifully adorned heights of Monte Pincio, spending several hours among their pleasant shades. Nothing could be more cheerful and animated than the scene which greeted us from this point. To the right stood out the splendid pile of St. Peter's with its immense dome, its rich facade, flanked on either side by a circling colonnade — and connected with the church, that world-famed structure — the VATICAN, whose stupendous buildings, including St. Peter's, enclose an area of eight acres ! These buildings in turn, were united by a

covered way to the castle of St. Angelo, — that circular fortress built (at the period when *immensity* was considered a chief excellence in architecture, —) as a mausoleum for the Emperor Hadrian !

To the left, that grand old ruin the Colosseum was plainly visible : while nearer, and in the same direction, the Capitoline hill with its mass of solid masonry and ascending tower was another object of interest upon which the eye rested with pleasure. Still farther to the left rose the Quirinal, crowned with its papal palace and adorned with extensive gardens. Encircled as of old by her seven hills, — modern Rome with myriad roofs, its turrets and spires ; — its sparkling fountains, pleasant gardens and gaily thronged streets and squares ; — gladdened by the music of chiming bells, and smiling beneath the bright blue sky on that Sabbath morning, looked in truth, as cheerful and beautiful as the lightest heart could wish. Taking a quiet stroll through the fine promenades of this extensive park which is embellished with the usual Italian accompaniments of fountains, statuary, flowers, &c., we at length sat down upon one of the seats scattered throughout the enclosure, where we could observe the various groups continually passing and repassing, whose graceful movements, animated gestures and lively voices added to the pleasant effect of the surrounding view. Such was the bright picture of Rome which greeted our sight on this, our first introduction ! to the once 'mistress of the world.'

The next day however was dark and rainy, yet we sallied forth with a guide to visit some of the nearer ruins, but after a short survey of the Arch of Titus, that well preserved and most interesting monument commemorative of the destruction of Jerusalem, we were obliged to abandon this day's excursion to other of the celebrities, and were perforce cooped up within the confines of a crowded hotel. The next day, however, brought a pleasant change of rooms, and weather ; and as this was the grand finale to the festivities of the Carnival, we found ourselves in one of those same festooned balconies on the Corso overlooking the motley scene of extravagant

excitement ; scarce knowing how we were spirited there through the crowd and confusion of the street below. What a madly frolicsome throng was that ! What *grotesque* figures clad in all sorts of fantastic costume ! How the air rang with the incessant shouts and laughter of the countless multitude ! Bouquets and bonbons were flying in every direction, while the merry combatants in this harmless battle half enveloped in the clouds of dust raised by these mock sugar plums whose composition is simple plaster of Paris—rode up and down the street or gathered on the pave partially protected from the surrounding storm by wire masks and fanciful overgarments ; meanwhile plying the mimic battle vigorously amidst shouts of laughter, and a discordant clang of instruments, and confused babbling of voices quite distracting it was to us, yet exceedingly amusing from the hearty good will in which every one appeared to join in these really childish sports. If it takes as little as this to make a populace merry thought we, while overlooking the scene,—surely they ought to be a very happy people ! But the deep current of unrest is surging sullenly beneath this sparkling surface.

Mere festal scenes whose principal attraction comes from the associations of a time-honored custom — have not the power of cheating the Roman people into the belief that they are happy while chafing under a sense of slavery to papal power and priestly tyranny, backed by the aid of foreign arms !

Upon the present occasion as was subsequently learned — there was a deep discontent — which had boiled into fierce resentment among the old Roman families — when this annual fester, had been put under military surveillance by order of the authorities, lest some popular outbreak might occur at this particular time, — a disaster, which those ecclesiastical functionaries constantly feared from the state of dissatisfaction known to exist among a large portion of the citizens.

In fact so impending seemed the danger during the then existing state of things, that we were told by the American Consul that several of the priests of the city had desired the protection of his roof in case

of a general insurrection which might occur at any moment, if Napoleon concluded to withdraw the French soldiers from Rome.

Considering therefore the presence of the French soldiery as an indignity heaped upon them, the higher classes refused to join the crowd at their wonted place of gathering upon the Corso, but leaving the scene of amusement to the medium and common classes, and the many strangers who are usually present in large numbers, they withdrew to the vicinity of Port Pia (one of the city gates) and there kept the closing fete of the Carnival.

After hours of this sort of confusion and merry making just described, the crowd of carriages were withdrawn from the street, and according to the old custom came the less harmless sport of setting several horses loose, to race through the length of the Corso, their speed greatly accelerated by the fright, caused by bits of tin foil fastened to their bodies, the jingle and sharp hits of which, made the poor animals nearly frantic. The whole farce ending with the childish sport of lighted tapers, each one trying to blow out that held by his neighbor.

Wearied by the confusion of the day, we gladly retired — leaving the crowd in the full career of this closing ceremony.

Thus ended the Carnival, that extreme of crazy mirth, treading on the heels of its opposite — the rigid observance of Lenten fast ! — a sort of blowing out of the animal spirits sufficient to insure good behavior during the ensuing days of humiliation.

We noticed some fine specimens of healthful beauty among the women from the country, present at this gathering ; their native charms being heightened by the picturesque costume of the bright colored kirtle, black boddices and full chemise, with a profusion of silver ornaments ; — fashions which have been retained for centuries, and are always graceful and becoming to the peculiar style of Roman beauty.

M. C. G.

Lilfreds Rest.

Christianity has made martyrdom sublime, and sorrow triumphant.

LESSONS OF AUTUMN.

BY REV. J. S. BARRY.

Changing seasons are among the emblems of the glory of God ; and to note these as they rise and pass, is a grateful task to the dutiful soul. God has made everything beautiful in its time. The heavens above and the earth beneath are full of beauty. And spiritual improvement as well as enjoyment flows from the perception and love of this beauty. Yet how true it is, that we lose these advantages through inattention, and live in contact every day with that which should elevate and gladden the soul, with scarce a thought of the presence of the angel, sent to bear us up to heaven.

If we felt as we should, every season would be beautiful to the soul. Yet to many autumn is less beautiful than summer, because of its lack of genial warmth ; and sighing winds and melting leaves are, to them, mournful emblems of material decay. Hence it is that a gentle melancholy pervades their being, and a species of restlessness seizes upon them. But autumn is beautiful in spite of all this ; and if we will open our eyes, we shall see this beauty. True, the contrast is great in the appearance of nature now and at midsummer. Then, every garden was filled with flowers. The valleys and hills were covered with foliage. And the blue skies which bent above us, seemed like a mirror of polished azulite. Every gale wafted fragrance ; forms of beauty delighted the soul ; and the heart was full of pleasing emotions. Now, how changed ! The footsteps of autumn have stolen upon us, as silently and noiselessly as time moves on, sprinkling grey among our hairs ; and we are surprised to find that what was so recently a gorgeous scene, is fast assuming the aspect of decay. It is natural, perhaps, that we should be saddened by these changes, reminding us as they do of the wasting and waning of our own mortal being, and of the rapid approach of the winter of death. But it is wrong to allow this sadness to depress us ; for there is much even in autumn that is surpassingly beautiful. We must not look at its closing moments, but at its opening scenes.

We must consider how gradually it came upon us, and even the blessings it brings in its train. We are too apt to dwell on the dark side of the picture, and forget that there are lights as well as shadows.

Were the transition sudden from the warmth of summer to the frosts of winter, as is the case in the regions lying farther to the North, we might then speak of the fickleness of nature, — its wanton caprices. But autumn comes as an Indian summer, preparing the way for the snow and the ice. It is like a blooming mother, in the maturity of her powers, gathering around her lovely children, and reflecting upon them her own ripened charms.

The verdure of spring is always beautiful. Every one recognises, — every one delights in it. There is a luxury, too, in the warmth of summer. But brighter is the glory of the crimson mantle which autumn puts on, as she goes forth to herald the coming of winter. It is more than a painting, this glowing sunset, bathing the forest with spiritual beauty, and reflecting the light on every spray. And the pencilled clouds of the distant west, streaked with gold, — as we gaze upon these, it seems as if the dreams of our childhood were coming back, and the fading hues of their earlier days are limned by the hands of a magical artist, in bolder strokes on hill and vale. The eye that sees this glowing picture can never forget it. The heart that appreciates beauty like this, can never distrust the goodness of God.

The lessons of autumn are practical lessons ; — and well would it be were they heeded by all. The first is, that God is present in all we see, and has made his works to be remembered. But how few have learned this lesson ! Does the farmer think, as he hoards his heaps of golden grain, of the good God that gave him the harvest ? Does the merchant, who goes to his home in the country, and in the still evening gazes abroad upon the outstretched landscape, feel his heart aglow with gratitude ? Do we all feel that a good God watches over us, and loads us daily with innumerable blessings ?

It is in the power of each and every soul to make life happier than it is, by the constant recognition of the presence of

God. Much depends on the state of our hearts how we look at the outward world. It may be to us a splendid mirror, shadowing forth the glory of God, or a dull, mechanical, common place thing. If we live on here in a dumb-show, wholly absorbed in wordly cares, we shall look in vain for heavenly joys. Fill the soul with the spirit of beauty; lift the heart up to God; call upon him every day; and you will see him then in the tints of the forest; the graceful forms which are all around you; and a light will be reflected on the soul within, which will lift it above its carking cares, and shed abroad divinest peace.

Again: We must reflect upon nature, the sunshine of the heart, in order to perceive its spiritual significance. Emerson has said, and very truly, that "the lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorises a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight."

And it is indeed so. Oh, it is a great thing to keep the heart thus alive!—to hang the walls of the soul with pictures, upon which we gaze with increasing delight!—while the glowing cheek and the melting eye tell of the rapture that reigns within. The love of the beautiful is implanted in all, and ours is the fault if we neglect it. There is enough in each season to fill us with joy, and refine and elevate and purify the soul. But if we persist in closing our eyes to this beauty, the taste will be dormant, and its joys will be lost.

Lastly, autumn, with its ripened fruits, and indications of approaching winter, admonishes us that we, also, are to bring forth fruit unto eternal life. If the discipline we have passed through has not been lost on us, our characters have been forming, and ripening for heaven. And thus should it ever be with the Christian believer. He has had his spring time,—the

first buddings of faith and hope. He has had his summer, when the tender shoots were rapidly growing; when the genial warmth of the "sun of righteousness," shining upon him, brought into action all his powers, and stimulated effort by the promise of success. And if autumn has come, and come as it should, it will crown him with laurels of unfading beauty. The soul, through its discipline, has been gradually maturing; and as he looks abroad in the outward world, he sees mirrored there the Christian's work, and the words of the Saviour come home to him with a deeper meaning: "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth fruit."

KEEPSAKES OF THE DEPARTED.

The two friends, from whose private correspondence the following extracts are taken, early finished their earthly labors and entered the mansions of the heavenly home. Many years have they been missed and mourned; but they still speak cheering words to comfort the hearts of friends who fondly cherish their memory. Lovely were they in their lives, and in their deaths they were not long divided.

"I am anticipating much comfort in arranging my flower garden in the spring, and I fancy I shall be very vain and proud when I can raise my own beautiful bouquets! I have a perfect passion for flowers in which respect I remind myself of my lost mother. I have often seen her talk to flowers and cry over them; and I never see a pretty flower garden but I fancy my dear mother walking in it.

"My mother lost several children, and she was often very sad though naturally and generally cheerful. When the former mood governed her, she sought the society of her flowers and of the birds. She often took us children with her, but if we were noisy or uneasy she sent us away. Oh, how well I now remember those bygone times; and I love to dwell upon their memory. It makes me a child again, however, and I shed bitter tears that I did no more to drive away my mother's sadness and loneliness."

"On my return I found my little

"Willie much more feeble than I had expected. He rallied, and for several days, was better; but the past week he has been failing, he lies in the cradle now nearly stupid. We are, if not alarmed, very, very anxious. How can I give him up. I am his constant watcher, and I thank God hourly that my own life and health are spared to take care of my little darling. Can you imagine how happy I am to tell you that I have not felt so strong in two years. Though we never meet again in this world, our friendship may still exist and be perfected in that brighter, purer sphere."

"I do not anticipate the coming summer as I did a year ago, for my little pet lamb is lost; but I will try to forget my grief in making myself useful, though while I resolve, I shake my head and my eyes fill with tears. Do not blame me: you do not know what it is to lose so dear a treasure: but I know your warm heart can feel for others else I would not intrude such sacred feelings upon you. I am teaching music, and shall make it quite a profitable as well as a pleasant task. My only child is just nine years old to-day, she is my pupil too — not only in music, but in all her studies. I think I can teach her easier than I can part with her every morning, so I do not send her to school. My sisters do not spend the summer with me, so I am left quite lonely."

"I have wished to answer your excellent letter that I might receive another, but it has been utterly impossible till now. I write while my poor dying sister sleeps. You will sympathize with me. Oh I sometimes wish I, too could die: but I will not yield to such feelings, for I know it is wrong, and I thank God that he has preserved me to minister to, and comfort my sister. But oh my friend, 'tis hard to endure these dreadful trials and remain cheerful. It is sometimes almost hard to really say in our own hearts, "thy will O God, not mine be done." And yet he is the Father of our loved ones. He carries my little lamb in his bosom. Some writer has beautifully said, "if our hearts are strung to the trials of life like the fine instrument, their tones will be inspiring; but give them up to the influence of the world, and they are all sadness, like the

harp of the wind on which the passing breeze makes what melody it will." Strengthened by piety our trials may and should result in our highest benefit. Since my Willie died I have been comforted, and the communion I hold with him in Heaven is sweeter than that on earth. Life was given him but a short time, but long enough to make him immortal, and we shall meet again in that world where there is neither pain nor death.

"But my poor sister is not willing to die, and it almost breaks my heart to see her cling first to one hope, and then when that fails grasp another, or even a shadow of one. But I believe she will yet become reconciled and then my greatest trial with regard to her will be over. Still, when I look at her sweet face, and listen to her feeble voice, and think how soon I shall miss them, my heart swells till it almost chokes me, and I pray for strength to endure so great an affliction. Do write soon, your letter will be an oasis in the desert. Good night. God bless you." A. A. M.

That was the last "good night," and "God bless you" from the hand and heart of dear Adeline. In a few months she, too, suddenly left the scenes of earth to join the loved in Heaven. Death was indeed to her but a kind and gentle servant who, with noiseless tread, unlocked life's flower encircled door, and led her to the arms of those she loved.

"O, woman knows not the extent of her influence, and man feels not how greatly he is blessed by her generosity and virtue. It will not ever be thus. She that was "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," has a holy, a lofty mission to fulfil. Already is she in action, and beautiful are the results. She is fast becoming the companion of man, and not the servant of her once tyrannical lord. Jesus is breaking the shackles that have in all countries been fastened upon her rights, powers, and affections. Woman is now taking her stand as a religious being, whose influence must be felt in the progression of society and the world. It is charming to see how virtue brightens under her reforming endeavors. What new energy she infuses into a religious com-

munity. Cold hearted husbands are led by the light of her love to church, to virtue, to religion. Indifferent brothers are not insensible to her earnest pleadings, and children are warmed into virtuous life and confiding trust by her constancy and devotion. She may, it is true, be sometimes fanatical, sometimes blinded in her enthusiasm; but the day is fast kindling when her ardent feelings shall be directed by a far seeing wisdom, and truth shall be mighty in her grasp.

"No doubt a thousand fond images are stamped upon your heart that time will never efface. I hope indeed it is so. There is a joy in the memory of youthful times and associations. The recollection of them chastens the feelings and refreshes the affections. . . . But let us smile through the tears. Let us feel the inspirations of hope. Let us trust in God, and fulfil our mission in the world. If we follow the path of right and duty, of virtue and religion we shall not be unhappy. My motto is, *onward* and still *onward*; never to give way to discouragements, never to sigh too mournfully over buried joys, but to thank God they were once my own, and look hopefully into the future. . . . No doubt but over the fairest skies will be drawn lowering clouds, and the troubled atmosphere of life will bring its storms of trial and affliction. But my motto is, "suffer and be strong." These storms must be considered as blessings in disguise. The sun will certainly succeed the shower; both will refresh and vivify the earth, so will joy succeed the day of sorrow, and both will strengthen the heart and multiply its virtues." J. S. B.

God never alters his methods. We may hurry ourselves, but we cannot hurry him. After all, the grass takes just as long to grow, and the oak-tree to develop, and the great processes of nature to unfold themselves. And we may be sure that just so much effort must go to just so much result. The great laws of God must be obeyed, or the rewards which follow the obedience of those laws will not come.

IRON-CLAD.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Strike ye good workmen, hammer it well!
Clothe the proud ship 'gainst powder and shell!
Every stroke is a traitor's knell—
Strike for the union blows that tell!

Oh, the brave, true arm with sinews of steel!
It is lifted aloft and the tyrants reel!
Strike for man, and behold he springs
Freed from traitors and lord of kings!

Weld ye the Nation—with every fold
Bless God for iron—'tis "better than gold;"
Let rebels and traitors beware of the day
Our Iron-Clad meets them in battle array.

Shout as the dark keel ploughs the wave;
Up with the flag of the true and brave!
Rolling river, and ocean glad,
Welcome the birth of the Iron-Clad!

'Tis saved, our country—by honest toil,
Saved by the sons of her sacred soil;
Never let Freedom on earth despair—
Her career is Labor's undying care.

Oh, thunder defiance long and loud,
Liberty smiles from the gory cloud!
Death and doom to the traitor crew,
And "three times three" for the colors true!

KANE.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Coming down from more remote periods of time, the eyes fill with regretful tears of love, as we find on a monumental marble in the good old city of Wm. Penn., this imposing yet simple inscription—

"ELISHA KENT KANE.
Born Feb. 3, 1822,
Died February 16, 1857."

Only thirty-five years did this illustrious scion of our Republican institutions, need—in which to write his name and that of his grateful country—on the blue mountains of Virginia, the pagan temples of China, the palms of Ceylon, the fire-ribbed craters of Taal. The snow-capped Himalayas, the pyramids of the Ptolemies, the banks of the Upper Nile, the ruins of Thebes, the imperishable mementoes of divine art, in the land of Demosthenes and Alexander. Greece the mighty, the fallen! The wondrous Colosseum, the mausoleum of earth's buried greatness, Westminster, the halls of the

Montezumas, the rude memorials to the three of Sir John Franklin's men, who sleep where the cold waters of Lancaster Sound chant their mournful dirge, and on the deathless pages of renown.

He proved by sufferings and exertions none but the most giant will could have braved and met, the existence of an open Polar Sea. And he wrote a narrative of adventures among the hitherto unknown wonders and horrors of Arctic regions, that excels all the glowing pages of romance in descriptions of scenes of terrible beauty and icy desolation. Gazing on the ingenious and distinguished features Art has yielded to our admiration, we can but think Nature stamps her favorites with the lofty impress of her caressing lips.

When we take into consideration the frail tenure by which his enterprising spirit held life, summing up all the noble catalogues of his graces, the rich results of their exercise, we behold, standing out in bold and beautiful relief, the Will which gave to his artistic endowments and undaunted courage, their inspiration, and the astonishing fulfilment of their purposes! Like some bright eras of the heart, when it overleaps a century of bliss, while the slow moving hands of time mark only a day, this brave embodiment of intellect and feeling, this *modern Ulysses*, crowded more learning, adventure and achievement, into his "brief, bright life," than often falls to the labors and triumphs of threescore and ten.

Always equal to any emergency, eager to glean the smallest grains of *truth*, amid peril and suffering, we see him stand among the icebergs that shut in that world of ghastly splendors, as if the fiat of some awful enchanter had struck with chill and eternal petrification, the gorgeous creations of a Divine Architect!

Calm he stood
While with a majesty becoming his great powers,
King of that lonely North put on
His crown of living fire,
In his grim crystal palace of the sea,
Holding high festival. Throned on the axis
Of a vast world; his kingdom the great deep,
Where giant ships of rainbow-tinted ice
Ride o'er the waves, kissing with ruby lips,
The cold blue sky, and, diving to the caves
Of Pluto, shake the caverns of the deep
With deafening, maddening shock.

While North marshaled his armies, clad in shining mail,
And the wild battle rages; hark! the roar,
As of world crushing world! High
The flames struck from their gleaming armor,
Mount brightly to the zenith. Gazed
With eyes that ached with rapture,
On the glorious war of frost and fire,
Nor knew a touch of fear.

And at last coming home to die in his mother's arms, setting out from the dusky groves of Cuba, with the same calm fortitude, on the journey to that "undiscovered land, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

PEACE.

A Sabbath quiet here prevails,
A holy, sweet repose,
While over all, around, above,
The summer smiles and glows.

No cloud to dim the blue expanse,
No sound discordant heard,
But joyous hum and melody
Of insect and of bird.

This beauty, joy, and peacefulness,
Seem to the heart to prove,
That earth was fashioned for the home
Of happiness and love.

But suddenly a thought awakes,
The glorious sky to veil,
To make the lovely scene grow sad,
The summer brightness pale,

There comes from far the dread report
Of war and dire alarms,
Where brothers rush to deadly strife,
And meet with clashing arms.

Their murderous weapons flash and gleam,
Their trampling shakes the ground,
And mangled forms, and heaps of slain,
Lie scattered all around.

Why should their wounds and agony
To heaven appeal in vain?
Why should their precious blood be poured
Upon the fields like rain?

Why is there wailing through the land,
And mourners moving slow?
Why is the beautiful bright world
So full of sin and woe?

O God! this terrible deep wrong,
This wicked madness stay!
Let those by ties fraternal bound,
No more each other slay!

Would that the peace now dwelling here,
Might rule and reign abroad;
Hasten the time when it shall be,
Hasten the time, O Lord!

M. A. H. S.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

It was the night of the third of July, almost fifteen years ago. To-morrow was to be the glorious Fourth. My brother Fred and I went to bed with our heads full of wild visions of the coming day. What amazing stories he told me, in eager, boyish utterance, and with what absorbing confidence I drank them in! To a boy, the "Fourth" is an especial providence. It is Independence Day, indeed, to him, for cynical and heartless must the parent be who would restrain on that day, the super-abounding animation of boy-life.

A little girl on her birth-day, once received numerous presents. She was a delighted creature, and danced about, singing, "It is my birth-day!"

"What does birth-day mean?" asked an elder sister.

"Mean," said the tiny one, laughing, and tossing her head, "*why, a day to have presents, to be sure!*"

Now, our idea of Independence Day was just about as lucid as this child's upon her birth-day. To us it was a day to have a good time and make a noise.

I remember that I was awakened in the middle of the night, by bells and cannons, and the loud shoutings of a company of wild youth. I was a little frightened at first, but my brother bounded out of the bed crying, that the "Fourth had commenced!" I thought it had commenced altogether too early, but Fred declared not, and could not be induced to return to bed, but sat by the window, impatiently waiting for the dawn.

Early in the morning we received a box from a soldier cousin, who petted Fred and me. Two little eager, trembling boys stood by the side of our mother, as she unfastened the lid. Oh, oh, joy and wonder! behold a beautiful, plumed soldiers' cap, and a belt with a fine toy sword! "For Fred," said our mother, with the note in her hands. "The cap and belt for Fred, and the other things for little Louis."

With a strange sinking at my heart, I looked into the box, while Fred, with a glad heart, seized upon his treasure.

There was a box of toy horsemen, and a gay little whip. Beautiful gifts they were, and at any other time would have filled my cup with bliss; but it was Independence Day, and the boys were all going to play soldier, and Fred had a plumed cap and a splendid gilt sword!

Ah, what a pang pierced my soul! I pushed back my mother's hand, with the gifts, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"What ails the dear child?" she cried, in astonishment.

"I was eight years old last Christmas, and cousin Lyman thinks I am a baby!" I sobbed forth.

She understood me in a moment, and took me in her arms, with sweet, persuasive words.

But I could not be comforted. Then Fred, who had proudly donned his soldierly array, begged me not to cry, in a very patronizing manner. He extolled the merits of my gifts, which were just the thing for a little boy like me, while he, "two great, long years older than I," was big enough for a soldier cap and sword.

Still bitterer was my grief, when Fred received permission to train with the boys, upon the village green, for two or three hours. I was not allowed to go, for I was an invalid child, and my mother cherished me like a hot-house plant.

Fred went off with a party of our playmates and left me alone. The oft-painful experiences of maturer years have not erased from my memory the agony of that hour. I cannot smile, as I think of the little-grief-stricken child, left without a companion, on that Independence morning. They called me a gentle boy, for I never rebelled against parental authority, nor quarrelled with my high-spirited brother. But I was painfully sensitive, and felt every pain or pleasure most acutely. This was a trial almost beyond my endurance. I wandered about the yard with the most overwhelming sense of desolation; with my little heart reproaching dear mother and brother, and a keen pang of self-contrition, that I was not grateful for my cousin's fine presents.

It was a jubilant, perfect summer morning. I remember it well. The freshness and indescribable sweetness of June

yet lingered on the earth. The grounds about the grand, old homestead were in their glory, and there was a smell of roses in every puff of sunny air. Along the shady avenue leading to the house, a great number of birds had congregated, and their twittering and carolling was most enlivening. They sang as if mad with joy, and their ecstasy filled my grieved heart to overflowing. "Even the birds are having a Fourth of July," I cried; "everything and everybody but me!" Then I ran distractedly down the avenue, and threw myself upon the ground, under the branches of a monstrous weeping willow. Here my despair found utterance in tears and rending sobs, none the less pathetic and heartfelt because I was a child. Soon I heard a brisk, regular tread, outside the fence, along the travelled way. I hushed my cries, and peering through the foliage, caught sight of Fred. He looked proudly beautiful to me. There was a brilliant bloom all over his features, and his eyes sparkling with glad light. The black plume of his cap, hung over the gold of his bright, curling hair, in pretty contrast. He was a noble-looking boy. My mother loved and petted me, but she was proud of Fred.

"Fred," I called, plaintively, "what have you come back for?"

"To get your drum; will you lend it to me, Louis? O, we are having a splendid time!"

"Yes, you may take it," I murmured, struggling to be brave, but it was too much for me, I broke down in choking sobs.

"What, little brother, do you feel so badly?" asked Fred, putting his arm about me.

"Dear Fred, I can't stay alone Independence Day; my heart will break."

"It's too bad, Louis; and I'll not stay very long;" away he flew after the drum, and came back shortly, beating a loud tattoo.

I must have looked all my sorrow, for Fred stopped suddenly and flung away the drum. "Louis," he cried, "I won't go; I'll stay with you, and we'll play together. Don't cry any more, but let us go and ask mother to help us play. And

you may wear my soldier cap, to pay for lending me your drum!"

He took it from his own head, that wonderful, beautiful cap, which I so coveted, and placed it on mine; he wiped my tears away, and led me to our mother.

For a moment my heart throbbed with strange vibrations, between despair and pleasure. Then I was a glad and happy boy, with a long Fourth of July day before me.

I thought Fred the kindest and dearest brother in the world, and loved him inexpressibly, still I did not then fully appreciate the generous impulse of the noble boy. I am sure our mother did, though, for she kissed us both with glistening eyes, and said that she was the happy mother of two good children.

Grandmother, when she heard the story smiled as only a doting grandmother can, and cried, "Bless their dear hearts! what children they are, to be sure! I think we must have a celebration all by ourselves, and make them happy."

"O, do, do," cried Fred.

"Yes, mother, please do," I echoed in my girlish treble.

And she assented, saying that she would send out and buy red, white and blue cloth, and make us a flag, and that we might have an unlimited supply of oranges, nuts and candy.

Then grandmother proposed to have dinner in the orchard, and to have the table set in pic-nic style, and we all eagerly seconded the plan.

O, what a happy, busy time we had! Fred was grandma's assistant in the orchard, and I stood by my mother's side, holding her thread and scissors, and watching with a heart full of interest, the manufacture of the flag. I thought it a miracle of a flag, and when my mother placed it in my hand, telling me I must present it to Fred at dinner, with a little bit of a speech which she taught me, my joy and self-consequence was almost too much for me.

I stammered a little, and would have broken down in my speech, if my mother had not prompted me in an undertone, but Fred received the flag with the greatest gravity, and in reply said, that I must

wear his own gilt sword, which he unbuckled from his side and fastened to my belt. The dinner table we pronounced perfectly splendid, and, in the highest spirits, we were about to sit down to partake, when Carlo, my pet dog, set up a joyful barking, and ran frisking towards the house.

"Elizabeth!" cried grandma, "I do believe Daniel has come!"

"I am sure he has," said mother, her beautiful face beaming with great joy.

"O, father has come! I see old Whitey's face coming up the hill; yes, yes, he has come!" shouted Fred.

We left our table in the orchard, and hastened to welcome the dear traveller.

My father, ~~Mr.~~ Daniel Seymour, had been from home for several weeks, on business, the nature of which I was too young to care to know. He was the idol of the house, for such a son, husband and father, is not often seen in this world.

I was panting to get to him first, to receive the first kiss, but he saw only mother, and clasped her tenderly in his arms. Then he embraced his good old mother, and lastly gathered Fred and me to his heart, with all a father's fondness.

I remember my mother's voice trembled and her eyes were brimming with tears, and that I thought it very queer that she should cry when so full of gladness.

We went back to the orchard in triumph, Fred leading the way, and I clinging to my father's hand. Mother did the honors of the table with as much grace and dignity as though her guests were titled ones, and my father's eyes often sought her face with a proud, loving glance.

I told him in a whisper how Fred gave up training with the boys to stay with me, and displayed the plumed cap and wonderful sword, which he so kindly loaned me. Then he called Fred to him, and told him that he loved him more than before. And we all, grandmother, father, mother, Fred and I were so happy, that I am sure we had a taste of heaven that day.

After dinner Fred repeated a little patriotic piece which he had learned at

school. It was something about the Stars and Stripes, and he held the pretty flag and waved it quite dramatically. Father and I applauded loudly, and Fred descended from his rostrum, (it was, truth to tell, only a corner of the dining table,) with the air of a hero.

Then father took the flag and praised it, and while Fred and I sat upon the grass at his feet, he told us that it was the symbol of a free, proud nation. He explained the meaning of Independence Day, and why Americans celebrated it. He told us of the Revolution and of the sacrifices and sorrows of those who fought to defend our national liberties, and how rich, and free and happy a great people had become, because of the noble deeds of those early patriots. He bade us to revere the names of all the Revolutionary heroes, and said such words of Washington and Lafayette, that I felt my heart swelling with strong emotion. Then and there we received the first lesson of patriotism, and from that hour the love of country has burned upon the altar of my heart, never, never to be extinguished. The tenderest ties of life, the dearest, purest joys that I have ever known, have fed that sacred flame. And inseparably blending with love of home and kindred, underlying and coloring the religious elements of my nature, there has ever been in my soul an unswerving fealty to this noble government of ours.

Our father wound up his lesson by saying, "May God grant that my little sons grow up to be true patriots!"

And grandmother smiling, gently added, "and *Christians*, too!"

Then mother took us each by the hand, saying, "Christian patriots, my boys, be *Christian patriots*!"

We placed our flag upon a tall pole, before the porch of the house, and my young bosom thrilled with rapture, as the breeze caught its folds and proudly unfurled its bright stripes and stars. We, that is, father, Fred and I, threw up our hats and gave three times three cheers for the banner of the free, and then our Fourth of July celebration was over.

As I turn over in my book of memory, the fair pages of childhood, I suddenly

come to one, dark and sorrow laden. The sad day came that my good father lay dead in his house, and we were desolate.

O, my poor mother! her proud, beautiful head was bent in anguish over his sleeping clay, as she kissed his cold lips again and again, with passionate fervor. Grandmother was calmer, but I knew her heart was almost breaking. I clung to her sobbing with grief and terror, for the awfulness of death appalled me. But Fred's manly character shone out then. I remember that his eyes were full of tears and his lips white and trembling, yet he tried to act the part of comforter. He drew mother away from the coffin, and told her that he would soon be a man, and would take care of her and grandmother.

Well, I will not linger over that time, but never has the sun seemed quite so bright to me, nor the earth so beautiful, since that day.

We had every comfort of life, Fred and I; and our mother's exceeding tenderness almost compensated the loss of a father's care. Yet this gentle mother was very firm, and exacted perfect obedience. She faithfully endeavored to instil into our minds the principles of unbending integrity, and directed the formation of our characters with rare discretion. We revered as well as loved her. Ah, to my childish imagination, she was the perfection of womanly beauty and goodness! And now she rises before my mental vision, in this far away scene of strife, as one crowned with wisdom and love. Her beauty is intellectual in its type, and the reticence and dignity of her manner is tempered with sweetness. Few out of the home circle ever knew her worth, and strangers often call her proud and cold, for she is chary of caressing words, and tender, graceful acts, before the world, and keeps them all as sacred to her home. Perhaps I prized her love the more for this, and felt that she who loved so few, and those so deeply, should receive the heart's full treasure in return.

Fred, *dear* Fred! a true, fond brother he ever was to me. Sometimes a little hasty and thoughtless, to be sure, but always atoning most generously and affectionately. He was a brilliant scholar, for

his vigorous mind apprehended intellectual truth with wonderful quickness. He was fond of athletic sports and delighted in social life. But I was a home-boy, and liked best to con my books by the fireside; so, though much slower, my mental attainments nearly kept pace with his. I was dreamy-eyed, and looked upon life and the objects around me, through my glowing imagination. Poetry was my passion, and I panted to climb the Parnassian heights and bind the laurel around my brow.

My brother was all life and action; full of ambitious, adventurous energy, and scorning the narrow limits of our country home.

At twenty-one, he left to go out into the great world. Our father's only brother was a wealthy merchant in Virginia, and held out fine inducements for Fred to invest his small property in his. It was hard parting, but we felt that it would be a good thing for Fred, and made no objections. I tarried at home to keep my mother and aged grandmother company; to take care of the old place, and study and dream.

I missed my brother, and I am sure mother pined for her first-born; but his long, frequent letters cheered our loneliness, and in time we became reconciled to his absence. He wrote that he was prospered, that he was growing rich and winning influential friends. He liked Richmond and had chosen it as his place of residence. I might keep the old homestead, but a stirring life for him. Then, after a few years, he spoke of Rose Delancy, a young Southern maiden, whom he loved. She was beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy. He compared her to Lilly May, his first, boyish fancy, and said she was a thousand times more beautiful, and so proud and queenly in her ways, that the timid graces of the other seemed childish in contrast.

This letter aroused a tumult in my breast. Lilly May, that fairest, purest, loveliest maiden, slightly compared to any other! I could not brook anything like that, though Fred's favored love was the queen among women. Lilly had grown since Fred had known her: how

dared he call her childish? O, she was fair as the flower whose name she bore, with eyes so changeful in their light, that some called them black, but I knew they were blue, with hair like threaded sunlight, and a voice of music!

Lilly had been Fred's first love; she was my first and last. Innumerable poems were locked in the secret parting of my desk, all written to, or upon "*Lilly*," and that one name was woven with every dream of my youth. I have not spoken of her before, yet she was in my heart. I had never said a word to Lilly, for I remembered my brother, and would not reach out my hand to pluck the flower of my love, though sometimes I thought my heart would burst for utterance. And all this self-abnegation was undesired and uncalled for! Joy mingled with my resentment. Fred loved another, and Lilly might be mine.

I went to her and told her all my heart and she laid her dear hand in mine, and smiled through bright tears, and whispered that she had loved me always.

Then I quite forgave Fred, and pitied him a little, too. Gushing over with happiness, I wrote in my turn, and described my Lilly. I spoke very magnanimously of Rose, and desired a brother's love to her.

Mother had grown impatient for a visit from Fred, and in answer to her earnest invitation, he replied that in June he would bring his bride to the old homestead. It was then in early March, and I persuaded Lilly to think she could get ready in June for our marriage — so that was to be a month of jubilee.

Yet all my happiness was tempered by a shadow of coming evil. I was not a politician; men of my temperament never are, still I was not ignorant of the dangerous crisis at hand, in our national affairs. I foreboded war, though my neighbors scouted the idea.

One day Fred wrote thus: "This long war of words is culminating. The North have imposed upon the South long enough, and there must be a disruption soon. I go in for secession, strong."

I was fired with anger, and tore the letter to ribbons, declaring that my mother should never know a son of hers wrote such

disgraceful words. I felt humiliated myself, and was amazed at Fred's position; he was blinded, I thought, completely blinded.

The storm burst! It was war! Dis-may, grief, horror fell upon us.

I was half beside myself for a few days. Poor old grandmother wept continually for her country's sin and disgrace, and my mother's pale face and sorrowful eyes told of the heart-ache within. I burned with impatience to hear from Fred. Would he say secession, now? Fred, my noble, high souled brother!

I heard full soon. He addressed me affectionately, adjuring me not to enlist; he assured me that defeat would be upon the side of the North, and added that he wished not to meet his brother in such a conflict. He had entered the Confederate army, under Col. Delancy, the father of Rose, and hoped to prove worthy of advancement. He closed with a word of love for mother, and that was all.

Had my brother died, I could have borne it; but this maddened me. Fred, *my brother, a rebel*, armed against his country! I was frightened at the violence of my emotion, and gasped like one suffocating. *My father's son, my mother's first-born, a traitor!*

"I denounce him!" I shouted, through clenched teeth; "never more will I call him brother!"

"What is it, Louis?" it was my mother's clear, calm voice.

"What is it?" I cried wildly. "Read and learn that you are a dishonored mother!"

She took the letter which I extended towards her, and read. I came to my senses when I saw the color stricken out from her face, and she dropped the paper and pressed both hands over her heart; I knew a barbed arrow had sped there, quick and sure. And I might have withheld it; she might not then have known, but for my insane haste.

"O, mother, forgive me!" I cried, clasping my arms about her and weeping like a woman. But she shed no tear, she was stunned. "Don't. tell grandma," she whispered, after a moment, and then she turned and left me.

I sat down mechanically to my writing-desk. The ink was fresh in the pen, and I had left off writing in the middle of an elaborate sentence. I had almost completed an essay upon the Philosophy of Dreams, and thought it my very masterpiece. I was ambitious of authorship, and expected soon to startle the literary world by suddenly rising in their midst, a star of the first magnitude.

My seat was by the window, where I could look out upon a fair landscape, brightening beneath the magnetic influence of spring-time. I had been writing with a heart all in tune with the harmonies of nature, and my soul seemed half inspired. Now all was changed. I was rudely awakened from my dreaming, my fine-spun theories were snapped asunder, and a shameful reality rose like a spectre before me.

My blood was at boiling heat, my heart still pulsed with agony and resentment, yet with outward calmness, and slow motions, I gathered the scattered sheets of manuscript together, and placed them inside the desk, with pen and ink. "So dies the vision of Fame," I said, inly; "I have better work to do."

I opened and shut my hand, gazing darkly upon it. It was smooth, and soft, I thought, but it must learn to bear a stronger weapon than the pen. One who had been my brother, was fighting *against* his country, I must fight *for* it. I felt a great, strong resolve nerving my whole being. I hardly knew myself. I turned instinctively to look in the mirror, and saw a new expression of firmness and determination upon my face. Latent will and energy seemed suddenly to have sprung to life.

I had mourned and prayed for my country. I had trembled at her fearful peril, but the thought of enlisting to defend her had never entered my mind. There were few soldierly elements within me.

But now! I was called upon in a voice I could not misunderstand. It were weak, dastardly, for me to tarry idly at home, now.

At that moment I heard approaching footsteps, and the bird-like voice of Lilly.

Then my soul shuddered with a new and awful pang. *O, Lilly, Lilly!*

Mother was with her, the one pale and silent, the other smiling and gay.

Lilly became subdued after the first glance at me, and she looked apprehensively from my stern face to mother.

"We have had sad news, ~~he~~ news," said mother, mournfully, in answer to her look; "Louis, tell Lilly; she ought to know about it."

I told her, calmly as I could, and when I concluded, she threw herself into mother's arms, crying bitterly. Still there were no tears in the eyes of her so deeply wounded. I did not like the expression of her face, and knowing her somewhat peculiar nature, I felt that her heart was bleeding in silent agony. Her mother's love had received a cruel thrust, her woman's pride and lofty sense of honor, a dreadful blow.

I, only, could lighten the insupportable burden.

"Mother," I hastened to say, "I will go to the war, and may this right arm do as much for my country, as Fred's shall do against it. I cannot proudly enlist, as others are doing, and as I might have done yesterday, but I must go to atone for Fred's disloyalty. I have locked up my pen, and I will take the gun in its place, never to lay it down until victory is ours."

Her fixed features relaxed, and she burst forth into an agony of tears. I took her hand tenderly and respectfully, and begged her to be calm. "Dear mother, do not weep; though you are bowed with shame now, I will make you a proud mother yet. All your teachings have not been lost upon me. I will fight, and if need be, die, for our country, and thus wipe out the stain from the name which Fred has dishonored."

"Will you give up your hopes and plans, and leave us all, for the awful scenes of war?"

"I will, mother; you do not bid me stay?"

"No, no. God bless you, my noble boy! Go! but oh, 'tis hard to send you forth thus — my *only son!* for, though it breaks my heart to say it, I will not own as a son, he who is armed against his government!"

I trembled at her words. O, what a soul was hers, and yet her son was a traitor! I would be worthy; *one* son should honor her.

A little hand was laid upon my arm, and a sweet, frightened face looked up into mine. "Lilly, Lilly!" and I drew her to my heart. "O, my love! I must leave you!"

She clung to me, sobbing. "Dear one, say, shall I not go, though it is bitter parting?"

Soon she lifted up her head, and bravely said, "Go, dearest Louis; I could not love you if you stayed!"

Noble Lilly; worthy to be a soldier's bride!

We never told grandmother. She was saved the pain of knowing why I enlisted. She wondered greatly at it, and shed many tears, for I was her favorite grandson. It was a bad sign, too, to put the wedding off, she said, and she might die, and never see Lilly my bride. If the country needed the sacrifice, why did not Fred enlist? he was strong and brave, and would make a far better soldier than I possibly could.

Then when she found that I would go, she bade me, with tears shining in her faded eyes, to fight in the right spirit. To have no revenge in my heart, but to fight because it was my duty, and for the good that might come of it.

As I listened to the talk of that Christian woman, somewhat broken, it is true, for grandmother was very old, now, I felt the bitter resentment against the armed traitors at the South, die out of my heart. They were traitors, still, and not the less guilty in my eyes, but I pitied them, and grieved over the woe and ruin their temerity would cause. My boyish patriotism was strengthened and matured, and I felt that the country must be saved let the price be ever so dear. And I realized, as I did not at first, that something higher than passionate impulse must nerve the patriot soldier, and that he might be a Christian and a soldier, too.

Mother and Lilly were very busy sewing for the volunteer. My Lilly had been engaged upon a pleasanter work, which brought warm blushes to her cheek and a

brilliant light to her eye. But, without a word, she put the bridal preparations all away, and if she wept and suffered in doing so, she never told me, but cheered me with her kindest, most hopeful thoughts.

I began to think, like a blind, selfish boy as I was, that she did not care so *very much*. If she loved me truly, would she be so calm, and never once ask me, for her sake, to stay? But that last night at home, I read her true heart better. I sat in her little parlor, (her mother's cottage was close by our old homestead) until after the midnight hour. I ought to have said "good-bye" long before, but could not. She was calm even at the last moment, though her face was white as the snowy muslin which she wore. She returned my kisses, (she never had done so before,) and I left her with a murmured blessing.

I lingered at the gate, and turned to look back through the double, open window. Lilly stood just where I had left her. Her head was bowed upon her hands, her slight form was swayed convulsively, and her sobs of anguish smote my ear. I was about to rush back and clasp her in my arms, when she fell upon her knees, and lifting both hands to heaven, called upon God to help her. I paused. God would help her, I could not; and then, with my heart melted within me, I turned and bent my steps homeward.

I found my mother waiting for me; that first, last, best earthly friend. I had but a few moments to be with her, for I was expected to be in camp by the dawn of day. She had prepared a little feast for me, which I could not eat, and crammed my knapsack with loathsome dainties.

As she held my hands in hers, and said her parting words of love and counsel, never had she seemed so dear and noble to me. I told her not to fear for me, and that while life and strength were mine, I would be brave and true. And if I should die in battle, it would be a glorious death, far better than a cowardly, selfish life. I saw her great effort, as she struggled for composure. "Louis," she said, low and hesitatingly, "if you should meet your brother?"

Concluded in next Number.

Editor's Table.

Autumn has come. "The melancholy days" are at the door. October with her sober smile flaunts her gorgeous banners on the air, odorous of the first breath of decay, and the low winds wail through the woods, giving audible monitions of the coming of dreary winter. It is a season to lead our thoughts to other things; to the far off fields where many that we shall see no more sleep, covered with the drapery of autumn, but stained and torn and trampled with the feet of contending armies, their sleeping places never to be visited or known by the weepers at home. We have had great and wonderful battles, and the newspapers chronicle victories, and it is something to know if our sons and brothers fall, it is with the shouts of "victory! victory!" ringing in their ears. O, this dreadful war. Yet it has its redeeming points. What heroes it is developing! and what heroines! What Christians it is making! Before me, in the account of the battle of the 17th I read, "The inhabitants of all these villages" mentioning four or five, "are laboring night and day to relieve the dying and the suffering. A more Christian people, in the practical significance of that word, I never saw. Every private dwelling is filled with the wounded. Carpets are torn up, costly furniture removed and comfortable mattresses spread upon the floor awaiting the arrival of the ambulances. And much of this preparation for the wounded is without one word from the Medical Directors in regard to it. In the pleasant village of Middletown, especially, I have seen nothing in the hospitals in Washington that indicated so much thoughtfulness and devotion. All the ladies in the village are spending night and day with the wounded."

God bless them! and God bless Maryland, that in its late return to duty its daughters are devoting themselves with such loyalty and love to the suffering soldiers who have fallen for her sake! But O, will the cup of our calamities

never be full? For how many days, and weeks, and months, yet to come must the long list of the dead and wounded and prisoners glut the daily journals? Will the time never come again when a "Burdell Murder" or a "Cunningham bogus-baby" will furnish all the ingredients for a three months' excitement? Now who cares for a murder, or would think even a "bogus-baby case" worth a square inch space on the advertising page of the poorest paper? Ten thousands now fill the space not long ago devoted to the one. Everything has grown to magnificent size, and done on a magnificent scale. Here I see before me that a certain railroad is blocked with "*ten miles of trains*," and our armies are now counted by millions. Our war expenses are coolly spoken of as being two millions per day! Truly we are a grand people. May we *only* not turn out like the bullfrog that *began* to swell to the size of an ox.

But I will say no more on the subject of war unless I am irresistibly drawn to it. I have something to say of every day life.

That we have many heroes and heroines in every day life, is I hope, no mystery to my readers. The misfortune under which they suffer is that they have no Homer to sing their story or tell the world of their noble aims and brave deeds. Too poor, and acting in a sphere too humble, to attract the public notice, their generous spirit of self-sacrifice and their beautiful lives pass without a chronicler, and are almost unknown or quite unrecognised by their nearest neighbors. In reading our great daily newspapers one is almost tempted to believe in the old theological absurdity of original sin and total depravity. It seems as if every man we hear of is a villain, and that virtue and goodness have fled from the world. It would be well to remember that the newspapers generally make no mention of the thousand acts of kindness, the deeds of love and truth with which the earth is filled. What would the

world think, were the noble actions of every day to be recorded in the morning papers, and the story of unrepining patience under suffering, or of earnest devotion to truth and duty, to find an utterance from lip to lip, as men now speak of a burglary or a murder? Human life would seem a more beautiful and a worthier thing.

To this end I wish to record a brief account of a poor Irish girl,

KATE DONNELLY.

Kate's father was as poor as Irish peasants generally are. He had little learning and less money, but he was rich in children, of which there seemed to be no end. Katie was the third of a long series, a brother and sister having preceded her. She was no beauty. As she grew up she was tall and gaunt, with carrotty hair and teeth set in rare disorder and overlapping each other. Still, her eyes were bright and clear, and there was a singular honesty and good nature beaming from her homely face.

But Katie was not wanting in sterling virtue. She was blessed with good practical sense, and possessed an energy and force of character that fitted her for a heroine.

When about sixteen years of age she resolved to go over to England and become a servant. She easily gained the consent of her parents, and a few days after found her in the family of a Liverpool shopkeeper. Here she remained several months, till her wages were sufficient to make her a comfortable outfit and pay her passage to America. Arriving in New York, she soon found her way into the central part of the State, and secured a place as maid of all work in a respectable family. Her good nature, her willingness to learn, her anxiety to please, united to her practical common sense, her industry and faithfulness, gradually won the confidence of her employers and fixed her in place. Here she remained several years. Instead of wasting her wages on finery, as many poor girls do, she carefully saved what was not absolutely necessary to her slender wardrobe, till she had accumulated enough to secure the passage of a brother from the old to the new world. A few months after, Patrick, her eldest brother, appeared one Spring morning at her kitchen door and was welcomed with a warmth and cordiality that would have done honor to a princess. Pat soon found employment at fair wages, and it was not many months before the two together had made up a sum sufficient to secure a passage ticket for

Bridget, the older sister. She came, and added another hand to earn and save. Presently another ticket was purchased, and Michael crossed the ocean. Then in regular order came Mary and Lizzie and John and Dan and Kathleen and James, till finally one fine day in early summer came the father and mother with the rest of the children. "Ould Ireland" was abandoned by the whole family of Donnellys, and the United States had a larger population, by a dozen or more, and was enriched by as many pairs of stout hands.

Katie is now married, and is rearing a family of her own. Her husband is an industrious, thriving man, from Ireland, as well as herself, and their little home is made comfortable by her toil and care. The pig is growing in the sty, the poultry yard yields eggs and chickens in abundance, while the cow, carefully wisped, brings home a generous pail of milk which Katie well knows how to use, and make a constant source of domestic comforts and income.

Often I meet her upon the street as she goes to and from the village in the management of her little household affairs, and as often as I see her my heart blesses her, for her goodness and worth; for the fortunes of a family that she has changed, and the happiness that she has wrought out. Yet she is quite unconscious of any rare merit, and looks upon her unselfish life as the performance of a simple duty. But I call Katie a true heroine of every day life, and doubt not her worth will be acknowledged in that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels.

Having spoken of the heroine of every day life, leads me to say a word for the

HEROINES OF THE WAR.

And their name is legion. In every nook and corner of all this great, beautiful North, works and waits, and hopes, and fears and prays through all, some heroine of the war—some great, noble hearted mother who has sent her all into the field to fight their country's battles; some wife of a day, who, loving her husband well and truly, loves her country more, and therefore bade him leave her for that country's sake; some bethrothed one, who, mourning for her fallen hero, sews hospital clothing from morn till eve, and perchance, "from eve till dewy morn," and with every stitch sews in a blessing for him who shall wear her offerings, hallowing the memory of her lost one by the sublimest self-abnegation and the most devoted labors for the cause for

which he died ! O, the heroines of this war ! Their name is indeed legion. For their sake, if for no others, our beloved land must surely be saved. God will count them as the "ten righteous ones" and the city will at last, and after many perils be redeemed.

You all remember the Western mother, and she a widow, who devoted her only son, a little drummer-lad, to the service of his country, leading him by the hand and giving him up with the apology that she was poor, and had nothing else to give to her beloved country. So she gave it the apple of her eye. Noble mother ! "Verily I say unto you, she has done more than they all who have cast into the Lord's treasury; others of their abundance have cast in much, but she of her penury hath cast in all that she hath."

The following most touching lines delineate the greatness of another heroine-mother.

DEBORAH KING.

Come, women ! come pray for a woman !
She has done what she could, she's a mother !
She has given up all that she had ;
This mite of a man is no other
Than Clermont. Who's Clermont ? her lad !

Not twenty-one yet, to be sure sir,
But he is eighteen, sir, and over !
And as brave, sir, and strong as young David.
He'll fight like a lion or lover.

In black and white there, if you're eager !
Quaint characters wrought out of pain.
How earnest and honest this leader !
But—glad ? there's a blot and a stain.

"This Clermont," she writes, "I've no other,
He's mine, my one son, and he'll bring
The consent that you want. I'm his mother."
Signed valiantly, "DEBORAH KING."

"But here's only one name. Just the woman's,
There's another must sign it," they said.
Clermont King flashed the fire of old Romans
Into speech, "For my father is dead."
Living FATHER ! consent for the Son !

In the long hot forced marches support him !
In the dark days of overthrow, shield !
Let officer never report him
A private left dead on the field.

Pray, women, for Deborah's Son !
Christ save him from sun-stroke and fever,
Save Clermont, this widow's one son !
We are thinking of Nain, Lord ; remember
Her glory when Peace shall be won.

But I forbear to pursue this subject, knowing well that the mind of every reader supplies hundreds of heroines beautiful and true and glorious as those. God give them crowns of glory for their noble and generous devotion.

"MOTHER, LOOK UP AND SEE ME!"

"Mother, look up and see me !" It was the voice of little Walter, full of eagerness, and with a touch of triumph in its tones. He felt that he was quite a man, he could take care of himself, yet with affectionate regard for his mother he wished to assure her often of his safety.

"Mother, look up and see me !" And the mother looked up and smiled upon her beautiful boy.

The new propeller bore a precious freight that day as she glided through the placid waters of the Connecticut. Above and below it was crowded with a happy company of young and old. It was a Sunday School excursion; the day was waning, and they were homeward bound. Such a happy day as they had had ! Gladness lighted every face and warmed every heart. They were made better as well as happier by spending a day in the woods, and were returning to their city homes in grateful mood.

Little Walter was a venturesome child, and his mother was often calling him to her side lest harm should befall him. "I shall not fall into the water, I'll cling tight, mother," he answered once, as he stood on deck, clinging to the railing, then again, as if to reassure her, he called out gaily, "*Mother, look up and see me !*"

Never will the mother forget how her fair child looked at that moment; he seemed the very embodiment of innocent joy, and strangers, even called him lovely.

When least we dream of danger it is often near. They were approaching another boat; they went too near, they hit, and the shock was followed by wild cries of terror, and frantic running hither and thither. But the boats were little damaged and passed without another shock.

"All right ! no harm done !" "keep quiet !" cried stentorian voices, and the panic-stricken people grew calm.

But where was little Walter ? The railing to which he had been clinging had been torn away, and with beaming face, and laughter on his lips, he had vanished beneath the still waters.

With straining eyes and fearfully beating hearts they waited to see the sweet child rise, but his hat was all the trace they could find. Beneath the river's mirror-like surface, there was a swift, deep current, and little Walter drifted away from the friends that loved him so.

In the midst of health, of joy, and apparent safety, death with lightning-like stroke had torn a beloved one from life. The scene was indescribably harrowing. The whole company was plunged into profound grief, and bitter tears supplanted smiles.

But the father, the mother, the sister, the brother! our pen falters and cannot portray their anguish.

Homeward bound; with one dear child lost, one sweet voice hushed, one beautiful face veiled beneath the still waters. Homeward bound! soon the tired children would calmly sleep on their couches over which fond mothers would soothingly bend, as they thought of young Walter in his cold, deep, unquiet bed.

Walter's friends returned to a desolate home. The poor mother was distracted, almost deranged by her terrible sorrow. The thought of leaving the child of her love to sleep in the river was torturing beyond endurance.

Alas, grieving mother, on earth there is no balm for thy wounds! Walter's good-night kiss will no more be pressed like a benediction on thy lips, and thy aching heart will ever miss him in the circle of his brothers and sisters. But God is thy comfort; he loves and pities thee.

Little Walter did not rest in the river, nor in the grave to which they afterwards bore him. Without a pang the smiling, sinless child was taken from the earthly festival to a higher, better, and more glorious festival in heaven.

"Mother, look up and see me!" Hearst thou not that voice, sad mother, eager, triumphant and reassuring?

Does it not come to thee in the busy day time when his presence is the one thing for which thy soul yearneth? and in the dark night when thou art alone with thy sorrow?

"Mother, look up and see me!"

Listen, and look up. It is an angel's voice that calleth thee. Thy child has passed through the river of death, and on the other shore of the better land he waiteth for thee.

"Mother, look up and see me!"

M. S. D.

BOOK NOTICES.

Agnes Stanhope; a Tale of English Life. By Miss Martha Remick. Boston: James M. Usher, Publisher, 37 Cornhill. 1862. pp. 444.

This new work by one who has long and acceptably contributed to the pages of the Repos-

itory, has taken us by surprise. Favorably as we had judged of its author we were not prepared for so finished and complete an effort. The plot is elaborate and the interest remarkably sustained to the very close of the volume. The type is excellent, and the characters delineated with no feeble hand, and we congratulate the author on having produced a book that will be read with profound interest and win her multitudes of admirers. Mr. Usher has done his part well, giving the work a handsome and most presentable dress. Success to both author and publisher.

Queen Love and the Fairies. By Susan E. Whiston. New York: Henry Lyon, Publisher, No. 476 Broadway, 1862. 61mo. pp. 79.

This is a very charming little book, consisting of several sprightly and delightful little stories, calculated to interest and improve the thousand little readers we bespeak for it. Its author is the daughter of one of our able and respected clergymen.

The Universalist Almanac for 1863. A. B. Grosh, Editor and Proprietor. Boston: Tompkins & Co.

This old and useful annual makes its appearance the present year in good time, and with the usual variety of information. The Almanac presents the only statistics of the denomination, which we have. They have been collected with great pains-taking and care through years of persevering industry, and are worthy of general confidence. Errors, however, in a work of this kind, can be altogether avoided by no efforts or care. Our clergymen are so migratory in their habits that we cannot reasonably expect that a volume which appears only once a year should invariably succeed in tracing them to their present locality. The almanac is a work of great merit and should be found in every Universalist family in the country.

The denomination is now represented by one United States Convention; twenty-three State Conventions; eighty-nine Associations; twelve hundred and one churches or Societies; nine hundred and fifteen Meeting Houses, and seven hundred and three preachers. While the British Provinces have one Association, thirteen Societies; nine Meeting Houses, and nine Preachers. For a denomination that took its rise only a little more than eighty years ago, and has fought its way against every form of opposition, this may be regarded as a respectable exhibit.

THE STAR, AND THE WISE MEN. By A. G. LAURIE.

Old Scottish Air. "Oh an' ye were dead."

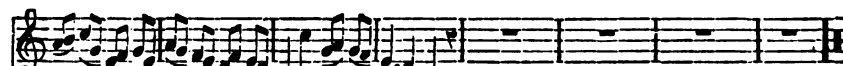
Adapted by Miss ANNIE JOHNSON.



1. Lo! why that Star, so soft and bright Above its Sisters of the night, Why shines it into sudden sight, Now
2. And who those Men in Persian guise, With heads erect, and earnest eyes, Who scan the stranger of the skies, And
3. That Star, tho' now ta'en up on high, Still beams to us in Bethlem's sky, And kindles there, on every eye, Each



first the dark a - dawning? And on their courses as they go, Why still and steadfast falls its glow, Up-
 pause to mark its standing? They stoop beneath the eaves, and, see, The lordly men, who^e kings might be, Are
 time we read the sto - ry, And, greater than the wise men, we, For when it shines on us, we see The



- on that quiet home below, A marvel and a warning!
 kneeling by a woman's knee, A Babe, their hearts commanding.
 Christ that lies on Mary's knee, Is too, the Christ of Glory.



* This is in allusion to the early tradition of the Church, that they really were kings. According to the legend, they were three in number, a thought suggested doubtless by the three-fold gifts they offered; and their names were Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthazar. They were supposed to represent respectively, the three groups of mankind; Melchior the family of Shem, or the Asiatics, Balthazar, that of Japhet, or the Europeans, and Gaspar that of Ham. In the art of the Midages, Gaspar is depicted as an Ethlopi.

The fancy of their being Kings, was sanctioned, if indeed it were not suggested, by Is. Lx. 3: "and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and Kings to the brightness of thy rising." The Festival of the Epiphany, observed in commemoration of the Adoration of the Wise Men, was most commonly called, The Feast of the Three Kings.

A. G. L.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

MY SECOND THOUGHT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"*There — it is done!*"—and I dropped my pen nervously and pushed back the ink-stand with such a quick, impatient movement, that I nearly upset its contents upon my sealed letter. Then I left my chair, and clenching my hands till my finger-nails wore half-circles in my palms, and beating my bosom till it was sore and crimson, I paced to and fro in my chamber from midnight until dawn. There was no one to listen to my footfalls, no one to be disturbed by the tramp, tramp, tramp of my busy feet.

I dwelt alone in the old farm-house, all alone, save for the watch dog, that lay curled upon the tiger-skin before the great front-door, and the cat that nestled down close to the warm ashes of the kitchen hearthstone. I had no relative in the wide world. My grandfather had died three months before. My grandmother had followed him within twenty-four hours. "In death they were not divided." Father and mother I had never known. Both had been taken away from me while I was yet in the tenderest days of baby-hood. Brother or sister, they did not leave me, nor uncle, nor aunt, nor cousin, for both had been only children, and their wedded life but a couple of years. I, an only child, an orphan, was taken to the hearts and hearth of my grandparents, and loved as an only child is loved.

Alone in the old farm-house! People

wondered how I could bear to stay there, and pitied me, so lonely, so miserable! Pity! I did not need it; at least, till now, I had not. I had not been lonely. I had not been miserable. Why should I be lonely? Busy people never are, and I was very busy. True, the farmer who dwelt in the red cottage at the end of the lane, took all the care of the farm off my mind, and the farmer's wife tended my dairy, and did my washing and ironing, and on cleaning days, assisted me up stairs and down, with broom and brush, mop and pail. Yet I was busy. I allowed no one to toil in the flower garden, save myself, and to keep it in the order I kept it, took many an hour each week. No weeds struggled for existence through those gravelled walks, none throve in my rich beds and borders. No drooping vines trailed on the grounds, no faded flowers scattered unsightly leaves over the snowy pebbles. I had my grapes and fruit trees, and I pruned and scraped and dug about them every day. I had strawberry beds, and currant bushes, and raspberry vines, and a blackberry arbor, which I weeded and trimmed and plucked. I had my poultry, too, a whole yard full of pets; snowy geese, and brown ducks, and fan-tailed turkeys, and gay cocks, and gray hens, and brood after brood of tender chicks. I had my cosset lamb, and my snow white heifer, and my bonny black pony, who would let no one saddle him or bridle him but myself. Lonely, indeed! And then, indoors, I had my books, shelf after shelf full; and my weekly mail, with

its papers, magazines and latest publications, and my piano and guitar, and—my thoughts, my bright, beautiful, glorious thoughts, for they were so, even when I thought of the dear ones who had passed away, for, to me, they were not dead, only translated, earth exchanged for heaven.

Miserable! and wherefore? Those who do good are never miserable, and I, in my feeble way, strove to do good. There was a revolutionary pensioner lived not far from me, a very old man, of course; he was blind, and deaf in one ear, and lame in both legs. He lived with a grandchild, who, burdened with a large family of fatherless children, could not do much for him. True, she kept his clothes neat, and his person clean; and helped him out of bed in the morning, and back again at night, and fed him three times a day. But she had no time to read to him, to talk to him or sing to him. I made it a rule, rain or shine, to go to that old man. If a fair day, I helped him out of doors, and to a seat in the little garden. He could not see the glory of the summer-time, but he could feel the genial sunshine, as it streamed over his wrinkled face, and settled in his white hair, and with his one ear he could hear the song of the birds, and the rustle of the winds. I would gather him flowers, and as he smelled them, beg of him a story of the olden time, and make the old man happy by the eagerness with which I listened to him. If the day was cloudy, I drew a chair close to him, and read to him the stirring news of the week, of battle, defeat, or victory, and sung him those patriotic songs, which our loyal Northmen chant in unison, as they go down to their camp grounds, in the fair but guilty South.

"God bless you, my little girl," the old man would say, in parting. "you would make a good soldier's wife." Miserable! with that blessing gathered to my heart!

There was an old bed-ridden woman in our midst, a poor, feeble thing, who had not stood upon her feet for twenty years. Her son's widow ministered to her in her way; that is, she kept the linen on the

bed white as snow, and changed her cap and gown twice a week, and brought her a cup of tea and a dish of simple food three times a day. But she had no time to gather her flowers, no money to buy her fruits, and was too ignorant to read to her. I rified my garden of my choicest buds and flowers every day, and carried them to that poor woman. I gave her my earliest dish of strawberries, and my first basket of grapes. I talked to her, read to her, sung to her, and when I got a new engraving or picture, hung it on the wall at the foot of her bed, and let it stay there till I had a fresh one. "God bless you, my dear child," she would say, each day, "you are like an angel to me." Miserable, with that blessing sounding in my ears!

Our minister's wife was a weakly creature, and with no help and three small children, often at her wits' end how to get along. I did good to her in my way. I would happen along of a Monday morning, and snatching up one after another of the bothering little ones, stow them away in my pony carriage, and carry them home and keep them till I knew the last garment was on the line, and the kitchen not only mopped but dry. Of a Tuesday I would call and start her and the minister off in the same carriage, to call on some parishioner, and while they were gone, do up the ironing and baking, being careful always to fill my satchel, before I left home, with sugar, spice, butter and eggs. I took back with me, many a bundle of plain sewing, and sent them, too, some bundles fresh from the store. He had no bills to pay for denominational papers, magazines, or quarterlies; the express man left him many a new book, while his study table was always well supplied with the best of stationery, and all those little et ceteras that help make writing easy. "God bless you, you are our dearest friend," they would often say to me; "but for you, how should we get along?" Miserable, with that blessing on my head! Miserable, when I knew the poor, the sickly, the infirm, the very old and the very young, loved and blessed me! No, I was neither lonely nor miserable. At least, I had not been, until

twelve hours ago. Heavens! what had I not lived, through, in that little space of time. Years have not seemed so long as each of those slow-dragging hours. And the *to come*! How could I face it?

On my grandfather's farm was a spot known as the most famous camping ground in all that section of the State. It embraced an area of many acres, was sheltered on two sides by a dense woodland, the lofty mountains, grey and mossy, breaking the wind and storm of the north, while its southern aspect was made like a fair picture, by a broad, deep-rolling river, with banks of purest pebbles. A waterfall glided down the steep rocks of the old mountain, with the chime of silver bells, and glistened through the green, gently sloping meadow, like a string of pearls. On the side of the river the turnpike, hard and dusty, stretched along the bank, while beyond it were sweet-smelling clover fields and green pastures and ruddy orchards, and brown farm-houses, and away in the distance, the white cottages of the pleasant village, with its single spire pointing upward, in mute but expressive language.

My great-grandfather had been an enthusiastic Methodist, and for half a century, had not failed to assemble the members of his church for miles and miles around, at that pleasant place, in what they called camp-meeting, always entertaining the elders at the old farm-house, and supplying from there, too, the miscellaneous crowd with all the forgotten necessities of camp-life. On his death-bed he required of my grandfather, his only heir, a fervent promise that he would never, in his life-time, *desecrate* that hallowed spot by plough or harrow, but keep it sacred to the Lord and his holy people. My grandfather never wavered in the pledge given to his dying parent, and, though in the course of time, he embraced a broader, and more beneficent faith, one which trusts in God as the Universal Father, and looks upon every man, be his skin red, black or white, as a brother, on his way to the same wide heaven, he never failed to invite the members of his former church to their annual re-union on that favorite spot, and, as in former times,

showered upon them the hospitalities of the broad hearth and ample larder of his home. "They are no less my brothers," he would say. "If I was good to them, when my heart was cramped by a narrow creed, shall I not be better to them than ever, now that my creed is limitless as God's love?" Blessed, old man! I can see him now, leaning upon his staff, and going to and fro among the white tents, stopping at each door-way to shake hands with the occupants, and inquire if they did not need something from the old farm-house.

Very soon after our President's first proclamation, calling upon the loyal North for seventy thousand men to suppress the unholy rebellion which his predecessor and his treacherous cabinet had suffered to thrive till it was a monster of such distorted shape and awful growth, that it chilled our hearts* only to think of it; as we sat beside our hearth-stone, grandfather, grandmother and I, talking as men and women talked then, with clenched hands, tearful eyes, and eloquent tongues, we were waited upon by a committee of our townsmen. Word had come, they said, that a regiment of soldiers were ordered to our place as a rendezvous, and they had called to know if my grandfather was willing they should occupy the old camping ground.

"Willing," exclaimed the old man, starting from his arm chair, "willing—what do you come and ask me for? Am I not a patriot? did not my father fight for his country, in the days of the Revolution, and did not I bleed for it in the war of 1812? Willing! God knows I am. If the old house was large enough, I'd take them all in here. Yes, yes. Tell the brave fellows to come on. Were thirty years stricken from my own life, I'd join them, too; join them, and give the

* The associate editor, and she alone, is responsible for this idea. I have always believed and always shall, that if Buchanan had ordered Major Anderson to shell the city of Charleston in the beginning—shell it so thoroughly that every man, woman and child in it, should have been blown to atoms, this rebellion would never have thrived as it has. For the lack of that stern, but rigorous measure the North is sad with widows and orphans, and the call is still, MORE, MORE.

rebels what we've twice given old England. Yes, yes; write to them at once, and 'Belle,' turning to me, "sit down at once and write to the Colonel, in my name, who is he?" turning to the guests,—"what! Spencer; not Archibald Spencer, of Fairfield Centre, the grandson of my old companion in arms! Ah! he is like him or like his grandfather! 'Belle, 'Belle, if you were only a boy now! I'd have you in the army within twenty-four hours, and if you didn't fight like a brave man, when you reached the South, I'd—I'd—"

"But you know I would, grandfather; what shall I write to Colonel Spencer?" I was already at the desk, with my paper spread before me, and my pen dipped in the ink.

"Tell him, 'Belle, that I, I, who knew and loved his grandfather as a brother, that I invite him to make my house his home while he stays here, and that I expect he will do it, too, and that I want he should bring with him all the officers the old house will hold. Tell him, I've no life to give for my country—once I gave it, gave it freely, but it was spared to me; I almost wish it had not been, since I have lived to see this day; no life, but I have money—and it shall flow as freely as if it were my blood, and I under the cannon of the traitors. Yes, 'Belle, my country shall have what it needs, if it takes every cent of my property, and leaves you a beggar."

"Let it go, grandfather," I said, proudly. "Better a beggar on the soil of freedom, than a rich man's grandchild, under Southern despotism;" and I wrote my letter and despatched it within the hour. Then I hastened to the village, and hired a couple of strong women and a rugged man and a hearty boy, to come down to the farm-house, and help me prepare for our soldier friends.

If ever girl worked with a will, it was I, at that time. I could not fight my country's battles, but I could labor for the brave ones who were on their way for that glorious duty, and from dawn till midnight I wrought for them in parlor, chamber and kitchen.

They came, and a splendid looking set

of men they were; so splendid that I could hardly utter the words of welcome that quivered on my lips, for thinking of how they might look only a few weeks hence; blood-stained and pallid on the field of war.

"This is my grandchild," said the aged host, as he offered my hand to Colonel Spencer. "I was always sorry she wasn't a boy, but never so much so as now. She can't be a soldier, but"—

"She may perhaps be a soldier's wife," said the young Colonel, with delicate gallantry, as he clasped my hand; then observing my confusion, he added gently, "our country has need of patriotic women as well as brave men, and your grandchild, sir, I know will prove herself one of them."

. . . . A month! The regiment had been quartered there a month. It is not many days, that space of time, and yet the heart can learn much, can suffer and enjoy exquisitely. My heart had learned a deal, learned to love the young Colonel, with a love that I never dreamed of previously, and with that knowledge had come the most intense enjoyment. Heaven! it was here, in this old farmhouse, in that parlor, at eventide, when, his active labors on the camp ground over, he stood by the piano, and with flute in hand, joined me in those old ballads that my grandparents loved so well to hear. Heaven! it was all about me.

But I did not realize all that my heart had learned, or if I had, I did not own it to myself, till the thirtieth day had come. The old people had retired early that evening, somewhat indisposed. I sat alone in the parlor, waiting—for whom? I should have blushed had any one asked me. My heart gave a sudden start. A footfall halted at the door. The knob turned, and some one came in. I did not turn my face from the fire-place, nor lift my eyes from the needle-case I was threading, but I knew it was the Colonel.

He came in quietly and sat down by the little stand and shaded his eyes.

"Are you ill?" I asked gently, after a while, for the silence was embarrassing.

"Oh, no."

"Wearied."

"No."

"Sad."

"Yes," and he put down his hand and showed me his handsome features, plainly, clearly. He was sad. I knew it by the cloud upon his brow, the shadow in his eyes, and the quiver on his lips.

I strove to say, what is the matter, but the words were strangled in my throat, strangled by a sob that seemed to well up from my heart's deepest fountain.

"I ought not to be sad—I ought to be glad—glad that the hour is drawing nigh when I can serve my country as a patriot should. Isabel," he always called me so; it was grandfather's wish. "Isabel, we have received our marching orders. A week from to-day we shall leave for Washington."

The room grew cloudy, the light of the two wax candles on the stand faded first into stars and then into utter gloom. My breath came in gasps, my head ached, my heart gave a quick throb, and then—I knew nothing till I opened my eyes in the porch, and found myself in Col. Spencer's arms.

"Darling, darling Isabel," were the first words I heard, and the quick exclamation, "she is better; she lives, thank God; my own, my own."

Life came to me with those words; life and strength, and I lifted my head from his bosom. He looked me full in the face. The moonlight was brilliant. I could see as by day. I needed no more words, I knew by that look that I was beloved.

We did not go back to the parlor for three hours, but wandered up and down the garden. When we did go back, I was the promised wife of Colonel Spencer.

"I will see your grandfather early in the morning," he said to me, as we parted for the night. "It is asking much, I know: his one pet lamb, his one singing bird, his one fair pearl; were I anything but a soldier, I should hardly dare beg for so much; but he said to me, when I came, he would refuse me nothing. Good night, darling; don't dream of battle-fields, now!"

Dream! I do not believe I slept at all. Did ever a young girl sleep on the night of her betrothal?

Grandfather, grandmother, and the Colonel were in the parlor when I entered it the next morning. It was so early that I was not looking for them yet. I stood on the threshold, shy and blushing. He, my lover, came proudly forward and took my hand, and led me to the aged dear ones. We knelt before them, and I felt two pairs of tremulous hands upon my head, and I heard two tremulous voices say, "take her, and as you cherish her so may God bless you."

"Did I not say, when I first saw her, she might be a soldier's wife," said my betrothed, as we rose and stood beside the aged pair.

"Aye, aye," answered my grandfather, "it is almost as good as having a soldier son, to have a soldier son-in-law."

What a short week! How soon the hour of parting came! That hour—can I write of it? No. no. By the tears that drop upon this page, I cannot. Ye mothers who have parted from your precious boys, ye wives, you who have said farewell to your loved husbands, ye maidens, who have wept on your lovers' breasts as the drum sounded, ye know what the heart suffers when the dear one goes from you to the Southern camp. That pressure of the hand, will it be the last: that broken word, will it be the last? that kiss, damp with tears, tremulous with sobs, heart rushing up to heart! O, Heaven! that men and women should suffer so because of treason in our land!

He was gone. I was brave, as I had promised him I would be. I stood upon the porch, between my grandparents, till the long train was out of sight, waving a star-spangled banner all the time. Then drawing my hand rapidly across my eyes, to drive back the tears that were blinding them, I went resolutely into the kitchen, boiled a nice custard, and turning it into a china bowl, put on my bonnet and shawl and carried it over to my bed-ridden patient. I sat by her side a full hour, describing how the soldiers looked, as they marched away: telling her the news of the day, and reading her a chapter from a favorite book. From thence I

went to my old Revolutionary pensioner. I found him all excitement, and listened to a story I had heard him tell for twenty times and more of that old, old time, when our fathers with their blood, bought the freedom which our Southern brothers now trample on so sorely. From there I went to the parsonage. I knew our minister's wife had a new dress to make. I cut and basted it, and made the skirt before I went home. There again, I made tea for the old folks, read and sung to them, and helped them to bed.

Alone in the parlor, the parlor, so beautiful with its memories, did I give way to grief? No, no. I thought of him, my lover; he would have no time to be sad now, and I would not take time. No, no. But I sat down and wrote to him, wrote as I would have talked had he been beside me, my hand clasped in his, my head resting against his bosom. And every night afterwards I wrote, and thrice a week mailed him the closely written sheets. Thrice a week, too, I heard from him. Sometimes the letter was long, every page full as it could hold; sometimes it was brief, written with a pencil, the paper resting on the palm of his left hand, but always it was precious, "tender and true."

Time passed; summer, autumn and winter. Once in that time, he came to me. He was wounded, a fever set in, and they afterwards gave him a furlough of thirty days to recruit in.

"You must get me well in half the time, darling," he said to me, when I had pillowed his head upon the sofa in the parlor, and thrown my own shawl over his shoulders. "My men need me—my country, too."

"And do not I?" I spoke involuntarily.

"Aye; and bye-and-bye you shall have me, dearest. But my country is my first love, and just now she needs me more than even this little one does. You'll be a true soldier's love, now, won't you, Isabel, and nurse me as by magic?"

I was so faithful, tender and watchful, that in two weeks he was able to rejoin his regiment.

Soon afterward there came weary

watchings for me at home. My two aged relatives failed all at once, and upon me devolved the care of nursing them. They grew childish as life waned, and what a mother is to an infant in her arms, that had I to be to them. I had little time to worry over my country's struggle, over my lover's trials in camp and on field. Only by using up the few moments that were allowed me for sleep, could I manage to write to him.

In the spring-time—the second spring of this rebellion, my great, great trial came. Those who had been to me as father and mother, passed away, and as I have said, within twenty-four hours of each other. Worn out with care and labor, I should then have fainted by the way, but that the strong arms of my lover were about me. He came to me, and taking every burden from me, left me time to weep.

Three weeks he stayed, and when he parted, said to me, "when next I come, darling, I shall take you with me. I would insist upon it now, but you are not fit for our roving, camp life. I give you till the first of September to recruit in. Be busy, now, and let the roses grow fast on these pale cheeks, and the strength come quick to these thin fingers. Do not look back, but forward. You have something to live for, yet."

Something to live for! Aye, indeed, had I, and very earnestly did I strive to get well again. I took God's medicines, air, light, exercise, and each summer day, as it came in, found me better and stronger. I was so busy, too. Not as perhaps you may think, in making up rich bridal attire; ah, no. This is not the time for women to spend their money in fine dress. I had not put on mourning when my grandparents died, because I felt that the money could be put to a better and holier purpose, and with that feeling I took it and clothed up a number of little children, whom the war had made fatherless, I did not intend to purchase a single new dress for my wedding. Bye-and-bye, when peace came again, (will it ever, ever come?) it would do for silks, satins and laces. A white muslin robe that had been new the year before was washed up,

and nicely ironed for the bridal robe, while the rest of my attire was merely altered so much so as was needful, for the new, strange life I was to lead. The money which in other days I would have spent for a *trousseau*, I used now to gladden the hearts of soldiers' widows.

Yet I was busy. I organized a Soldier's Aid Society, and went to every farm-house and cottage in the township and made its inmates rummage them over from cellar to garret for hospital stores. I sent a box daily by express, from my own pantry and garden, to the regiment of which my lover was Colonel, with injunctions to use it at once. I scraped lint, I made bandages, I knit, I bought a sewing machine and learned to make shirts and drawers, and sheets and quilts! I made cordials, wines and preserves; I dried berries, and canned fruit; I packed eggs and butter—I—well, I did everything the Sanitary Commission wanted I, with others, should do, and a hundred things it had never thought of.

The first of August came. He would hardly know me, I said to myself, as I looked in the mirror. I was dressed in my riding habit and hat, and held a sealed letter in my hand. I always went to the Post Office myself. I did not expect a letter from my lover this morning, for I had had a long, precious one the day before, and the answer I had concluded at daybreak. No, he would not know me, and I blushed as I gazed at the reflection of my face. The roses had bloomed again upon my cheeks, the light came back to my eyes, and the dimples to my lips. I was no longer pale, wan, melancholy, but fair, brilliant and happy. I had a merry canter to the village, snatches of song gushing from my lips all the way. "A letter for you, to-day, Miss Isabel," said the old Post Master, as I was turning away. "From camp, too," he continued, and laughed, as he noted the added color that flushed to my face.

"From camp." Yes, I saw that at a glance; but a second look told me it was not from *him*. What had happened? I knew a battle was expected, but he had not thought his division would be engaged. Had it been? Was he wounded—

dead—dead on the battle-field? O, Heaven!

A few rods from the last cottage in the village was a little copse of thrifty oaks, a shady, sheltered spot, musical with the hum of insects and the songs of birds; and here I had been wont to stop, and alighting from my pony, seat myself on the green turf and read my letters. But this morning I flew by it like an arrow, pausing not in my wild flight, till I was in my chamber and the door locked and bolted. Then I tore off the envelope, jerked open the sheet, and read—what—O, what! Read *this*! That Colonel Archibald Spencer, my betrothed lover, my promised husband, was already a married man.

The writer was a young lieutenant, one of the several officers who had enjoyed the hospitality of my grandfather. He wrote kindly, pitifully, and offered to give me the fullest, most convincing proofs of his assertions, if I doubted them.

I do not remember whether I fainted or not; life for an hour or two lost its vitality though, and if I did not faint, I might as well. Then came the re-action, and I suffered as only those have suffered who have suddenly wakened from a reality of bliss, who have looked into heaven and been dashed into hell.

I cannot dwell on those hours of misery. My brain reels, and my heart quivers only to remember them. Pride came to my aid at last—the pride of woman; woman wronged and abused, and I sat down and wrote to him, to Col. Spencer, bidding him return my letters by the next mail, for it was not right or proper that a married man should write of love to an old friend's grandchild.

It was after writing that letter that I walked my chamber from midnight until dawn, as mentioned in the first paragraphs of this narrative. At the usual time I rode down to the Post Office, dropped my letter, and received one from Colonel Spencer. For a moment, only a moment, I was weak enough to long to open it. Aye, I was weak enough to sigh as I passed the oaken copse. Once at home again, I was stern as a Roman matron. Gathering together all the love-

tokens that he had sent me, I sealed them up in a box ; the letters I tied together in three large packages, and then, went heroically to my usual labors, never faltering for a moment. Only at eventide, when I drew my chair up to the little stand in the parlor, did my fortitude forsake me. 'Ought I to be ashamed to say that then I bowed my head and wept ! *Utterly bereft !* I moaned the words again and again.

It is not often in the first hours of grief that we can look upward, look aloft to Him, who "is a friend above all others." I could not yet — the human in me for the time had conquered the Divine, and I could only sob and moan.

Five days passed wearily, drearily. I received two letters in the time from *him*, and laid them aside with the old ones. On the sixth day there came an answer to the letter I had written on that memorable night. I knew it was by the date. But there came with it no package through the mail, and when I hurried to the Express Office there was nothing there for me.

I took the letter home and sealed it up with the others, and then tying on my hat and drawing on my gloves, I took them in my hand, determined that though he were unmanly enough to retain mine, I would still be true to my idea of right, and return his.

My hand was on the door-knob, when suddenly a new thought came to me, a strange, bewildering thought. I had read in romance and song of men who perjured themselves to spite a favored lover. Might not this be even so ? My head grew dizzy and my heart bounded.

The young lieutenant had offered me his hand and heart the evening before the regiment left. I had refused him, of course, and when he begged to be allowed to hope, I had told him my heart and hand were already promised. Could it be possible he had invented so gross a falsehood out of enmity to Spencer, out of wrath towards me ?

Open the Colonel's letter, plead my heart. I did not yield at once. It was hours indeed, before I could conquer my womanly pride enough—but I did at last, and read :—

MY DARLING ISABEL :—

If I were anything but a soldier, I would come to you this very day ; but we are on the eve of battle, and for me to ask for a furlough now, would be to brand my name with cowardice. Isabel, dearest, darling, light of my eyes and jewel of my heart, believe me when I tell you that next to *my country*, you are my first love, the only woman to whom I ever offered my hand, the only woman whom I ever expect to marry. I am liable to be summoned away at any moment and must be brief, but I enclose the certificate of our head surgeon, who has known me from my boyhood ; I also enclose two letters from my mother, received by the last mail, one to myself and one to you. Darling, go to her at once, and from her lips receive the assurance that *you only* are or ever have been my promised wife. They call me — I must go — go, perhaps to death. Yet even in death, I am thine, thine only,

ARCHIBALD.

The certificate from the surgeon was brief but to the point. He had always lived within stone's throw of Colonel Spencer's family, and knew him to be a bachelor.

The mother's letters were such as only a mother could write to an only son and his betrothed. In the one to me she said that the infirmities of age and weakness would prevent her coming to me at once, as her heart prompted, but she hoped I would lose no time in making her a visit.

"Come at once, darling — don't wait till after the wedding — you are as dear to me now as you will be then, and my life is so fragile, that mayhap if you wait till then, I may never see you — you whom my Archibald loves so fondly and truly."

What did I do ? I packed my trunk within an hour, and within another, was in a crowded passenger car, bound for Fairfield Centre. Ten miles from there, I left the train and took a stage. There were only two passengers beside myself, an old lady and gentleman, with such loveable faces that my heart yearned to them at once. We were soon engaged in conversation. After awhile, the old lady asked me if I had ever been in Fairfield

before. "Never," I replied. "Going on a visit?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps then we shall have a chance to get acquainted. May I ask the name of your friend?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Spencer."

"Our nearest neighbor and dearest friend. How fortunate to have met you. She's a poor invalid, but a lovely woman."

"Has she a family?" my voice faltered a little.

"Only one son, and he's in the army. Colonel in the ——— regiment of ——— volunteers; a noble young fellow, too. I have known him ever since he was a babe——"

"Yes," interrupted the old man, "he's one of the kind of patriots to save our country; puts that before everything; brave as a lion in the field of battle, but gentle as a woman when the fight is over. His men idolize him, and well they may, for he's a very Washington in purity."

Here was corroborative evidence, surely, and my heart swelled with gratitude. I ventured another question.

"Does his wife live in the village?"

"Whose wife! the Colonel's?"

I nodded — I could not speak.

"Why, bless you, child; he never was married — never will be, I don't believe. He's too almighty hard to be suited."

The stage stopped here at a little way-station, and took up a couple of ladies, who proved to be old friends of my new friends, and in the busy conversation that ensued between them, I was left to my own reflections. Guess what they were!

"This is kind — this is very kind," said the palefaced lady who took my hand on the porch of the old-fashioned mansion. "Archibald's promised wife!" and she drew me to her heart, and kissed my flushed cheeks and my hot lips.

"There," taking me up stairs to a large front chamber, "that is Archibald's room. I never allow any guest to use it; it is sacred to him. But you, his Isabel, you shall occupy it. See," and she led me to a bookcase, "here are his favorite authors." I ran my eye over them. He had quoted from them an hundred times

to me, as we sat in grandfather's parlor. "And here is a little fort he built when but ten year's old." The tears came into my eyes at this eloquent witness of his military bent. "And here, but I forget that you are weary and hungry. Lie down awhile, and let me go and make you you a cup of tea."

Weary and hungry—not a bit of it. I merely stopped long enough to change my dusty travelling dress, and smooth my somewhat disordered hair, and then following her to the parlor, begged her to talk to me of Archibald's early days. She insisted first on our taking tea, but then, after I had played his favorite airs, and sung his favorite songs, she let me nestle on a hassock, close to her feet, and lay my head on her knees, while she talked to me.

That night, sitting in his chair, beside his desk, with his pen in my hand, I wrote to him, wrote sheet after sheet, wrote as only those write, who have been lifted from the despair of hell to the abounding mercy of high heaven. I spent two weeks at his mother's homestead, writing to him every evening and hearing from him every day. Then I left her and went back to my own home.

The first of September arrived. He could not come for me. No furloughs were longer to be granted. But — was it womanly? I went to him. He urged it and his mother, too. I went to him, and, standing up beside him, before the altar of a little church whose sacredness war had trampled on, I became his bride, the chaplain of the regiment performing the ceremony. We had no bridesmaids, no groomsmen, no white favors, no wines or wedding cake, yet I doubt if God's sunshine ever shone upon a happier pair. This is the third month since our bridal. My husband has been in several hard battles since, but while hundreds have fallen all about him, he has so far escaped. I follow him constantly. Wherever he pitches his tent, there is our home. With my own hands, I prepare our food, make our bed, and wash and iron our clothes. And when our own little canvas house is in proper shape and order, I go into the hospitals and labor there. Many a

wounded limb have I helped bandage ;
 many an aching head have I tenderly
 bathed ; from many a cold brow have I
 wiped off the death-dew, over many a
 grave have I hung garlands of the golden
 leaves and purple asters.

How soon it will come my turn to
 mourn, I dare not think. I know I am
 liable at any hour to be made a soldier's
 widow, but I know this, also, that as we
 make history fast in these days, these
 days of sorrow and valor, so do we live
 and love fast, and my three months of
 wedded life are already as much to me as
 threescore years have been to others in
 time of peace. At any rate, come what
 will, I feel that it

"Is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all."

OUR FLAG.

BY MRS. MARY R. ROBINSON.

Oh, flag of my country, though threatened by
 foemen,
 Still proudly thou wavest o'er land and o'er
 sea,
 Though traitors are seeking thy glory to less-
 en,
 They seek it in vain oh, flag of the free.

For, around thee are gathered by hundreds of
 thousands,
 Thy brave-hearted sons from near and from
 far,
 And black-hearted treason seeks vainly to
 wrong thee,
 Or wrest from thy azure one beauteous star.

That flag 'neath whose folds our fathers so
 bravely
 Poured their hearts blood out freely our free-
 dom to gain,
 Oh say, shall its glory be sullied by treason,
 Oh say shall those heroes have suffered in
 vain?

Like the voice of the ocean when swept by the
 storm-king,
 The answer comes pealing from valley and
 hill,
 "Old Glory" must triumph, and traitors shall
 tremble
 Before the vast armies we're marching to fill.

And when in the conflict 'tween traitors and
 freemen
 The death-shots are raining, and patriots shall
 fall,
 They will smile if they see the dear flag waving
 o'er them,
 And think 'twill in death be their funeral pall.

Oh flag of my country now menaced by foemen,
 Still waving above us thy folds do we view,
 And we trust in the God of our fathers to aid
 us,
 In shielding from danger the "red white and
 blue."

Woonsocket, R. I., Sept., 1862.

GOD A SUN AND SHIELD.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

Among the forcible and beautiful sim-
 ilitudes of the Bible, there are two used
 by the Psalmist, which are of special in-
 terest to the attentive and devout reader
 of them. They are found in the eleventh
 verse of the eighty-fourth Psalm: "For
 the Lord God is a sun and shield."

The first named comparison is one as
 well adapted to popular use and accept-
 ance as any of which we can conceive.
 Heathenism has been led to see God in
 this great luminary whose coming makes
 the day; to bow before its rising or set-
 ting glories, and to adore the element with
 which it has seemed so strikingly and
 mysteriously identified. As in the poet's
 words:

"Angel of light! who from the time
 Those heavens began their march sublime,
 Hath, first of all the starry choir,
 Trod in his Maker's steps of fire."

Under a higher instruction than that of
 heathenism, may we consider the aptness
 and beauty of this similitude which the
 Psalmist employs.

Our natural sun is the great dispenser
 of light and heat to our own earth, to a
 system of revolving worlds. Wherever
 God intended that this good should be im-
 parted, there is its work going on. At
 the frozen poles, or where the tropics
 yield their abundance, is this ready and full
 supply. Fit illustration of that goodness
 which extends wherever man has exist-
 ence and connection with other beings and
 works of the Creator around him.

Wherever his creatures dwell upon our
 globe, no part of it is doomed to perpet-
 ual darkness; and wherever animal life is
 found, there is found also, adaptation of
 climate and element to its wants. The
 happiness of his creatures was one of the
 great ends of the Infinite One, when he

called them into being. Rightfully doth the Psalmist sing, "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore do the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures."

Perpetually emitted, too, are the rays of our earth's sun. They are ever going forth on their beneficent errands. As constantly outflowing is the impartial grace of "the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." There can be no diminution of his disposition to bless. In this fulness to all his offspring, "He was, and is, and is to come."

Darkness is the absence of light. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." If we imagine darkness with him,—and human weakness will thus imagine,—it is proof that light in us is wanting. We lack vision, we doubt, and are perplexed, and in despair, and sometimes cannot see how God reigns. And yet, who reigns, if he does not? And what has kept this general order through all the past, in spite of fearful and distrustful man? The words of the Psalmist stand ever true. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Let the multitude of the isles therof be glad. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." As light dissipates darkness, so the dispensation of divine truth, through Him that hath truth's power, is to cure the moral blindness of mankind. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound."

We need just such a God as this comparison sets forth; one having all fulness, graciousness, life-imparting and sustaining power, immutability; a God on whom we can ever rely, amid all the changes, perplexities, burdens and losses of our mortal life. And amply are we supplied in this presentation and others like it in the sacred word. They direct us to One who can know no failure nor decay; to whom, of old, the filial, confidential word was addressed; "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee." I say

we need such a God as this similitude declares; need a knowledge of his nature, a conviction of his mercy, an assurance that no mortal power can thwart his purposes, no counsellings of mortals make void his promises of grace. He has been such a Light and Helper to many of our race in the past; he is such now to souls yet having their sojourn upon the earth; and were it not for the prevalence of heathenish error, incorporated even with our Christianity, there might at this moment be higher and holier conceptions of his adorable providence and holy reign. Thanks for the hope that he will grant, in his own time, this new and greater dispensation of his everlasting light!

Says a traveller who visited the extreme north of Europe a few summers since, "We left the sea-side a few minutes before midnight, the sun shining warm and ruddy across the calm sound. It was more like a summer at Naples, than what I imagined of midnight in the Arctic Circle."

So God's truth and goodness may come to the soul when it is in the most wintry latitudes of life; making the dreariest places there like summer scenery in some warmer clime. So, too, may we learn, will his presence come in wintriest moral regions of his universe. These are not beyond the reach of his loving kindness, so that the waste places cannot be made glad by his presence, and put on freshness and bloom, and bear fruit. Out of this very death shall he bring the life of obedience and submission to his love. "For the creature (creation) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope; because the creature (creation) itself also shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

"Is he a Sun? his beams are grace;
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds and dry their tears."

The second similitude of the Psalmist is worthy of a place with the one already before us. Our God is represented not only as a light, but as a defence also. "The Lord God is a Sun and Shield."

Man is dependent and requires constant aid from a Source above himself. He is beset with countless ills, and needs deliverance from them ; needs a guide who can direct his feet into the way of safety. Such an aid and director is the God and Father of all. So is he represented in his holy word, and that too, in accordance with the instructions given in nature of his care for the creatures of his hand. He has chosen to make his care, his goodness and power known through some special manifestations with his children ; and these instances, so far as we are able to view them, are in harmony with each other. God does not contradict himself in any of them. He is, in all, the same gracious and just being, "plenteous in mercy, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and by no means clearing the guilty."

In the fulfilment of his purposes, in the vindication of his truth, and to the end that this truth may prove itself the victor, we have brought before us such events as are revealed in the history of a people chosen by him to receive and transmit his true name and service to other nations, and to all the world ; ministrations of divine grace, wherein the weak were made strong, and whereby the mighty were confounded.

The instance of Moses is one of these. That infant — deposited by its trembling mother, under the proscription of Pharaoh, in the little ark of rushes, upon the brink of the Nile, where the waters might have borne away, or the crocodile have seized the precious charge, — was safely held, as in Jehovah's hand. Human means are chosen to shield it from harm. The daughter of Pharaoh approaches ; the child is discovered, secured, and restored to the embraces of its own parent, reared and educated in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and in the truth of heaven. He goes forth, the chosen leader of a mighty nation ; this same Moses, left by paternal hands, (impelled to this desperation,) in his innocence and helplessness to die ; in the order of the Highest becomes a chosen one, who would yet wax strong, and lead the hosts of Israel out of the land of bondage to a new, a happier and more permanent home. God was the protector

of his servant, and of the great nation led by him to the promised land.

The instance of the stripling David, in his encounter with the giant of Gath, and of the faithful prophet Daniel, who would vindicate God's truth, fearless of the wrath of an earthly potentate, are vivid representations, to which the memory will revert while it retains anything of old Scripture history ; of the protection given to his own cause, by Him who hath all power, where it would seem that this very cause must be overcome by the human devices which are brought to bear against it. These ancient records, strange and startling as they are, most fitly represent the great contrasts of righteousness and unrighteousness ; of duty met and performed, and of disobedience persisted in ; of the utter defeat of iniquity, and the glorious triumph of eternal truth.

These old encounters with enemies are but indicators of what in our time men must be called to meet and endure. There are giants which now beset men, more formidable than the one of Philistia ; there are lions' dens more terrible than that one into which the faithful prophet was cast, into which multitudes are cast, not to be delivered, but to be devoured by ravenous beasts there. They are in the midst of daily, human life, in this great world. They lead directly out of our streets and highways ; they are even at our doors. They are wherever evil and corrupting practices hold men ; where the confirmed in iniquity lay their enticements for the more innocent and unsuspecting. They are in the inebriate's revelling house ; at the gambler's shrine ; in the deadly places of the debased and sensual ; in homes and haunts where God's laws are mocked, where his name is dishonored, and the holy sympathies of humanity are drowned in earthliness and sin. They are evils, too, let me say, from which deliverance may be gained, through that same confidence which led the son of Jesse to say to that mailed warrior, confronting him, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord ;" and the prophet who feared not the mandate of death, to exclaim from the depths of the den, into which human impotence and

wrath had cast him, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him, innocency was found in me!" May such deliverance be ours, from the snares and perils of error and sin, through which our mortal life-course must be taken.

A similar shielding of his chosen do we perceive in turning to the records of the history of the Saviour of the world. His opening life was in the midst of peril. The edict of an earthly king had gone out for the destruction of all such tender innocents as he, in the land. Yet was this child preserved, "a light to lighten the Gentiles," and God's salvation to the ends of the earth. All wickedness intent upon his overthrow is thwarted, and yet his ministry is an open one in the face of day; confirmed there "by signs and miracles which God did by him." Until his work is done, no weapon formed against him can succeed. Heavenly guardians ministered unto him. Even death was not his conqueror. Shielded by Omnipotence and clothed with its power, he broke the grave's sealed portals, and came forth, ultimately to ascend on high, and give new evidence of life immortal to our race.

Time would fail in attempting to recount the evidences of the protecting power of our heavenly Father, made manifest in behalf of his children. The first apostles rested in this power. They were enabled to labor and suffer reproach, because they trusted in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe." Paul affirmed, "When I am weak, then am I strong. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." They felt themselves compassed about with the favor of Him whose "loving kindness is better than life."

And the great companies of noble martyrs, who have laid down their lives in testimony of Christ, their great Master and Exemplar, how glorious in life and in death do they appear! Unterrified, unshaken, scorning renunciation; as the venerable Polycarp, who, when called upon to renounce his faith, replied with exultation, "Lo! these long years have

I served the Lord Jesus, and he has never forsaken me. I cannot forsake him now!" He whom the world despised, "God manifest in the flesh," had become their shield and their salvation.

The same protecting grace still lives, and abounds for man. The same Almighty power still guards the good, protects the innocent, shelters the exposed, dwells with the humble and contrite, seeks and saves that which was lost.

It is our hope, our reliance and strength in temptation. Though the forces of evil may combine against us, they cannot triumph over us, if we but succeed in being victors over ourselves. Jesus was made invincible by his inward power, the power of the Father that dwelt in him; enabling him to say to the adversary, "Get thee behind me!" and to be a priest of heavenly right and glory before the world, for all ages. A like defence may be ours, a defence in which the most disheartened of the truthful and faithful may trust; a defence, in which the consciousness of right, and the inspiration of goodness, have made thousands strong in the midst of the most perilous conflicts our world has ever known. There is a passage from one of the literary writers of our day, which sets forth this truth in language as forcible as any I have seen out of the Bible.

"Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God's Empire, and from his throne of thrones he will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banner of archangels are on its side; and, from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by

harps, which are strung to the glories of the Creator."

What a vindication of righteousness do such thoughts as these bring to the mind ; and what a reproof are they to that heedlessness of the voice of divine wisdom, and to that life of thoughtlessness and vanity which such multitudes follow, even under these glorious outpourings of Christian light and love ! " For the Lord God is a sun and shield, no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

It is our hope for the "little ones," the frail, the morally infirm, and perishing of our race. He who made them will not suffer them to fall out of his hands, to perish utterly. Some reviving sunbeams of his grace shall pierce their darkest dungeons ; some invigorating influence of his will strike their slumbering powers, and effect the shock that shall bring the true, and strong, and successful effort for redemption.

This same assurance of an almighty guardianship, serves to give us light and strength amid the losses and ruins of the world in which we dwell. Day by day these come to our ears, touch and affect our hearts, make desolation in our spirits' homes. Death's doings are with us. We bow in sorrow as we comply with his demands. Appalling calamities startle and amaze us ; war's dread enginery works its destruction, and the beauty and attractiveness of our fair earth are thus beclouded ; human hopes are brought low, and human hearts made to feel how frail are all things on which we would confidently rest, less than that God whose ways are everlasting and whose mercies are without measure or end. These mysteries are all clear and glorious—though we discern them not—in the light of his Infinite Love.

One of the chief blessings of Christian truth is, its revelation to us of a present God ; one whose being is not to us an abstraction, nor whose presence and enjoyment only such as other times, and worlds and beings have known. This Divinity of truth and grace is for us, here and now. If we cannot enjoy it, the failure must be our own. And it is a failure everywhere abounding. Says an Eastern

author — " When Rabia had effected the pilgrimage to Mecca, with great toils and sufferings, and saw the people praying around the Kaabeh, she beat her breast and cried aloud :

" O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek,
Who, long ago, had come to thee!"

The heaven that lies about us, contains the same Benignant One, whose glory it is to dwell with men. Let us serve him, confide in him, rejoice in him. He will ever be to his darkened and dependent children, "a Sun and Shield" !

DREAMS.

BY M. A. H. S.

To my waking eyes they come no more,
They who have crossed to the farther shore ;
So thick the mist o'er the river lies,
It hides where the holy mountains rise.

I watch for some gleam of golden light,
Down streaming from the heavenly height ;
And listen to catch the voices dear,
Whose melody now I cannot hear.

But in my dreams all the mist is gone,
They are lost no more, they still live on ;
I see not the river, rolling wide,
Whose waters their home and mine divide.

The tender father, I dwell with him,
Ere his form is bowed, or sight is dim ;
And I see the look he used to wear,
Ere the furrows came of grief and care.

And the faithful mother's pleasant face,
Is there again in the wonted place ;
Her brow is fair and her eyes are bright,
With their ever mild and loving light.

How should thy memory treasured be !
How should I strive to be more like thee !
Whose patience, fortitude and faith,
Triumphant were in thy life and death.

The student bends o'er his books once more,
Storing his mind with all classic lore ;
With his sad, sweet smile, and air sedate,
In the shadow of an early fate.

Another seeks for the true and right,
And falsehood strikes with a sturdy might ;
In the well of varied knowledge dips,
With the rhyme and story on his lips.

And by my side moves a form of grace,
With a brightly-beaming, youthful face :
And the dark eyes eloquently speak,
Whose long lash droops to the rounded cheek.

I listen to him the early wise,
With the holy look in his earnest eyes,
With the pure soul shining in his face,
Like light through an alabaster vase.

Thus in my dreams their forms I see;
Only in dreams can they come to me:
Till I shall awake and with them stand,
In another life, another land.

THE BLACKSMITH,

AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

The thousand instances of high courage and heroic daring among our brave soldiers, which the report of every new battle brings to our ears, and which make the North glory in her sons, have had their parallel in days gone by. Our Anglo-Saxon race is not now for the first time noble-spirited and valiant. These two qualities are inherent in our nature; the wars of the Revolution and of 1812 developed valor and reckless daring which, in many instances, burst forth in almost fearful forms. Of this character was that which is detailed in the following incident. The hero was a stout blacksmith,—aye, an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame, hardened by toil, throbbled with as generous an impulse of freedom, as ever beat in the bosom of Lafayette, or throbbed around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne. Read the recital in better language than I can give it.

"It was in the full tide of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battle field, while some distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward with a troop of British in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and crag arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and, with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his

rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed in his rough way; "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my built up there?—for you see, neighbor," he continued while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with the Britishers until they came trampling over this valley and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and haint got no more than fifteen minutes life in me; but I've got three rifle balls in my cartridge-box, and so just prop me up against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then," he exclaimed, "and then I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horse ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the roadside.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation: "That's for General Washington!" In a moment the rifle was loaded, again it was fired, and the British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another soldier kissed the sod, a tear quivered in the eye of the dy-

ing blacksmith, "And that," he cried with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, "and that's for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, while the right hand still grasped the never failing rifle."

And thus died one of the thousands of the brave mechanics of the Revolution;—O, Southerners! were they only "*greasy mechanics*?"—thus will die thousands of the brave mechanics of the North, and West in the present desperate war for the Union; brave in the hour of battle; undaunted in the hour of retreat; and undismayed in the hour of death. c. m. s.

AUTUMN.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

Over these fields the glory
Of mellow autumn lies;
How like a dream the conflict
Under these purple skies!
Yonder the grain is growing,
Rich in its ruddy gold,
And corn slopes up the valley
Are rustling as of old.

Down by the brook the asters
In purple splendor stand;
And orchard trees are bending
O'er all the fruitful land.
Around us peace and plenty—
Can it be that close away
Our sisters' deep, green valleys
Have lost our autumn day?

There is the tramp of legions,
Mustering from shore to shore;
There is the din of conflict,
The cannon's dismal roar;
All through these peaceful valleys,
These gorges strewn with flowers,
Sadly the autumn splendor
Lights up these bitter hours.

There gold and brown the forests
With ours put on to-day,
And trampled wheat fields ripen,
And red the sunset's ray.
Still in her months and seasons,
Nature with silent hand,
Works on her busy mission,
Though men lay waste the land.

O, fair and still September,
Our hearts are sad to-day,
We see not half thy splendor
Watching the far away.
They passed from out our households,
These ranks whose banners shine,
Up thy green hills and gorges,
Bathed in the sunset's wine.

They passed from out our households,

Written in blood they glow
The days that thou art bringing,
The days we soon shall know.
But far above these hours,
And far above the night,
We know the rainbows glisten,
And all is in God's sight.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXII.

The Mausoleum of Madame Rachel in Pere la Chaise.

Wandering one day through the labyrinthine windings of "Pere la Chaise," that city of tombs, so characteristic in its arrangement of the people of the gay capital, for whose last resting-place it was designed, we proceeded to the mausoleum of Madame Rachel, the distinguished tragedienne, whose name will long be cherished by the enthusiastic people of France as the synonym of all that is brilliant and powerful in that branch of histrionic art in whose practice she so much excelled.

Although the remains of this celebrated actress were interred in Cannes (a place of resort for invalids, in the vicinity of Nice) where, amidst the softest airs, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, she languished out the brief remnant of her life, a prey to that unconquerable disorder, consumption. This beautiful mausoleum was erected to her memory in the city where she had attracted such unbounded admiration, by the splendor of her genius and the brilliant success which she so deservedly won.

It stands among those tombs sacred to her own Jewish people, in that portion of the cemetery set apart for their use. The monument is of pure white marble, constructed in the form of a temple, chastely beautiful in style and of symmetrical proportions.

The decoration of the frieze we thought as peculiarly appropriate and Christian in its design as it was perfect in its exquisite finish. This consisted of a simple wreathing delicately cut in half relief, representing heads of poppies, intertwined with leaves and blossoms of the convolvulus, so beautifully significant of death, the sleep, and of life,—new life,—the bright

awakening! The presence of those convolvulus flowers,—(morning glory; we like this common name the best,) carved upon this tomb, was hailed with deep satisfaction. No skeptical idea of “death, the eternal sleep,” was there expressed. Here, French infidelity had not set its signet, and we were thankful!

A short walk, paved with marble, and flanked on each side by a low wall of the same material, enclosing a narrow border of soil in which white chrysanthemums were growing, led to the door. This, like others of its description, was open at the top, and protected by an iron screen. Looking into the interior, which was a square, open space, of modest dimensions, from which steps led down to the unoccupied vault below, we were surprised at the number of wreaths which lay in piles upon the floor. These were richly woven of immortells, and had been brought by friends and admirers, as tributes of respect and affection, or admiration of her whose wondrous genius had awakened such acclamations of praise, from appreciative thousands, throughout Europe, from the shores of America, and from the Islands of the Sea! We counted nearly one hundred of these garlands, thus laid upon the shrine of the tragic queen, while we noticed large numbers of cards upon the marble slab opposite the door; many of them with the corners turned down, indicative that the owners of these names had presented their mementos in person. What absurd mockery in thus making calls and offerings of compliment at the very door of the tomb! was the first thought. And yet, in the next instant, there seemed a kind of touching pathos in these tokens—that she who was the star of public favor had not gone down in night—was not forgotten—was still living in the hearts that had known and loved her.

By some, these tokens of honor, paid, (it is true, in a remarkably *Parisian style*,) to the memory of one who, in pursuing a splendid though dangerous career, had not passed unscathed amid its manifold temptations, might have been deemed absurd, nay, even impious. Yet, standing there in the bright calm of that Sab-

bath morning, surrounded by monuments of buried loves and hopes,—the wrecks of pride and blighted joys, we were touched with a tender respect for the spirit which prompted these remembrancers of one who, clothed with honors so painfully won in the field of effort to which she felt called by the wondrous powers with which she had been gifted, had walked the earth for a brief, bright period—not indeed, wholly uncontaminated by the dangerous atmosphere inseparable from that career, yet winning a name that will long throw lustre upon her once despised nation! She had now laid by her stage robes and gone to her silent chamber, from thence we trust, to awaken to a higher life of holier calm, after the feverish excitement of an unsatisfying earthly career.

M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Our life has sorrows and has joy,
The world is not all sad;
Its thousand beauties well we know,
When sunshine makes it glad.
Though clouds will sometimes intervene,
And darkness oft enshrouds,
A sunny side may still be seen
Of even darkest clouds.
Though night and darkness are around,
Their gloom hastes soon away,
And gloomy hours that sadden hearts,
Are darkest near the day.
Kind Providence is over all,
And knows our every need,
And He hath said He will not break
A bruised and bending reed.
Then let us seek to do God's will,
Whene'er that will is known,
And He, who doeth all things well
Will leave us not alone.

T. N. R.

If Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the worthies of old—cluster on the heavenly hills, if Moses wears a glory more celestial than that which he bore from the awful mount, if Elijah is clothed with a radiance brighter than the wheels of his fiery chariot, if Stephen's face still shines like an angel's, but is mingled now with no hue of death; if all these are existent yet—because God is not a God of the dead, but of the living—let us feel that even the least find a home somewhere in the hospitable universe, and in the sustaining omnipresence of the Father.—*Chapin.*

A "MUDDLE" HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. G. A. SOULE.

We hope our compositor will not think we have made a mistake, and written *muddle*, when we meant *model*. For if he should, and our proof reader do not correct by the MS., our article would be in as bad a dilemma as a certain discourse which we once heard preached, of which a critic said, that if the text had been down with the plague, the sermon would never have caught the infection. We use the word muddle in its English sense, as a familiar term for "disorder in all its branches." There are muddle churches, muddle schools, muddle factories, muddle counting-rooms, muddle hospitals, muddle armies, and so on, ad infinitum. But no kind of muddle is more offensive than that which prevails in an ill conducted household.

We once spent a week in a muddle home—dear, dear, the memory of it always gives us the blues! We accepted the invitation reluctantly, for our friend had been a fellow school-mate, and we had some reminiscences of not the most agreeable character; but—well—we found ourself on her door-step one sunny summer morning, about eleven o'clock. Muddle was written all over the front door, in greasy and sooty finger-marks, and sundry scratches and bruises, and betrayed, too, in the dull and tarnished plate, bell, and door-knob. Muddle was written all over my friend's figure, as she came rushing down the staircase, to give us a kindly greeting. Her hair was flying every which way, her shoes were down at the heel, and there was such a monstrous hole in each stocking that I could not fail to perceive as she tripped before me on the way to my chamber, that her feet had the fear of hydrophobia. Her dress was a soiled and ragged silk, shielded in part by a slitted calico apron, while in singular incongruity, her neck was adorned by an elegant French worked collar.

The room into which she ushered me, was very dark. She hurriedly pulled the tassel of one of the shades, but the yellow Holland never stirred. "Dear me," she exclaimed pettishly, "that cord is off

the wheel again. Why didn't you tell me of it?" turning to the chambermaid, who was just putting down my satchel. "Indeed, ma'am, I didn't know it. It surely wasn't so yesterday when I swept and dusted." "Well, it's off now, that's pretty certain; and you must help me to remember to ask Mr. D—to fix it when he comes in to dinner." A *model* housekeeper would have sent for the step-ladder and fixed it herself at once, but this muddle housekeeper merely rolled up the linen, and fastened it as best she could with a pin. She went to the wash-stand, "Why, where's the soap gone to, Hannah?" "Indeed, ma'am, I'm sure I don't know. It was there yesterday." "Well, it's very strange what could have become of it—O, I remember now, I sent Georgie for it when I was washing the baby this morning, because I couldn't find my own. Run and fetch it." A *model* housekeeper would have sent out at once and bought a fresh cake for her friend's use, but this muddle one merely handed me the thin slip that had already done duty in the nursery, and if you will believe it, that bit of soap travelled back and forth every day thereafter from my chamber to hers and hers to mine. I had several other muddle experiences before I finished dressing, but let them go.

"I want to show you my children," she said proudly, as she preceded me to the nursery. "Georgie goes to school, but here are little Carrie and Johnny, and Minnie, the pet. Aren't they sweet?" "Indeed they are," I responded, and not at a venture, either, for their faces and hands were so daubed with molasses cake and sugar candy, that it would have puzzled a painter to have told whether their skin were brunette or blonde. A *model* mother would have seen that they were decently washed before she exhibited them, but this muddle one contented herself with washing them after the show was over. I sat down in a cosy looking sewing chair, but I found myself flat on the floor. "I ought to have told you," she said, in a sorry tone, "that that chair is a broken one. I keep it round because it's handy for Georgie to play wagon with." I accepted the apology in the spirit in which it

was uttered, but couldn't help thinking that if it had been another friend of mine, the chair would either have been repaired or put so far out of the way, that a guest's limbs wouldn't be endangered by its rickety legs. I took another seat and looked about me. Muddle stared at me in the cracked toilet mirror, in the shivered window panes, in the ewer without a handle, in the broken saucer that served as soap tray, in the gashed wash bowl, in the frayed towels, in the smutty cradle linen, in the greasy carpet, in the battered furniture, and in the wrecks of countless toys that strewed the floor from one end to the other, the horses being headless, tailless and legless, the carts having neither wheels nor tongues; the dolls looking as if they had been to the war; "Noah's ark" having stranded on some mysterious breaker, and a train of cars having been smashed by some *sleepy brakeman*.

We went down to dinner after Mr. D—— had waited twenty minutes by his watch. Muddle gazed at me from that table — first, in the soiled damask, then in the cracked and chipped china, and afterwards in the ill-cooked viands. As I unfolded my napkin, I saw marks of previous use all over it. The quick eye of my host saw it, too, and he gravely ordered the girl to bring me a fresh one. "I should have thought you would have known better than to have given a guest such a one," said the mistress, angrily; "and why didn't you put on a clean cloth, too?" "You ought to see to these things a little yourself," said the husband, rebukingly. "I can't be all over the house at once," she answered, snappishly.

He lifted the ladle — it was a china one — to serve the soup. The handle came up, minus a bowl. "How's this," he said to the girl. "Indeed, sir, I don't know; it wasn't broke when I put it in the tureen." "I suppose not," he said, and catching my eye, he added, with quiet humor, "the heat probably dissolved the connection — we have many such dissolving views in this house."

"Bring me the steel," he said, as his eye glanced at the carver's edge. The girl hurried to the china closet; I heard

her open and shut three drawers, and then she ran to the kitchen, leaving the door open on her way. There was a rushing to and fro of busy feet, in that domain, but when she reappeared it was without the steel. "Nobody knew where it was — nobody had seen it lately — they had hunted high and low."

"It's probably buried in the ash-heap," said Mr. D——. "Our house is as good as a grave-yard, though the simile is not quite perfect, for we have never a resurrection."

The dinner, such as it was, was eaten, and Mrs. D—— rang for the dessert. "There isn't any pudding or pie, to-day, ma'am." "No pudding or pie?" "No, ma'am; you didn't order any." "But she might have known I wanted a dessert when I had company. It's the strangest thing in the world how you all expect me to think of everything." She looked distressed.

"Fortunately I can supply the deficiency," said Mr. D——, good-naturedly; and, stepping into the hall, he returned with a small basket of delicious peaches. "I'm used to these little disappointments," he observed quietly, "and generally fortify myself against them."

There, that will do for particulars, and if such was my experience during the first four hours of my visit, you may guess what I endured before the week was out. With everything to make them happy and comfortable, an ample income, a commodious house, an abundance of good temper and good health, bright and handsome children, plenty of help, they were unhappy a good deal of the time, and uncomfortable the year round. The cause? Muddle, emphatically *muddle*. The most incredible things were constantly taking place. Crockery slipped out of the cook's hands, not when she let them go, but always when she was holding on to them, "just as tight as ever she could." Vases fell off the mantel, and bottles off the dressing-bureau, when every one was sure they were set back so far that they must have moved themselves for the very purpose of being shivered to atoms. Windows were broken, though no one ever went near them; hanging lamps came in

two, though nobody had ever seen them even oscillate, and mirrors were cracked when no one had looked into them for years. Locks got hampered, stools came unglued, nails worked themselves out, paint and varnish rubbed themselves off, chairs dislocated their arms, tables broke their legs, while other objects, too cowardly for self-inflictions, but equally perverse in spirit, chose the very moment when their presence would have been most desirable, to get lost, that is, to hide in some out-of-the-way corner, to which no living soul had ever had access, and in which consequently no member of the family would ever think of looking. O, muddle, muddle, thou art indeed a love-destroyer, and a comfort-killer!

WALKING AMONG THE SHADOWS.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

When in life's low vallies the coming shadows
gather fast,
And darkening clouds drift slowly, to the sad-
ly mo'ning blast;
When the soul sits grieving dumbly o'er hopes
forever flown,
Affrighted that sweet mem'ries into spectre
forms have grown;
When athwart the dim horizon hang curtains
of the night,
The night that knows no gleaming of sun or
starry light,
O, then, amid the darkness, when the storm
comes madly down,
We fain would drop the heavy cross and grasp
the shining crown:
Forgetting, weak, frail mortals, that He who
trod the sea,
Is e'en with us, as once with those, on stormy
Galilee;
And tho' His form we may not see, as did the
favored few,
True faith should make His presence near to
e'en our humble view;
And if we may not hear the tones that whis-
pered "Peace, be still!"
That earnest faith will make our hearts sub-
missive to His will.
And when in life's low vallies the shadows
gather dim,
While we deem woe's bitter chalice is filling to
the brim:
When our way lies through the mazes of doubt
and dark despair,
Believe His voice is saying, "I am with you
even there!"
The darkest clouds may brighten, when re-
flected from above,
O'er their darkness streams the glory of our
Father's changeless love;
And our hearts made pure by sorrow shall ex-
ultant throb at last,
With a sense of coming triumph when life's
shadows all are past.

[We publish the following article on a very grave theme, without however fully endorsing all the views of our correspon-
dent. There are certainly some positions assumed by him sufficiently startling and which perhaps cannot be successfully controverted. Still we have so much confidence in the elastic recuperative powers of the young Titan—our country—as to feel little apprehension that the present trou-
blous times once ended, it will not go on again with a vigor and determination all the more invincible for its present pause in the onward march to wealth and great-
ness. Besides the necessity of economy and thrift will do us all good. Ten or twenty thousand dollar balls and parties, whether in the White House at Washing-
ton, or in the palatial mansions of New York and Boston, may be omitted for a few years, and no one really suffer in consequence. Industry, long forgotten by many, will be cultivated once more among our women and girls, and they will grow healthy and ruddy as a reward. Plainer fare will be adopted, and brown bread found to be very wholesome, after long indulgence in comforts and confections, and cold water a great restorer, after too deeply tasting the wine. Indeed, the moral constitution of the country needs tending up by a little hard fare and the necessity of roughing it. So let us all take courage and meet whatever hardships lie before us with stout hearts and cheerful faces, willing to endure much so that the integrity of our precious government be preserved, and the great evil removed.—Ed.]

OUR PALACES.

What to do with them is a question for the next ten or twenty years. Fortunes are diminished or gone; and more will go. And those which remain will be taxed, to pay, not for the glory of war, but for a war which demonstrates the folly of politicians and of the sovereign people. Nevertheless the cost of it is great, and must be paid; and may leave small rents for colossal stores and the dwellings of merchant princes.

In Venice twenty thousand dollars has bought a palace whose original cost was a quarter of a million, and which was little

impaired by time, and almost proof against decay. Another was purchased by speculators, who proceeded to pull it down for the sake of selling the piles on which it was built, but the Austrian government prohibited the vandalism, and bought the palace for a post-office. Small people live in the palaces of Venetian grandees, and pay small rents; and nearly half the rent is paid to the government for taxes. Such is the effect, more or less enduring, of interruption and prostration of commerce. If the commerce has gone another way, like that of Venice, the effect is permanent; if it is interrupted by civil war and repudiation of debts, like that of New York and other cities, it may recover; but for a time the rents must accord with wrecks of capital, and the taxes must accord with the ravage and waste of war.

Those which have been built to rent will disappoint their owners, perhaps ruin them; but those which have been built for the use of their owners, and paid for, may be better than the money spent in shows less durable. If they have been designed by architects of taste, they may be valuable when the country has recovered; but if by fashionable architects, they will be like the work of fashionable tailors and milliners—of little value in a few years; and such is the probable fate of most of them; in fact, many buildings, within twenty years of their erection, have been condemned for sordidness of style, and pulled down.

Probably before we see the end of our difficulties, it will be time to consider whether, instead of a palace, a rich man might not better secure a permanent income for himself and his children; one that could not be clutched by mortgagees, in times like the present. The ups and downs of fortune, especially for those who buy and sell on credit, are so sudden and unexpected that we should feel more happy in knowing that we had security for the necessities of life in future, than in outshining our old friends at present.

But to know that we have security—that is difficult. Who at this time can feel confident of the future value of any kind of property, or of the permanency of any institutions. Of one thing, however,

we need not doubt the permanency; that is, a national debt, in which we may invest what we have, with whatever confidence we can feel in a sovereign people, whose will is the highest law, and who undoubtedly will do as they please, as to the payment of interest. In England, they deem their national debt a national blessing, a safe investment for the dependence of widows, orphans, and superannuated men. This is worth considering, before our palaces become unfashionable, and we build more.

J. K. F.

[The following pretty article from an old friend, is presented to the readers of the Repository, who are Sabbath School teachers, as a pleasant interlude for Sabbath School exhibitions.—Ed.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF PEACE.

BY MARY S. LATHAM.

[SCENE 1ST.—*A group of maidens wreathing flowers. They sing*]

Come, come away to the rosy bower,
Where the summer sun shines bright;
Come, where the dew lies on each flower,
Sparkling in the golden light;
Where the crimson rose is blushing,
As it looks in beauty up,
Where the fair and fragrant lily,
Timid lifts its snowy cup.

Come, come away where smiles are breaking
Over lips and cheeks of rose;
Come where new joys are ever waking,
Where the heart no sorrow knows;
Where light feet are gaily dancing
To sweet music's witching tone,
Where glad voices swell the chorus,
Where each hour is music's own.

1st maiden.—Come, sisters, we must finish our wreath, and go to join the dance. Carnot, the handsome young shepherd will play for us to-night.

2d maiden.—O, how merry our last night's dance was. I dreamed of it when I slept.

3d maiden.—So did I, and a droll dream I had, too. I dreamed that I was dancing and could not stop; my feet went of themselves. I was tired enough, as you may fancy, and I was glad to awake.

4th maiden.—And I dreamed of gathering flowers, and I thought that as fast as I touched them, they dropped into pieces.

5th maiden.—I, sisters, had, last night, a vision which I cannot forget. I saw a fountain in the midst of a beautiful land. Sweet flowers grew on its brink, and rain-bows spanned it. Many were bathing in its clear waters, and I saw that when they came out, their faces were radiant with beauty, and they seemed to be filled with exceeding joy and peace. I longed to bathe in the fountain, but just as I was about to plunge into it, I felt a hand resting lightly upon my shoulder. I turned and saw a beautiful angel standing near me. A mournful look was in her eyes, and she said, "not now! not now!" Just then I awoke. O, sisters! I am going to seek that fountain, that I may bathe in its waters and find peace. I am weary of the dance and song. Our life of pleasure has no rest. Who will go with me?

1st maiden.—Not I, indeed; I am not weary yet, of pleasure.

2d maiden.—Nor I; let us leave such a pilgrimage for others, less young and happy.

3d maiden.—There is no such fountain; it was only a dream.

5th maiden.—Nay, sisters; it was a vision from heaven. I know there is such a fountain, and I must seek it.

4th maiden.—And leave us?

5th maiden.—O, will you not go, too? Angels will guide us, and we shall find rest and peace. Others have sought and found it, and why not we? Will you not set out with me?

[*She weeps, and her companions sing,*]

No! no! no!

For our skies are bright!

No! no! no!

For our hearts are light!

O, turn not away,

From our song and dance,

Where bright smiles gleam,

And light feet glance.

Cares come not,

Within pleasure's bowers,

Lightly pass

All the rosy hours.

O, turn not away

From our life of joy,

For youth's delights

Will never cloy.

[*SCENE 2D.—5th maiden, alone.*]

I am weary of my life of pleasure. I would seek the Fountain of Peace. Spirit of my dream! O, appear to me, once more, and conduct me to those blessed waters.

[*The angel appears.*]

Angel of my dream! Lead me to the Fountain of Peace, that I may find rest.

Angel.—The way is lowly and narrow. Can'st thou walk therein?

Maiden.—Yes, O, blessed angel, if thou wilt direct my steps.

Angel.—But thou must be tempted first and tried. Wilt thou turn from the wild joys of thy youth, from the mad pleasures of the dance, from the flashing of gems and gold? Can'st thou leave thy gay young companions behind?

Maiden.—Yes; I turn from all these, and pray for peace.

Angel.—And thou shalt have peace, if thou wilt seek it aright. Thou shalt bathe in the fountain, but not now, not now!

[*SCENE 3D.—The maiden alone.*]

Peace, peace, sweet peace! thou shalt be mine! When wilt thou come, dear angel, to lead me to the fountain?

[*The Spirit of Beauty appears.*]

Spirit.—

Fair mortal, I am come
To lead thy steps aright,
I'll give thy spirit peace,
And bathe thy path with light.

From Beauty, goddess fair,
Commissioned now, I come,
To lead thee, lovely child,
To dwell within our home.

O, come, O come with me!
Of Beauty's fountain sip,
And smiles shall ever rest
Upon thy cheek and lip.

No sorrow shall appear,
And darkly brood o'er thee,
Thy life in peace shall flow,
If thou'lt but come with me.

Maiden.—Bright angel! wilt thou lead me to the fount of everlasting peace?

Spirit.—Yes, dear child; I will lead thee to the fountain of Beauty. Bathe in those waters, and thy heart shall never know sorrow. Come with me; the way

in which I will guide you is broad and beautiful. Flowers and singing birds and bright waters are on every side.

[*Maiden, turning away.*]

Nay, bright one! the path wherein I would walk is narrow and lowly, but it leads to rest and peace. O, tempt me not.

[*SCENE 4TH.—Maiden alone.*]

Vainly has the syren tongue
(Of bewitching Beauty,
Tried to turn my steps away
From the path of duty.
Onward now with joy I press,
To the fount of blessedness.

[*The Spirit of Wealth appears.*]

Spirit.—

Come, O, come with me,
Where gems are gleaming,
Come, O, come with me,
Where light is stream'g;
Flashing back the sun's gay beaming,
Jewels bright shall crown thy brow.

Maiden.—Who art thou, bright one?

Spirit.—I am the spirit of Wealth, come to lead thee to the paths of perfect bliss. Our way lies through gorgeous palaces, where the sun-light falls through silken curtains, where gold and gems gleam on every side, where statues and paintings charm the eye, and rich music lulls the weary heart to rest.

[*Maiden, covering her eyes and turning away.*]

Bright tempter, I am dazzled with thy words; O, leave me! I seek a path of tears, where the deceitful splendor of the world does not shine. Thy way leads not to the *Fountain of Peace*.

[*SCENE 5TH.—Maiden alone.*]

Better far, than shining gold,
And rich, earthly treasure,
Sweeter far than Beauty's voice,
Or the smiles of Pleasure,
Is the fountain of the blest,
Where my weary heart would rest.

[*Fame appears.*]

Mortal, I am Fame. Follow me, if thou would'st have thy name written among the stars. Come and wear a crown of laurel.

Maiden.—Would it not weigh heavily upon my brow? I am weary of earth, and long for rest. Is it thine to give?

Fame.—There is no rest with me; my votaries seek not for that. My path leads to glory. Come with me, and thou shalt bask forever in its dazzling light.

Maiden.—The path wherein I would walk is lowly, but the end thereof is perfect peace. Heavenly ones will guide me there, and the light of their presence will cheer me on. Dearer to bask in the smiles of an angel, than in a flood of earthly glory.

[*Fame disappears.*]

Maiden kneeling.—Blessed angel; wilt thou lead me to the Fountain of Peace, that I may bathe in its waters, and be forever at rest? My weary, tempted heart, longs for thy holy presence.

[*Angel appears, pointing to heaven.*]

Angel.—Lo! I point thee, thou earth pilgrim, to the fountain of everlasting peace!

"FOLLOW ME."

Would I not follow Thee?

Thou knowest, Lord, that thus if it might be,
I'd trace thy footprints over mount and sea,
Yea, even to Gethsemane.

Master, I heed thy call.

Here, from the mountain ways of Palestine
Through all the walls by ages built between—
The never-dying accents fall.

Master, I heed thy call.

Assailed with summons caught from choirs
above,
Entreated in all tender tones of love,
I know that it is best of all.

O Voice of sweet command,

I struggle, weary, through life's hind'ring
harms,
And throw into the dark, imploring arms,
But cannot find thy helping Hand.

Where is the shining track?

How shall I know it from the thousand ways,
That melt in mazes through the every days,
And keep my panting spirit back?

Some unperceived control

Sometimes empowers me through a rift of
night,
To catch a glimmer of thy garments white,
Beloved Saviour of my soul!

And straight I leap anew,

And eagerly the sacred beam pursue,
'Till in life's atmosphere 'tis lost to view,
As stars within the morning's blue

O Voice, Redeeming Voice !
That never faintest howsœ'er I stray,
Though Thou shouldst bid me bear the cross
to-day,
Thou shalt be still my spirit's choice.

O Voice, triumphant Voice !
That drawest me on through undiscovered
ways.
That wilt not fail till every heart obeys,
I can but listen and rejoice.
Buffalo, N. Y. CLARA.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Continued from last Number.

A soldier's life was little in harmony with my tastes and inclinations. I missed the comforts and ease of home. The dear companionship of books and pen, which I had thought necessary to my existence, was wholly wanting. I shrank from contact with the rude men surrounding me, and shuddered at their coarseness and profanity. They seemed to have been born and nurtured in a different world from that which I had known. I suffered from severe fatigue ; and home-sickness, like a wearing malady, caused me to pine night and day.

But when called to actual service, I was enabled to shake off these weak, unworthy feelings. My slender frame strengthened by toil and hard fare, and as time passed, I wondered at the bold, adventurous spirit which arose within me. I found congenial companions ; all were not coarse and ignorant as I at first supposed, for the ranks could show noble, educated men by hundreds. How brave, how enthusiastic these young men were ! And I, by their side, was called as brave as they. Latent energies had been brought forth in my being, and the impulse which sent me from my quiet home, deepened to a religious purpose.

There was a pain at my heart which my comrades shared not and knew nothing of. Could I speak my brother's name, and tell them of his defection ? Could I tell them that all I might do for my country, would be as nothing, for he, the son of my father's house fought dauntlessly upon the other side ? For Fred, espousing any cause, right or wrong, would work for it with his

whole soul. No puny, timid soldier would he be, and I felt that to count in the struggle, I must exert almost super-human energies. I never complained of long, painful marches ; I was eager to be placed foremost in every dangerous duty ; and at night, with burning cheek and heaving breast, I would expatiate upon the magnitude and glory of our cause, until my listeners thought me half inspired.

The rebellion grew. Greater and greater still, became the danger ; fearful, more fearful, raged the conflict. I began to see a deeper meaning in the strange, unnatural struggle. This was something more than a rebellion. It was the moral crisis of the age, and our republic, before the eyes of the nations of earth, was elucidating, in violence and blood, in sacrifice and tears, one of the grandest problems of time ; not merely that of self-government, but of liberty, right and equity. My country, dear to me before because it was my country, now became the embodiment of the loftiest principles of truth, and I prayed for her as a Christian should, and fought for her as only a patriot can.

Were the son and lover forgotten in the devoted soldier ? Nay, think not so. Midst the turmoil of the day, two loved faces would oft flit before my fancy, and I never arose at morn, nor lay down at night, without murmured blessings upon the names of *mother and Lilly*. Then such dear, delightful visions of home, as haunted me even when resting upon my arms, ready for the call to battle ! Precious, indeed, was that peaceful home far away in New England, and dear beyond expression, were the loved ones there ; but my country, *O, my country !* what were all my loves, my joys, my hopes, *my life*, to thee !

I saw the young and brave fall often at my side, but no harm came to me, though leaden rain poured upon the field. I began to think I bore a charmed life, and that some guardian angel turned the fatal bullet from my heart. But I was destined to bleed for the country I so loved. At last I fell wounded in a little skirmish, where thrice our number drove and defeated us. I could not escape, and was taken prisoner with several others.

We were surrounded where we lay writhing in anguish. I heard a voice I knew, and with the shock it gave me, forgot all physical weakness and pain. I slightly raised my head and looked around upon our rebel captors. They were well armed and equipped; most of them young, doubtless, the flower of Southern chivalry. But one arrested my sweeping glance. The commanding officer of the little troop, sat his fine chestnut steed, with a proud, martial air. His erect figure, the turn of his head, were familiar to me—it was Fred Seymour.

He drew near as if to look upon us, and I hid my face, lest he should know me. "Poor fellows," he said compassionately, "poor fellows, take them up carefully, and treat them well."

I heard him sigh, and then he turned and rode away. We had met and parted, O, my brother! Yet not so, for *he* was loyal to truth and honor. Groaning and weeping, I still hid my face. Sharp, lacerating pains tore along my nerves, but the anguish of my soul was sharper and more lacerating still. Then oblivion rested on my senses, and all was darkness.

I awoke in a hospital. A sense of utterable exhaustion was upon me, and I seemed dizzily drifting out upon some unknown sea. I thought it was death, and prayed that it might be so. A prisoner in the hands of the enemy, what more could I do with life? But death came not at my bidding. Though the cold waters of unconsciousness passed over me many times, and once I heard, as in a dream, one say, "He is almost gone," still life returned to me. My work was not done.

All the hardness of the soldier slipped from me like a robe laid aside, with health; my manhood, too, seemed gone, and I was a mere, mere child again, yearning with a homesick-heart for mother. O, for the tender care of my mother! to look upon her face, to hear her voice!

My poor comrades repined aloud, and wondered at my uncomplaining patience. My storm-tossed heart they could not see, and God only marked my tears.

As I grew stronger, still home was the Mecca to which every thought and fancy

turned. I was always at the old homestead, sometimes a boy again, rambling with Fred over the hills and meadows, or sitting by Lilly's side, and gazing upon her face, almost idolatrously. I could see grandmother in her arm-chair, by the sunny window, with her silvery hair folded so smoothly on her brow, and her hands clasped quietly, as she waited for her summons to go up higher. I could see my mother, but I did not love to picture her as now, and I always thought of her as she had been before a single sorrow had marred her woman's charms.

One day I was awakened from feverish dreams, by the sound of girlish voices. A group of young women stood near, and by their dress and air, I judged they belonged to the upper class of society. I was immediately struck by the peculiar, willowy grace of one whose face I could not see. She wore a dress of a light, floating material, which seemed to envelope her like a cloud, and her beautiful, purple black hair was braided and wound in artistic folds around her head. I noted these things at a glance, for a poet's eye sees all points of beauty and grace in anything he may behold.

One lady spoke with a frown and curling lip, "Which of these men are the Yankees? how ridiculous to put them with our own wounded!"

She with the airy dress and braided hair answered quickly, in a tone of reproach; "Where should they put them, Isabel? are they not human beings?"

"Hardly," with a shrug of Isabel's white shoulders.

The third maiden laughed and said, "Belle, you forget that Rose has a predilection for one Yankee, and naturally feels tender towards all."

"O, yes," cried Isabel, with an arch, provoking smile.

She whom they called Rose turned away from her companions towards me. Her face was mantled with blushes, which doubtless heightened her rare beauty.

"I think you had better put on an apron and stay and nurse these poor Yankees, you pity them so much."

The blush died out of Rose's face, leaving it pale and stern, as lightning flashes

from a summer cloud, and it is cold and grey again. She raised her head very proudly, her eyes grew larger and darker, and with a gesture of queenly dignity she turned again to the young ladies who seemed convulsed with merriment.

"The Yankees are men, even were they as vile and ignorant, as they are sometimes called, which we well know is not the case."

"Of course there are exceptions," interrupted Isabel. "Fred Seymour is a splendid fellow, Yankee or not; but all such are on our side, of course."

"Perhaps not; O, girls! this war grows more dreadful every day. Even if we conquer, (as of course we shall,) will it pay? Think of the thousands already slain, and of the thousands more who must fall!"

The laughing girls became grave, and Isabel said in a gentle tone, "Why, then, did you urge your lover to join your father's company?"

"Because I was ignorant of the horrors of war; I thought only of the glory. You may laugh, if you please, but I am going to stay here a while, and find out if these wounded men, our own soldiers and the enemy too, need anything that I can bring them."

"Now, Rose Delancy—"

"Don't remonstrate; I shall stay, so go and leave me."

The tone was expressive of unalterable determination, and the young ladies appeared to understand it so, for after a few light words of banter they withdrew.

Rose Delancy, Fred's betrothed bride!

I gazed upon her, and no more wondered that she had captivated his ardent fancy, and having once gained the admiration of a true soul, she was worthy, and capable of deepening admiration into love. I read her, as she stood a moment, thinking, with a drooping head. Very proud she was, passionate, too, and perhaps wilful at times, but her heart was swelling over with loving impulses, and her soul was a true woman's soul.

Sweet Rose — sister Rose — *it might have been!* I thought of my pure and gentle Lilly, and how rich our mother—Fred's and mine — might have been with

two such daughters! but it was not to be. She was already bereft of both sons, for I felt then that I should never return home, and Lilly would alone be left to her.

In my great weakness I was overwhelmed by these reflections, and I covered my face and wept bitterly. It seemed but a moment before a cool, soft hand was laid upon my brow, and a voice so kind and sympathetic, asked me why I wept, that I was made more like a baby than before. Just so, in my dreams, had mother's hand cooled my throbbing head; just so had Lilly's voice whispered in my ear.

I heard her sob; I felt her tears drop upon my forehead, and then with great effort I grew calm.

"Suffering has made a child of me," I said; "I feel little like a soldier now."

"No wonder," was her gentle reply. "They tell me that you have been here many weeks, and have been near death most of the time. You are very, very thin and pale. Ah, how you must have suffered! Is your home far from here?"

"Yes, far away. I am from Massachusetts."

"From Massachusetts! May I ask your name?"

"Louis Seymour."

"*Louis Seymour!*" she cried, blushing, and in great agitation; "*Louis Seymour!*"

My emotion was fully equal to hers, and neither spoke for some time. When at last I nerved myself to look at her, she was regarding me with an air of tender melancholy, and there was a strange shadow in her beautiful eyes. "O, cruel, cruel war," she said, as though talking to herself, "it is brother against brother!"

Then in some trepidation, she bathed my head, and arranged my hard couch.

"To-morrow I will bring you wine and fruit, and anything else I can find to comfort you; but to-day I can only speak a kind word to you or the other soldiers." She passed to the beds of my suffering comrades, and I heard the soft accents of her voice as she spoke to them, but I could not look upon her face, for I was weeping like a child again.

The time seemed shorter after that, and

the burden of sickness and confinement less intolerable, for Rose Delaney passed through the hospital each day, followed by prayers and blessings from rebel and Yankee. She neglected none, but the fairest fruits, the brightest flowers, - the kindest words, ever fell to my share. I understood the meaning of her sisterly ministrations, yet while I blessed her in my heart, I would not speak the name which I was sure so often trembled on her lips, nor tell her that I knew her. While I could not own her lover, the rebel officer who had captured me, as my brother, I would receive all her favors upon the ground of her large charity.

For *his* sake she was so very, very kind. I knew instinctively that she yearned to speak of *him*, but maidenly modesty kept her silent, while she waited for a sign from me.

I rallied slowly but surely. With the return of health, came back my manly strength of mind. Then harder to bear than sickness, was the irksome confinement and inactivity. The old armor burned in my soul, and the fate of the nation seemed, to my excited fancy, depending upon my return to the post of duty. I had suffered for my beloved country, but this vain sacrifice I could not patiently endure. I was willing to toil, to bleed, to die for the cause I had espoused, but could see no good to come of my present trial.

It was impossible for me to learn the exact state of affairs. All my inquiries were vaguely answered, or I was told the most absurd, improbable stories of the defeat and slaughter of our national army. It was a dark, dark time to me. Scanty and indifferent food, insufficient clothing, and daily insult, were among the minor griefs I had to endure. One thought, one desire filled my soul; to be free again; to fight under the stars and stripes.

I remember one streak of sunshine, and it warmed and gladdened me for many days. I received two letters from home; one from mother, one from Lilly. I kissed them with rapture, I held them in my hands many minutes, before I was calm enough to read. Then the words of love and sympathy I feasted on, until my famished heart was fed. Precious, precious

letters! so tender, yet so hopeful! Lilly's was tear-stained, but she spoke only of her love for me, and of a glad re-union when the war should be over. In mother's letter were some suggestions, which helped me, and gave a new direction to my thoughts. She charged me not to repine, but to bear my imprisonment with cheerful patience. Release might soon come, ; yet while I waited, I ought to use every moment for some good.

"Good here — *do good here!* I repeated, sadly, mockingly, as I looked around upon my wretched, despairing companions.

But my mother's counsel I could not despise; she whom I had ever delighted to obey. I strove for calmness and patience, and soon found life more tolerable. Then I spoke words of cheer to those with me, and they listened and were comforted.

Ah, but the time was long, and my heart failed again! Would the war never end? should we never be free? O, it seemed that we could do superhuman work, were we only in the ranks again!

At last, at last deliverance came. I was called out from the common place of confinement to see Miss Rose Delaney. It was a joy to see my sisterly nurse, and I clasped her hands eagerly. Her face was pale; its exquisite bloom was touched by the frost of sorrow. I knew not then, that her father was dead, but instinct told me that she had suffered.

"I have come to bid you good-bye," she said, and her voice had a quivering, reed-like tone.

"Are you going away from here?"

"No, but you are."

I started; my pulses throbbed expectantly.

"There is to be an exchange of prisoners, and to-morrow you can go where you please. I thought I would give myself the pleasure of informing you first."

"That you might to the last be an angel of mercy to me," I cried, trembling with excitement. "Bless you, Heaven bless you, Rose Delaney! never shall I forget your kind ministrations, never cease to call down blessings on your head."

"Will you grant my request, then?"

"If possible."

"Go home, and never take up arms

again against the Southern Confederacy. I ask this for your sake, my friend, for we shall surely conquer in the end."

"If I knew the South would conquer, if I knew the Union would be utterly destroyed, I would still fight while I had life and strength. But it will not be so. You have little idea of the power, the resources, the undying determination of the North."

"Then you might rest quietly at home," said Rose; "one would count little."

"No, no; my vow is registered in heaven. I live, I die for my imperilled country."

She looked at me sadly, and her eyes filled with a gush of tears.

"O, what a war is this," she cried. "Do you know what a dreadful thing might happen? *Your brother is on the other side!* You may meet in battle."

"Yes," I said, "I know that he you love, he who was once my brother, may meet me on the field of battle, and knowing this, I came; knowing this, my mother bade me go, in God's name!"

She drew a long, long sigh. *He who was your brother?* she asked, reproachfully; "do you disown him, so noble, so gifted, so brave?"

"*I do!* he has lifted up his arm against the country he was taught to serve and revere. I would not harm a hair of his head, but he is no more my brother!" In my heat I forgot her feelings. I should have spoken more guardedly.

She drew back with her superb form proudly erect, and a suddenly kindled fire extinguished the tears in her dark, passionate eyes. Her voice no longer trembled; it was firm and cold.

"Good-bye, then, Louis Seymour; and remember, call down no blessings on my head; your prayers would turn to curses! Forget that I have ever done you a favor; forget that you ever met Rose Delancy!"

I had foolishly, needlessly wounded her to whom I owed so much. She was going with those stern words upon her lips. I sprang forward, and caught her fair, jewelled hand, and pressed it to my heart. "Forget you, sweet Rose! never, never! and do not forbid me to pray for you.

Think, in this dreadful strife, for which neither you nor I am to blame, will it not be some consolation to know that you have a grateful friend in the ranks of the enemy? Forgive me, if I have pained you; I could not say or do otherwise. Let us part as friends!"

She softened a little, bent her stately head, and murmured, "So be it, then; good-bye!"

Thus I parted from Rose Delancy.

Most joyfully I returned to my duty. I was much affected by the cordial reception of both officers and privates. I had previously earned a good name, and now a lieutenant's commission was tendered to me, with flattering earnestness. Of course I accepted.

Surely every soldier was needed then, to be at his post, for reverse followed reverse with disheartening rapidity. The Capital was again in danger, the rebels were consolidating, and more daring than ever. But we thought not of yielding; it was victory or death, and though it was ebb tide now, it might be flood tide to-morrow.

Alas! it was hard to fight the old battles over again, it took so many of our brave! They fell before and behind, at my right and at my left. Once after hard fighting and heavy losses, we fell back and planted ourselves for the night. I could not rest, for my sleep was horror-haunted. I left my tent, and went forth upon the late battle-field. How still and beautiful the night! scarce a breath stirred the dewy air, and the moon smiled serenely from the sky. Yet what a scene was spread before me! The broken and blood-stained earth was strewn with the dead and dying, and groans and cries of agony startled me at every step. During the day my nerves had been like steel, and fear was a stranger to my heart, but now I sickened with horror, and would have fled but for pity.

They were taking up our wounded as fast as possible, and I lent my aid. After a time I saw a rebel officer lying apart from the rest, under a tree. I drew near; How motionless he lay! a plumed hat was upon the ground at his feet. I took it up

with a thrill which, like a lightning flash, brought back a scene of childhood to memory. It was very like that wonderful cap which one happy Fourth of July, long ago, my brother had taken from his head and placed upon mine.

I drew nearer still, and bent above the body of my brother! He had fallen ingloriously, disloyal to truth and honor, and unworthy of the name of his father. Yet sternly as I gazed upon him at first, tenderness grew in my soul. The memory of his noble, generous boyhood was brought too vividly before me, for aught to stir me long but love and sorrow.

Evidently some one had sought to assist him, for his vest was torn open, revealing a wound near the heart. He was not quite dead; the blood still ebbed slowly to the ground. I bent over him, calling his name in fond and tender accents. My voice penetrated his dulled ear, and he murmured, "water." I laved his brow, and placed a cordial to his lips; he drank, and the life powers slightly rallied, but by his vacant eyes I knew he did not see me.

"Fred! Fred! will you not speak to me? it is your brother Louis who is with you." He knew my voice, and a beautiful smile overspread his features.

"Louis, Louis," he murmured, brokenly, "let us go down to the brook and fish—where is my fishing-pole?"

Electric words! they stirred the profoundest depths of my soul, and all things were forgotten, save that he was my dear and only brother. The present had passed from his mind, and he was far, far away from the horrid war, in his childhood's home, at innocent play.

I raised his head and held it to my breast, pressing kiss after kiss upon his brow, and he still babbled about the brook and play-time, unheeding the hot tears raining on his face.

The sound of a drum in the distance, gave shape to his wandering fancies. "Yes, we'll take your drum, Louis, and, don't cry, little brother, you may wear my soldier cap!" He was playing at war, and acting over his old, generous part, unconscious of the dread tragedy in which he had fallen. Alas, his soldier cap I could

not wear, as he had, at the price of honor. His breath grew fainter—he was dying. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and called upon a stranger's name.

"I am with you," I cried; "don't you know your brother Louis?" I watched his face by the pale moonlight, and saw that he had come back to the present scene. His features were convulsed, and he groaned.

"Dear brother!"

"Louis, you here! I thought you were with mother."

"What shall I tell her from you?"

"Tell her I never meant to disgrace her—tell her I never meant to fight against my country. I was blind—Rose and her father—it was love and ambition did it—then I dared not turn back—tell her I prayed for her forgiveness—"

"I can't be buried by father—he was a patriot—O, am I a traitor? God be merciful—it is just that I die thus—"

"And Rose—find her—take care of her—her father is killed—O, my beautiful Rose! Louis, do you hear me?"

His broken, labored speech, he feared I might not understand. I promised to find Rose Delancy, and care for her as a brother.

"Thanks, Louis—mother—mother—forgive—" his voice died away, he sighed, and all was over.

I laid my head down on the turf, and yielded myself to uncontrollable sorrow. Thus to see my brother die; the pride of his father's house, and the dearest companion of my youth! I thought over all the loveable qualities of his boyhood, and the lofty traits of his dawning manhood. Young, proud, impulsive, how easily was he made the dupe of selfish, ambitious men, who would deluge a nation in blood to gain their own ends. I had counted the victims of this vile rebellion by thousands; another lay before me, and no victor's wreath was his, no halo of glory would rest upon his memory. I thought of our mother, who had agonized so over this fratricidal war—did my hand speed the bullet to my brother's heart? I was half maddened, and was about to invoke fearful maledictions upon the instigators of the war, when by chance I glanced

down upon the face of the dead. It wore a strangely peaceful smile, and the flickering moon-light, playing over the mute lips, made them seem to speak, and to my startled fancy, they breathed again their last word — "*Forgive.*"

"*Forgive, forgive!*" I murmured, with a thrill of awe. Then a calm stole over me, and I knelt and prayed for grace to forgive, and for strength and peace. I consecrated myself anew to my country, with prayer and solemn vow.

Then I kissed for the last time, Fred's marble forehead — my brother, a rebel and traitor before the world, but guiltless evermore to me.

(Concluded next month.)

NOVEMBER.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

Lonely, and wild, and dreary!
What shall I weave to-day?
The storms of the changing season,
Go past on their dismal way;
They have stripped the gold of the maple,
They have swollen the summer brook,
They have withered the last wild flower,
Which slept in the forest nook.

Here are the morning glories,
Which over my casement twine;
No more in the sun of the autumn,
Purple and red they shine;
It has come like a breath of the desert,
The frost-laden storm of the night,
Blackened, and drooping and dying,
They yield to the pitiless dying.

Where are the birds that were singing,
Through all the October's soft haze,
Where are the crickets whose chirping,
Made cheerful the short autumn days?
Where are the vines that were glowing
So lately with purple and green?
How swift the gray skies of November
Have swept o'er the late smiling scene.

Lonely, and wild, and dreary,
You come from His guarding hand,
Who brings out the spring with her blossoms,
To people the silent land;
I see how each bud is folded,
E'en now in its tiny leaf,
And I know that the reign of the winter,
With all its dark storms must be brief.

O, God! through the gloom and the blackness
That lie o'er our storm-ravaged land,
Let us see in the bud that is folded,
The days that are waiting at hand;
Out of tempests come sunshine and gladness,
The winter but covers the spring,
And soon in these trees bare and leafless,
The birds of the summer will sing.

THE SECOND CITY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

That is Glasgow. Within a few years past it has outgone Liverpool in population, and now stands next to London, in that particular. It is a busy city, and full of success in all that tends to the triumph of the useful. But it makes little claim, except in its unrivalled Park of Kelvin, to that department of the Intellectual, which pertains to taste and sentiment. An air of business pervades the place, and floats about its inhabitants. Quickness, and the intelligence of trade mark their faces; very hospitable are their hearts and homes; frank and cordial is their welcome to strangers, and in general contrast with the somewhat frigid manners of the citizens of Edinburgh.

Yet you miss the refinement of manner which is the issue and indication of that mental delicacy, bred by intellectual tendencies, and which is diffused among the residents of a city, where, as in Edinburgh, literature is the *genius loci*.

Glasgow has a college, and a celebrated one, of which its people are justly proud, which has sent into the world its full share of eminent men, and for whose Rectorship, Campbell the Poet, Peel, the Statesman, Bulwer, the man of Letters, Brougham, the broadest and most various mind of the century, and others of the ablest names in British Intellect, have deemed it an honor to contend. Still it has never succeeded in so stamping its impress on the social life of the City, as to overcome the tone of traffic, in feeling and demeanor, which distinguishes its townsfolk.

But though conscious that sturdy worth, and energy, and wealth, rather than grace and polish, are its characteristics, it has yet a full sense of its own importance. And it heightens this feeling, by the contrast it draws between its own supreme dignity as the commercial Metropolis of Scotland, and the inferior standing of its subsidiary towns, Greenock and Paisley. It designates the inhabitants of the three cities, respectively, as Glasgow, "men," Greenock, "folk," and Paisley, "bod-ies"; thus indicating, as by a descending scale, its opinion of their comparative worth.

It will be difficult to persuade any na

tive of Greenock to accept this nomenclature, while he remembers that James Watt was a native of Greenock; and Paisley was the birthplace of John Wilson, the famous Christopher North, of Blackwood.

A number of years ago, the citizens of Paisley celebrated Wilson's birthday by a festival, at which Wilson himself, Campbell the Poet, who was a Glasgow man, and other literary lions were present. In returning thanks for the honor, Wilson was expatiating on the rapid growth and progress of his native town.

"When I left Paisley," he said, "it numbered only a few thousand, and now it counts its population by thirty thousand souls." Campbell nudged him, and whispered, "bodies, Wilson, bodies, man"!

But whether or not correct in her somewhat supercilious estimate of the folk of Greenock and the bodies of Paisley, any one who treads the streets of Glasgow, and looks with an observing eye on the causes of her greatness, will own that the designation she has assumed for her own people is a just one, and that Glasgow is a city of Men.

In search of a street called the Gallowgate, one day, I accosted a laborer, and asked him to show me the way. The direction was somewhat difficult to give and to find. I suppose I looked puzzled, for in his efforts to be very clear in his explanation, he became at least, very emphatic. His interest warmed as he saw me struggling with the intricacies of the streets he was trying to unravel for me. His voice grew louder; his vowels broadened into broader and more vigorous Scottish. His "r's" birred harder, his "hechs," and "hoch man's", grew more and more guttural each moment. Every muscle of his ridgy face was at work, and every limb of his body in a quiver. He pulled me by the coat, he punched my side, he grasped my arm, and urged me on with one hand, while he pointed the way with the other. And then, releasing me, and turning away, as I thanked him, he returned for a last word, and "*are ye verra sure ye've got it noo?*" was his parting salute.

It was a trivial incident, but to me a suggestive one. In the man's earnestness

and determination that I should not by any possibility go wrong, in the strong manner and forceful gesture, there burned the *perseveridum ingenium Scotorum*, as George Buchanan calls it, the fervid spirit of the Scots. And as I looked round me at the staunch, stone city, — a city of use and work, of vomiting chimneys, and clanging iron works, and human crowds intent, — as I trod its clean and solid streets, between houses and warehouses that seem to have cropped out from them by eruption, so solid too, are they, as from its granite wharves my eye swept the Clyde, its double margin banked with masts, and its centre alive with black steam wherries, cleaving it as flights of crows cleave the mid sky whose sides are dark with clouds, I thought again and again for days, "that man of tough and eager purpose, is a fit type of the stubborn and persevering spirit of which this city is an embodiment and result."

To me, even London was a less signal example of what human energy can achieve. It was a far more gigantic one. But perhaps for that very reason, it failed to impress me with a definite sense of the material vigor of man. As from the top of St. Paul's, I circled the immense confusion of brick and smoke, thirty miles in circumference, my sight never suffered to rest on any one point, but led ever out and around in a vague wandering over it all, thought, reflection, concentration of mind, was impossible. Even admiration was lost in a dreamy awe. It seemed a task-work of the Titans.

Glasgow excites no emotion like this. It is human, not Titanic. It is manageable by the eye. You can grasp and fix it, and feel that it is an adequate production of mortal enterprize and perseverance. You survey it, and you say, "here is the fit centre and emporium of the skill, and, Scottice, the 'stuffiness' of the little, but hardy realm of Scotland; the city which attracts and gathers them up, to throw abroad their effects over the scattered world; and which draws them back again, and builds them into such results of success and material greatness as I see around me. Well done! You well deserve your self adopted name, ye Men of Glasgow!"

A. G. L.

HIGHLAND, SEPT. 23d, 1862.

MRS. SAWYER — MY DEAR FRIEND. —
Allow me to dedicate to you the following

TALES OF THE FIRE-SIDE.

Uncle Zadock ! Poor old man ! I may say, if mortal man ever was poor, in every sense of the word. Look at him once, as he sits in an old armed chair, in a small room, all covered with sand, well mixed with saliva and tobacco quids, the marks of which are pretty nearly all over uncle Zadock.

Hark ! he is trying to sing some old tune that he used to lead the church choir with, but a few broken notes are all he can remember ! See ! he is upon the floor, creeping like a child, as he is in all but *body*, and the manly habit of tobacco chewing, that clings the tighter as the mental faculties depart. Almost idiotic in expression, unable to recognize his nearest relatives, and almost literally wallowing in his own filth, this poor old man lingers on the shores of time, a monument of the past — a spectacle of what a man *may be*.

Once strong and active, now feeble as a child, with none of the charms of childhood ; once the head, provider, and protector of a family, now a pauper ; once a leader in the church, now oblivious of all that is past, — a blot — a blur — a vacancy, — save a few snatches of forgotten melodies, a few faint recollections of the *past*, flitting through the brain, and running across the wrinkled face.

The one all-absorbing desire of life, is tobacco, more tobacco. Give him that, and he is content. No other care has he. All else is left to the town to provide. All else is done by hired help. Nobody delights in the presence of uncle Zadock. Nobody wants him in the house, for no room can be kept neatly with him in it. No child runs to greet him, no smile welcomes him. All are sad to see him, and feel relieved to be away from him. But it is all the same to him. He heeds not anything but tobacco, and would feel just as well in the street, or with the swine. Whether tobacco brought him to this, I cannot say, but I do know that tobacco is a filthy thing, and contaminates everything it touches.

What could bring one to a deplorable state, it is difficult to understand. But there must have been a great wrong somewhere, as "the curse causeless shall not come." It is well to avoid all evil habits, as tending to ruin the body and cloud the intellect. Who would be like this poor old man ? Who would like to behold such an one ? Then let all live so as to secure a tranquil old age, and gather up the memories of the past, for the young to enjoy.

So concludes the narrative of my friend of the oblong table, in regard to one as near to his family as was aunt Ruth, but O ! how different, and how different the effect upon the family.

Would that no more like poor old men lived, but I doubt not there are some, even now, who are very much like uncle Zadock. I will not, however, trouble you with them.

—♦♦—
The minister should preach as if he felt that although the congregation own the church, and have bought the pews, they have not bought him. His soul is worth no more than any other man's, but it is all he has, and he cannot be expected to sell it for a salary. The terms are by no means equal. If a parishioner does not like the preaching, he can go elsewhere and get another pew, but the preacher cannot get another soul. — *Living Words*.

—♦♦—
Nature becomes interpreted when you set the cross of Christ in the centre of it. That divine, self-sacrificing love lights it all up, — illumines it — makes it something new. Every star that shines in heaven, receives a brighter significance in that, and every quivering of dim life that lies under the lenses of the microscope, illustrates the great law of love and self-sacrifice. — *Living Words*.

—♦♦—
The ocean is beautiful, lulled to rest ;
The pictured stars that gem its breast
Are epitaphs, written upon the deep,
Over the places where loved ones sleep.
Beautiful, where no mortal eye
Looks in on its gorgeous heraldry,
Is the vast, deep sea ! And beautiful, too,
Where it spreads to the gaze its expanded blue,
Or reflects the clouds in their pomp unrolled,
And moves in its glory of green and gold.
Chapin's Living Words.

"BRAVE MEN."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"There was a time—we almost blush to confess it now, but there was a time, when the thought of having a babe born in Iowa, made us nearly insane and quite, quite wretched. It was not, that we did not love the State of our adoption, that we were not proud of its prairies and its forests, its rivers and its mines, its virgin beauty and its brilliant promises. We did love it, we had loved it from the hour that our foot first pressed its soil on the banks of the Mississippi; we were proud of it too, so proud of it that we extolled it with our lips and fought for it with the only weapon God has made us fit to use, our poor but honest pen. And yet, we did not want our babe born here. It was bad enough and hard enough we thought to have it born in a log cabin, still we had comfort in that fact, bare and dreary as it seemed at first, for our historic records tell us that nearly all the truly great have had an humble birth-place, and in time we were brave enough to say, if our cabin were but in New England or New York, we would be reconciled. But to have it here, to have our babe come into the world a native *Hawkeye*—it was too much! We had been so proud of the birthplaces of our other five—New York, its very capital,—the banks of the Hudson itself; Massachusetts, glorious old Cape Ann, the shores of the Atlantic; and Connecticut, one of its capitals, the banks of its grandest river! Birthplaces of which any one might be proud, so crowded with historic associations, the homes of brave men, free men, glorious men!

But Iowa, what history had Iowa, save records of Black Hawk's wars and Keokuk's skirmishes! It was too bad, we said it ever and over again. We were willing and glad to live here, we expected to die and be buried here, but to have a babe born here! Poverty is omnipotent though. We are, sometimes, the creatures of circumstance and our babe *was born here*. We comforted ourself with the thought that his veins were filled with Yankee blood and to make him more of a

Yankee still, we named him *Summer* and *White*, the first after, everybody knows whom, the latter after, nobody knows perhaps unless we tell them, our own sainted father.

Years have passed, four, and the fifth almost, and now, now at this day and hour, there is nothing of which we are *prouder*, *gladder* than that our little boy *was born in Iowa*. The Indians called it "the land of the beautiful,"—the white man *shall call it* hereafter the land of the *brave*.

May we not well be proud of it, when an Editor in a neighboring State, a State cursed yet by that sin, of which, thank God, "Columbia" is free,—speaks thus of the gallant Iowans:—

"Iowa is a young State, but it is the home of heroes. With the present struggle she has began a war history that yields in splendor and honor to that of no State in the Union, and no country on the globe. Her soil is the birthplace of new chivalry; and she has become the mother of a race of heroes. Her soldiers boast little, and she has no industrious penny-a-liner to boast for them. Her soldiers are as modest as they are brave. They are not fierce braggarts, they are as gentle and tractable as children.

"But when the storm of blood begins, they are the guiding and governing heroes of the tempest. Where the harvest of death is to be reaped, they are the foremost of the reapers. Where a perilous assault is to be made, somehow or other there is always an Iowa regiment, or the wasted form of an Iowa regiment to lead it. It was so at Wilson's Creek; it was so at Belmont; it was so at Fort Donelson; it was so at Shiloh; it will *ever* be so throughout the war.

"All our Western troops have been heroes, but the Iowa troops have been heroes among heroes. The 'Iowa First,' 'Iowa Second,' 'Iowa Fourth,' and 'Iowa Seventh,' are bodies of men who would have given an additional lustre even to Thermopylæ, Marathon, Austerlitz, or Wagram. Iowa may be proud of her sons, and all Americans may be proud of Iowa."

This is a glowing tribute, and we felt like shouting Amen, Amen, when we

read it; but we have seen another recognition of her soldier's valor, which moved us unto tears. In a private letter received here from one who was in the "perilous" and victorious assault, which the Iowa Second made upon Fort Donelson, occurred this touching sentence: "As we entered the entrenchments, one of the wounded Rebels put out his hand to us and exclaimed, '*Brave men*'" O, if I were only a poet—I would embalm those words—they should live in a lyric undying as the stars.

"Brave men!" Yes, and thank God, even our own county, fierce as it has ever been for Secession politics, even it has sent four hundred out of eight hundred voters to this holy yet terrible crusade. The blood of some of our own townsmen helped to crimson the soil of Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing, and there is a shadow on the heart of our community as it thinks of the friends and neighbors buried there without funeral rites or mourner's tears. One of them, a husband and the father of four precious little ones, had been in the four bloodiest battles of the Mexican war, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and City of Mexico, and through all escaped unhurt—escaped to fight under his own flag in his own land and die as patriots die.

The struggle had but begun, when the brave and lamented Lyon exclaimed, with lips even then whitening in death, "Iowa boys, you are noble fellows." His words have been prophetic. Do you wonder that I am proud of being an Iowa mother—proud of having an Iowa boy!

ONE day, walking over a barren and stony piece of ground, I came upon a little patch of verdure starred all over with yellow flowers of the later summer, and as it opened upon me so fresh and beautiful, as though it were spread out there simply to touch the sense of joy, and to add to the measure of boundless life, for the time it seemed to me as glorious as the firmament; and the majesty of God was as palpable there, in that little, unconsidered plot, as among the splendors of the morning, or in the sparkling tent of midnight.—*Chapin's Living Words.*

MENTAL CULTURE.

BY REV. B. PETERS.

In a former article in this monthly I spoke of physical culture, or the proper care of the body; I now invite the attention of the reader to mental culture, or the proper care of the mind.

Dr. Flemming, in his *Vocabulary of Philosophy*, says: "The mind is the recording power, the preserver of impressions, the storer of deductions, the nurse of knowledge, and the parent of thought." The difficulties which we encounter when we attempt to fathom the mysteries of the human mind, grow out of the fact, that in attempting to understand the mind, we are attempting to understand ourselves—the mysterious nature and workings of our inner life. And yet, no study is so important as that of the mind, for the mind is by far the most important gift our Creator has bestowed upon us. Its capacities and powers may be improved to a wonderful extent. The difference among men as to ability, is not so much a difference of actual talent, as a difference in application. If it be said, that the power of application is but a part of what may be called talent; I answer, very true: but this, like every other faculty of the mind, may be strengthened by cultivation. You may train yourself to industry, and by diligent effort you may develop marvellous powers of application. In this way, you may strengthen "the recording power of the mind," increase its capacity to receive and retain "impressions;" and thus you may store the mind with useful "knowledge," and teach it to originate and multiply "thoughts" of its own.

A great intellect consists not alone in good native gifts, but in a thorough mental training. When such an intellect dwells in a sound body, and is guided by a generous and a virtuous purpose; it commends itself not only to the esteem of men, but to the highest favor of God. There is no crown for whose authority and honors, a mind so blessed, need wish to exchange its rich treasures. Before such men, Kings—who are kings alone by inheritance and empty titles—are but

Vide p. 475. *Mind.*

tyroes. The true kings among men are those who have the best thoughts with which to enrich our minds. The dominion of such is boundless, extending its influence often generations upon generations beyond the years of natural life.

The culture of the mind is that discipline which imparts to it a commanding influence, and makes it a source of power. It is the process by which the habits of youth are formed, by which the mind is filled with knowledge, and "men are prepared to enter with capacity and usefulness to themselves and the world, their future stations in life." A man needs special training for the vocation in which he expects to act, but he also needs a general training for society and the world. Whatever attention your special vocation may claim at your hands, you should always find enough time outside of that, to give to the proper acquisition of that knowledge which is useful to all men.

There are a few simple and important rules by which we should be guided in training our minds, to which I wish to direct your attention.

1. You must cultivate a taste for the best models, not only among the living, but among the dead. Absolute originality is a fiction. No man possesses it. We are pensioners on each other's bounty. Every man is, more or less, an imitator. The ignorant learn from the wise, and the wise learn from the ignorant. But we should beware, lest we be guilty of servile copying — of ungainly mannerism; for nothing is more disgusting than for an intelligent being to become a mere puppet, to select some one man as a model master, and to imitate him with a slavish servility. Accept help from whatever source it may come to you; but try to incorporate every thing good into your habits and character to such a degree, as to make it your own. To be independent and true to your own nature, does not preclude the necessity of studying the lives and labors of other men. In making ourselves acquainted with the way in which others have attained to great results, we may gather up many hints, that we may turn to a good account. Why do we call men great, if it be not because of the great help they

are to us? And how can they be a help to us, unless we make them and their wisdom our study, that we may profit by their knowledge and example? Why do men write books on Medicine, on Law, on History, on Science, on Morals and Religion, if it be not to assist others in getting from them in the easiest way, the facts and principles involved in these subjects? Why do we listen to Lectures or Sermons, if it be not to get from them the inspiration and the knowledge they are designed to impart?

It is an important fact, well worth remembering, that in making others your study, though the dead and the unknown may speak to you through books and the press, and speak to you very profitably, they never leave the impression on your mind that comes with the real voice and the living presence. There is a reality to the latter which the former does not possess. The laws of mnemonics explain this fact. When the living teacher appears, the mind takes hold not only of the thought, but the attending circumstances — the place, the manner of the man, the audience, the voice, the impressive utterance — all these assist in impressing upon the mind what is thus appropriately conveyed. The most effectual method of teaching, always has been and always will be, that which comes to us through a living teacher. For he, by his action, vitalizes his instruction. It is, therefore, well for you to make those men in your time your study, to some extent at least, who have attained to great renown. Hear, as often as convenient, their thoughts from their own lips. Try to discover *how* they express themselves, *why* they thus express themselves, and in what *spirit* they express their thoughts. Seek, so far as you can, to find out the sources whence they draw their mental wealth, that you may apply yourself to the same fountains, and drink from the springs whence they drank before you.

To retain facts, and to acquire the true grace in action, it is best to see and to hear the living model. To perfect yourself in your style of expression, to acquire the talent of putting your thoughts into the shortest and the most effective form,

to make your words fit into the right place, and to give compactness, solidity, and power to your sentences, you must study your models in print. In that form you can best analyse their sentences, see how they are constructed, and find out what it is that gives them their potency. To acquire a good command of language, it is an excellent practice to analyse your own as well as the sentences of others, to throw the words into as many different forms as possible. If you have never tried this, you will be surprised to find how much versatility there is in language. How variously a thought may be expressed. How the forms of a sentence may be changed, and the perspicuity of language be diminished or increased. I speak of this, because exercise of this nature exerts the best possible influence in strengthening and developing the mind. It will be of the utmost benefit to you to write even your ordinary letters to your friends with something of this sort of care. Write, and rewrite;—rewrite frequently. Cut out useless words. Put your poorest thoughts into the best possible dress; and thus impart to them pith and power. Never waste your time in talking or writing drivelling nonsense. See to it that everything that proceeds from your lips or your pen, is marked by a sterling common sense. Give weight and gravity to your thoughts; and your mind will acquire strength, and your conceptions will clothe themselves in a living dress. Avoid dullness in thought or action. Do not suffer your mind to become sluggish, or your thought logy. Be earnest and truthful, and give all the pungency to your thought you possibly can. In this way you can make your thought entertaining and instructive.

2. You must also adopt good mental habits. There is nothing like systematizing, in your mind, every important subject. You should seek out the connections, and try to understand the true relations of thought. Every subject is related, and has its bearings upon every other subject; but it has its own trunk and branches that are distinct, and that should not be confounded with what does not belong to them. Whenever a subject is pre-

sented, a well trained mind will see at a glance what properly belongs to it, and what is irrelevant and inconsistent. In conversation you can frequently detect how deficient some men are in this respect, and how little coherency, or consistency, there is in their thought. There are minds so loosely put together, that you can never long confine them to one subject. They are wild and rambling. They are like a bird in a forest, hopping from branch to branch, and flitting from tree to tree. They never stop long enough on any given thought, to follow it through its proper relations or various connections. This fault is a sort of mental dissipation, that gives proof of weakness. To avoid this you must become a thinker. Your mind must be occupied, not only while you are listening to the thoughts of others, or while you are reading books; but you must con these subjects over for yourself, and so far as may be, you should seek to master every important subject. Educated minds are not those who have heard or read the most, but those who by profound thought succeed best in making themselves complete Masters of the subjects they do hear or read. A reader of books is not necessarily a student—I mean a student in the highest sense of that word. To be a real student, you must think much and think profoundly—you must thoroughly digest whatever you hear or read. The great men of the world have all been great thinkers. Some of them, indeed, have read but few books; but through earnest thought and constant reflection upon all important questions, they have made themselves Masters of their time and situation.

A mind can never be said to be well and thoroughly trained on any given subject, unless it completely circumscribes the subject, and understands all its bearings and its parts. To acquire this sort of mental grasp, or mind-power, you must not waste your time upon the trifling questions—the “*fiddle faddle*” of the thoughtless; but you must think often and deeply of the graver questions, that engage the attention of the good and the great among mankind.

3. Last, but not least in importance; to

cultivate your mind, you must make yourself acquainted with human nature. You must make yourself familiar with the laws by which the human mind is governed. You must not only, in a general way, make the temper and disposition of other men your study; but, in a particular sense, you must watch the operations of your individual mind and heart.

This is by far the most important work in which we can engage. There is no study more interesting, none more profitable than the study of human nature. In this way, alone, can we make ourselves familiar with those hidden processes by which the true culture of the human mind is secured. All philosophers who have written upon the human mind, as well as all experience, teach us, that there are some things imprinted upon our minds "in their very original"—things, therefore, that are instinctive and natural.

There are other things in regard to which we are left in ignorance, and to the proper knowledge of which we can only come through the process of education.

In the study of human nature, we must find out what those things are in which we can thus be improved; that we may turn our attention to their cultivation. Dr. Reid says:—"There are powers of which nature hath only planted the seeds in our minds, but hath left the rearing of them to human culture. It is by the proper culture of these, that we are capable of all these improvements in intellectuals, in taste, and in morals, which exalt and dignify human nature; while on the other hand, the neglect or perversion of them, make its degeneracy and corruption."*

The mere presentation of these facts should be an incentive, and should arrest and engage our attention. These reflections are important to all, but of the *utmost* importance to the young. Youth is the season which is allotted to us for our proper cultivation. It has been said, by one† who has a wonderful facility for illustrating and bringing truth home to the conscience and the heart:—"Every gardener knows that there are periods at which you can do certain things in horti-

culture, that you cannot do at any other periods. If you wish to bud a plant, you must do it at that particular time when the sap is in the right condition. You can graft easily at some periods, but only with difficulty, or not at all at others. You can transplant at some seasons, but not at others. And so it is with men. There are certain periods of human life in which particular things, if done at all, must be done. Youth, for instance, is that period in which, if you would educate men, they must be educated. If they are not educated then, they will not be educated, and no repentance can change the fact. When the plates are prepared for steel engravings, the steel is made soft; and then the engraver works out the picture; and then the plate is put into a furnace and brought to great hardness, so that impressions can be taken off by the hundreds without wearing it.

"Now the time to engrave men is youth, when the plate is soft and ductile. Manhood is hard, and cannot be cut easily, any more than tempered steel. Many men waste and trifle with their youth, and do not seem to think that when they have thrown away that period they cannot call it back again. Let me see the man that can bring Spring in October or November. Who can reverse the seasons of the year? But to do that would be easier than to recall periods of life that are gone. Once thrown away, they are thrown away forever."

Is there not something in the fact so clearly presented, that touchingly appeals to the young; urging them to lay it to heart, and to profit by the suggestion. There is no Egyptian task-master placed over us, who asks us to make brick without straw. God has favored us in every particular, and gives to this generation opportunities, seldom, perhaps never, accorded to any other. We have minds as good, perhaps better, than the average minds of former generations. We have a Literature of the rarest value and the richest variety. Its treasures are within your reach. We have schools of the highest order. We have weekly and daily journals filled with better and more accurate information on all subjects, than

*Inquiry, Ch. 1, Sec. 2.

†H. W. B., in Ser. in Ind.

the world has ever possessed. Is one column surcharged with the poison of falsehood? Some other column is sure to have the antidote.

Every thing that could be has been done to simplify knowledge, and to bring it within reach of the commonest minds. Could any thing more be done, than has been done? Is it possible that the time can ever come, when knowledge can be obtained without labor, and the mind can be cultivated without effort? It can't be. Labor—effort—is the inexorable condition upon which alone, we can have the excellencies of culture. Education is the process of polishing and bringing out the true qualities of Nature. It is taking the rough and ill-shapen ashler, and converting it into a smooth and polished stone; not taking away from its native properties, but showing how smooth and beautiful they may be made. It is a law of the human mind, that "there is no excellency without great labor." "Moreover," says one who "Guesses at Truth," "Since nature, if left to herself, is ever prone to run wild, and since there are hurtful and pernicious elements around us, as well as nourishing and salutary ones;—pruning and sheltering, correcting and protecting, are among the principle offices of education." I have tried to lay before the reader, some good and inspiring thoughts upon a great theme; so far as I have succeeded, I hope these thoughts may nourish and strengthen your inner life, and quicken you to proper activity. It is thus that both mind and character are made to grow.

"Character," says the Poet,

— "Growth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy:
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wontonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marriages of evil:
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions:
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,
Yet with the Mother's milk the young child drinketh Education."

THE CLOSEST SHAVE OF MY LIFE.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

The prison at D——, is, every way considered, under a better organised and surer system of administration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have seen much to approve; but the prison at D——, surpasses all the rest. Visitors, of whom very properly, but few are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all, the air of security and exceeding quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one, from the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned round, his eyes were glistening with tears. The warden said he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offence was, that he had beaten almost to death, a comrade, for speaking slightly about his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men about the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber anywhere; so he was elevated above his fellows, to the extent of a dignified position and the responsibility of razors.

"He has shaved me many a time better than I could do it myself. Would you like a prison shave, gentlemen?" said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorably with the proposition.

"Johnson, you will shave this gentleman," said the warden.

I threw off my coat, and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It is a villainous necessity. I wonder if anybody thinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum-tight.

When my face was shining with the soap, the warden said, "We will leave you for five minutes, Mr. ——. Is that time enough, Johnseon?"

"Quite time enough," sir, answered Johnson.

The prisoner and I were left alone. My companions went away in another direction from what we had been pursuing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, until they came to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well armed, to watch that no attempts at escape are made. The moment this one disappeared, I felt a sort of faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after, my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, paused an instant at the window where we had found him when we had entered. Then he came back to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed.

Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was very low, quite a whisper, indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

"Do you hear me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't it?" said he. "But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with a razor — just what I please. Be good enough to keep still, very still, just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still, and don't stir. I know what would happen, and so do you, if you stirred or spoke a word."

Good God! These were hideous words — but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round in front of me, was appalling. I could not have uttered a syllable, if I had died otherwise.

"Now," said he, "listen, but don't move," and he pressed the flat blade against my throat, as if by way of warning. "I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm going! And so help me God,

if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you; but — remember!"

He sprang away, and caught up my coat and hat, which lay near, still keeping the razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was removed, my inertness vanished. I leaped up, seized the chair in which I had been sitting, and shouted lustily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

"Ah, you will have it, then," he cried, and rushed toward me.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down crashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suppose. Persons who have thus been in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I forgot, after my first cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen successfully employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing, at the same time, and in the same direction, with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his hands over his head, gasped, as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped swiftly across the floor, he called out to me:

"Don't go, don't go!" he said. "Stand there, at the door, if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and, perhaps, if you hear me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad."

I hardly knew how to act, but as I involuntarily checked my steps, he continued:—"Look out at that window, sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a door-way. That's my wife and baby — my poor wife and baby. She doesn't

know I'm here — thank God, for that. I came here under a wrong name, and she supposes I'm far away at sea. I am sure it would break her heart to know the truth. Well, sir, that's my home, I've seen it, and I've seen her, every day, now, these three months. It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance—this great chance—was too much for me. And to think that I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her again!"

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he told me, a woman standing on a threshold opposite, with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly, once or twice, and disappeared.

"You won't trust me," I know; said the prisoner; "but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use, I know. Well, I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary, now, and who can live through that? No, no; you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may indeed."

Feet shuffling along the passages, announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think was very successful, under the circumstances.

"Not shaved yet?" said the warden, astonished. If he had but known how close a shave I had been through!

"I have broken my razor," said Johnson, looking appealingly at me. "See, sir! I must have another."

"Very well," said the warden. "Will you wait?" he asked me.

"I think not," said I. "Another time will do for me."

So I wiped my face, and we went on our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that great excitement which naturally followed so narrow an escape, I think that I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me that he would act in such a manner as

he thought the occasion needed. He condemned his own heedlessness in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt, with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was happy in her ignorance of his real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until he should rejoin her; and then she told me that Mr. —, the warden of the prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied and, I suppose, will be readily remembered:—

"It is the custom at the prison at D—to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration, to work outside the walls, under the supervision of an officer. This privilege is, in most cases, gladly accepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man who, as the time of his freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any others. On inquiry it was found that this prisoner had a wife and child living directly within view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband, who was a sailor, was at sea, on a long voyage. He was unwilling that, at the last moment, the fact should be revealed to her, and, at his own request, he continued within the walls until his liberation, which took place last week. Excepting on one occasion, his conduct while in prison had been without blemish."

—•••—

The man who lies down and goes to sleep, instead of doing his work, is not patient, or, if he has patience, it is of the wrong kind, and nobody else has any with him. God has not any, nor anybody else, with the lazy man.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

I list to the sound of the Sabbath bell,
 Ah! dear are the tones I have known so well,
 When in girlhood's hours, at the casement low,
 I heard the sweet breezes so gently blow.
 Round my parent's home on the hill-top dear,
 With the bird-notes rising so full and clear,
 Chiming with fountain and brooklet so well,
 And mingling with sounds of the old church bell.

And the leafy arms of the tall, old trees,
 Grand music gave forth to the passing breeze,
 With the chirp and hum of the insect world;
 Till the banner of love seemed all unfurl'd,
 And mercy, and peace, and purity bright,
 Came rustling down in their garments of light.
 Ah! sweet were the fancies of that spring-time,
 Woven in links of the fairest of rhyme;
 Bright as the wings of the gay humming bird,
 Sweet as the tone of affection's least word,
 Clear as the waver in the moonlight so fair,
 Pure as a mother's low, gently breath'd prayer,

Dear as the kiss at the bedside of death,
 When the loved is sighing away his breath.
 Ah! many the years which have come and gone,
 Since I heard that old bell in the Sabbath dawn.

Since my feet have trod on the hearthstone wide,

And my mother sat by my father's side,
 And brothers and sisters were gather'd there,
 In the holy hush of the Sabbath prayer.
 Ah! many the years and the changes sad,
 Since peals of laughter and music so glad,
 Were bursting forth from those hearts fresh and gay,

Which had never trod upon life's highway.
 My parents have gone to the angel land,
 And freely they roam in those bowers so grand,
 My brothers are there with their radiant eyes,
 In which such a world of happiness lies,
 They never forget us who wander below;
 But ever in anguish, amidst all woe,
 Their presence is near us — an earnest given
 Of bliss that awaits us with them in heaven.

Dear heavenly Father! as here I roam,
 I will sigh no more for that childhood home.
 For *Thou* hast been with me along life's way,
 And sanctified joy and sorrow each day.
 The bitterest cup *Thou* hast made most sweet,
 The dearest lot *Thou* hast made complete,
 And, circled by thy blest love, divine,
 I never again can weakly repine.
 Thy angels around, by night have encamp'd,
 And in my heart's depths have visions enstamp'd;

I know my dear ones are e'er by my side,
 They sing me the songs of the glorified,
 I wake in the morn with peace in my heart,
 I know that their presence shall never depart,
 Till op'd are my eyes to see them once more,
 In realms of our love — the sanctified shore!
East Haddam, Conn.

Strength and wisdom only flower,
 When we toil for all our kind.

—[James Russell Lowell.]

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET---FLIES.

Would that all the powers to which they are welcome as food, or unwelcome as company would join in annihilating them at once and forever! Had I my choice as between them, midges, gnats, fleas, and other strange bedfellows with which travelling (as well as poverty) is calculated to make one acquainted, the one on whom I should first pass extreme sentence would be the common house-fly. In bed or out, sleeping or waking, in hot or cool climates, as soon as summer brings them forth, there they are ever present, ever ready to renew their intolerable persecutions. After suffering from their attacks for some months, one is really almost tempted to consider Domitian a benefactor to his species, or, at any rate, to fancy that the author of "Busy, curious, thirsty fly," etc., if he did not write it in a spirit of bitter mockery, would never have given utterance to a piece of such maudlin sentimentality if he had not been induced with a skin of more than ordinary thickness, or been fortunate enough to live in a country where they confined their visitations to the sugar-basin and cream-jug. Were they to limit themselves to one feeding ground, and simple downright biting, one might perhaps sleep through it and forgive them; but who can endure the determined, pertinacious attacks of a regular man-eating fly? Watch one, as with eager hurried pace, and wings nervously raised and half quivering with excitement, he approaches the face of a person enjoying (perhaps after a disturbed night) the quiet sleep of the early morning. Of a flea's presence he would probably be unconscious till he awakened; the step of a gnat is so light, and his bite so gradual, that, should his humming not have disturbed the sleeper, he, while enjoying his meal, would have left his victim in undisturbed enjoyment of his sleep; he "lives and lets live."

But otherwise it is with the fly; he feeds as he goes, and the titillatory powers of the six feet and extended sucker, would be together too much for the skins of reapers, thick even in proportion to the proverbial hardness of their *ilia*.

Again and again may the hand, half in sleep, be raised to brush away the intruder; no sooner have the muscles once more become relaxed, and the hand has sunk inactive after a vain attempt to scratch the face he has left, than he renews his attack, to be again driven off by the disturbed slumberer. Again and again will he return with undiminished pertinacity, only giving up the attempt when his victim, at length, resigning himself to his fate, relinquishes further sleep as hopelessly unattainable, and betakes himself to the active business of the day.

Of a truth, no more appropriate or suggestive title could have been devised for the arch-enemy, or one breathing a deeper hatred for the accursed insect, than that of "Beelzebub," "the Lord of Flies," the prince of torturers. In mentioning the fly as nearly ubiquitous, I am bound to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Venice as a singular exception. Whether it be always so, I cannot undertake to say, but last summer, at any rate, during a stay of more than a week at the hottest period of the year, in a situation apparently favorable to them, not a single one did I ever see in-doors or out.—*C. Simon.*

THE GHOST WHO WOULD NOT COME.

"He was intelligent, well-bred and accomplished. His malady confined him almost to the house. Sometimes he rode out a little, and I accompanied him, either on horseback or on foot; but most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he drawing and studying Persian and Arabic. I cannot tell you, my dear Brevoort, how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with any one but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman in the house in Seville where I am now boarding, and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manner. I could not have thought that the mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings." It was the spirit of this young Englishman that the author

invoked; and as the anecdote has already found its way into print, I will give it in the words in which I had it from his own lips: "Hall," said Mr. Irving, "was rather sceptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of future life, and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly 'whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do?' 'Why, Hall," I replied, "You are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come." "Nay," said Hall, "I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable." "Well, then," said I, "I am serious too, and I will." "Then," said Hall, "it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it." After his death, the horse of Hall was brought to him at Seville, and one evening he rode him to their old retreat, at Casa Cera, near that city. Here, solemnized by the scene and its associations, and recalling their strange compact, he breathed an appeal for the promised presence of his departed friend. "But," said he, "he did not come; and though I have made similar invocations before and since, they were never answered;" adding, half playfully, half mournfully, "the ghosts have never been kind to me."—*Life and Letters of Washington Irving.*

A HISTORICAL RECTIFICATION.

In the print-shops may still be seen occasionally a representation of the Emperor Napoleon brought to a stand-still by one of his own sentinels, in consequence of his inability to give the password. The veteran who, in obedience to his orders, was so near running the bayonet into his Majesty, has been recently received at Fontainebleau by the present Emperor, who, according to the French papers, conversed with him a considerable time, and among other questions, asked him,— "Though you did not know it was the

Emperor, would you really have shot him?" To which the veteran replied, "No, Sire, I would only have wounded him with my bayonet." The account which Coluche, the sentry, gave of the affair was as follows —

"It was in 1809, after the victory of Ebersberg, that I was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow anybody to pass unless accompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening a person wearing a gray overcoat came towards my post and wanted to pass. I lowered my bayonet, and called out 'No-body passes here.' Those were the words I used, and I never added, 'even if you were the little corporal himself,' as has been wrongfully imputed to me since, because I did not know I had the Emperor before me. The person came on without seeming to notice what I said, and I then brought my bayonet to the charge, and called out, 'If thou takest another step I will run my bayonet into thy stomach.' The noise brought out the whole of the staff, the Emperor returned to his quarters, and I was carried off to the guard-house. 'You are lost, my boy,' said my comrades; 'you have committed an assault on the Emperor!' 'Stop a bit,' I said, 'what of my orders? I shall explain all that to the court-martial.' The Emperor sent to fetch me, and when I came into his presence, he said, 'Grenadier, thou mayest put a red riband in thy button-hole; I give thee the cross!' 'Thanks my Emperor,' I answered, 'but there is no shop in this country where I can buy a riband.' 'Well,' replied the Emperor, with a smile, 'take a piece from a woman's red petticoat; that will answer the purpose just as well!'"

Coluche continued to serve through all the campaigns, when he was not confined to the hospital by his wounds, till the concluding battle of Waterloo, after which he was discharged, returned to his village, and resumed his occupation as an agricultural laborer. On his recent visit to Fontainebleau, his only introduction was his portrait, engraved by Madame Viardot Garcia, the distinguished singer. As al-

ready mentioned, he was received by the Emperor with great cordiality, and by him presented to the Empress, the Imperial Prince, and the whole Court. Previous to his departure the Emperor asked him if he wished for anything, to which Coluche is said to have replied, "I no longer desire anything; now I have seen you all I am satisfied. I will only beg of you to give me your three portraits," a request which the Emperor promised him should be complied with.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.—How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray, which lingered so long upon the Eastern mountain, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared. The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settles over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watchers" shine out in their far-off depths." The bird folds its weary wings within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure, that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself, and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart; wealth, pleasures, honors, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which perhaps, too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom, in the vast creation; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

That which positively enriches the universe is spiritual life.

Editor's Table.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Suddenly called on by the sickness of the editor, to attempt to cater for the guests at the Editor's Table, we cannot hope, and we forewarn them that they must not expect us to give them, either the substantiality, or the savor of their regular monthly repast. We can only dish up a hasty *olla podrida*, "a four hours," as the Scots call a lunch, or a *co-lation*. Yankee, in these days of military receptions, to stay their appetites in the interim, till the mistress of the establishment is able to return to her hospitable duties, and to set before them the solid roast and boiled, for their main course, with the *entremets*

"Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

and with which she knows so well how to lighten and vary the entertainment.

And so, with this preliminary apology for our "hash," we have recourse to a Scrap Book, over which we sometimes glance, when disinclined for heavier fare, picking a morsel here and there, to toy with, and to whet our taste for a return to more nourishing viands. And while offering the fragments that we pick from it to our readers for a like purpose to them, we trust they will not feel, after they have finished them, as the Scotsman did after his Kittiwakes. "How was that, and what are Kittiwakes?" Let me tell you. The Kittiwake is a little bird, which, in some parts of Scotland is served up roasted before dinner as a sharpener of the appetite. And an inhabitant of a part of the country where they were uncommon, but who knew something about them, notwithstanding, on hearing them spoken of one day as a zest, denied stoutly, from his own experience, that they had any such quality, "for," said he, "one day when I was in Orkney, I ate six of them before dinner, and I wasn't a bit hungrier than before!" We shall be sorry to have our scraps fail of their

object — the titillation of the reader's taste for wholesome fare, as ignominiously as did the Kittiwakes of simple Sawney.

The first on which we lay our hand, suggests a thought or two before quotation. It has often been noted, in prose and verse, that few persons marry their first love, and whether for good or bad fortune, this is doubtless the fact. In such cases, how often may the marriage, unaccomplished in the flesh, the dream from which the boy and girl awoke unsatisfied in man and womanhood, to dream it over, oh so often, all their lives after, be the "marriage made in heaven," that the proverb tells of, the sad or the sunny reminiscence, withdrawing ever farther adown the avenues of Memory as the years fly on, but still throwing its lengthening shadow or sunshine, or perhaps its mingled mist of both, upon them as they grow, the dominant influence of that ideal life which we shut up from our collision with the practical world, which we hoard within for our own secret thought and contemplation, and which is our disposition, whatever, from our daily acts, men may judge our characters to be!

We do know that the dear wish of their golden prime, unrealized, but unforgotten, has biased, even where it has not decided, the whole tenor and direction of some of the world's, and the muse's choicest sons.

Beatrice made Dante's life, and sorrow and glory; and yet he was a boy of nine, and she a girl of eight, when she became his "fate," and as himself said, woke in him a "new life," And she married, and perhaps without a thought of her boy lover, an Italian noble, Simone De Bardi, and he another woman, Gemma Donate,—"but with how many thoughts of Beatrice."

And poor Tasso, the fourth of the Epic Poets of the world,—as in our youth we used to repeat the list, Homer, Virgil, Milton, Tasso—cries out from his dungeon in Ferrara, where

they had imprisoned him on pretext of madness:

"They called me mad, and why?
Oh, Leonora, wilt not thou reply?
I was indeed delirious in my heart,
To lift my loves so lofty as thou art;
That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,
Hath been the sin which shuts me from mankind;

But let them go, or torture as they will
My heart can multiply thine image still.
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful."

Byron was nearly thrown into convulsions at twenty-five, by his mother's telling him one day that Mary Duff was married. She had been his sweetheart at Aberdeen, when he was eight years old. So serious was the effect of the announcement on him, that his mother never dared mention her name again in his presence. And it is more than probable, that the repulsion of his maturer love for Mary Chaworth, and his uncongenial marriage, confirmed the moral twist in his life which thrust it almost into the shadow of madness.

The year after Lady Scott's death, — and no man was ever a kinder and truer husband than Sir Walter, — and when he was fifty-six, Scott paid a visit to the mother of a girl he had loved before he knew his wife. And these be some of the words entered in his diary that night: "I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears, and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years. What a romance to tell, and told I fear it will one day be. But the dead will feel no pain."

But the point the quotation we are coming to, suggests, is less the influence on one's disposition and destiny, exerted by a first affection, than the bewildering feeling with which a man must look on the object of it, meeting her for the first time after their matrimonial fates have been sealed separately. Byron tells us his sensations in one fine quotation. He had returned from a visit to Mary Chaworth, then Mrs. Musters.

"When last I saw thy favorite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break,
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake."

But we are willing to put the following against Byron's any day. It is the utterance of a very different nature, no doubt, from that of the Noble, and it has a cheery, breezy hu-

mor, not necessarily destitute of tenderness, though buoyancy rather than pathos is its characteristic. And of the two, it gives voice to unquestionably the happier, perhaps the better spirit. The sly hints and implications of the first verse, the kindly farewell and benison in the last, and the rich confusion of identity of the closing line, which provokes our smile, but which was quite likely echoed by a long sigh upon his lips who uttered it, render it altogether one of the most vivid expressions of the feeling of which we have been speaking, that we have anywhere seen.

An' Kirsty, lass, I see,
By the twinkle o' thine ee,
An' Kirsty faith I fin'
By a something here within,
That tho' ye've ta'en anither,
An' tho' ye be a mither,
*There's an ember in us yet,
That might kindle were it fit.*

Then fare ye weel, my fair ane,
Then fare ye weel, my rare ane;
I ance thocht, my bonny leddy,
Thy bairns would ca'ed me daddie;

But that braw day's gane by;
Sae, happy may ye lie,
And cany may ye be,
Wi' the man that should been me!

The next selection from our Scrap Book is suggestive of a widely different train of thought. It carries us back a score of years and more, to our first pastorate, or "cure of souls," as the English church words it — the church where the curate cures or cares for the work, which the rector is supposed to rectify, and which the bishop (Episcopos, or onlooker,) is supposed to oversee.

That first "cure" was held, ah, so many years ago, in Montgomery, twelve miles from Cincinnati. And as a contributor to the Star in the West, and an anxious reader of its columns, especially when we looked for something of our own in them, we remember how we looked, if not with equal anxiety, yet with equal eagerness, for the appearance, ever and anon, of the lyrics which used to appear in it, over the signatures of the two gifted sisters, who have since become, as we then predicted they would, the prime daughters of song on this continent.

They lived but a few miles from our own abode. And how well do we remember the evening when we made our first visit to their home; how we drew bridle on a rising ground overlooking the house, and, in the dusk of the

twilight falling in flakes of deepening darkness about us, gazed down upon it reverently as a believing Greek might have done on a shrine of Apollo, or the Muses, and thought what we should say in accosting them, and how we should keep down and hide our sense of inferiority during the interview, and, as the auld Scots song has it, "behave oursel' afore folk"; and to our own surprise, how, half an hour later, we found ourself placidly at ease beside them both, all our prepared expressions unuttered, talking of themes congenial to us all, themes that are still new and fresh to us when we meet,—as sometimes yet we do—of the soul of song that never grows old, but which, as the years creep over us and whiten our heads, renews its youth like the eagle, and is as young and vigorous when it gushes from the lyre of Tennyson to-day, as when in early Greece it sang, in the lays of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

Aye, but perennial as these themes are, and potent for the moment as they be, to bring back the young throb to the heart, and the young flush of ardor to the cheek, time stands not still the while. And back and adown the years up which he has driven us since then, we sometimes look wistfully now, and think how far brighter the sunshine, how fresher and more golden the mists of the morning, how softer the fall of eve, and altogether how fuller of joy, of tenderness, and beauty, the world was then, than it is to us now. It is of no use that you quote for us, when such moods overtake us, the words of the Preacher, and enforce them as Manse Readrigg would have done, by reminding us that they are to be found in the seventh chaupiter, and the tenth verse of Ecclesiastes, which see and look. "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Quite possibly, nay, quite certainly, we don't.

But for all that, manhood and womanhood will look fondly back on

"The pleasant fields traversed so oft,
In life's morning march, when the bosom was young,"

and all their harsher features softened by the distance, will see all their picturesque and beautiful ones glowing in far more, perhaps, than their own lustre and loveliness, and will grieve in memory, over the young delights that can come back no more,—the more sadly, the more tenderly, just because they *can* come back no more. As says some one who for the nonce shall be anonymous :

Oh, days of my youth, down dim vistas years
flying,
Thro' dim vistas of the past I gaze upon you
dying,
And like the dying dolphin, more brightly now
ye glow,
Than when you were my own in your happiness and woe.

My own! ye are my own, now, more truly far
than ever,
Now custodied within the Past, like lights
within a river;
No future now can change you, but mine beyond recall,
Days of shadow, days of sunshine, how I brood
upon you all!

Well, to what does all this maundering lead, ask our readers, as indeed, they are well justified in asking? Lead! To a couple of selections from our Scrap Book, which we prize as among the choicest in that Repertory, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for the recollections and associations with which they connect us with their author. That author is Phoebe Cary.

In the Repository for August of this year, we read a poem entitled "The Missing Ship," by Hattie Tyng. It certainly is a very pleasant lyric, and its last verse flushes richly with the glow of our Universalist faith. But when, in the introductory notice, we find a claim set up for its author, as "second only to Alice Cary, among American poetesses," in view of the two which follow, we demur to the assumption. Alice herself never wrote anything finer, unless indeed, that one priceless gem of "Pictures of Memory," be so rated, than either of these.

Is the reader a believer in the old opinion, older perhaps than Christianity, but revived by it when it came, and which has ever since been a fond and purifying persuasion of so many loving souls, that those whom we call dead, but whom the angels style immortal, are nearer us, than to common sense they seem, that there is joy in heaven over the repentant, and that the ministries of the glorified are blessed to "the heirs of salvation"? Then let him luxuriate, as we have done, over this

THE BORDER-LAND.

I know you are always by my side,
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear,
For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered tenderly, I am here!

So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night, and the night before,
Put back the veil of your golden hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! it is you; with that brow of truth,
 Ever too pure for the least disguise;
 And the same dear smile on the loving mouth.
 And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,
 So do not vanish nor turn aside,
 Wait till my eyes have had their fill,
 Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place,
 And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good;
*You come with your old, familiar face,
 And not with the look of your angel-hood!*

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
 And your voice is gentle, and kind, and low,
 And the very roses you wear to-night,
 You wore in the summers long ago.

Therefore the world as it will, may smile,
 And say that either I dream or rave,
 For this, my darling, we know the while,
 The feet of the spirit can cross the grave.

So Winifred, Winifred, good and true,
 Here in this border-land of shade,
 Still come to me, till I come to you,
 In that world where never a grave was made.

And then what a pensive tenderness in this;
 All the sadness with which we look back on the
 past, gathered up in tones that take the heart,
 like the music of a flute on the water when the
 dusk is falling, and all glorified at the close,
 by the confident Hope which casts its Anchor
 sure and steadfast into the Heavenly Future.

COMING HOME.

O, brothers and sisters, growing old,
 Do you all remember yet,
 That home in the shade of the rustling trees,
 Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from school,
 Through the summer's pleasant heat;
 With the yellow fennel's golden dust,
 On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood,
 We loitered by the way,
 And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
 And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deep'ning shadows fall,
 That told of the coming night,
 We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,
 And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters older now,
 Than she whose life is o'er,
 Do you think of the mother's loving face,
 That looked from the open door!

Alas, for the changing things of time;
 That home in the dust is low;
 And that loving smile was hid from us,
 In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
 From which our weary eyes
 Can almost look on that home that shines
 Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
 Still let us move as one;
 Always together keeping step,
 Till the march of life is done.

For that mother who waited for us here,
 Wearing a smile so sweet,
 Now waits on the hills of paradise,
 For her children's coming feet!

And now we shift the strain, to one worthy
 to be classed among the best of "The Ballads of
 the War."

From the rush of feeling that sweeps through
 it till it exhausts itself in the resignation of the
 last verse, we should say that this was struck
 off at one white heat. How finely the rejoicing
 expectation of the first three verses is arrested
 by

"But my boy's glad bound is not that sound,
 That rolls thro' the meadow grass,"

in the fourth, and is smitten by "this doling
 drum," in the next, into preparation, for
 "They bring a bier," in that which follows.
 The Repository is proud of Clara, and proud
 of being able to chant for its readers a ballad
 like this.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

BY CLARA.

Home from the war! My hero comes!
 O, how can a mother wait,
 Holding her heart from her boy apart,
 Till he leaps the garden gate!

Home from the war! All tried and true,
 He is young to be so blest;
 Raising his hand for his father-land.
 And now they must let him rest.

Now is ended the long, long dream,
 With terrible, grim array,
 And phantom fears, that more than the years,
 Have frightened my locks to gray.

He comes! He comes! I catch a gleam,
 From the hills where he must pass;
 But my boy's glad bound is not that sound,
 That rolls through the meadow grass.

Why hear I not some glad salute,
 But only this doling drum?
 O, mother, mother, is this the way
 That thy warrior boy should come?

Home from the war! They bring a bier,
 To mock my expectant sight,
 Ah! Merciful God! it was not for this,
 That I draped his room in white.

Home from the war! All battle-stained,
With that gash upon his breast,
Dead—with the bravest that ever bled,
They have laid him down to rest.

Home from the war! My soldier passed
Through the crimson fields of slain,—
And no brother's cry, nor bugle blast,
Can summon him back again.

Home from the war! When the brave heart
Failed,
Came God to my boy's release,
And led him safe to his Father's House,
And took him in to its Peace.

IMITATION OF HERRICK.

TO JULIA.

No more I'll seek for coral red,
Or pearls from out the deep;
My Julia's lips are coral caves,
And pearly treasures keep.

The dimple in my Julia's cheek
Is where she hides her smiles;
When round her mouth they play go seek,
And sport in wanton wiles.

And as the lake's unruffled breast
Reflects the starry sky,
The thoughts of her unsullied soul,
Are pictured in her eye.

C. LAURIE.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Graceful, kindly, genial, humorous, witty, these be the adjectives which express the impressions this little volume makes upon us. Holmes is a poet of the Boston school, a school as marked in its characteristics, as the cockney school of London of forty or fifty years since, when Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb were singing; and the local influences are discernible in all he writes. Yet despite their contracting effect, he now and then sweeps into a wider range, and indicates what he might have done had his associations been larger, and had the fountains of his inspiration sprung in the fields of a broader humanity. There is something in the literary air of Boston, which, if it nourishes, yet narrows poetic talent, so that in reading the rhymes of its literati, you feel as if they were less poured out from a free heart, for the enjoyment of all who choose to read them, than prepared, like a college prize poem, for the lecture room, with a straining after telling passages, and an eye all through to the "great applause here," of the audience. Longfellow escapes this shrink-

ing process, because Longfellow is not a man of talents but a man of genius. His Evangeline might have been written by Coleridge. It is equal in sweetness, and purity and tenderness, to the Genevieve of the Englishman, and Coleridge could not have sustained himself through a poem of such length as Evangeline.

But there are some things in this volume, that break away from the cramping of Boston fetters. "The Last Leaf" is a city lyric, to be sure; but it is a picture, and a perfect one, that might be taken by a poet in any city, and one in which, like the Fool, in Lear, the comic humor only heightens the pity and the sympathy we feel for the old man, who

— "shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'"

How perfect that "feeble" there.

Admirable, too, is the poem "On Lending a Punch Bowl"; the roll of the measure in such rich keeping with the theme; almost every stanza changing the scene, varying the interest, and replenishing the spirit to the brim. And then, the moral, thoroughly true, and boldly spoken in these namby-pamby days. All honor to the man, who, in this generation, can tell us the vigorous truth, that

"'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou
a drunken soul?
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl."

"Agnes," the ballad which opens the second part of the volume, is so well done, is such a near approach to the life and spirit of the old English, though falling much short of the old Scottish ballads, that we cannot help wishing that the author had made both a study from which to copy, and that instead of College Odes, and Lyceum Poems, he had given himself to this, to us, the most delightful of all the forms in which poetry revels.

Agnes, a girl of Massachusetts while it was yet a colony, and the mistress of Sir Harry Frankland, goes with him to Lisbon, and rescues him from death by the great earthquake of 1755. In gratitude, he marries her, and years afterwards they revisit, in happiness and security, the scene of the catastrophe.

"Again through Lisbon's orange bowers,
They watch the river's gleam,
And shudder as her shadowy towers
Shake in the trembling stream."

That is a touch of nature. Would he throw himself abroad on a freer wing oftener than he does, as, for example, he does do, in his fine poem for the Burns' Centennial, he would be less perhaps a favorite of Boston, but certainly, more a favorite of Nature. And he can do it if he would but try.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY

DECEMBER, 1862.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. T. B. THAYER.

"I am God, and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, The word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."

"He shall not fail nor be discouraged, Till he have set judgment in the earth: And the isles shall wait for his law."—ISAIAH.

These passages reveal to us the sovereignty of God both in the government, and in the salvation of the world. And they show us that Christ, sent of him on the work of redemption, will not fail nor be discouraged till justice is established in the earth, and all are made obedient to his law of love.

In view of this, I wish to call attention to the feeling, if not belief, which sometimes gets place in the heart of the laborer in the cause of Truth and Humanity, and which expresses itself in this form:

"The power and dominion of Error and Sin seem to be too much for Truth and Righteousness. Satan appropriates to himself more of the world than God and the Saviour. Mankind are given over to falsehood and wickedness; and the labor of Reform and Redemption is discouraged by want of success, and by the tremendous odds arrayed against them."

So feels and reasons, sometimes, the philanthropist, the patriot, the real lover and friend of his race. So also, not unoften thinks the Christian, the servant of

Christ, even while he believes in the omnipotence of God, and in the revelations of the gospel of hope and redemption he has given us. And surely it must be allowed that this sorrowful view is not altogether without excuse, when we consider the political, social and religious condition of the world.

Crowded cities full of sin and shame; splendid palaces, where thousands are lavished in luxury and dissipation, and enough wasted in a single evening's amusement to make some suffering family comfortable for a whole year; and within call of these princely dwellings, hovels, garrets and cellars where disease and hunger and squalid misery are clutching at the throats and slowly draining the life-blood from the hearts of their helpless and friendless victims; thousands willing to work, but having no work to do; thousands of young children wandering through the streets, ignorant, vicious, homeless, half-clothed and half fed, ready for any desperate act, and maintaining a kind of perpetual guerilla warfare against society; crime stalking forth into the land unblushing, and often unbuked; slavery lifting its huge, dark form, bellowing in its vehement, blind rage, like a great dragon, over its millions of victims; Rum with its millions of victims, its blasted minds and broken bodies, its crushed hearts, and comfortless homes. And then this terrible war, desolating our land, with its fearful sacrifices of blood, its ruined towns and villages and fields, its blasted

homes, its widows and orphans, its shattered bodies and crushed hearts—all to gratify the ambition of a few vile and wicked men—these make up some of the shades in the world-picture. And surely they witness to a terrible prevalence of the animal and devilish, for the present at least, in some departments of our life. They show that with all the talk of progress and education and civilization—confessedly very great in some directions—with all the benevolent enterprize and religious teaching and effort, there is still a large space in the vineyard, which brings forth a bountiful harvest of thorns and briars.

If we review the Religious world as such, the result is not widely different in many points. Though, seen as a whole, there is something to hope and believe, yet in some of its parts, locally considered, the odds against the truth, and the slow and difficult step with which it makes its practical conquests, give to the question a mournful aspect. We see the beautiful religion of Jesus, which was given to bless the soul with faith, and freedom, and joy, made an engine for crushing it into the most abject servitude and misery.

We see the most powerful branch of the Christian church, claiming to be the mother of all the rest, lording it over the minds and consciences, over the social life and domestic arrangements, of her millions of subjects, with a despotism as iron and as irresponsible as that of the old Cæsars; and her position such as to make her power, and almost her very existence, depend on the success with which she opposes the progress of political and religious liberty, untrammelled popular education, and the development of intellectual individualism.

Looking at the favorite, though partially wayward daughter of this mother, we find little advance in what is essential to religious truth and freedom. The Church by law established, at once the petted child, and the pliant servant of the State, with its pampered prelates, revelling in the luxury and indolence of an \$100,000 annual income, while the poor curates, who do the work these men are paid for, starve on \$300—this church stupidly quarrelling over the dead forms and traditions of

the past, and deposing those who have gone beyond the creed, instead of doing the work of the living present,—this daughter, is younger to be sure, but not much more beautiful to look upon than the mother.

So all round it will be found there is vastly more church than Christianity in the world. The all-embracing and all-enduring Love of the gospel which took in the whole human race, has been narrowed down into love of sect and party. Its liberal and generous spirit, its God-given benediction on all honest search after truth, have been displaced and denounced as the soul's great peril, by the intolerance of earth-born creeds and churches. Its sublime doctrines of Faith and the Resurrection, and the great Restoration of all souls, have been put aside for the dogmas of the Pharisee and the fictions of the poet.

It is not wonderful that this exhibition of the triumphs of error and sin and crime should damp the spirits, and sometimes, for a space, shake the courage of the philanthropist, the patriot, and the Christian even, when he forgets that now we see through a glass darkly, and know in part only.

And this disheartening influence is the greater, beyond estimate, when those who have been delivered intellectually from the bondage of error, remain practically in the bondage of sin; when those who acknowledge the truth, and profess to have right doctrinal views of the gospel of Christ, yet remain unaffected by its divine and holy spirit, indifferent, cold and hard, and utterly indisposed to labor or make the least sacrifice of personal interest in its behalf. When it comes to this, as alas, it too often does, then surely it is discouraging enough, and the shadows will gather on the heart, however faith and reason may fling them off by the power of a severe logic. Then, indeed, they who have entered the work, and feel that they have spent their strength in vain, are ready to turn back.

I have stated the question now, as I think, in its strength; and it is precisely at this point, when in this condition of mind and heart, when discouraged with

battling against such odds in the hosts of error and sin, and dismayed with the desolations they have wrought, and ready to abandon the contest, and let the world, and falsehood and Satan have it all in their own way—it is precisely at this point that the gospel presents itself, and reveals the fulness of its blessing, and the glory of its promise, and the eternal fact that after all the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and cannot be dethroned or defeated!

This is the rock, planted by the gospel, on which the philanthropist and reformer, and the Christian must stand, if securely, amid the discouragements of their work. Here they *may* stand, and the heaving sea of folly and shame, of error and sin, may beat against it, but they cannot be moved. Nor winds, nor rains, nor the roaring flood can shake their strong hold, or put in peril or in doubt the final issue.

The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! He is Maker, and Ruler, and Master of the universe;—he doeth his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand. He is mightier than all falsehood and evil and sin. He has purposed through Christ, the utter destruction of these, and the deliverance of all his intelligent offspring from the bondage of them into the glorious freedom of Truth and Holiness.

The great work may not go on as we should direct, not as speedily as we should advise; but God has the matter in his hands, and will see that the interests of all are provided for in the wisest manner. He did not make the world in one day, but in six. He sent ten plagues on Pharaoh and his people; though one, had he willed it, might have been terrible enough to have subdued them. He might have sent Christ to his work 2000 years before he did; and he might, by the exercise of his almighty energies, have converted the whole world, through Christ, in eighteen years, instead of only a part in 1800 years. But it is quite likely that the plan he is acting on now, was not chosen without a clear understanding that it would prove the best plan,—that the gradual education and discipline of the race, and the steady growth that should come of its own

struggles and toils, would be far better than a sudden miracle which should lift them all into knowledge and freedom at once.

Error and sin may appear to have the wind of Truth and Righteousness; but the great revelation of the gospel comes to bless us in our time of weariness and doubt. God is at the helm! He is still the Almighty and All-wise Ruler.

He bade the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the massy gloom of ancient night—

His spirit hushed the elemental strife,
And fed the kindling flame of Nature's life.

And still He rules with absolute command,
O'er the wild ocean and the steadfast land
He reigns supreme, almighty and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne

Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And all the peopled earth his praise proclaim—
Wide, and more wide his purposed grace extending,
Through boundless space, and ages never-ending.

No unbelief, then, that God's Truth can not overcome, no darkness he cannot enlighten, no sin too strong for him to conquer.

Even the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder he will restrain; and the very confusion and uproar which seem to us to mar his plans, and to make chaos of the political, social and religious world—these are not successful antagonists to the Infinite One. They shall yield to the almighty will, acting through the Saviour. In the fulness of times all enemies shall be subdued unto him and be destroyed, even to the last, which is Death.

If the Bible be true, if the gospel revelations are not beautiful fictions, if the mission of Christ be not a pitiful and dismal failure, if the doctrine of an almighty and all-perfect God be not a dream of the night—then certainly, beyond all doubt or contingency, this must be the conclusion of the whole matter.

And this is the truth to which we must cling, in every season of gloom and heart-sickness, in every time when we feel ready to desert the post God has assigned us, and let the winds and waves do their wild

work, and the good ship go ashore. And I think we are all in this temper sometimes. There are moments when the strongest get disheartened by the forbidding aspects which the world puts on, by the apparent failure of the sacrifices in behalf of Liberty and civilization, by the seeming utter uselessness of all the labor performed in the cause of reform and religion; the perfect barrenness, so far as we can see, of the fields which, in the heat and burthen of the day, our fathers and we have toiled so hard to cultivate into fruitfulness. I think few who have been in this labor any number of years, have escaped these seasons of doubt and almost entire, hopeless discouragement.

Now what we want, at these times, to hold us up, and refresh our weary hearts, and renew our strength for the great battle against falsehood and sin, against treason and barbarism, is the very witness we have given — the great gospel Truth that God is in the midst of us, ruling in his own way, if not in ours, restraining, subduing, defeating, training and perfecting; that nothing can thwart him, no evil hinder him. With what force and beauty Paul concludes his statement of this glorious consummation: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Your labor cannot be unfruitful. Defeat, finally, is not possible. Victory is certain. The chariot of God moves steadily to the goal, whether in the calm of the sunshine, or through the tempest and the whirlwind. Darkness and Light, Evil and Good, Truth and Error, worlds spiritual and material, are alike in his power, and are made the instruments of his will. And when the end cometh, his great plan shall be justified, his wisdom glorified, and his Infinite Goodness exalted with adoration and praise of men and angels, forever and forevermore!

Humanity is so constituted that the basest criminal represents you and me, as well as the most glorious saint that walks on high. We are reflected in all other men, and all other men are embodied in us. — *Chapin's Living Words.*

The following musical and touching poem, was published several years ago, in the Gospel Banner, but we have the consent of the author to place it in our columns. Our appreciative readers will be grateful. Who that has a mother in the better land can read it without tears?

M. S. D.

MY MOTHER.

BY HENRIETTA BURRINGTON.

They tell me she was young and fair,
With dark eyes soft and dreaming;
With shining braids of auburn hair,
And smiles with gladness beaming;
And that a sweet, unconscious grace,
Pervaded every feature,
That gloom and sadness had no place,
Within her joyous nature.

They say her voice was sweet and clear,
And when its tones were ringing,
The very birds might pause to hear,
The music of her singing;
Or when in cadence sad and low,
It touched the chord of feeling,
Unbidden tears would softly flow,
Its hidden power revealing.

They say she had a poet's soul,
Of deep and warm emotion,
And read in all things beautiful,
Sweet lessons of devotion;
She had a Christian's heart of love,
A Christian's self-denial,
And trusted in her God above,
For strength in every trial.

My mother! ere that blessed word
My childish lips had spoken,
Death's angel loosed the silver cord,
The golden bowl was broken;
She perished with the dying year,
And when the new was given,
Her eyes had closed upon us here,
Her soul had flown to heaven.

God sent the messenger of death,
To take the life he lent her,
And she was gently laid beneath
The drifting snows of winter;
And in the spring she loved so well,
They decked her grave with roses,
And raised a plain white stone to tell
Where mother's dust reposes.

But with the gift of each New Year,
That brings its mirth and gladness,
There ever steals upon my ear,
A mingled note of sadness;
For when the bells, with merry tone,
Salute its joyous dawning,
They tell me I was left alone,
On such a New Year's morning.

'Tis well, and I will not complain,
Our Father holds the measure,
And metes his children joy or pain,
According to his pleasure:

But though my mother dwells on high,
 She's with me in my dreaming,
 And ever in the starry sky,
 Her loving eyes are beaming.

Amid temptations dark and wild,
 I hear her gentle chiding.
 I know she watches o'er her child,
 In ways of wisdom guiding;
 That in a brighter, holier land,
 Across the silent water,
 She waits upon the shining strand,
 To welcome home her daughter.

No eye hath seen that joyful place,
 To us it is not given
 To know the perfect happiness
 Of those who dwell in heaven;
 But when from this dark world set free,
 My spirit seeks the other.
 Among its sweetest joys will be,
 That I have found my mother!

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Concluded from last Number.

The next morning I was very ill. I hated dreadfully to be sick at that time; it seemed as though I could not give up, but muscle, nerve and heart had all been overwrought, and injured nature demanded reparation. I was obliged to succumb, though sorely against my will, and I was sent to the nearest hospital to recruit.

I slept almost constantly for three days, then I began to look about me with astonishment. I was lying on a downy couch, with snow-white clothes of the finest linen. A faint perfume of roses came from the pillow on which I rested, and when I shook out the damask towel which the nurse brought for my use, I inhaled the same delicious odor. The chamber was large, and the French windows faced the west. My delighted eye roved from one object to another. The goddess of grace must have directed the arrangement of this beautiful room, I thought. Everything was harmonious. It was just such a chamber as I would have chosen for some lovely heroine of romance.

"This is a strange place to put a sick soldier in," I exclaimed, at length, to the nurse.

"A nice place, I think," she replied, with a complacent glance about her, "and just the thing for our brave boys."

"But is this a hospital?" I queried.

"We've made it into one. The parlors down stairs are well set out with beds for the wounded, and all the chambers are full. This rebel mansion makes a splendid hospital; it is full of conveniences, and I think there's nothing too good for our soldier boys."

I liked the comfort and elegance, but couldn't get rid of some compunctions. Whose home was this so rudely dismantled, and appropriated by strangers. Where were those to whom this had been a sacred place? were they homeless fugitives? and she whose room I occupied, where was she? I busied myself in sketching on the canvas of fancy, a beautiful young creature, worthy to be the mistress of this chamber, and I smiled to see how familiar was her face, and how like to Lilly May's it was.

I grew stronger, so that I could sit in an easy chair by the window. I could look out upon spacious and finely arranged grounds, but rude hands had already despoiled them of much beauty. I sighed for the ruined homestead, and shuddered as I pictured my own home thus devastated. But it was just, perhaps, and necessary; still I pitied the innocent members of the household, and even the rebel master himself.

After all I had little pity to spare for strangers. My own sorrows were too heavy. I had left my brother dead upon the battle-field, and I knew not that any had cared for his remains. O, the bitter pain that overflowed my soul at the thought of him! Yet I blamed him not, now that he was dead, and had taken him back into my affections, with renewed tenderness. I could not write and tell the mournful story to my mother. I felt that I must bear his dying words to her in person. Her heart might break if I were not with her to comfort her.

I determined to go home for a few days, while my health was being re-established. But first I must seek out Rose Delancy, if possible, to tell her of Fred's last moments, and of my promise to befriend her for his sake. Poor Rose! how heavily do the consequences of this wicked war fall on thy innocent head!

One day I was led by curiosity to make a tour of investigation over the mansion. Everywhere were indications of opulence and cultivated taste, though many ornaments had been taken away, and the fine rooms were marred by rough usage. Joe Williams acted as a sort of guide and attendant, lest I should go beyond my strength. Joe Williams was my fast friend and right hand man at all times. We had fought side by side, had been wounded at the same time, and shared that long imprisonment by the rebels.

"Here is one room," said Joe, as he drew forth a key to unlock a certain door, "here is one room that nobody shall step into to harm a single thing. I keep it under lock and key."

It was a delightful apartment, exactly suited to my poetic taste. A fine library was arranged upon shelves of rare wood, exquisite pictures, statuettes, vases, and little gems of art were scattered about in graceful confusion. Near the door were two portraits, with a blank place upon the wall beside them, as though a picture had been removed.

"What a beautiful room!"

"I thought you'd say so," said Joe. "The first day our wounded men were brought here. I caught sight of a portrait, and I made up my mind that nobody should take anything out of this room, for I saw at once that it belonged to *her*. Do you remember that handsome, gentle lady who came to see us so often, at Richmond, when we were prisoners? I never knew her name, but there was her very face smiling on me."

"What, do you mean Rose Delancy?"

"Delancy! yes, that's the name of the former owner of this place. He was a colonel, and the rebels made a great parade when he was killed. Do you suppose he was her father?"

"Yes, he was;" and I sat down feeling quite dizzy. This desolated home was hers, then. Alas, poor Rose! These portraits were the pictures of Col. Delancy and his lovely wife, who died long ago. He looked ambitious and soldierly, with a haughty air, and she seemed the very embodiment of beauty and tenderness. Ah, Rose might well be proud and high-spirited and beautiful and loving!

"Why did you take her picture away, Joe?"

"You know poor Austin can't live long, and he suffers terribly. It is a hard case for him to die now, after living so long in a rebel prison. Poor fellow! It makes a baby of me to mention him."

Here Joe paused to choke back his heart which was rising in his throat.

"Well!"

"I knew how much he thought of that sweet rebel nurse of ours, so I just took the picture and hung it at the foot of his bed. He knew it in a minute, and burst right out crying. He begs me not to take it away, for when he is in great pain, it comforts him to look upon her face. There is a soft-hearted, grateful fellow for you! But Louis, boy, you look pale and shaky; you must go back to bed."

"No; let me look about a little, first."

Upon a mosaic stand in one corner were a flute and guitar. I recognized them both as Fred's; he was always full of music. The guitar was well worn; its strings were broken, and they would make melody no more, for the supple hand that had tuned them was nerveless in death. A much used glee book lay beside it. I turned to the fly leaf and read, "*A New Year's gift to Fred, from Louis.*" Blinding tears quickly hid the words.

Dear Fred! dear Rose! Here had they sat together in the happy days gone by. I thought how they had read and sung and talked the bright hours away. Upon a marble shelf at my right, lay a rich daguerreotype case. Instinctively I reached forth my hand, and lo! my mother's features beamed upon me. It was evidently a copy of a picture taken several years before. A dainty inscription upon the reverse read thus: "A gift for Rose."

He had truly prized his mother, then, and deemed her picture the most fitting gift for his beloved. His heart had ever cherished the tokens of his early home. These tender memorials overcame me, and I turned aside to hide my emotion.

Joe Williams was astonished, and declared that I was in a highly nervous state; indeed, I think he mistook my incoherent exclamations for incipient delirium. He seized me by the shoulder, and

hustled me off to bed, as though my life depended upon immediate repose.

I longed to tell all to my friend, for I knew he would sympathize with me to the core of his honest heart. But could I tell him of my only brother's disloyalty? He would not understand and pity and forgive that dear, erring one as I did; no, no; I must be silent, until it was time to breath the tragic story to my mother's ear.

"Miss Rose Delancy, the only child of Col. Delancy, requests the favor of taking away some books or pictures from her father's house, as mementoes of a once happy home."

This note was placed in my hands one day as I sat in that beautiful library, which was a haunted chamber to me, only I was drawn thither by a mournful fascination, whereas haunted chambers are usually left for the shadowy sprites to occupy alone.

"Who brought this message?" I demanded, in some excitement.

"The young lady herself; she came on horseback with a servant, and they are waiting at the gate."

"Bring her in immediately, and treat her with the greatest politeness."

The time seemed long, but in reality it was very brief, before Rose Delancy stood before me. "Miss Delancy, Lieutenant Seymour," and the attendant bowed and withdrew.

She was greatly surprised and overcome at seeing me. She trembled and turned very pale, stepped forward, then drew back, as though uncertain whether to meet me as a friend, or to throw on her armor of haughty dignity.

I advanced with outstretched hand, saying, "*sister Rose!*"

This decided her. She took my hand and repeated my name, while tears gushed to her eyes.

"Dear sister, what are your wishes? anything you desire shall be done."

"You are very kind to call me by that name. I did not expect it. Do you know that *he*, Fred Seymour, is dead?"

"Yes; he died with his head upon my

breast, and his last charge was for me to care for you."

How bitterly she wept! she swayed like a storm-beaten flower. I put my arm about her, and when the tempest of her anguish was lulled, I told her in low tones, of that grievous hour, when he she loved and mourned lay down upon the battlefield and died. I told all his words, and of his remorse that he had fought against his country.

At this she sobbed again as though every breath came from a breaking heart.

"God have pity on me," she moaned. "I urged him to join the army. I knew not what I did. Now he is dead, and I cannot ask him to forgive me. O, Fred, Fred! Before that last battle, the last for him, he told me that he looked upon himself as a traitor, that he was sinning against his conscience. I had misgivings myself, but would not let him call himself such a dreadful name. He was very gloomy, and said that he should never see me again."

"Poor brother, his premonitions were true!"

"He insisted that we should be married, for he wished me to have some claim upon the affection of yourself and mother."

"And were you married?"

"Yes; at the parting moment we were wedded. Alas! I was made a bride only to be a widow!"

"My poor, dear sister!"

"Now I am going to Tennessee, with my uncle's family. My father and lover are dead, my home destroyed, and my property almost all lost in the mischances of the war. I have nothing to bind me here."

"Are you much attached to your uncle's family? shall you be happy with them?"

Rose sighed deeply. "No; we have not many things in common; but they are my only relatives. I cannot live alone."

"O, Rose! let me take you to my mother! your love will comfort her; he will take you right to her heart, and you need a mother. My Lilly shall be your sister, and a lovelier, kinder one, you could not find. I am sure that Fred wish-

ed you to go to his own home, should he die, when he urged you to marry him at that time."

She was easily persuaded, for she had very beautiful impressions of Fred's fair, Northern home. He had told of it so much that she fancied she was familiar with all its peculiarities. She knew my mother and Lilly, for he had talked of them many times. So it was decided that as soon as I was strong enough, we would go to New England, so peaceful yet, as though war were a thing unknown. When I informed Joe Williams that I was to take Miss Delancy home with me, his black eyes twinkled, and he smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "I understand it all, sir!" He naturally mistook the nature of the interest I manifested for her, and thought I was her lover. Willingly I let him remain in ignorance of the truth, and replied evasively, to his sly insinuations and home thrusts. The good fellow volunteered his services, in collecting her books and pictures, and such articles of value as remained in the house. We left the portrait of Rose for the poor soldier Austin, in the care of Williams.

I hurried my preparations, for Rose drooped so that I feared she would be too ill to undertake the journey. How pale and silent she was! When I first saw her, I thought her name wonderfully appropriate. Her blooming, luxuriant beauty, her stately grace, were typified by the perfect, crimson rose. But now her lips and cheeks were blanched, mournful shadows brooded in her deep eyes, and her step was slow and inelastic. Untimely sorrow had fallen like a blight upon her, and she was now a pale, white rose, chilled to the very heart by blasts of autumn.

I tried to cheer her. I told her that my mother's love would warm and comfort her bruised heart. I told her of my saintly grandmother, whose very presence was a benediction; and of Lilly's affectionate devotion. She would strive to smile, but always with quivering lips: and her touching patience grieved me more than loud complaints could possibly have done.

We were nearing home. Pleasant thoughts would come and mingle with my

sad reflections. Home, *dear home!* Would Lilly know me? I had changed in fifteen months — grown brown and stalwart, and a fine beard covered my smooth chin. My very air and carriage were different — more commanding and erect. Would Lilly like the soldier as well as the fair, dreaming youth?

Home, home! the familiar trees were in sight; now the old house itself; how my pulses throbbed! Here was the gate, and the long, shady avenue — *mother and home!*

My coming was unexpected. Shall I describe that meeting? 'Tis impossible. I forgot that I was a soldier and an officer, I forgot that I had been hardened by fierce battles, and hard trials, when my mother wept for joy upon my neck.

Grandmother had grown almost blind, but she cried with streaming tears, "Can this brown, bearded man be Louis?"

They looked inquiringly upon Rose.

"Mother, this is Fred's bride. Will you not welcome your daughter?"

Just as I knew she would, she clasped her in her arms with a mother's blessing.

"Why does she come alone? where is Fred?"

It is a cruel task to tell a mother that her first-born has fallen upon the battlefield; crueler still, when that mother is a patriot and her son died with his hand against his country; and when that woman is your own mother, and that soldier your own brother!

I nerved myself, and gently as I could, I breathed the sad tale into her ear. There were circumstances to mitigate her anguish, else it might have overwhelmed her. Fred had died in my arms, repentant, and his last thoughts were of her.

When she could speak, she blessed me for coming to tell her myself, and taking Rose to her. Rose should be her comfort, her daughter, and all the more dear, that she was given to her in such an hour of sorrow.

Grandmother welcomed Rose with broken phrases of endearment. Fred had been the pride of her old heart, and she wept that he would never return to her. She, with her enfeebled mind, did not understand the whole of the story, and thinking

of course, that he was loyal to his country, she extolled him as a martyr, and called him her dear brave, soldier boy.

As soon as I could, I stole away. There was one dearer than all others, whom I had not seen. I caught sight of Lilly first, through the open window, bending over some sewing in her hand. The pure outline of her face was shaded by her golden curls. I thought they had grown darker, and her features more womanly. Was it magnetism? something made her look up at that moment, and in spite of outward changes, she knew me at a glance. A sudden brightness flashed over her face, she dropped her work and ran out to meet me.

My precious, beautiful one! I clasped her in my arms, and she sobbed upon my breast for very gladness.

"It seems like a dream," she whispered, "that you are safe at home."

"It is a reality, dearest; but my stay will be as short, almost, as a dream."

Of course I can't write all that we said. Heart spoke to heart, and that is enough to say.

The next morning I introduced Lilly to Rose. She was overflowing with sympathy and tenderness for the mourning stranger. Tears shone in her violet eyes, and her glance was more eloquent than words. Rose seemed to understand her at once. She knew instinctively that a pure and loving spirit dwelt in that beautiful form. I saw that she would love her, and much gratified, I bade them call each other sister.

My mother called me aside; "Louis, will you not make them sisters, indeed, before you go back? Lilly is very dear to me, and I would call her daughter. I wish to have her with me, and be a companion for Rose. If you should never return—" she paused, struggling for composure.

"I know, dear mother, that I may not return. The life of one son may be asked in atonement for that of the other. Lilly shall be your daughter. Don't cry, mother; is not God good to you? Though you may be bereaved of both sons, he has given you daughters to take their places."

"Yes, God is good; and though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

So we had a wedding the next day. Before God and man, Lilly and I were made husband and wife. We made the solemn vows; I placed the ring upon her finger, and she was my bride. Mine own! Thank God for such a gift!

But it was a sad wedding. We had tears for smiles, and forebodings for congratulations. It was too much for Rose; it brought too vividly before her, her own similar wedding. She sat silent a long time with her face hidden on the arm of the sofa, and when we spoke to her, we found that she had fainted.

Mother commenced rubbing her cold hands, while Lilly flew for restoratives. I was frightened at the pallor of her face. "Poor Rose," I said, "she is broken-hearted; I think she will die soon."

"O, no," said my mother, "she is young and strong, and time will be her physician. Hearts don't break as easily as you think, else mine would have been broken before now. Grief don't kill, they say."

I was well and strong again, and had no excuse for tarrying at home, though bound there fast, by the silken cords of love. I tore myself away, and went forth at the stern call of duty.

I left them, those dear ones; but I brought with me, in my heart, a picture of them all, as I saw them last. Grandmother sobbing as she bade her soldier boy farewell; mother, trembling, yet striving to be calm, with both hands upon her heart, as though to still its wild pulsations. Blessed mother! her eyes were turned above, and I knew that her trust was anchored there. The sisters stood hand in hand, the white, drooping Rose, shivering, and with her head bent low on Lilly's shoulder, and Lilly's bright face is tear-drenched, but a smile is on her lips, and her sweet "good-bye" rings in my ears.

Thus are they with me in memory, and thus shall I behold them until I meet them again in our dear New England home, or, if God so wills, on that peaceful shore, where the alarm of war is never heard.

Dearer than ever is my home, but I would not return to its calm enjoyment. My country, too, is dearer than ever, and duty and honor bid me strike for her.

God bless my dear ones far away, and keep them in his love! God bless my country!—hark! what do I hear? The cannon's roar. The enemy is upon us! To arms! to arms! brave comrades; let us fight valiantly, for it is victory or death!

A BALLAD.

BY MISS ANNA M. BATES.

At evening's hour I wandered forth,
Upon the silver-sanded shore,
And paused beside a humble cot,
With woodbine clinging to the door;
Before it lay the calm, blue sea,
And sails were fitting to and fro;
The stars in heaven's canopy
Were mirrored in the blue below.

The moon lay stranded like a pearl,
Upon the purple coast of night,
And from the cot a gentle girl,
Was gazing out to watch her light;
Upon her bosom white as foam,
Lay ripples of her golden hair,
Her cheek—the roses of the tomb,
Already brightly blossomed there.

She gazed upon that summer moon,
As looked in some entrancing spell,
Clasped closely in her Parian hand,
She held a curious foreign shell;
And then her mournful story came,
The village maids had told to me;
How he who won her virgin heart,
Long years before was lost at sea.

One sweet May morn her lips he kissed,
And pressed her hand so cold and pale,
And then the white and drowning mist,
Closed over his departing sail.
Then years in swiftest cycles crept,
Until six times the birds had flown,
And still the maid her vigil kept,
And watched and prayed, and wept alone.

While in a glittering, sparry cave,
With corals springing round his head,
Reposed the hardy sailor brave,
Amid the ocean's heaps of dead;
Ah, never to the home of love,
His fancy pictured mid the flowers,
May he return,—his bark went down,
Amid the storm, in midnight's hours.

She waited in the trysting-place,
Till heart and hope alike grew dim,
The look on her transparent face,
Told of the ceaseless pain within;

And watching there, her ebbing breath,
I felt the truth, that even now,
The white and drowsy flowers of death
Were gathered that would deck her brow;
That soon her fair and gentle head
Beneath the summer sods would be,
Her bed with early roses spread,
And hers beneath the moaning sea.

She watch'd the moon that softly gleam'd,
As if 'twere lulling her to sleep,
One strange and spectral sail there seem'd,
Becalmed upon the azure deep;
A smile was in the starry eyes,
Fixed on the night queen's glowing face,
"I come to thee, in paradise,"
She said, and slept in death's embrace.

White rob'd, and myrtle-crown'd, the maids,
A train of mourners, bore her bier,
And laid her 'neath a willow shade,
Where the great sea was sobbing near;
And not an eye 'mid all was dry.
As there the simple rites they said;
When these were done they reared a stone,
That still is watching o'er the dead!

THE INQUISITIVENESS OF CHILDREN.

"What a source of perplexity and vexation to have children continually asking questions about things that can do them no sort of good, and diverting our minds from objects of importance and usefulness. O, that the curious, pestering little creatures would keep still, and learn only such things as they are taught. I cannot sit down to read, or write, or attend to my domestic duties, but I am beset with inquiries so trifling that it will not do to encourage their inquisitive dispositions by answering them. For example, — one asks, what makes the fire burn, or the wind blow; another, what produces the rain, the thunder, and the earthquake, and a hundred other similar questions are asked concerning matters so familiar to us all, that they need no explanation; and thus they go on, continually bothering me from day to day, while I cannot put on a face to command them to cease their inquiries, though I should be very glad if they would do so. Indeed, one of my greatest dislikes to children, is their perpetual questioning about things which I care nothing about. Can you not suggest some means by which I can induce them to cease from this useless practice, be more quiet and orderly, and afford me more time to attend to my various duties?"

Well, dear friend, I will make a suggestion or two with reference to the grievance of which you complain.

In the first place, I think you entirely misapprehend the tendency and significance of this propensity of which you speak. You seem to think it a mere childish habit, of no consequence whatever, except as a means of annoyance and vexation to you, — a habit which you would gladly remove, that you may secure more ease and comfort to yourself, and give a better appearance to your children; and in this, you but imitate the example of many others, who are influenced by the false idea that children should not gain knowledge through the spontaneous impulses of their own natures, but be instructed at such times and places, and on such topics, as they may think proper; and so you would either silence their curious inquiries by an order to “stop asking questions,” or answer them in such a manner as to render mystery more mystified, or, perhaps, take no notice of them at all. Such a course is decidedly injurious to the true interests of the child, and instead of inspiring and nourishing the noblest tendencies of his nature,—giving them free scope for expansion, by clearing the way of obstacles, and making the process of investigation easy and pleasant, you check their growth, and induce the development of different propensities, which are gratified without your assistance, but which, at the same time, weaken the true energies of the mind, and often produce a condition of mental inactivity and torpor, from which the child is never aroused.

How many parents have spoiled their children for study and investigation, by repressing those early manifestations of thought and inquiry, which show themselves in the simple questions concerning the causes and explanations of the most familiar phenomena of nature,—familiar to us, it is true, but just unfolding to the perception of the child, in all their beauty and splendor. Is it strange, then, that when the mind first contemplates the wonderful objects and scenes this world affords, a spirit of inquiry is awakened, and a wish to know what power originated and

still governs all these things? Suppose yourself born blind, and that, without any previous description of the works of nature, your eyes suddenly open on the magnificent scenes now before you. You behold towns and cities adorned with all the triumphs of art,—the outspread landscape—the flowing river, and the wide expanse of ocean. You see the sun in the heavens dispensing light and heat over the earth,—the moon sending forth her gentle beams by night, and the stars dotting the whole arch of the nocturnal sky; and, as you look for the first time, upon this sublime and beautiful spectacle, what are the emotions and thoughts awakened in your mind? At first, you are lost in amazement and wonder at these marvellous works, and soon you are actuated by a desire to learn the cause and purpose of these things which appear so wonderful,

You may be told that God, by an exercise of power incomprehensible to you, has created these natural objects you now behold, or that man, by mechanical skill, has fashioned those works of art; still, you are not satisfied with this answer, but you desire to know the uses they serve, the manner in which this power acts in producing them, and in governing the changes to which they are subject; and, if opportunity offers, very likely you will seek to carry your investigations to the utmost limits of human knowledge. But, if your inquiries should be repressed by the law of the land, or if you could gain no information to satisfy them, your inquiring disposition would soon become inactive, and the phenomena, before so wonderful and inspiring, become so familiar, that they would be almost entirely unheeded.

Nearly so is it with the child. He opens his eyes on a world full of wonders. Gradually, instead of suddenly, his mind begins to contemplate these things, and a spirit of inquiry is awakened which never ceases while ample scope is afforded for its exercise. Indeed, this appears to be the most important period of the mind's development,—the period when reason begins to unfold,—when the first flashes of intellectual action are seen, and trains of thought set in motion, which may

reach into eternity. At this time, your most watchful care is needed, if you would direct the mind aright. As the growing plant must need your fostering care when it first comes forth from its germ, that its tender shoots and leaves may be protected and trained aright, so the young mind most needs the guardian care of the parent, when it first germinates forth into the sunlight of God's glory, as displayed in the works of nature.

Would you, then, consult the best interest of the child committed to your charge, whether acting in the capacity of parent, guardian or teacher? Never seek to silence his inquiries concerning any matter of knowledge that may become useful to him, either in the practical affairs of life, or as a means of mental or moral discipline. Never turn him off with a cold, careless answer, by telling him he must not ask such simple questions, or, that he will some time have an opportunity to learn about these things. Now is the golden opportunity, when the mind is awake, not only for learning the thing sought, but for developing right habits of thought and study. These impulses are implanted in the mind, and set in motion by Divine Power, and only need to be rightly directed, to produce results worthy of their Author.

Watch carefully, then, the first unfoldings of reason, and answer all proper questions, prompted by the exercise of this faculty, when the young philosopher propounds his inquiries, concerning the various phenomena that come within his observation, give him their true *rationale* and encourage his spirit of inquiry, and you will induce an activity in his young mind that will surprise you by its results. You need not give your explanations in the scientific language of philosophy, for, indeed, this would be unintelligible to him, but employ such plain and simple language as is best adapted to his capacity.

I would not be understood to advise you to exercise his mind constantly in this way, but simply to attend to him when he voluntarily asks your assistance, and so answer his questions as shall suggest new ideas. Nor would I have you infer that

this course will insure him a good intellectual and moral character in after life. But I would suggest, that this is one of the surest means of securing that end.

"But," you may say, "I am unable to answer many of the inquiries, from the fact that I do not understand the matter myself."

Well, then, so much the more necessity for your exerting yourself, that you may meet the wants of your child. You will need to prepare yourself by study and observation, to answer his queries, and at the same time you will improve your own mind, so that your efforts will be rewarded by a double advantage.

Let us not complain of the perplexities and hindrances occasioned by the inquisitiveness of the young after valuable knowledge, but let us rather seek opportunities for aiding them, remembering that by such a course we are but doing our duty to ourselves and those who are to come after us.

C. L. S.

THE FEW.

BY E. S. B.

'Tis long since I essayed to write a line
In feeble verse; e'en now would I decline,
If not within the cycles of the past,
Dear, treasured names such perfect shadows
cast,
That pain and pleasure, mingled, move again
The fountains of my soul, to strike this strain
In memory of the loving, treasured few,
Whose hearts were pearls, because so kind and
true.

E'en as a pinioned, flutt'ring bird let fly,
Regains its native element, the sky;
So do my thoughts this moment, circle through
The scenes of by-gone days; (how dear the
view!)
I see each form; and more, I hear each sigh,
And catch the dimpled cheek, the glowing eye,
So life-like, love-like, that I seem to stand
Like a rapt fairy, in enchanted land;
Gazing with fondness, and with pure delight,
Upon the picture tinged with visions bright,
Till, filled with ecstacy, I seem to be,
What once I was — they so appear to me!

Thanks be to Him who kindled in our breast,
Such glowing sympathies to make us blest;
Giving remembrance, years cannot erase,
Preserving outline, feature, form and face,
Unfading as the tints which gild at night
"The glowing canopy and azure bright";
Keeping always, whatever clime we tread,
The impress of the living — and the dead!

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXIII.

Rome—St. Peters in the distance—Its interior
—Ascent to the dome—Relics—Music.

The first view of St. Peters, in the distance! How it sent a thrill of pleasurable surprise through every nerve! Travelling over the Campagna by vettura, we had left the carriage soon after mid-day, and strolled on, careless how late it might overtake us, so that we could only enjoy the pleasant walk along that shaded road, with its broad sweep of country stretching out vast and uninterrupted on every side. Suddenly its magnificent dome standing out, clearly defined in the distance, burst upon our view. Towards it, as to some far-off beacon, denoting a harbor of rest, we were directing our course over that sea of country, while all along our track, like stranded ships, were strewn the wrecks of past ages,—the broken aqueducts, grand in their decay, and beautified by their rich green drapery of trailing ivy.

Tapering spire, and massive tower grew into larger proportions, as we lessened the distance between ourselves and the haven of rest, but, king of all, around whom these lesser structures seemed to stand in humble waiting, loomed up the stupendous structure, looking like a pavilion of royalty, surrounded by inferior servitors, content to derive their honors from the illustrious monarch around whom they were gathered. And thus it was that we obtained our first view of that marvel of architecture, St. Peters!

We were prepared for the disappearance of the dome, as we approached the entrance from the "Piazza San Pietro," as in nearing the entrance, the facade entirely conceals it from view. We had been disabused too, of the notion of stained windows, as connected naturally enough in one's ideas of this king of churches. We had also endeavored to prepare for the probability of disappointment in the interior of this edifice, after so often having found our expectations respecting other celebrated objects, unfulfilled. But in this we were happily disappointed, in fact of *not* being disappointed, and thus St. Peters remains one of the few objects

of celebrity in Italy, which fully realized our most enthusiastic expectations. What a wonderful combination of effects was there, as we passed through the lofty vestibule into the interior of the church, and wandered for hours amid its aisles and columns, each repeated visit only serving to deepen the conviction of the wonderful results which ages of toil, whole mines of wealth, and the exercise of the best mechanical skill and artistic talent, had produced in this stupendous structure! What a concentration of all human device and strength and skill is here embodied! The first sensation was dazzling, overpowering! We ceased to think. We only wandered in a delighted maze, from object to object—through columned vistas, and along the spacious breadth of the nave and transepts, flanked on either side by numerous chapels, so costly in decoration, so rich in gems of art—vastness of space,—massive strength and grandeur,—a wealth of the beautiful in its elaborate details,—and over all, light and cheerfulness seemed the pervading atmosphere. This was the impression which we received upon our first visit to St. Peters, and this the feeling with which we still regard it—that it is, of all others, a church for the whole world,—for all time; (or at least, for long ages to come.) The spirit of so many centuries have entered into, and become a part of its structure; the highest thought and efforts of so many master minds, have been incorporated into it, that it has become, not the expression of this age or of that—not of one particular kingdom; or district, inasmuch as so many different ones have brought to it their tribute of material, labor and skill; interweaving in this one great central object of their admiration, the best efforts of all master workmen, guided and animated by the brightest luminaries in the firmament of genius! Catholic, certainly, in the broadest sense of the term, is this church,—the great Basilica of San Pietro! but *not* Roman; no spirit of the cloister or cell,—no idea, connected in the remotest with penance and self-mortification, ever found expression in the pervading light and cheerfulness everywhere felt in the interior of the church proper.

Nothing gloomy and sombre — though much of massive richness, is there, in the adornments, and many monumental effigies, tombs and inscriptions, continually present the idea of death, and the passing away of the great and distinguished, whose names shone for a time upon the roll of history; still the effect is so relieved by the genial atmosphere, that it is not depressing. The great cosmopolite of all churches, stands St Peters. The wonder, the admiration of all nations and peoples, and thus continuing from generation to generation.

To look up to the immense dome from the narrow gallery, running around its base,—to arrive at which you feel that you have ascended almost to cloud-realm—is to realize most fully one's own insignificance, and the stupendous height of the structure in which you stand. Far above, as though penetrating to the very heavens, it seems to grow in height and expansion, as the eye takes in more and more of its gigantic proportions, until one is lost in a maze of wonder, at such a result of human skill and labor. The medallion heads of all the popes, executed in mosaic, and which, from the nave below, look quite moderate in size, are here seen, in their just proportions, and prove the great height from the centre of the church below, to the commencement of the dome. The mosaic of which these heads are made is of Roman composite, and quite coarse, as we afterward had opportunity of seeing, at the celebrated mosaic works, under the control of the papal authority. There we saw several of these heads in different stages of progress, their great dimensions making the completion of one of these portraits the labor of years.

From the gallery we ascended to the roof, the top of which being nearly flat, affords sufficient space and attraction for walking, to weary one thoroughly, if no other temptation for fatiguing one's self were at hand. Of such dimensions is this roof, that the services of a man are constantly required in repairing, examining, &c.; for this purpose, a lodging-house and work-shop are there. Another marvellous fact connected with this wonderful edifice—a man living on the top of St. Pe-

ters! From the roof we ascend the dome, which adds to our wonder that it is a dome *within a dome!* in other words, it is double, and in passing up the broad, easy stairs, (so easy that we are not surprised to hear that Napoleon I. actually ascended them on horseback), one is literally between the outer and inner dome, winding around through the lining as it were. As for the view from the top, no description that we have ever read has given us an idea of the peculiar features of what is at once so vast, so varied and interesting—the monotonous Campagna, looking so grand in its very desolateness—the city and its surroundings, the grand chain of the Appenines, in the distance, the dark blue of the Mediterranean, on one side, and the Alban hills on the other. The very vastness of the view imparts that feeling of freedom, which no language can express—a sense of the ethereal in one's nature — “a rustle of invisible wings,” lifting one up into the serene heights of infinite space, as it were, until all meaner desires, the vain ambitions, the trifling pleasures, petty strifes and cares, of the life below, are, for the time being, banished from the soul, with their train of unrest, and we sit down upon that balcony, as elevated in thought and spirit, by the contemplation of this scene before us, as we are in reality lifted up for the time being, from the crowd and turmoil of life in the city beneath us.

Into the gilt ball surmounting the dome we did not attempt to climb, leaving that feat for the gentlemen of our party to accomplish, which we believe was done to their satisfaction. Small indeed, as it appears to be when viewed from the ground, a mere shining speck as it were, it is capable of holding sixteen persons, (so it is said) but our party thought it would require close packing to admit this number of adults into a space of its dimensions.

While on the roof below, the balcony of the dome, we approached the front edge, over the facade, and took a look at the piazza or square beneath, with its fountains and colonnades. The effect was quite striking and curious. The pavement, so large in its design that it is not appreciated while on a level with it, is

here seen to fine advantage ; the immense blocks of which it is composed, from this point, are but parts of a pattern, symmetrically complete, and in proper proportion to the space occupied by the piazza.

Of the paintings, statues, mosaics, monuments, sarcophagi, etc., with which the interior of St. Peters abounds, who can attempt even the mention of them all ? much less their description, which would require an amount of time and culture which few possess sufficiently, to make these details as interesting as they must necessarily be lengthy. "Murray" will give the catalogue, and critiques of art have not neglected to furnish the world with all suitable information connected with their profession, respecting this mammoth edifice and its embellishments.

Of the monumental designs seen in the church, the tomb of the ill-fated Stuarts struck us as the most beautiful and Christian. The winged youth with inverted torch, sculptured in relievo, in Canova's best style, was, to us, a continued attraction, and is still one of the most prominent and beautiful objects in our memories, of hours spent in inspecting these works of art in St. Peters.

Michael Angelo's "Pieta," executed when he was twenty-four years of age, is one of the celebrated groups which has attracted the attention of thousands. It represents the Virgin Mary holding the dead body of Christ upon her knees. The face of the Virgin is so mournfully sweet, that one is irresistibly drawn by it, and leaves the contemplation of it with reluctance. It is thought by critics, too youthful for the mother of our Lord at the time of his crucifixion, but sculptors, like poets, are allowed large license, and, as in the great artist's opinion, a youthful exterior could best illustrate the purity and innocence of the Virgin Mother, he felt justified, doubtless, in making the mother more youthful than the son.

Into the crypt of St. Peters we looked—saw the lights which are kept continually burning around the place of repository for his sacred relics, but farther than that, made no explorations into the subterranean church, with its numerous tombs and chapels, its shrines and altars. This de-

scending into the very grave and making places of worship of charnel houses, we confess is not to our taste. So long as there is ample space to rear altars above the soil, with God's bright heaven over us, and the pure air about us, we would prefer this, to any subterranean structure, though the time *has been*, alas ! when, from the fierce fires of persecution, the saints of the earth were driven into dens and caves, for places of habitation and for worship. But these mouldering relics of humanity, when they are cast off like the shell of the chrysalis,—lay them away in the earth's bosom, we say—that they may silently resolve back into their native dust, and though we may make the place where mortality is thus sown, beautiful with flowers and verdure,—the divine announcement "not here but risen," should be still as significant as when first uttered at the garden-sepulchre, ages ago.

In visiting St. Peters, as in many other places of note within and about Rome, the extremes of credulity and scepticism are quite apt to meet. One feels the necessity of believing *much* or rejecting nearly *all*. Superstition, priestly craft and tradition, have sanctioned as truth, so many absurdities connected with places, persons and objects of sacred interest, that one can scarcely take a single stroll for sight-seeking, but his common sense and knowledge of historical facts will be more or less offended by known deceptions, or improbable absurdities, until he is prone to receive everything in the way of information, that is not palpable to the senses, or based upon unmistakable authority, as sheer fabrications, or, at best, improbable superstitions.

Thus, in looking at the Baldacchino, or canopy, cast in bronze, over the tribune, in St. Peters,—while looking with wondering admiration, at this piece of work, so massive, and yet wrought into the appearance of richly hanging drapery,—one can readily believe the statement that 8,374 pounds of bronze, or about half the entire weight of the whole canopy, was stripped from the Pantheon, (that best preserved and finest of all the ancient ruins in Rome,) but one cannot so readily admit the truth of the tradition of the church,

which asserts that the bronze chair, there, executed by Bernini, covers the identical one used by St. Peter himself, and his successors! Quite as difficult, too, is it to accept the column of white marble, in the "Capella di Colonna Santa," (or chapel of the sacred column) as the veritable one taken from the temple at Jerusalem, against which the youthful Saviour is said to have leaned while disputing with those doctors of the law:—quite as difficult to believe that a piece of the true cross—the head of St. Andrew, or the bones of St. Peter, (though the latter claim may be better substantiated than most of the church's pretensions,) are actually preserved within the walls of this cathedral, or to give credence to the many other as improbable absurdities, with which the Roman church especially abounds.

While in St. Peters, one morning, a choral service was being performed by a full choir of priests; the effect of this grand harmony was enchanting! The rich volume of music, of voices and organ, blent in one sea of melody, swelling and rolling through those lofty arches, then gradually subsiding into softer cadences, and finally growing fainter and fainter, and yet more ravishingly sweet, until lost in the distance, and the wrapt senses awake, as it were, from a trance of heavenly bliss,—awoke but to feel the spirit of that entrancing melody, still lingering around the soul, mingled with the forms of robed priests, sweeping in lengthened procession, through the broad aisles, beneath lofty arches, with swinging censers and lighted tapers, seeming like some dream of imagination, too beautiful and sweet to belong to this actual, every day world of ours. M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

Of all the myriad leaves in the forest, there is not one that has not its office and use, nor is there an atom in the universe which has not some chink or cranny to fill. So, we may believe, there is not a superfluous man,—one who, if he consults his *aptitudes* instead of his *inclinations*, will not find that he has a call. — *Chapin's Living Words.*

THE SISTER BAND.

BY MRS. N. THORNING MUNROE.

LOVE . . . LONG-SUFFERING. . . FAITH.
JOY . . . GENTLENESS. MEKKNESS.
PEACE . . . GOODNESS. TEMPERANCE.

LOVE.

I came the first of a radiant band,
Sent out on the earth by God's own hand;
I came, e'er the breath of life was given,
To him who was made in the image of heaven.
But darkness rose, and the serpent's breath
On the garden fell, with the scourge of death!
Our band was broken—and since that hour,
We've met no more as in Eden's bower.
Our meetings are short, and we find no home,
But apart o'er the world our spirits roam,
And the spirit of love is oft-times lone.

JOY.

Not now alone—thy sister is here,
The next who came to this mortal sphere.
We meet not oft—the last was where
Two hearts were pledged with vow and prayer;
I tarried not long, I might not stay,
When light and hope were passing away!
How long doest thou *thy* vigils keep,
With hearts that mourn and eyes that weep?

LOVE.

I stayed till the last, low prayer was said,
And the living stood by the silent dead;
And our sister Peace, who cometh now,
With her soft, bright eye, and holy brow;
I left her there by the mourner's side,
To soothe the heart so sorely tried.
Sweet sister, O say, hast thou found a home,
Has the world a spot thou canst call *thy* own?

PEACE.

Sisters, we met at the infant's bed,
O'er his rosy sleep my spirit I shed;
And left ye there—and to manhood turned,
His cheek was flushed and his forehead burned;
Too much of earthly passion was there,
And I turned where a maiden knelt in prayer,
And I dwelt with her till her spirit fled,
And the mortal frame lay still and dead.
But 'twas not my home, and sisters, sweet,
I pined for a spot where we *all* might meet.

LOVE AND JOY.

Long time we stood by that infant's bed,
O'er his rosy path our spirits shed,
And scattered flowers around his way,
And taught his little hands to play,
We watched him well, till manhood came,
And with it ardent hopes of fame,
Till his soul grew sick in his weary way,
Till his heart almost forgot to pray,
We left him then with his empty name,
For love and joy dwell not with fame!

LONG-SUFFERING.

Hail, sisters sweet, we meet once more,
Have ye found a home, are your wanderings
o'er?
For I fain would rest. I come from a scene,
Where, my sisters sweet, ye all *have* been.

A close, a darkened, a stifled room,
Where sorrow and sickness have found a home;
There's an aching brow, there's a breaking
heart,
There's a soul that longs from earth to part.
Still bearing on as it ever hast,
Through all the woes of the bitter past,
And murmuring not, but in deepest trust,
Awaiting the mandate, "dust to dust!"
Twin sisters sweet, I left ye there,
Has he met his God with trustful prayer?

GENTLENESS AND GOODNESS.

He waiteth the summons,
And calmly he lies,
As lieth the clouds,
In the sunset skies;
And calmly as sinketh
The sun to his rest,
So sinketh he now
On his Master's breast.
We have smoothed his pillow,
And cheered his heart,
And taken from death
The bitterest smart.
We left him with Faith,
And she cometh now,
With her beaming eye
And her glorious brow.

FAITH.

He has gone to his God — triumphant he
passed,
Undimmed is his glory — high trust to the last:
I stood by his side, till the last look was given,
I stood by his side till his soul was in heaven!
Why meet we here? Can we find no home,
Hath the earth no place we can call our own?
Hath the world no spot where we all may
dwell,
And know not and fear not a sad farewell?
Say, sister meek, what tale dost thou bring,
Through what scenes hast thou passed, with
thy gentle wing?

MEEKNESS.

The gentle of earth,
My spirit loves best,
With the young and pure,
I find sweet rest.
I soar not afar,
My flights are not high—
I dwell in a tone,
In the glance of an eye.
In the mother who gazes
With heartfelt joy.
And watches the sports
Of her infant boy.

FAITH.

But sister, sweet sister, I've met thee oft,
Thy voice is so low, and thy tone so soft,
Thou art loved by all, and the glad and gay,
Both welcome thy coming, and urge thy stay:
But the last of our sister band is nigh,
With her glad, free step, and joyous eye,
As if she had brought whole realms at her feet,
Say what are thy tidings, sister sweet?

TEMPERANCE.

Sisters, all hail! and I am the last;
O'er all the world has my spirit passed,

The world has begun—the mighty, the strong,
And nations have blessed it, and loud is the
song

Which swells o'er the earth. The wicked hath
turned
From his wayward path, and the heart that
spurned

At all that is good, is a suppliant now,
And low at the feet of a Saviour must bow.
Do we meet to rejoice? O, there is deep joy,
Where the mother weeps o'er her penitent boy.
Do we meet to weep o'er the sins of earth?
Then gird on our armor, and go we forth,
To soften the hearts of mankind by our power,
For high is our gift, and glorious our dower;
But which of our band, O say, can tell
Where again we shall meet, and say not fare-
well?

FAITH.

If we all meet again,
On the earth ne'er to part,
Sweet sisters, 'twill be,
In the Christian's heart;
But the home of our spirits,
On earth is not given.
It is with our God,
'Mid the glories of heaven.
Somerville, Mass.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

The soft light of the "astral" fell upon
the sweet face of Alice Russel, as she
bent in her youthful loveliness over her
book. A smile hovered for a moment
upon her ruby lip, and then vanished.

"What are you reading so intently, Alice?" asked her sister, approaching the centre table. She looked over her shoulder, and read the title aloud, before she could answer. Her mother, who sat near the fire, started, but said nothing. Alice blushed, and then, as if replying to her sister's look, said, "Ernest will never know that I have read it."

"But, Alice, are you not to blame in perusing any work of which he disapproves? and you know that it was only to-day that you promised him that you would not look at this publication, because he did not think it one you ought to read; and now you are intently studying its pages. O, Alice! for one moment's gratification will you thus trifle with a noble heart?"

"I am sure that I am not trifling," replied Alice, hastily, "and I do not know what harm there is in just looking into the book."

"No harm, to be sure," answered Elizabeth; "but you gave him a promise,

and nothing can justify your breaking it." Alice looked down. Mrs. Russel wiped a tear from her eye, and then rising, laid her hand upon her daughter's arm. "My Alice, you know that I have few ties in this world, and live but for my two orphan children; think, my child, what misery it would cause me to see you treated with neglect, perhaps contempt, by him in whose heart you have garnered up your young affections; and be assured that such will be the case if you correct not this one fault which you have acquired since you left me to visit your aunt. Mutual esteem and respect can alone render married life happy, and Ernest is one who, with all his good qualities, has no charity for such minor failings; so noble and upright himself, he cannot think how others can fall into such faults, and would despise one who kept not their word."

Alice melted into tears, and clasping her mother's hand, exclaimed—

"O, mother! I am afraid to tell him; indeed, I did not mean to read it, but Marion Richlay brought it to me and persuaded me to read a few chapters; I wish I had refused to keep the book; but what shall I do?"

"Confess to Ernest that you have broken your promise, and have been tempted to look into its pages, and assure him that in future you will try to correct this fault."

"But, mother, I am afraid to. Ernest is sometimes even stern in his manner, and I could not bear a cold look from him. He will never know that I have read this work."

"And will your conscience be at rest or your heart happy, my Alice, whilst you are conscious of playing a deceptive part, and deceiving one who so truly wishes to make you happy? Ah, Alice, you shrink from his look, but do you not think of One who is higher yet, a being whom I have taught you to love and fear? Do you not feel, that in thus persevering in the path of wrong you are offending One whose displeasure you should fear more than an earthly frown? Think, deeply, my love, and calling moral courage to your aid, do that which your conscience whispers is right, though the penalty may

cost you pain. But there is Ernest's ring. He must not see this book until you decide what to do." And taking it from her hand, Mrs. Russel left the room.

Ernest Dudley entered, and Alice received him not in her usual gentle and confiding manner, but with embarrassment and confusion. She dared not raise her eye to his, as he anxiously inquired if she was ill. A deep blush crimsoned her before pale cheek, as she replied in the negative.

"I feared you were ill, you looked so very pale when I came in; but now your cheek wears its own bright hue. I was about to ask you to go with me to my sister's; the evening is fine, and Isabel made me promise to bring both you and Elizabeth. Will you go, Alice?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; and the evening is so mild, a walk will do me good. Come, Lizzy, will you go with us?"

Elizabeth, who saw that Alice wished to avoid a tete-a-tete with Ernest, knew that if she did not confess her breach of promise then, she would never after have courage to, and trusting to the impression she judged her mother's last word must have made upon Alice's mind, she excused herself upon some trifling plea.

There was no cloud to shadow over the star-lit heavens, and the air, though mid-winter, was uncommonly soft and mild for the season. Ernest and his companion walked on for some moments in silence. She was pondering upon her mother's advice, and felt it right she should follow it, but how to begin the subject she did not know. Ernest spoke first, and remarked upon the beauty of the evening.

"Yes, it is very beautiful, but it only makes me feel sad." Then, rallying her courage, though the arm that rested in his trembled, "I may as well speak, Ernest, although I do not know what to say, I have been so much to blame. I fear you will not forgive me."

"Forgive *you*, dear Alice! you surely could not be guilty of any fault that would require forgiveness from me."

"O, Ernest! what if I have broken my promise to you, you surely will not forgive that! Ernest stopped involunta-

rily, and as the light from a lamp under which they were passing, fell upon his face, it wore a look of severity and apprehension. The stop was but for a moment, and they immediately resumed their walk, but Alice went on with a sort of desperate haste, as if she feared her courage would fail. "And can you forgive me?" she asked, in conclusion, in a low and tremulous voice.

"I can forgive you, Alice, and do—but I cannot express how much I am pained and disappointed. Your ingenuous confession has, in part, repaired your fault; but, Alice, never repeat it, if you wish to retain any portion of my esteem. Miss Richlay is a dangerous friend for one young and artless as yourself, and might lead you into far greater errors. I will forgive you, my Alice, but you must give me your solemn promise, a promise not to be broken," he added, laying an emphasis upon the words, and speaking very slowly, "that you will give up her acquaintance; you know that your mother disapproves of it, and you must feel that she could easily lead you into faults of a more serious nature. Think upon what I have said, and do not decide hastily. Reflect upon the consequences of this dangerous habit, and in the solitude of your own room ask for strength to be guided in the right way. I speak strongly, dear Alice, but it is for your own happiness; and you have invested me with authority to tell you candidly of your faults, however painful the task to wound one so dear to me. I shall not shrink from it, and now, Alice, forgive me, if I have spoken harshly; to-morrow I will call and you shall tell me your decision. Wipe those tell-tale witness from your eyes, for we are at Emily's door."

A year had passed away, and Alice Russel was a wife. She was sitting alone one morning, when the servant entered with a note of invitation to a large party at her cousin's. Mrs. Lawrence lived much in the fashionable world, and Ernest, although on the score of relation he could not speak of it to his wife, still disliked the intimacy. She immediately wrote her acceptance of the invitation, and when Ernest came home she told him of it. "You, of course, will go with me," said she.

"O! spare me, I entreat you, my dear Alice, I cannot endure one of these routs; besides I have an engagement with one of my law friends, this evening; but go and enjoy you self, my dear; I will not fetter your inclinations. Do not mind me."

A deep shade crossed the beautiful face of Alice, and a feeling of disappointment and coldness strained over her heart. She felt that one of the golden threads were broken, that one image in her bright dream of happiness was fading away, when her husband could seek enjoyment and bid her also seek it apart from each other. But she said nothing, and Ernest was too deeply engaged in reading to watch the play of her countenance.

Ernest gazed with a look of admiration upon his wife's exceeding beauty, as, simply attired, she entered the drawing-room, previous to going to her cousin's; and after taking a kind leave of her for the evening, hurried away to his friends. A tear rose to her eye, but she wiped it hastily away, and prepared to wear a smile in public, although her heart was sad.

Mrs. Lawrence received her with much apparent kindness, and meeting several friends whom she really esteemed and loved, she soon became gay and animated. Towards the close of the evening, Mrs. Lawrence drew her arm within hers, and led her towards a table which was covered with engravings. Some of them were very fine, and she was remarking upon their beauty to a friend, when her cousin touching her arm said, "My dear Alice, let me introduce an old friend to you." Alice turned and in astonishment and dismay recognized Miss Richlay. Her promise to her husband flashed across her mind, and the sudden change in her countenance could not but be observed by the bystanders. She stood irresolute, and Miss Richlay, who well divined her thoughts, drew her arm within her own, and led her away. Alice could not, without insulting her in public, withdraw it immediately, and the fear of her companion's ridicule, which she well knew of old, induced her to break through her first resolution, and reply to her lively sallies; but as soon as she could, without being conspicuous, she took leave.

Ernest had not arrived when she reach-

ed home, and she sat long in a deep reverie, debating whether to tell him the whole, or to conceal Miss Richlay's being at the party, as it was not probable they would again meet in company. Mrs. Russel and Elizabeth were away upon a visit, so she could not go to them for advice, and hoping that Ernest would not discover it, she said nothing to him. But her manner incessantly changed, and there was a constraint and coldness when with him, that did not escape his observation. The change affected him deeply, and after trying in vain to win back her confidence, he became in turn equally reserved. Day after day passed by, and their estrangement became still greater. Alice continually fearing that Ernest would hear of her broken promise, and this continued anxiety preyed upon her spirits. She now wished she had told him at the time, but it was too late, and even her mother and sister were struck with the melancholy aspect of their once bright Alice. They saw she was not happy, and questioned her husband, but he could not account for the alteration in her manners, and never did a thought that she had broken her word, suggest itself to that confiding heart.

Alice went one morning alone to an exhibition, and the first person who accosted her upon her entrance was Miss Richlay. She could not pass her without speaking, and was compelled to stop and listen to her comments upon the pictures. The door opened the second time, and Alice looking up met her husband's stern and fixed look, as he saw her apparently deeply engaged in conversation with one whom he did not deem a proper acquaintance for his wife, and whose acquaintance that wife had given her solemn promise to give up. She shrunk back but did not speak, and withdrawing his gaze, he abruptly left the hall. Alice was obliged to command herself, but soon left the exhibition and hurried home.

"Has Mr. Dudley been home?" she inquired of the servant.

"Yes, ma'am; and said he should not be in to dinner, and left word for you not to wait."

The evening was far advanced, and Al-

ice paced her splendid and well lighted apartments with a hurried step. She would gladly have given all the splendor that surrounded her, for a peaceful spirit; as if unable to commune with her thoughts, she sat down to the piano, and struck the keys. The air was one Ernest loved, she started up, and pressing her hands to her forehead, again resumed her hasty walk. Her cheek was flushed to the deepest crimson, and she was evidently excited and uneasy. The door bell rung; her husband's step sounded on the stairs, and she stood as if transfixed, unable to move in the centre of the room. Her bright color faded, and pale as death, she saw him enter and advance towards her. She was unable to support herself, and tottering to the sofa, she buried her face in the cushions. Ernest seated himself by her, and raising her from her reclining posture, obliged her to listen to him. He told her that he now understood that she had met and recognized Miss Richlay at her cousin's, and concealed it from him; that he could now account for her changed manner, and felt that the bright chain of confidence was broken forever; that he could not esteem her as he had done, because he could not depend upon the word of one who would break a promise given with so much solemnity. How much I am grieved and pained, Alice," he said, in conclusion, "I cannot tell you, to thus find the character of her I so deeply loved, made contemptible by this worst of faults."

"O, spare me, Ernest, spare me," she interrupted; "if you had not yourself told me to seek enjoyment apart from you, I should have been saved this misery."

Ernest started, and as she went on and told him the whole, he could not but feel himself to blame in leaving Alice to mingle with those whom he knew to be dangerous friends, without his protection. He remained in deep thought a moment.

"Alice, I too have been to blame, but that does not acquit you. I cannot feel that confidence in your principles, when I see that you are more influenced by the world's ridicule than your husband's approbation and your own sense of right; when you act directly contrary to the dic-

tates of your conscience, merely because you fear the smile of derision, or the faces of those who care more for your wealth and station than yourself. Think of the consequences of this habit. Now if you persevere in it, you will wholly alienate my affections, for mutual confidence and esteem can alone make our happiness; and I hardly think you could brook contempt from one you have loved."

"Contempt!" she repeated despairingly; "yes; my mother told me you would hold me in contempt; well, I deserve it all." And laying her head on the cushions, she sobbed convulsively. Her husband paced the room with a trouble-brow and hurried step. The door bell rung, and stopping before her, he said—"I am obliged to leave town for a few days, Alice! and during my absence, I hope you will ponder deeply upon all these things. They cannot give you half the pain they do me, and I trust you may never feel the bitterness of disappointment which I felt to-day, when I found myself deceived;" and without ever saying farewell, he left the room. Alice wept long and bitterly. "He might have spoken one word of kindness," murmured she, "but still 'tis just."

Ernest returned to his home, and week after week glided by. Mrs. Russel and Elizabeth were again in town, and Alice found their society a comfort and solace. Ernest was studiously polite to her, but she deeply felt the change in his demeanor. He never confided in her, and though gentle, there was wanting the kind smile and trusting look of old. She felt that she was severely punished, and became sad and pale. She had met Miss Richlay twice, and gave her decidedly to understand by her manner, that she was determined not to know her; and though her gay friends laughed at her, and made her the object of their satire, still she bore it meekly, and felt happier than since Ernest's discovery of her broken word.

Alice had always kept her birth-day, and fearing her mother might deem her unhappy, she issued her usual invitations, and prepared to meet her friends with a smiling brow. Her mother, Elizabeth, and each friend of earlier years had, according to their custom, presented their

little gifts of affection through the day. All but her husband. He had given her nothing, and as she descended to her lighted and brilliant rooms, she wiped away a tear, as she murmured "no gift from him!"

The company had departed, and as Alice leaned her weary head against the marble mantel-piece, she contrasted the past with the present. "My birth-day, and not even a kind look, the smallest gift from him. He has quite ceased to think of me; this is more bitter to bear," and she wiped away tear after tear, as they fell fast from her eyes, until no longer able to control her feelings, she sobbed aloud. Ernest rose, and drawing her towards the sofa on which he had been sitting, seated himself by her side.

"This is your birth-day, Alice, and I have not forgotten my gift;" his voice trembled, and she had courage to look up; "but I would not give it to you before witnesses. I know and have observed your efforts to conquer the one bad fault that marred the beauty of your mind. My gift is, your husband's restored confidence and affection. This has been a lesson you will never forget, but I knew if I did not let you feel the pain and remorse that you have experienced, that it would make no lasting impression on your mind; and I wished to prove that you felt this deeply, before I changed my manner, which has cost me an effort to render so cold and distant; and as Alice, overcome by the revulsion of feeling, wept joyful tears upon his shoulder, he slipped a diamond ring upon her finger, and folding her to his heart whispered, "Let this be a talisman, dearest, to guard and preserve thee in future." And Alice Dudley never forgot that hour or parted with that talisman, and never did she again need its power to enable her to keep her promises.

It would astonish a man sometimes to take the torch of introspection, and go down through his own heart, and see how many different faces will look out upon him from its chambers, each one himself, in some phase of possibility that lurks in his own nature.

OUR BROTHER.

BY ABIE E. REMINGTON.

The pale silver moon of October
Rides high in the heavens to-night;
The hills and the far-reaching valleys
Are bathed in its beautiful light.

How holy and peaceful the silence,
Like that which o'er Eden first lay,
Where once in the dawn of creation,
God walked "in the cool of the day."

The heart of the painter or poet
Would thrill with a tender delight,
And in a rapt vision of beauty
Hold converse with angels to-night.

But my thoughts their swift way are winging
Far out 'neath the moon-lighted sky,
To where, on the distant Potomac,
The tents of our soldiery lie.

There rests, with his patriot commander,
Our brother, whose earnest young life
For the sake of his foe-harassed country
Is given to toil and to strife.

Breathe gently wild winds of the autumn,
With fairy-like whisperings creep
To where 'neath the tent's solemn shadow
He dreams of his home in his sleep.

Dear winds, ye have kissed the wild blossoms,
And lingered in forest-aisles dim,
Ye surely have some tender message,
Some sweet word to whisper to him.

Go sing him the songs of his childhood,
The soft words that soothed him to rest,
When smiling in innocent slumber,
He lay on his fair mother's breast,—

And weave in the dreams of his manhood,
Pure memories bright as the hours
Had led him in by-gone Octobers
Down wood-paths made fragrant by flowers.

Touch all the high hopes of the future
With beauty beyond his desire,
And mingle with strains of his boyhood
The hymns of the heavenly choir.

Smile on him pale moon of October,
Wild winds of the autumn breathe low,
Till he dreams that the angels of heaven
Fold round him their pinions of snow.

* * * * *

Now low in the western horizon,
The moon like a pale shadow lies,
The opaline lights of the morning
Flame up in the broad eastern skies.

The dream and the longing are ended,
And now come the toil and the strife,
For day with its numberless duties
Must teach us the lessons of life.
Centreville, R. I.

TELL CHILDREN THE TRUTH.

What unending trouble parents make for themselves by *lying*. It's an ugly word, especially hated by those most addicted to the act, but it expresses just what is meant. Parents do lie most unreasonably and unmitigatedly to their children. They make them false and infidel in their habits, and then are astonished at the young creatures' depravity. Few things are more unaccountable than that a Being who is just and good, should commit to the charge of people utterly unworthy of the trust—the training of immortal minds. God is certainly past finding out; but that is not to be wondered at when one considers that the same thing is true of men and women. And while the latter will tell false stories, fulminate false threats, and make false promises to their children, merely for the sake of present and momentary convenience, when they know perfectly that the effect upon the child will be ruinous, and on their own government fatal, is a mystery which no mortal can fathom. They cannot fathom it, for parents love their children, and love knowingly worketh no ill to its object. Here is indeed a paradox.

Poor little children!—miserable generation of men! Taught falsehood in your cradles—taught it by lips which to you are holy—how *can* you be true when you are grown? We shall never see the happy, holy "thousand years" until that time is commenced by teaching truth and righteousness unto the children, not by words alone, but by conduct. If you *must* try to humbug somebody, in the name of future years, let not your skill be any longer tried upon the children. Be as careful to say to them no more than you mean, as if you knew a sword hung over you ready to drop at the first insincere word. Be as sure to fulfil every promise and every threat as death is sure not to forget his errand. Let your words be to your child, a rock, an anchor, which he shall no more know how to doubt than he shall know how to live without breathing, and you may be sure of giving to the world, from your own life, just men and true, whom high and low shall honor.

A. M.

PEREENE;

A TALE OF THE WEST-INDIES.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

The most prominent incidents of the following tale are the scarcely embellished narration of facts which have, in reality, transpired. They took place somewhat less than a century ago, on the island of St. Christopher, and have constituted the theme of more than one moving and pathetic ballad. I have chosen them for the foundation of my tale, as furnishing one more addition to the catalogue of events illustrative of the trite and much hackneyed expression, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

It was morning: the sun was just rising over one of the loveliest islands of the Caribbean sea, illuminating the summits of mountains and shedding its brilliant and gorgeous rays over a landscape of rare and exquisite beauty. Extensive fields of sugar-cane, growing to the height of eight feet, and covered with beautiful arrowy blossoms, lay thickly scattered through the rich valleys, appearing in the sunlight like immense sheets of waving gold gemmed with tyrian purple. Interspersed with these plantations were seen groves of lofty and magnificent trees, whose beauty is unknown in any save tropical climes. The palm-tree, the cocoa-nut, and royal palmetto, with the tamarind, the orange, and the graceful bamboo, lay grouped together in the wildest luxuriance. Numerous rivers, fed by a thousand rills, traversed the island like threads of silver, while higher up, foaming cascades issued from the verdant sides of the mountain, whose summits were crowned with naked rocks piled together by the convulsions of nature, while the intervening spaces were filled with evergreens and lofty trees, among which the palmetto towered to the height of two hundred feet.

On that part of the island which is more particularly the scene of the story, stood a dwelling which was so far superior, both in its style and extent, to the houses usually occupied by the planters of the country, as to attract the immediate observation of every stranger. Its lofty verandahs were twined with the choicest and most beauti-

ful lianas, and exhibited various articles of foreign luxury and wealth. In the arrangement and keeping of the gardens which surrounded the spacious mansion, there were also pretensions to a taste and skill not displayed elsewhere on the island. Numerous varieties of fruit trees not indigenous to the soil, interspersed with those of a native growth, all carefully pruned of every unsightly excrescence, graced the enclosure, and bent down beneath their load of fruit.

On the right of this mansion, and nearer to the shore, stood a group of palm-trees, which bore evident traces of careful attention. The undergrowth of ferns and lianas was, on the side nearest to the shore, entirely cleared away, so that while an almost impervious shade was afforded by the tops of the trees, the view of the ocean was entirely unobstructed. Just within the verge of this group, and opening towards the shore, stood an artificial arbor, completely canopied by luxuriant vines of jessamine and grenadilla, while oleander, and pomegranates were carefully trained to its sides, and loaded the atmosphere with their delicious fragrance. Numerous birds of gorgeous and variegated plumages glanced among the shining foliage, charming the ear with their melodious warblings.

On the morning on which my story opens, two persons might have been seen seated together in this arbor, with their eyes intensely fixed upon the cloud of impenetrable mist which yet hung over the bay, and hid, even from the keenest eye, all within its bosom. The one was a youth apparently just in the open dawn of manhood, and who could not have numbered more than twenty summers. The other was a girl of about sixteen.

But no one could have looked on these persons for a moment, without perceiving that they were not only of a different lineage, but that different countries had given them birth. In the manly proportions of the youth, in his fair complexion, bright blue eyes, and frank, open countenance, and, more than all, in his noble and dauntless bearing, one conversant with the world would at once have detected the Englishman, and one, too, of the better class of society. Few, perhaps, would, at first

sight, have called him eminently handsome; but no one could have observed him when engaged in conversation, and noted the brilliant flashes of his eye, and the animated expression of his whole countenance, and refused him that commendation.

But, however striking might have been the attractions of the young man, they were eclipsed by those of the fair being at his side. She was indeed a creature of singular and exquisite beauty; such an one as is seldom, perhaps never, seen in our northern climes, but one which, if once beheld, could never be forgotten. Slightly and gracefully formed, her proportions had attained that beautiful roundness seldom found united with her extreme youth, save in those who first look upon the day beneath the burning skies of a torrid zone. Her hair, of the deepest black, fell in glossy and luxuriant ringlets over the neck, vividly contrasting its delicate whiteness; for, unlike most maidens born under the equator, her complexion was extremely fair, and the hue of her cheek more lovely than the rose-tinted shells which lay scattered along the glittering sands of that palmy shore. But it was her eyes, large and intensely black, which constituted the singular charm of her countenance. Those who have gazed into the glorious, yet melancholy depths of the soft, dark eyes of Italy, can alone conceive of the wild and mournful beauty of those tender and appealing orbs which, ever and anon, as she leaned confidently on his shoulder, the maiden raised to the face of her companion.

Apparently, some subject of unusual interest now engrossed their thoughts; for neither of them had for some time spoken, although the tremulous motion of the young man's lips, as well as the sudden suffusion of his eyes, whenever he withdrew his gaze from the shrouded ocean and turned it upon his beautiful companion, betrayed an effort to speak, while some powerful emotion held him silent.

Meanwhile the sun had risen to some distance above the horizon. Already the dew drops which glittered like diamonds upon the verdant foliage, and upon the fairy-gossamer which canopied the delicate plants, were rapidly exhaling, when the vast cloud of mist which enveloped the

ocean began to waver. Huge volumes of vapor rolled slowly and majestically upward, presenting, as they hung suspended in the horizon, a strange and beautiful optical illusion. Distant canoes appeared in the rosy and gorgeous clouds, floating, as it were, in an aerial sea, while their shadows, as if by some wonderful magic, were accurately delineated below. They gradually faded away, and, in a few minutes, disappeared, leaving the whole heavens perfectly cloudless.

At the moment when the mist was rolling up from the ocean, and before its crystal expanse was clearly disclosed, the youthful pair, whom we have described, sprang suddenly to their feet, and the lady, slightly bending forward, raised her arm in the direction of a vessel, scarcely visible through the fading mist, which was riding at anchor at some distance from the shore. "It is there!" she exclaimed in a voice full of stifled emotion. "The dreaded ship has arrived! but, O, Clarens," she continued, turning to her companion, with an imploring earnestness, "heed not the summons that would separate you from me. How shall I live when I no longer hear the sound of your voice, and no longer meet the dear light of affection which beams from your eyes? You have taught me the language of your distant land, and, ah, how vainly shall I yearn to hear its accents! You will return to your splendid home, to your proud parents, who would scorn an alliance with a West Indian girl; other and fairer forms than mine will meet your eyes, and the poor Creole will be forgotten. O, stay, stay, Clarens! do not forsake me!"

"Nay, hear me, my Pereene," answered Clarens; "I am summoned by my parents, who have garnered up all their affections in me. I am their only son, their only child, and from the earliest dawn of my existence, they have lavished upon me a wealth of love and kindness which I should be an ingrate, unworthy of your affection, could I forget. Think of it, dearest and you cannot bid me stay! Distrust not my affection, for—look at me, Pereene—Heaven is not more true than I have been, and will ever be, to you. In a few months I shall return and proudly

bear you to my home, my chosen and cherished bride. Torture not your heart with the false idea that my parents would scorn an alliance with you, for, though your mother was a Creole, your father was descended from one of Italy's proudest and most ancient lines. And, even were it not so, the noblest lord in England, might be proud to wed one so lovely and innocent as you."

With this address, Clarens tenderly encircled the weeping Pereene with his arm, and as she, abandoning herself to his caresses, looked up smiling through her tears, he felt how weak were all the ties of filial affection, compared with those which bound him to the gentle and loving creature at his side. And he felt, too, that, if he would not quit the path which duty marked out for him to pursue, he must shorten the parting scene, and hasten away.

The vessel which was to convey Clarens to his native land had arrived some weeks previous to the present time, but had then merely touched at the island where, on account of a temporary illness, he had been for some time a resident, and, after delivering the letters which had occasioned his sudden resolution to depart, had proceeded, for purposes of traffic, to some of the neighboring islands. It had now returned.

For a long time, the lovers stood silently and sorrowfully regarding the merchantman, while its crew occupied themselves, some in the performance of their duties about the vessel, and others in hanging listlessly over its sides, and gazing down into the transparent waters of the Caribbean sea, through which, so wonderful is its clearness, rocks of coral, beautiful shells and sea-weeds may be seen at the depth of sixty fathoms, as distinctly as if there were no intervening medium. A vertigo often seizes the gazer, who feels as if looking down from the summit of some lofty precipice.

A boat had, meanwhile, been let down from the merchantman, and was soon making its way to the shore. It was the one which was to convey Clarens to the vessel; and the sight aroused the youthful pair from their silent abstraction. Pereene clung to the arm of her lover, and wept, unrestrainedly such tears as she had never

wept before; while the young man, with a quivering lip and blanched cheek, vainly strove, by his assurances of a speedy return, to soothe and comfort her.

"Dear Clarens, do not chide me!" she exclaimed. "I am, indeed, weak and childish; but how can I look around me upon all the mementoes of a happiness that I shall know no more, and be as calm as you would have me? How can I reflect that the wide ocean will soon roll between me and one who is dearer to me than life, and keep back the choking tears? Oh, Clarens!" she continued, passionately wringing her hands, "my very heart sinks within me at the thought of this dreadful separation! I feel a sad presentiment that we shall never meet again; and when I strive to look forward to the future with hope, a fearful and boding shadow rises dark before my sight! O, do not leave me! Clarens, do not leave me!" and she threw herself upon his breast, and clung to his neck, with an agony to which tears and sobs gave no relief.

Clarens was well nigh distracted. A thousand conflicting feelings were warring in his bosom. How could he disobey the peremptory commands of his doting but still exacting parents? But how, oh, how could he tear himself from the loving and impassioned being who hung, in all the abandonment of anguish, upon his neck, or turn a deaf ear to all her agonized supplications? He dreaded the influence such violent sorrow would have upon one of her ardent temperament; for, pure and innocent as purity itself, Pereene was yet a child of wild and vehement passions. The scorching rays of that burning clime, though they had failed to darken the lily of her complexion, seemed to have concentrated all their fires in her heart. Clarens strained the almost despairing girl to his breast, with a love and pitying tenderness which swept away all other feelings; and he, for a moment, yielded to the determination to remain with her, whatever might be the consequences. But the habits of early obedience are strong; and as the memory of his kind and affectionate parents, with the thought of the bitter pang his disobedience would inflict upon their hearts, arose to his mind, duty triumphed over the

pleadings of love, and he was at once resolved. Tenderly but firmly he raised the still weeping girl from his breast, and again endeavored to compose her agitated spirits, and, by a thousand caresses and assurances, to reconcile her to her present trial. And this time he was not unsuccessful. Pereene listened calmly to his arguments, and soon entered with fresh hope into his plans for the future. He promised to embrace every opportunity for conveying letters to her, and to return, at farthest, in six months; and Pereene, if not happy, was at least composed and resigned. "You are right, Clarens," said she; "I feel that you are right. Go to your parents, and satisfy the yearnings of their hearts to see you, and hear your voice once more. I could not love you as I now do, could you prove recreant to the affection and duty you owe to them. I, who have no parents left to love, can at least feel how truly they should be loved. Go;" and her repressed feelings again burst forth; "but, O, Clarens, do not, do not forget me!"

But I forbear to weary my readers by dwelling longer on the parting scene. It would appear but a trite and oft-told tale. Smiles and tears, vows and promises, a wringing of hands, and the caresses of pure and hallowed affection, were mingled with the broken and half-stifled whisperings of "adieu."

Signals of haste had long been flying from the vessel, and Clarens, snatching a beautiful India scarf from the shoulders of Pereene, and pressing a last kiss upon her cheek, hastened to the boat, and was soon standing upon the deck of the vessel which was to bear him to the distant shores of lordly England. Pereene stood watching the gallant ship as it gracefully receded from the coast, and, when at length it faded in the distance, strained after it a last aching gaze, and turned away with a sickness at her heart that was bitterer than death.

It is now necessary that my readers should accompany me back a few years, in order to become acquainted with some particulars in the early history of Pereene, and with the commencement of her acquaintance with Clarens.

She was, as has been already mentioned,

the daughter of an Italian gentleman of high birth and considerable wealth. He had left Italy, in consequence of some political troubles, about twenty years before the period at which my tale commences. He was then a young man, and possessing a somewhat roving disposition, visited various foreign lands, among which were the islands of the Archipelago. He was enchanted with the climate and luxuriant appearance of these islands, and but a short deliberation was necessary to induce him to decide on fixing in one of them his future abode. He immediately made arrangements for disposing of his patrimonial estate in Italy, and purchasing a plantation on the island of St. Christopher, which was then fortunately for sale.

Signor Da'Mona was a gentleman of refined taste, and soon rendered himself conspicuous by the superior neatness and skill displayed in everything around him, as well as by the lavish sums expended on the adornments of his gardens and dwelling.

He had resided about a year on the island, when he became captivated with, and finally married, a beautiful Creole, who resided on a neighboring plantation. She was a gentle and affectionate creature, passionately attached to her husband, and deeply and tenderly was her affection repaid. In rather more than a year after his marriage, Da Mona became the father of an infant daughter; but the hour which gave him that daughter, deprived him of a wife. He was long irreconcilable at this loss; but the rapidly growing charms of his infant began, in time, to wean him from the too excessive indulgence in unavailing sorrow.

As Pereene advanced in youth, he devoted himself entirely to her instruction. Himself a finished scholar, he endeavored to enrich the mind of his daughter, with every useful science and accomplishment, and she grew up lovely and intelligent. She had just attained her fifteenth year when her father was suddenly seized with a violent and dangerous malady, which put a period to his existence, leaving his beautiful child sole and independent mistress of his valuable and extensive property. The bereaved maiden was long inconsolable at her loss; but time gradually

blunted the keenness of her sorrow, and she once more resumed those studies she had so long pursued under the tender instruction of her idolized father; endeavoring, as far as possible, to complete an education which he had so carefully begun.

Thus two years went on, — very little occurring to vary the monotonous routine of her life, — when she was one morning surprised by an unlooked-for visit from a stranger. He was clad in the costume of some distant country, but spoke the language of the island fluently, though with a marked foreign accent. He was the commander of an English merchantman then lying in the harbor, and had called to make a bold, and, for a stranger, a somewhat singular, request. It was, to permit him, for a few weeks, to intrude upon her hospitality a youth who was a passenger on board his ship, together with his servant, until the vessel, which was immediately to proceed to some of the neighboring islands, could return and receive them again on board. This young man was very ill, and, for the last few days, had been so much so as to render the motion of the vessel almost insupportable. The impossibility of bestowing necessary attention upon the invalid when on board the ship, had prompted him to his present step. Pereene hospitably acceded to the proposed arrangement; and the invalid was soon brought on shore, and received by her with the kindest sympathy.

Youth and a good constitution, aided by a salubrious climate and careful nursing, soon began to triumph over the temporary but severe illness of the stranger; and in the course of two weeks he was able, with the assistance of his servant, to leave his room. Pereene congratulated him, with the most evident pleasure, on his convalescence, and endeavored, by every means in her power, to render his abode under her roof agreeable.

She possessed considerable talent as a musician, and played the harp with uncommon skill. This accomplishment she often exercised for the amusement of her guest; and as her soft, rich voice timidly blended with its harmonious chords, Clarens Eustace—for that was the name of

the invalid—felt that he had never listened to sweeter strains.

Thus three or four weeks went by, and the vessel in which her guest had arrived again returned; but he was yet too feeble to attempt another voyage, and, after much hesitation, he decided on remaining some months longer in a climate which had already proved so beneficial to his health. He therefore wrote to his parents, acquainting them with the cause of his delay, and saw the vessel depart for England with a throb of pleasure for which he strove not to account.

Meanwhile, the interviews between Clarens and Pereene grew daily longer and more frequent. They would sit whole mornings in the veranda, reading, singing, or conversing—for Clarens spoke the soft *patois* of the island—while the time spent apart from each other became more and more dull and tedious. Sometimes they would stray together along the sea-shore; or, seated together in the favorite bower of Pereene, hour after hour would glide insensibly by, while Clarens, who possessed a clear, manly voice, sang some quaint old English ballad, or his beautiful companion accompanied her sweet voice with the harp, or entertained him with the wild and romantic tales which had been the amusement of her childhood.

Pereene soon began to feel an anxiety to become acquainted with the English language, and Clarens, delighted with the task, readily undertook to become her instructor. She was an apt and persevering scholar, and he was charmed with her rapid progress; and as they sat together, and Pereene, lifting her beautiful eyes to his face, repeated, with her soft Italian accent, the flowing periods after him, he sometimes almost forgot the lesson, in admiration of the lovely pupil; while the cheek of the maiden would grow brighter, and her heart beat quicker, as she met his thrilling and expressive gaze.

Thus month after month glided by, and Clarens and his beautiful hostess became daily more and more devoted to one another, and more and more enamored of each other's society. Forgetting that he was but a temporary sojourner in his

present abode, the idea of parting occurred not to their minds. They knew only, felt only, that they were happy beyond any former conceptions of happiness, and sought not to lift the veil which shrouded the future from their sight. It was a beautiful, a bewildering dream, but one from which they were destined soon to be rudely and suddenly awakened.

A letter was one morning put into the hand of Clarens by his servant, which at once broke in upon his fairy-land of bliss, and carried a blow of quick and chilling apprehension to his heart. It was from his parents. They expressed much joy at the complete recovery of their son, with which, by a recent letter from himself, they had been made acquainted; and after some domestic details, and several unintelligible allusions, they finally concluded by a peremptory injunction that he should return to England in the same vessel which was to be the bearer of their letter.

As the young man perused this epistle, and noted the mysterious hints of important reasons for the necessity of his immediate presence, and the almost nervous anxiety that he should by no means delay his return, he foreboded troubles and difficulties; but of what nature there was no clue which enabled him to form so much as a probable conjecture; and it was in vain that he wearied his mind with fruitless surmises, which left him as unsatisfied as before. The misery of separating from Pereene; the dread of losing her forever—and he now, for the first time, felt how great that loss would be—should he depart without first winning from her a promise to be his; the fear that some project of his parents might place an insurmountable barrier between them; together with a consciousness of the necessity of a prompt decision on his part,—all conspired to confuse and perplex the agitated youth to an almost insupportable degree. The thought of imparting the agitating intelligence to Pereene completed the distraction of his mind, and it was long before he could bring himself to the dreaded task. But it was at length precipitately accomplish-

ed; and it came upon her with the shock of a thunderbolt.

The love of the innocent girl for Clarens had stolen so unconsciously upon her, that she could scarcely be said to have been aware of its existence; for, in all the hours of felicity they had tasted together, neither of them had ever thought of inquiring what had given birth to their new and untold happiness. No whisper of their affection had ever escaped their lips; and it was not until the moment which announced to Pereene their impending separation, that the mutual secret was revealed. The poor girl heard the announcement in pale and breathless silence. She gazed upon her alarmed companion for several moments, as if stupified, when the whole weight of her calamity seemed at once to burst upon her mind; and, bowing her head upon her hands, she wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. Clarens drew the weeping girl to his bosom, and, amid sobs and caresses, all the story of their love was at length disclosed.

Before the expiration of the few weeks which intervened between this period and that appointed for the departure of Clarens, vows of unalterable affection and fidelity had been interchanged by the lovers, and the enamored young man had won from the confiding Pereene a promise to become his wife. Many were the delightful pictures they drew of the future, when he should return once more to her side, never again to be separated; and the ardent girl, as she drank in the impassioned accent of her lover, gave herself up to the influence of the fairy-visions he so sweetly and glowingly painted.

The period of separation at length came; the parting scene took place which has been already described, and Clarens, bidding adieu to that abode where he had known so many hours of happiness, turned his face once more towards the land of his birth.

The story of Pereene from that time to the period of their after-meeting may be soon told. For some months after the departure of Clarens, she struggled against the indulgence of useless and unavailing sorrow, assiduously devoting her time to

the advancement of herself in that language, by whose treasured accents he had won her heart, and in dreaming of the pleasure he would experience when he should return and witness her improvement. In this manner, months went by, and Pereene began to watch for tidings from her absent lover, and to wonder at the delay. Vessel after vessel from England visited the island, and as they, one after another, departed, leaving no letters for her, the chill of disappointment and apprehension settled more and more heavily upon her heart. Time still rolled on. Her studies were neglected, and she became daily more and more silent and reserved. She avoided the society of her young companions, and spent her time in solitary and abstracted musings. Day after day the heart-sick dreamer, stealing away from observation, would hasten to the bower where she had passed so many happy hours with Clarens, and, throwing herself upon its fragrant seat, would gaze for hours upon the sea, watching every sail that appeared in the distant horizon, and starting up with a beating heart when any one approached nearer than usual to the shore.

Meanwhile, more than twice the time appointed by Clarens as the term of his absence had elapsed, and still he came not, and no tidings of her lover had yet reached the pining maiden. She had watched, and expected, and hoped, until hope grew into despondency, and despondency was merged in despair. The most gloomy forebodings, which she in vain endeavored to dispel; continually haunted her, and sat like an incubus upon her heart. Her health had begun visibly to decline, when one morning a vessel approached the shore, and, in a few moments, the favorite servant of Pereene, holding a letter high in the air, came breathlessly running towards her mistress. Trembling, she snatched it from her hand, and, recognizing the hand-writing of her lover, clasped it to her bosom and wept with hysterical emotion. But soon recovering, she broke the seal and devoured the contents of the long-anticipated treasure. Clarens spoke of difficulties and disappointments which had prevented the

fulfilment of his promise of an early return to his affianced bride, or of even forwarding her a letter. What those difficulties were he did not detail, nor did Pereene stop to inquire, for he assured her that they were now at an end, and that he should, in a few weeks, be with her once more. The same vessel in which he had returned to England was about to make another trip to the West Indies, and in that he should take passage. The letter was couched in terms of the fondest affection, and, as the grateful girl pressed it to her heart, and tears of joy and thankfulness rolled down her cheek, she felt that she was repaid for all her suffering. The smile returned once more to her lips, and the bounding elasticity to her step, and she again looked forward with thrilling joy to the future.

Meantime, let us return to Clarens. His voyage homeward had been a prosperous one, and a buoyant feeling of happiness, a thrill of unspeakable delight, pervaded his whole being when he stood once more on the hallowed soil which had given him birth. He soon reached the paternal mansion, and was welcomed by his parents and friends with every testimonial of the fondest affection.

But it is not my purpose to detail the history of his fortunes while a sojourner in the home of his ancestors. It was the old story of the prejudices of rich and titled connections, and the worldly schemes of proud and ambitious parents. They had long planned a union between their son and a young lady of wealth and high rank; a union which would be alike pleasing to her family and his own, and they were impatient to witness its consummation. In vain he told them of his attachment to Pereene, and asserted again and again the impossibility of wedding another. Long and frequent were the remonstrances of his parents, and tender and powerful their pleadings, that he, their only child, would not, by rejecting so eligible a match, and throwing himself away on a Creole girl, render futile the hopes and cares of their whole life. Clarens was completely wretched. How could he resist the prayers and entreaties of the beings who had given him birth?

And, O, how much less could he forget the lovely and confiding creature to whom he had given not only his whole heart, but the promise of his hand?

The time at length came which should have restored him to her side, and he saw no prospect of being able to fulfil the promise he had made her. His parents had, with an unwonted sternness, even forbidden any communication with the poor girl, and Clarens suffered several successive opportunities for forwarding letters to her to glide by unimproved, rather from a secret hope of overcoming their opposition by obedience, than from a conviction that it was his duty to comply with so unjust a command. The determination to relinquish Pereene never for a moment rested in his mind, while the obstacles presented by his parents preyed alike upon his spirits and his health. He grew moody and silent, and shunned society, until at length, overcome with affectionate alarm, his parents yielded an unwilling consent that he should revisit the West Indies, and bring thence his beautiful affianced as a bride. Filled with new life, Clarens poured out his gratitude and thanks for their kindness, and joyfully penned that epistle to Pereene, which carried such a balm to the heart-sick girl. Preparations were immediately made for him to embark on board a vessel which was in two or three weeks to sail for the West Indies, and Clarens once more looked forward to a happy and peaceful future.

It was the close of a lovely day, and a cool breeze from the Caribbean sea was gently floating over the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, bearing refreshment to many a fevered brow and languid frame, when an English vessel was seen entering the bay of St. Christopher's. It was watched with interest by many a curious eye; but there was one who, from the veranda of a spacious and luxurious mansion which over-looked the bay, gazed at the stately ship, as it stood proudly in towards the shore, with an eager eye and a beating heart. It was Pereene. For a time, her expressive countenance and anxious movements betokened a painful uncertainty and indecision, when a new

object arrested her attention, and seemed at once to change the whole current of her feelings. The eloquent blood rushed in bright torrents to her cheek, a radiant smile lit up her beautiful features, her hands were clasped with convulsive eagerness, and her whole attitude evinced the most intense emotion.

A young man of noble proportions stood on the prow of the vessel, holding aloft a streamer which floated on the breeze, displaying, as it caught the rays of the sun, the richest and most gorgeous colors. Pereene instantly recognized her lover, even at that distance, and intuitively felt that the streamer which he held in his hand was the scarf he had taken from her shoulders at the moment of parting.

In an instant she was in her chamber; and, hastily arraying herself in a dress of sea-green silk, in which Clarens had always loved to see her robed, and twining a few pearls in the rich black tresses which clustered about her brow, and fell in shining torrents over her shoulders, she took from a casket a white handkerchief, which had been given her by Clarens, and which she had treasured up with the choicest care, and, attended by two or three favorite companions, hurried to the strand.

The vessel had by this time anchored, but, as the water was shallow for a long way out into the sea, it was still at a considerable distance from the land. The languid and weary sailors were slowly preparing to let down a boat for the purpose of conveying Clarens to the shore; but he had perceived the approach of Pereene, and, impatient of their tardy preparations, plunged headlong into the flood, with the intention of swimming to the shore. He was an expert and fearless swimmer, and the wondering seamen gazed with astonishment and admiration on the daring youth, as he boldly and manfully buffeted the waves. Pereene, who dreamed not that danger could lurk within the crystal depths of that transparent sea, felt no terror as she witnessed the daring feat of her lover. She advanced to meet him until the foaming surf curled around her feet, and, waving the handkerchief which he had given her in the air, held out her

arms towards him, as if yearning to fold him to her heart. This sight stimulated the ardent youth to renewed exertions, and manlier and bolder was the energy with which he breasted the foaming tide.

He had achieved more than three quarters of the distance between the vessel and the shore, when a huge, dark form was seen swiftly cutting the transparent waters in a direct line towards the unwary youth. A cry of warning and terror arose from the watchful crew, but was mistaken by Clarens for a shout of encouragement, as was evident by his answering cheer, and an exulting wave of his arm. In another moment a black semicircle, fringed with white, was hovering above the surface of the water, within a single foot of the fated youth. It glided over him and fell; a piercing shriek which appalled the heart of the boldest listener, rung over the face of the deep, and Clarens disappeared. A moment more, and the upper half of a human form, streaming with purple gore, sprang two feet out of the water, and, instantly falling back, sunk down beneath the waves. A low, gurgling sound was for a moment heard—a few dark crimson streaks were seen riding on the foamy crests of the advancing surges—and all was over.

So awful, so sudden was the tragedy—which took place in far less time than it has taken to narrate it—it was some minutes before the horror-struck spectators on the shore could withdraw their shuddering gaze from the spot where the ill-fated Clarens had vanished from their sight. When, however, the current of life returned once more to its accustomed channels, and their paralyzed senses began to take cognizance of the present, their attention was attracted to Pereene. She stood with her arms still extended, as if endeavoring to win some loved one to her embrace: her figure was slightly stooping forward, her bloodless lips firmly pressed together, and her eyes, wildly and fearfully dilated, were riveted to the spot where she had witnessed the awful fate of her lover. So pale, so motionless, so rigid, she seemed as if suddenly transformed to stone. No sound had escaped

her through all that scene of horror. Her companions approached, and endeavored gently to lead her away, but the moment their arms encircled her, shriek after shriek burst in wild and mournful cadence from her lips, until exhausted nature gave way, and she sunk fainting in their arms. They bore her to her dwelling; but long and almost hopeless were their effort to restore the suspended functions of her being. Their labors, however, seemed at last to be crowned with success. Her breathing became free, her eyes opened, and in a short time she rose up. But, although her bodily faculties were restored, those of her mind seemed entirely obliterated. She took no notice of any thing around her; and no efforts which they were able to employ could win a single word from her lips, or a single token that she was conscious even of her own existence. They spoke to her of her lover, but she heard them not. They held the little tokens of affection, which he had given her in the days of their happiness, before her eyes, but she saw them not; or, if she did so, no motion or sound escaped her to indicate that such was the fact.

Thus time wore on; each successive day diminishing the probability that the shattered mind of the unfortunate girl would ever be restored. There were, indeed, periods when it seemed as if some faint memory were again dawning upon her darkened intellect; when she would slowly glide towards the strand, and, advancing to the verge of the surf, stand bending forward, and gazing into the deep, as she had stood when arrested by the awful tragedy which had banished her reason, and struck her speechless forever. But no one, at those times, could discover the least trace of emotion, or the least change in her fixed and statue-like composure, save that her large, dark eyes would become darker and more dilated, and her pale cheek blanch to a more deadly whiteness.

In this manner several weeks elapsed, when, one morning, during one of her irregular visits to the shore, a boat was seen advancing from a vessel towards them, and was but about a cable's length

from the strand, when Pereene reached her accustomed station on the verge of the foaming surf. Whether the boat was observed by her, or, if observed, what associations it awakened in the darkened mind of the stricken girl, was never known; but she stretched out her arms towards it, uttered a mournful and startling cry, and fell forward into the surf. She was instantly taken up by the companions who constantly attended her; but the flickering ray of life had gone out forever. Death, the last friend of the wretched, had at length brought her that repose which earth could no longer bestow.

They buried her among the palms, beneath her favorite bower; and many a flower, as lovely and evanescent as herself, was taught to blossom on her grave; while the solemn and ceaseless moanings of the melancholy sea were her fitting and everlasting requiem.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY REV. J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."—Luke xxii. 43.

Is it true that angels hear us,
When we sing our songs of praise?
That bright wings are waving near us,
When to heaven our thoughts we raise?
Is it true that when we're praying
Radiant forms are bending near?
That they know what we are saying,
And our every word can hear?

Is it true that in our sorrow,
They in tender love draw nigh,
Telling us of that bright morrow,
When no tear shall dim the eye?
Do they come on holy missions,
From our Father's home above?
To return with our petitions,
And our songs of praise and love?

Can we doubt, since that bright legion
Came rejoicing to the earth,
Leaving the celestial region
To announce the Saviour's birth?
Or when in the garden bending,
Christ was filled with pain and grief,
Holy angels were attending,
With their words of sweet relief?

And if men have heard their chorus,
On the earth, in days of old,
May they not be bending o'er us,
With their crowns and harps of gold?
Let us listen to their singing,
For it is of heavenly love;
And the very air is ringing
With their praise of God above.

THE RESURRECTION.

NO. I.

Is the Resurrection of Christ a Sufficiency?

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

INTRODUCTION.

This Essay will be followed by three others in the Repository, which are intended as inquiries on a subject which has not, we think, had sufficient attention devoted to it by the thought of our denomination. That all shall live hereafter, and live in holiness and blessedness through the Redemption that is in Christ Jesus, is the distinctive tenet which signalizes our communion among the different branches of the Church of Christ.

Thousands, perhaps millions, in other departments of that church, hold it along with us, we know.

But it is not so prominent a peculiarity in their belief as to induce them to detach themselves from the bodies with which, from hereditary, or social, or ever less worthy motives, they remain connected. The Church of England is so leavened with it, that we despair of ever seeing a separate Universalist Denomination establishing itself in that country. Indeed in the end it may be better for the sake of our cause there, that there never shall. For once let the masses of that church be penetrated by the sentiment, as already a large portion of its best mind and heart is, and it will then be the religious sentiment of the nation, as it never could become through the agency of any dissenting body there.

Even in the Kirk of Scotland, gloomy to this day with the shadow of the fierce spirit of John Knox, we have personal knowledge that much of the higher intellect nominally within its pale, is saturated by this conviction, though it dare not speak it out. One of the most intelligent among the citizens of Edinburgh,—“a citizen of no mean city,”—on informing me that himself was a Universalist, added that he had been intimately acquainted with Lord Cockburn, (whose Memorials had so large a sale a few years ago in this country,) with Jeffrey the critic, with Gibson Craig, and I am almost certain he said, Professor Wilson, and all the

great lights of Einburgh society that have gone out within a few years past, and, he ended, "they were all of that way of thinking."

"But," he resumed, "so stern is the gripe of the Kirk upon us, that we only talk of it in corners among ourselves." Oh, God, that the spirit would move and spread till the whole dear land were light.

But however the conviction of our denominational truth may be overlaid or counteracted among other communions in its efforts to manifest itself by a distinct organization, it is that which has summoned us from other sects, and has given us our name, and has bound us in one Christian body by the affinities of a common faith in the great result which it predicts.

We repeat the words in which it clothes itself; that all shall live hereafter, and live in holiness and blessedness through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

That is the statement of it in wholesale. We all believe that. But, as to the details involved in that predicate, we not only differ, and agree to differ, but I sometimes think, we prefer to leave them unmooted, that each may think about them for himself as best suits his individual prepossession, or opinion, or even fancy. And such abnegation is certainly favorable to denominational liberty, and toleration, and unity. But without any infraction of these inestimable advantages, I think we may try, more carefully than we have yet done, to explore some of the particulars of the subject. Every one who thinks about it at all, has certain persuasions in regard to the conditions of his future life; the time when he shall enter on it, whether immediately after death or at some farther period; whether he shall be so much himself as to retain his earthly affections and their objects, both purified from earthly passions; and whether what is called the Resurrection, be an instantaneous or a gradual, a simultaneous or an individual process.

Some of these inquiries we shall attempt, in the four Essays that follow. With what success, or with what satisfaction to those interested in the theme, we must wait to see

A. G. L.

By the title of this essay we mean to inquire, whether the resurrection of our Lord is proof enough to us of our Future Life, or whether we should ask for more.

Were we travelling in some journey along the edge of a vast plateau, opening on our left hand on a scene distinctly visible,—a scene in which lay all our daily interests, and the objects of our daily pursuits,—the places familiar to our thoughts, and the persons dear to our affections,—haunts of business, homes of domestic joys, landscapes of common delight,—while, on the right hand, it brinked an unknown space, into which we knew ourselves liable to be dismissed at any moment of our progress,—a space obscure, vast, trending it might be outwards forever, or downwards, we knew not whether or which,—I think every one of us, no matter how much interested in what deeds were doing, and what transactions were occurring on our left hand, would cast frequent and anxious glances into the untried contiguities on our right, and think often and gravely, "Should my feet next moment slip from this path I am treading, where shall I be, and what?"

Such exactly is the case of each one of us, and such, I hope, is the question which not unfrequently suggests itself to the minds of us all. We are every day moving on, along a line of road, just as precarious as that in our illustration, bordered on one hand by just as real and visible activities, and on the other by an unseen, yet certain eternity, into which next moment may remove us. We are treading a path, one edge of which lies well within the precincts of this mortal being whose pulses beat this instant so warm and full within us, while its other edge runs sheer along a domain as real, as actual, as surely ours, though we peer in vain through the dimness to determine what it contains for us,—the realm of that immortal being, in which, when Death touches us, we are to live forever. We do not, I trust, any of us doubt that that touch once given and obeyed, the darkness will instantly disperse, and the prospect will unfold, clear, and calm, and boundless, to every one of us. "But here, yet here upon this bank and shoal of Time,"

naturally, urgently, we crave to know what those mists conceal, which brood so steadfastly as to baffle our human gaze into the mysterious domain of the infinite for which we are destined.

As we stand beside the cooling corpse, from which five minutes ago one like ourselves has escaped, do we not turn from the closed eyelid and the mute mouth, to the space about and above us which seems so empty, but in which he may be with us still, and feel a solemn eagerness to summon him into sight, that we may ascertain, if it be but by one look, some positive knowledge of what his condition is, and of what therefore ours shall be?

I know you tell me that this, in a Christian, is an unreasonable feeling; that I should fall back on the Resurrection of Christ, and be satisfied; and I admit it. Yet though unreasonable, the feeling exists, and at times struggles strongly within us. I do not forget, and I trust I estimate at its full value the thought, that that greatest of human events, is authenticated by what, in regard to any ordinary occurrence, we would think an overpowering weight of testimony. And I confess that, except by granting me an actual prospect of immortality, I can conceive of no method by which God could have demonstrated its reality to me half so convincingly, as that he did adopt, in "bringing again Christ from the dead." And devoutly and confidently I believe in that Resurrection, and in my own future being as the fulfilment and consequence of the promise it makes to me. Yet, let me illustrate what I would express.

Suppose I have never seen the city of London. Still, from human testimony in books—I purposely omit that of living persons who have been there—I believe in the existence of the place so undoubtedly, that I say I know it. A suspicion that it does not stand there, in Middlesex-shire, the capital of Great Britain, has never flickered through my thought. But let me suppose that in the question of its existence, or its non-existence, there were wrapped up some interest of vital, personal consequence to me, to my peace, perhaps my life, and I think it quite conceivable how, having no usual, no rational

doubt of the actual fact, yet, in certain moods of mind, moods of intense self-consciousness, and dread of what might happen to me should my convictions after all be unfounded, and London, a mere traveller's tale, I might be seized with an eager wish to go and see for myself the substantial city, its streets, its houses, its appearance, and so be satisfied by my senses that what I had always believed, yes, known to be real, was real. This is not reasonable, I know; but is it not natural? I think we must all acknowledge that it is. Now just so is it with us in this present state, in our longings after a knowledge of the unseen world. All here, is seen and known by our senses. These senses fail us utterly when we apply them to the dimness of the future. And though, through other avenues than those they furnish,—through those of faith,—we can reach and rest in it, and often with a higher certainty than that they give us, still we are so accustomed to depend on them for our knowledge of realities, we need not wonder that in certain states of feeling, we should crave to test the actuality of the world unknown by them, that we should seek to see, and so to be certain of the fact and the conditions of the life that is to come. I doubt whether any thoughtful man or woman among us, ever stands by a dead body without thoughts that frame themselves into wishes, that the dismissed spirit might appear, if but for a moment, to reveal the nature of the life on which it has entered.

The desire is, then, a natural one. And however wrong its excess may be, to show that God does not condemn it, we have but to remember that he has granted it at least a partial satisfaction, in the Resurrection of Jesus, and in providing full and convincing proof of that great fact, in the statements of the numerous persons who saw, and conversed, and ate and drank with him, after he had risen from the dead.

"Yes," you reply, "but you yourself have just intimated that this is not all-sufficient; that we all crave further evidence, visible and tangible to each of us personally." Do not misconceive me. I

have not asserted that the Bible proof is insufficient for us, as still creatures in the flesh. And yet, I have declared what all know to be true. that in certain states of feeling we would fain have more. But that at times—oftentimes—we do so feel, eagerly and importunately, is no proof that God has not already, in the Resurrection of his Son, done all he ought to satisfy our solicitude; is no proof that it would be wise and judicious in him to do more. Indeed, the fact that by the lips of his own Son he has proclaimed to us that there is a life beyond, that by bringing him again from the dead he has demonstrated it, and there paused, ought, I think, to suggest, that he deems it wisest and best that no further manifestation should be made to us. For when we reflect upon the Divine dignity of him who suffered and rose that we might believe, upon the collocation of majestic and supernatural circumstances which surrounded the occurrence, and upon the evident care with which fit witnesses were prepared and assembled to behold it, and to hand it down in the statements which record it, it does seem to me as if that resurrection,—the result of the councils and deliberations of all heaven for ages before—was designated as at once the first signal annunciation, and the final and decisive assertion of our immortality, ever to be made by God to man. Framed on so grand a scale, performed on so public a theatre, and guarded and authenticated by human testimony so ample and convincing, surely, it was intended for all time, and all mankind. All subsequent repetitions of it in smaller proportions—as in the case of individual apparitions of departed persons to surviving friends—have the effect, have the appearance at least, of marring its fulness, of impairing its significance, of casting doubts upon its sufficiency to establish the truth of human immortality. And so the fact that Christ rose from the dead, if it be a fact, does really appear to reduce us to this alternative; either, that it is sufficient to satisfy all reasonable and Christian persons of the reality of a future life, and that consequently no other appearances from the spiritual world are to be expected by reasonable and Christian

men, or, if such appearances are permitted, and really witnessed by such men, then that the resurrection of Christ was an incomplete demonstration of the truth it proclaimed.

Mark well what I say here. . Either that the resurrection of our Lord, if it ever occurred,—and that it did, none of us will gainsay,—was intended by God as ample proof of man's immortality, for all who should ever believe it, and that consequently no other was ever designed to be given them, or that, if any other has since been given, it has been added to that of Christ, because it was needed.

Needed, after Christ's resurrection? Needed by believers in him, after that event in which all the celestial councils were gathered up and expended? Perhaps! there may be exceptional cases. May be! But let us be cautious

A mouse rustling in straw, a raven flapping at the window board, a mystic rapping under a table, or a luminous shining in the room of an excited expectant, may be taken, (mis)taken for a signal from the world of the immortals. I know not. These may be true prophets of heaven to assure us of our future. I fall back on Christ and his Resurrection. That is God's designation of my immortality. It shall be mine, all-sufficient, all-satisfactory. Let others seek what they will, of additional, and, as I think, superfluous assurance. I am content and satisfied with that.

But I have said, despite this scriptural revelation of the future, we long for something more. Now not venturing positively to deny the reality of all apparitions or communications from the heavenly world,—leaving the argument we have just submitted to do that by what it may, and reverentially remembering that in God's sight, special needs may present special claims; not perhaps disbelieving, yet unbelieving, in any visible and tangible intercourse between that world and this, I would suggest at least one reason why that desire for something of the miraculous, beyond the return of Jesus, is not gratified. The feeling, as we have shown, is very general, perhaps universal. And the question is, why should not this desire

for a nearer, and clearer, and more positive knowledge of the future, be answered in the way it seeks? I answer thus.

Such a response, I fear, would interfere sadly with this world's duties. Would we not be unable to walk soberly under such a transporting light? Would not the occupations of this earth, and this earth itself, seem stale and jejune to him who had but to retire from its vulgar details to his chamber, there to hold high commerce, directly, immediately, with the inhabitants of heaven? At death, to be sure, there is no more worldly work to do; and then, a gleam wafting past the fading sight, a tone dropping from some mid-air choir upon the delighted ear, could mar no task, and if they did render earth less attractive, that would be only a desirable effect at such an hour. And accordingly, if such signals are ever given, they are reserved, I think, for that final juncture, when,

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made;

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,

Who stand upon the threshold of the new."

But death is but one out of ten thousand hours in the course of life; and if a special glimpse be sometimes then vouchsafed, we can admit its suitability, while feeling that such visions, opening upon us during our march towards it, would leave us as disqualified for mortal requirements, as is the excited spirit of a dying man, hailing the glimmerings of the heaven into whose unclouded splendors he is just about to enter. Let us keep bright the light of Christian hope and faith, which Christ has lit within us, and then let our outer lives be lived on patiently under that of the common earthly sun. Despite our longings, that is all we really need, if our confidence in our Redeemer is what it ought to be. And, depend on it, it is all which with safety to our duty we could endure.

I know we are apt to fancy that we are exceptions; that though others might, we would not be disabled for common life by the close and conscious contact with eternity which we desire. But we forget that this feeling is not confined to ourselves,

that all who are alive to the great interests of immortality share it with us. We say to ourselves, "The Resurrection of Christ is a thing of the far past, and though I believe, and found my ordinary trust for the future upon it, yet, as I brood upon that future, the longing to prove it now, to look upon it in the person of one of its inhabitants, or to grasp the certainty of its reality by some signal, obviously from within its borders, grows so strong within me, as really to indicate that God might answer my wish." But as we so commune with our souls, others are thinking the same thoughts, and framing the same desires. Eternity is to them as dread a reality as to us, death as dark, and a future life as dear. If, then, on the ground of our intense solicitude for some palpable testimony on the subject, a special grace is granted to us, why not to them too? And, confident as we are of our own equability, sure that we should not be unsettled for any earthly office, if it were,—and others who know us well may not be so sure of that as we,—let us but for a moment suppose a whole community so gifted—so afflicted, rather—would the humble but wholesome labors which discipline us to patience, and perseverance, and fortitude every day, be essayed as cheerfully, and performed as steadily as now, under the exhilaration of an atmosphere so highly charged with spiritual excitement as ours then would be? Would not the world above and about us, now mercifully unseen, but then, at least intermittently visible from a thousand sparkling outlets all around us, overflow and absorb to our sight this earth beneath us, rendering its work distasteful, its enjoyments insipid, and swallowing up the pleasant light of its affections in a constant blaze of transcendental extacy, just as the pale flame of a daylight taper is swallowed and overpowered in a flood of sunshine? The work, the enterprise, the art and science of the world, the toils of invention and discovery, with all their invaluable effects upon our moral and spiritual faculties, and their results in our characters, would droop, and cease among men who were ever and anon looking with gaze intent upon the occupations of the angels. The trials and diffi-

culties of household economy, now schooling the tempers and dispositions of our wives and sisters, would shew trite and mean then, I trow; and instead of training to firmness, and industry, and forethought, would be renounced with disgust. And the quiet home joys, the kindly emotions, the gracious reciprocities of household love, invaded by a perpetual influx of feelings of a far higher fervor, would speedily dissolve in the heats of an exalted enthusiasm. All the homely, human virtues, which, in the moderate light and warmth of our present economy, are now growing wholesomely, and ripening for the gardens of God above, would scorch and wither under the ardent sun which would be let out upon them, from amidst the blaze of an unfolded heaven.

We know that such results would ensue, from such manifestations from the world of mystery which lies about us, for such have been, and are now the results, of a system, based, as its advocates believe, on familiar intercourse with that world. I speak not now of Christian Spiritualists—of those who hold, or think they hold, their communications with heaven, under the check of reason and the Bible. Their intercourse with the realm of the infinite may be real, or it may be delusive. I have my convictions about it; they, theirs. Neither are pertinent to the present point. But I am thinking of those who, on the strength of their convictions, that a new and more perfect revelation of our immortality than that Christ has given us, has been vouchsafed to them, have herded into a separate sect. And I say that the extravagances and obscenities of which we have sometimes read as transpiring in certain “circles,”* are just confirmations of all I have above advanced in regard to the bewilderment and confusion of thought which would befall us, the distraction of our faculties from the common and necessary duties of life, the disregarded of all social proprieties, and of all our most

sacred standards of earthly right and virtue, into which we would be hurried, were we, as yet creatures in the flesh, and the subjects of physical laws, and physical organizations, to be admitted into the contiguity of sight and sense with the unseen world of spirits.

Rely on it, my reader, that we are better as we are; shut in within our own earthly domain, our attention confined to its labors, and duties, and delights, by the inscrutable veil which separates us from the realm for which we are preparing. That veil, for our sakes and for our satisfaction, has been lifted once, by the august hand of the Son of God. When he ascended into heaven, he dropped it upon our mortal sight forever.—for wise and prudent reasons we may be sure. It will be lifted once again for us, but only when death conducts us beneath it, and when the interests of this life cease to have claim upon us. Let us be content in reference to all beyond, “to walk here by faith and not by sight.” So even the miraculously enlightened Paul admonishes us.

That we should wish to burst at times, the barrier between our world and God’s is natural; for, present denizens of the one, we are destined heirs of the other, and the instincts of our inheritance will sometimes stir within us. But to this desire, God has granted one answer, designed to be sufficient for all time, and for all who believe in the earthly life of his Son. “I am the Resurrection and the Life,” that Son himself assures us. And we may be certain that any Christian man, who itches for aught beyond the demonstration of His Resurrection for a proof of future being, is feeble of faith in “the bringing again from the dead of the Lord Jesus.”

When, then, tempted to desire a fresh and present revelation of the unseen world, let us remember how God has already provided for our wish; and, repressing all morbid cravings, let us sit down and read quietly the xxviii. chap. of Matthew and the xx., and xxi. of John, which relate the resurrection of our Lord. And as our faith, quickens, and the scene and circumstances grow real before us,—as we see him in the dusk of

*This has special allusion to John M. Spear’s cantrips in 1857, at Cleveland, Ohio, in which men and women sat together in *puris naturalibus*. Cutty Sark, in *Tam O’Shanter*, was modestly to this.

morning, discovering himself to the Magdalene, as we walk with him to Emmaus, till our hearts burn within us by the way, or as with Thomas, beholding the prints of the nails in his hands and his side, our foolish doubts vanish in a gush of triumphant faith,—we shall be well satisfied that we need no further disclosure of heaven's secrets than the vision Christ has given us. Well for us, too, if we remember the inference, and heed the warning it gives us, that just in proportion as we feel a desire grow upon us for visions, and communications from other spirits than his Holy Spirit, he is becoming insufficient for us, and our faith in him and his resurrection, and the redemption he has wrought for us, is weakening and departing. At such times, let us turn steadfastly to him, and look on him, and listen to him as he speaks to us, as to Martha, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he who believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and he who liveth and believeth shall never die. Believest thou this?"

Charlestown, Mass.

THE SYMPATHIES OF THE HEART.

How much, how very much of human life, its many disquietudes, its heartfelt sufferings and wearying cares, may be learned from the faces and casual remarks of the wayfarers in a great city. Often a sigh is breathed into our very ear by some burdened heart, unconscious that it had thus betrayed its sorrows; and we are startled at hearing some low word of regret, or tone of entreaty from the lips of those whose garments might otherwise have brushed by us with no word of comment; but no sooner is the slightest key presented revealing another heart, than our sympathies start at the touch; we look back, perhaps turn, that we may get a sight of the face whose heart has thus been, as it were, made known unto us. We speak here only of the profounder feelings of the human bosom, lying too deep for tears, and far, far too deep for smiles; there where deep calleth unto deep, in the recesses of that book of mysteries, the human soul.

If we are in a cheerful mood, the sight of another face beaming with smiles, or simply tranquil—that holiest of all states of the mind—is welcomed by us with a kindred feeling of pleasure. Even when sad of heart ourselves, if affliction have not made a Marah of bitterness within us, we witness the sight of cheerfulness in others with a gentle benevolence, giving thanks that the light of the great and beautiful earth is not darkened to every eye; but a sad face, one that beareth the superscription of sorrow—the still, soul-speaking traces of endurance—awakens our holiest interest, our heart goeth out in compassion, and we would fain whisper the language of condolence. Most sweet and blessed is this ordination of the Divine will, that in a world like this, where joy is but the oasis in the great desert of suffering, heart should thus beat responsive to heart in its utterance of distress; that its going forth should be more prompt at the great call of weariness and grief than mirth and gladness. Yet let no one believe his heart to be right who curls the lip in scorn or discontent when a glad face appealeth to his own. No, no, whatever be our own lot, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and the more that such are in the world, keeping our souls fresh with the dew of youth.

HELP!

BY LILLY WATERS.

God! I walk a stormy sea,
Where the waves of anguish roll
Fiercely o'er my struggling soul—
Reach thy hand and succour me!

Madly dash the waves of sin
Round my wailing, shrieking heart,
Beating me from Hope apart;
Father! reach and draw me in!

O, I faint, I sink, I die,
And can never make the land!
Reach, Divine, thy saving hand!
Lo! at thy feet secure I lie!

One half the amount of physical and mental labor now performed by mankind, would be amply sufficient (if properly adjusted) to feed and clothe all, sumptuously. The cause why it is not so,—too much finery and luxuries.

Editor's Table.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

Must the present number of the Repository come out under the same auspices as did the last? We fear that it may, and therefore we take time by the forelock, and begin our preparation betimes. "'Tis the early bird catches the worm, get up, get up," said Curran to his lazy son, as he broke into his bed-room one bright morning. And "serves the worm right for bein' up afore the bird," was the filial reply. Whether we shall catch the worm and make it serve our purpose, by our rather attempt, or rather — positive rather, comparative rather, superlative rather — by our precipitancy, be ourself the worm gobbled up by our own rashness, remains to be tried. We have a shrewd apprehension that the latter alternative will be our fate.

But, the Editress, still under the depression of sickness and sorrow, and he, whom we expected to stand as her sponsor for this month, overwhelmed with other cares unfitting him for a work he could have achieved so much better than we, and called on suddenly to try our hand once again, on a magazine which has always been a favorite with us, among our Denominational Periodicals, we would deserve to have any spurs we have ever won, hacked from our heels, and we came not to the rescue, for a lady and a friend, even though we do as we dread we shall, make but a lubberly fight of it, as a substitute for what would doubtless have been a bright success in the hands of either of our principals. Even yet our brother knight may appear on the field, when that mortal antagonist Time, in the form and armor of Month December, shall ring his challenge for him to don his mail, and do his *devoir* as doughty champion should. And gladly then, shall we retire from the lists, take place among the onlookers, enjoy the onset, and cry, "good lance," "brave sword," with the lustiest throats in the crowd, at the thrust of wit, the cut of criticism, or the headlong rush of Truth, on moral or religious Wrong, with which, in

the article that shall then take the place of this, he will exhilarate the observers. Meanwhile we prepare for the worst that may befall to ourselves and them, and, as says old Chaucer, "make at least a countenance to werk."

And what shall it be about? A well-a-day, the reader as he reaches this point, know: all as well as we, for we are utterly empty, and all abroad. But the Month December is imperious, and brooks neither hesitation nor delay. So let us 'en buckle to the duty of the hour, and that, without regard to the pleasure or the labor that may lie in it. So, there! there is a moral maxim out of which something may be made: that we ought, i. e., that we owe it, to do our duty, — what is due to God and right, — because we are due it, or because it is our duty, and without any thought of the hire by which God repays us for it.

We remember how once, long ago, while riding to a preaching appointment in one of the loveliest regions of Canada West, we found ourself quite unexpectedly in the heart of a scene of quiet natural beauty. We drew rein, and gazed with a delight the fresher, that we had not till that very moment, observed the charms of the locality. We had passed and repassed the spot in many a ride before. But we had either never beheld it in a frame of mind so receptive of nature's loveliness, or there really was at that time a happier combination about it of all the elements of beautiful landscape than we had ever previously beheld there.

Sloping uplands retreated on the right and on the left, from the road we were travelling. On the one side they were green with cultivated verdure, shaven and smooth as an English park, and on the nearest lawn, a party of cricketers were busy in white shirts and trousers, at their lively game. And on the other side, a long belt of woodland curved along the windings of a brook, now hiding its waters, and now, by gaps, disclosing them, glittering through the twinkling foliage in the yellow

light of the level sun; while a warm June sky just faintly adusk with early gloaming, lay softly over all.

With excited anticipations of a repetition of my pleasure, a few weeks afterwards I returned to the spot. (Thou editorial we, avast, and cumber me no longer.) But the spirit of the former loveliness had fled, and I looked on a very common-place landscape. Perhaps the change was caused by some less fortunate blending of light and shade, and the other earthy and skyey influences which minister to the beauty of the works of God; or perhaps there was wanting in me at the time,

"The freshness of the heart that falls like dew,
And out of all the lovely things we see,
Evokes emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
Think'st thou the honey with those objects
grew?

Alas, 'twas not in them, but, in thy power,
To double even the sweetness of a flower."

At any rate the charm was vanished, and I coned this lesson to myself as I trotted disappointed home: let me quietly pursue the road of duty, doing what good I can, thinking of no reward, expecting no payment, and many an unsought joy will surprise me by the way. But let me look for recompense, and prepare for it, each time I speak a word of encouragement to a struggler, or do a deed of mercy to an unfortunate, and much of the merit, and all of the pleasure of my goodness will evaporate. Do your act of virtue or of kindness, without the backing of any mercenary thought of recompense, I pray you. If you do, you will have all the enjoyment of it. But if you stop to reinforce yourself by the thought of the enjoyment, you will lose it all.

Love and practice virtue, said the Philosopher of the Garden, for happiness resides in virtue. Love and practise it, said the Sage of the Porch, for it is in itself, right, and good, and best. And, paradox as it seems, by following the counsel of Zeno, we secure as an end, that which Epicurus would have us use as our motive, while by taking his advice, we lose it. No man ever yet tried to be good in order to be happy, and became either the one or the other. But no man who has ever persistently exerted himself to be good for the sake of goodness, has ever failed:—yes, perhaps he has, of happiness, oh, yes, many good men have failed of that, — but never of something better than that — of Peace. Happiness was the highest word of the sensuous, volatile, subtle,

beautiful, joyous Greek, the human epitome of earthly intellect and earthly love. But the deepest word of the grave and devout Hebrew, the man of heavenly thought and spiritual life, was Peace. "May you be happy," was the kindest wish of the one. But the thoughtful statement of the other is, "Great peace have they who love thy law, and *nothing shall offend them.*" It was on the saddest eve of his sad life, that the Man of Sorrows said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, (happiness or pleasure) give I unto you."

Even when baffled of happiness, the good man has a sure inheritance in Peace. Yet ordinarily, he is surer even of happiness than the ungodly. But then he must not try to be good for the sake of happiness, at least for the sake of his own; for so, will he never be either good or happy.

Did you ever plan a pleasure party, a Sunday School pic-nic say, weeks beforehand, and with every preparation and appliance ready, wait impatiently for the day? And when it came, have you not sometimes gone out only to meet annoyance and vexation, and returned fretted and jaded, and depressed at heart, as if you had committed some great fault? Well, you have. For you expected enjoyment, and to do that, is almost certainly to insure disappointment; because you are thinking of pleasure for yourself. It was you who were to be happy, you thought. You were resolved to seek enjoyment; and if you thought of that of others, it was but as something that would heighten yours. Had you gone cheerfully to work to make them happy, and subordinated yourself to make the day pass pleasantly to them, it would have passed pleasantly to you.

And so in daily life; let us seek our own gratification chiefly, and we are sure to lose it. But let us try to make and increase that of others, doing good for good's sake, i. e., for God's sake, in Christ's words, "lending, hoping for nothing again;" and, looking for no reward, we shall be abundantly rewarded. Beneficently has God so made us, that in seeking other's happiness we find our own, whereas, in striving for our own, we lose the glow, and sparkle that gives all its freshness and exhilaration to enjoyment.

And now let us vary our strain, as, at the Table we are privileged to do. How singular are poetical coincidences. There was a fellow at the court of Augustus, who, having learned

the Eneid by rote, proclaimed himself its author; and, to the amazement of Virgil, proved his claim, by reciting the whole poem, line for line, in the presence of the Emperor and the true author.

Longfellow may thank his stars that Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, has been safe and snug under his flat stone for over two hundred years. Could he come back again, though even in the faint outlines of a photograph, as some dead folks are said by sundry of our reverend brethren to be doing e'en now in Boston, for the edification of the curious, well might our modern poet apostrophize him, as Macbeth, Banquo:

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

For though I do not believe that Longfellow "did it," there is yet similarity sufficiently striking between a famous stanza of the modern, and one, I think, if possible, finer still, of the ancient, to justify our American poet's sensitiveness to the charge of plagiarism, if the bishop's ghost could confront him.

Thus sings the author of *Evangeline*, that purest and tenderest offspring of the American muse:

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

And thus the bishop:

"But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
But slow how'er my marches be,
I shall at last, sit down by thee."

Pour changer le sujet. In a churchyard in Biddeford, Devonshire, we find the following touching epitaph on the tombstone of a young girl, snatched away by death, from the brink of perhaps the lesser evil,—matrimony.

"The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided,
But when the wedding day arrived,
She sickened and she die did."

Was it not vexatious, not only that she should die, but that the cost of the wedding clothes should be wasted? The poet is evidently almost as much annoyed at their loss as at hers. It reminds me of an old Scottish lady of penurious habits, who had "burst her girths," as we say in Scotland, or in America, who had broke out of the bonds of her usual closeness,

and had dared to invite a company to tea. At the tea-table she was fretfully attentive to the wants of her guests, and one of them, anxious to soothe her, besought her not to put herself to so much trouble. Then the cark explained itself in her impatient reply. "Oh, it's no' the trouble I mind, it's the expense!" And she recalls that other desolate widow in the kingdom of Fife, as its denizens style Fifeshire, who was lamenting her successive losses at the close of a black year. "First there was Robbie, puir laddie, that de'ed o' the chicken cough, and then Jennie dwined away wi' the measles, and then the gudeman himsel', oh, me, and now, Hawkie, the cow, she maun dee on tap o' a'; but to be sure, I gat sixteen shillings for her hide, though."

One epitaph more from a churchyard at Manchester, is too admirable to be omitted.

"Sacred to the memory
Of Miss Martha Guynne,
Who was so very pure within,
She burst the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim."

Was not that a rare egg? But if, according to the theories of certain philosophers,* man is developed from an oyster, why should not cherubs come of eggs!

I would fain spare you, reader, but I cannot resist this graphic description of a Fourth of July orator, on which I have just stumbled.

"With eye of fire, majestic he rose,
And spoke divinely, through his double-barreled nose."

And that reminds me, by what association of ideas I cannot tell, of the Irish lawyer, who, in pleading for a client, thought he discerned in the eye and manner of his opponent advocate, a design to take advantage of an incautious admission of his own. With chest expanded, and head thrown back defiantly, and with shaking finger at his antagonist, in a rich confusion of metaphor, characteristic of the land of bulls, he thus admonished him that his intent was anticipated, and would be barred: "I smell a rat; 'tis brewing in the storm; but I shall nip it in the bud."

And now shift we to yet another theme whose key-note thought shall be my Sunday School, its teachers, and my good brother, its faithful superintendent.

I have just returned from a rehearsal of some new hymns they are learning for a Sun-

* Vide "Vestiges of the Creation."

day school concert next Lord's Day evening. What are operas and oratorios, with "their intricacies of laborious song," to strains like these? The cultivated voices of adult singers please better, doubtless, the cultivated ear; but there is something in the voices of children when they join by scores or hundreds in a sacred song, and when they sing with expression of the feeling of the song, that "dirls" upon the heart, and swells it into the throat, while devotion floods the soul with a sense of God and Christ, of childish innocence and heavenly love, till we feel for the time, as pure as we fancy them to be, and "but a little lower than the angels."

I know not how it is with others, but the song of a multitude of children, when they sing as did mine to-night, of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the suffering Man of Sorrows, or of the Christ of glory, comes upon me with a rush of sound, shrill, yet full, artless, yet with a charm beyond the reach of art, a blending of the warbling of the throats of thrushes, for they are innocent—with the blasts of the clarions of the cherubim,—for they are heaven's children, infant faces lifted upon angel's wings. As I listened to them to-night, as I threw in my voice with theirs, I felt as glad and good, at least for the moment, as they; and I caught myself saying after Jesus, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I do not know that with that incident in his life unrecorded, we should have felt the want of it; but surely now that it is given to us there, we do feel as if something would have been lacking in his sympathies with our whole humanity, if he had not thus been put into affectionate connexion with the gentlest and the tenderest part of it, the "young children," whom "he took up in his arms," and "put his hands on them, and blessed them." Aye, I sometimes think that there will be a want in heaven, no human children there. And to fill their places, I do hope that the cherubs are no fictions of the painter's fancy, but real inspirations of his soul, and that we shall have their sunny faces, forever young, forever flashing round us, as on gleaming wings they carry to and fro, through all the heavens, the lighter messages of God, glad and bounding on their errands through the everlasting light, as our children in their gladdest play,—those infant Heads of glory, those children of the Angels.

Good reader, what I have written above is no longer mine alone, but ours now. And having tried to be moral and didactic in our first part, slightly antiquarian and inquisitive

in our second, having had a little fun in our third, not I trust "beyond the limits of becoming mirth," and having begun and closed this Sunday night with a thought or two about our Sunday School children, not unfit in strain, howe'er expressed, for a minister to write on the evening of a day of the Lord, and for all who list, to read,

Our work is done, I have no more to tell,
And so God love us all, and Fare ye well.

EXTRACTS.

We have lately been reading some "letters from camp," which have interested us very deeply. They are not, however, from a camp of '61 or '62, but date as far back as 1799, a time when the war-clouds which burst over our country in 1812 were beginning to loom up in ominous shadows. They were written by Col. W. S. Smith, and are addressed to his wife, who was the only daughter of the second President of the United States. We think the Colonel must have been a model officer and understood mankind—soldier-kind, perhaps we should say, remarkably well. From a letter dated Union Camp, Nov. 24th, he writes:

"You say you often think of me, enduring, as I must, many hardships and inconveniences; they are, however, hardships and inconveniences which scarce deserve regard, relating only to the person; the pains which really incommode, are in the mind, occasioned by delays in the supply of the necessary materials. I have been so annoyed by drones, that I have assumed the command of everything; contractors, burners of brick, vendors of boards, and all the horses and wagons in the country, and have given a new spring and turn to all our gloomy prospects. My troops will all be covered; their houses are built, and most of their chimneys rise above the roof, so that if the storms do come severely, they can go to cover. The officers are now busied about theirs, and many are in considerable forwardness. For my own, I laid the first beam yesterday, at noon; if I am able to strike my tent the second week in December, I shall be content; *but I will not go into a house before the troops are all comfortably cantoned*. Do not be uneasy, I shall not suffer. I am above what the world calls suffering; I am a stranger to that state of mind which accompanies or occasions the sufferings in others. No officer, or soldier, or even any of the inhabitants, dare say it's cold in camp. A laughable circumstance occurred the other morning, just after the beating of the *reveille*

drum, when the surface of the earth was covered with a strong frost, I was walking to the huts when I was overtaken by a countryman who had brought poultry to market; he communicated his errand, and said, rubbing his hands and his teeth chattering, "'tis a plaguey sharp morning, Colonel; 'tis terribly cold." "Are you cold, my friend?" "Yes, very." "Here, sergeant of the guard, take this friend of mine, put him by the guard fire, put a sentinel over him, turn him, but don't baste him, until he is about half roasted; for no man must be cold in this camp. And every man hereafter, who imagines himself so, and presumes to express it, must be roasted; for it is a fine, pleasant morning, and the weather will continue fine until our huts are built." The countryman had not long been by the fire before he began to beg. I kept near: at length he called to me, "For goodness' sake, Colonel, let me go, they'll roast me! Forgive me this time, and if I'm half-froze to death I'll never say it's cold, when I'm in camp again." I let him off in a perspiration. It is now fine fun for the soldiers; if any of them happens to say it's cold, his comrades take him, neck and heels, and carry him to the fire, and amuse themselves much with this trifle. Let it be ever so sharp, the soldier's say, 'It's a beautiful, fine day, huzza!'"

... "I find no difficulty in introducing and supporting discipline. The brigade will be ready to meet a legion of devils on horseback, whenever the order is given, and are now disposed to do everything I choose to order; or even look as if I wish to have it done. The real dignity of military command shall never be tarnished in my hands. I will preserve it pure and unblemished for my country's glory, which must and will shine resplendent in arms, should circumstances offer."

... "I am totally absorbed in military business and instruction; I have not been out of the cantonment for sixteen days. We are all in harmony and good humor—our camp is a military paradise; if I look, they are solicitous to understand it—if I speak, they jump to execute; in short, they are all obedience, and I am more placidly and elegantly serene, than ever you saw me; I think sometimes, if you could but remark me through the day, you would be half in love with me by tea-time! You laugh, I know, at my military enthusiasm; laugh on. I really feel, sometimes, as if I could "play at bowls with the sun and the moon, and frighten the world with eclipses."

... "The troops bear the cold well, and seem to be buoyed above the frost; for they say, look at the Colonel, he never goes to a fire, and why should we complain? In short, they are ready to undergo 'the toils of war, and bear the hardships that their leader bears;' who cannot, however hard the struggle may be between duty and love, leave them to freeze or burn without him."

... Here is some good philosophy from the soldier's pen. "There are a great many cross-grained things in the affairs of this life, my dear, which must be borne up against, with firmness; and when we allow ourselves to consider what a variety of character it necessarily takes to compose a world, with the aid of a little philosophy, we may rise superior to most of the common occurrences of life; at least, not permit them too pointedly to interfere with that negative, if not positive happiness which depends greatly upon ourselves, and the proper organization of our own minds."

Here writes the Christian father. "Never tell me my dear baby is sick; if you were to write me she was dead, I could bear it; for I bow with reverence to the final decisions of a wise and overruling Providence, but when I think she is in pain, and that my assiduities as a parent, might relieve her from a pang, I am tortured that I cannot fly to give her a momentary comfort in the lap of affection and parental tenderness."

But I am taking too much room. As I close the book, I cannot help thinking of the thrilling interest that will, sixty years hence, attach to those letters from Union Camps, which have gone hither and thither, through the past year of trial. What records of hardships borne without a murmur, of sufferings endured with scarcely a groan, of duties fulfilled without a momentary quail, of dreary pickets, of lonely beats, of forced marches, of battles by land and by water, of sad defeats and glorious victories! We are making history fast now, and history too, that the generations to come, will read with tearful eyes and throbbing hearts. God grant that its last page may be clear from blot!

C. A. S.

The soul never acts so effectually or joyfully as when all its powers and affections conspire: as when thought and feeling, reason and sensibility are called forth together, by one great and kindling object. It will never devote itself to God with its whole energy, whilst its guiding faculty sees him a being to shock and confound it.—*Channing*.

BOOK NOTICES.

Lectures on Moral Science; delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston: By Mark Hopkins, D. D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1862.

The Lowell Lectures, now so popular in this city, were commenced in the winter of 1839-40. They derive their name from Mr. John Lowell, Jr., the originator and founder of the plan. In the will of Mr. Lowell provision was made "for the establishment of regular courses of public lectures, upon the most important branches of natural and moral science, to be annually delivered in the city of Boston."

The bequest for this noble and generous purpose amounted to nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; thus making the system at once permanent and self-sustaining. The lectures are delivered gratuitously to all who choose to attend them, the compensation provided by the bequest being sufficient, not only to command the highest talent in the country, but also to reward the lecturers for the most thorough and elaborate preparation of their course.

The lectures comprising this volume, with the exception of the last, were delivered before the Institute, during the winter of 1861-2. These are twelve in number, and all evince the most careful preparation. They are lectures for scholars, although, as the author tells us in his summary, the course of thought passed over, is one, in itself, entirely simple. The introductory lecture treats of the two classes of sciences—physical and moral—their relation, progress and importance. Defining these two classes, the author says, "one respects the sources of that light which is from without, the other of that which is within." In the second lecture, he lays the foundation of his work in these three questions:—1st. *What ought man to do?* 2d. *Why ought he to do it?* and 3d. *How ought he to do it?* "Whoever" says the author, "can answer in all cases, these three questions, has mastered the science of morals." The chief aim and object of these lectures, is to answer these three important questions, which the doctor has done in a style which is at once interesting and instructive. These answers may be summed up briefly, as follows. 1st. *To choose and seek the end for which God made him.* 2d. *Because of the intrinsic good there is in the end.* This end is to be sought, 3d. *By the full activity of all his powers upon their appropriate objects.* We might perhaps dissent

from some of the theological views of the author, but, as a whole, these lectures abound with valuable and suggestive thoughts, which none can read without profit. The volume is printed in the usual handsome style of Gould & Lincoln's publications. B.

Eyes and Ears; by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Messrs. Ticknor & Field, Boston.

Instead of any notice of our own, in the tone of which we might possibly be biased by a sectarian feeling, in favor of one who does a semi-Universalist work,—though in a fantastic way—among outsiders, we copy the words of another, and a purely literary periodical, as containing what we think a very just estimate of this book.

"Mr. Beecher's book treats of common place themes of almost every description, from Major-Generals to grasshoppers, discoursing of all in a lively style, with piquant humor and felicitous illustration. The best articles are those which relate to rural topics,—the labors and sports of the country. In this field of thought, Mr. Beecher is much more truthful and pleasant than in the pulpit or forum. . . .

. . . As a miscellaneous writer on ordinary subjects, he labors to good advantage, and succeeds without giving offence. His pages display wit, ingenuity, sprightliness of fancy, and accuracy of observation. His style, without being elegant, is free and strong—the natural expression of natural thought. In the present volume, there is a good deal of trash, and a considerable amount of puffery; but mingled therewith are many passages which, by their spirit and humane tendency, redeem the surrounding platitudes."

This, we think, is a very fair verdict on most of what Rev. Henry Ward Beecher produces for the public. A. G. L.

The Altar; a Service-book for Sunday Schools, by Rev. J. G. Bartholomew. 180 pages, 18mo. Price \$2 per doz. Tompkins & Co., Boston.

In the arrangement of the services, the author has displayed most excellent taste, and given us what we have long needed—service adapted to children. The Scripture selections are arranged in paragraphs, to be read either by the superintendent alone, or alternately with the scholars. The prayers are all original, of the right length, plain and simple, yet breathing the true spirit of the Ohristian faith. Each hymn is set to music especially adapted to children, some of which was written expressly for this book. We predict for it a rapid sale.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

JANUARY TO JULY, 1863.

Annie Judd,.....	289	A morning thought,.....	392
Who loved the sleeper best?.....	297	I give him to my country,.....	399
An artist's excursion,.....	297	The mountaineers of Tennessee,....	293, 442,
The lesson,.....	304		509, 553
The stream of life,.....	304	Thou art not here,.....	397
Fallen leaves,.....	306	Moral culture,.....	398
The fruit of secret thought,.....	307	Our Soldiers,.....	402
In the desert,.....	307	Self-Abnegation,.....	402
Peccavi,.....	311	Kyrie Eleison,.....	403
A Walk,.....	311	My cousin,.....	403
Dreams,.....	313	I meant it well,.....	409
Acting Charade,.....	314	Friends and friendship,.....	409
Rest above,.....	317	Sonnet,.....	412
The canoe and the saddle,.....	318	Thoughts,.....	416
Riches,.....	320	A scrap of history,.....	416
Hasty judgment,.....	321	The impatience of hope,.....	418
The resurrection,.....	324	Neither shall they learn war any more,....	426
He hath done all things well,.....	328	The last good night,.....	427
The devil's dream,.....	329	Scraps,.....	427
You can't afford it,.....	329	The nameless babe,.....	433
Scraps,.....	330	The father's charge,.....	442
How it came about,.....	337	The wanderer's return,.....	447
The evils of war,.....	350	When will the summer come?.....	451
Scenes and reflections,.....	350	Mollie's Ideal,.....	452
The sentry's vigil,.....	352	Angel watchers,.....	459
Thither-side Sketches,.....	308, 353, 412, 448,	Margaret Stuart,.....	459
	512, 549	Dimpled cheeks,.....	466
Little Grace,.....	357	A tramp on the Mer de Glace,.....	467
La Rabbiate,.....	357	A leaf from memory,.....	471
The Burial,.....	367	Requisites for women of the times.....	472
The resurrection,.....	367, 419	Stanzas,.....	473
Two chapters of real life,.....	372	Tales of the Fireside,.....	473
Deep Hollow,.....	378	The Sabbath day capture,.....	481
A prayer for the sorrowing,.....	379	Darkness and light,.....	487
To ———,.....	379	Inequalities of life,.....	487
Passing away,.....	379	The soldier's wife,.....	494
I dare not walk alone,.....	380	Eleanor Ware's manuscript,.....	494
Editor's Table,.....	331, 381, 428, 476, 523	The haunted dell,.....	505
"From life,".....	385	A lady's man,.....	505

Musings,	509	Heroines of the War,	544
The home in the valley,	513	Watching,	547
The little note,	517	Only one wounded,	547
Romance,	517	Life,	549
Scraps,	5 1	The place to die,	552
Lottie Lee,	522	Stanzas,	558
To a Portrait,	522	General Philip Kearney,	559
The silent maiden,	529	Old letters,	560
The young girl's dream,	535	The game of chess,	61
Eternal Justice,	535	My mother's chair,	562
The Lockwood Journal,	536	Keats,	563
A summer shower,	540	Joan of Arc,	566
A ride over Vesuvius,	540	A word to all,	567
Giving is Living,	544		

THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1863.

ANNIE JUDD.

BY MISS LOUISA M. HUBBARD.

The little town of — is situated in one of the most charming localities to be found in the Northern States. It is a busy, active, thriving place. A railroad runs through it, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive is heard at all hours. Hotels, warehouses and freight depots, as natural adjuncts, have sprung into existence with the magical celerity attributed to Jack's bean stalk, in the nursery tales. As the necessities of the people increased, a brisk trade opened, competition has become lively, in response to the demands of commerce, and at the present writing it is the general entrepot of a wealthy and prosperous section of adjacent country. But these enterprises are of recent date, and mark the rapid pace of the people in this latter half of the nineteenth century. For in days gone, when I counted one in its population of a few hundred souls, this little town was as isolated and shut out from the bustle and feverish activity that marks the progress of modern innovations and commerce, as though its people were the inhabitants of another planet. Resting on the bosom of a lonely valley, a low range of hills, covered with dark green verdure, in the back ground, and a heavy pine forest hanging its sombre shadows over the foreground, together with the flowering vines and shade trees, that almost hid it from the eye of the passing traveller, it presented an equatorial calm-

ness that would be oppressive to certain temperaments. But it was just the spot, an old voyageur would be likely to select, who was seeking a safe and quiet haven wherein to moor his worn and battered craft; or the business man, who, weary with the wear and tear of life, longed for nothing so much as perfect rest — rest for mind, body and soul. But it was too quiet by far, to gratify the aspiring and ambitious expectations of the youthful portion of the population, and this was demonstrated by the fact, that as soon as a young man or woman reached an age when he or she could go safely forth from under the paternal supervision and authority, they immediately sought more stirring and active scenes.

In this secluded village, dwelt Amos Judd, and his family. He was a gentle husband, and indulgent parent: a peaceable and obliging neighbor, but one of those plodding, methodical beings, such as we sometimes meet with, who are content to tread faithfully in the footsteps of their forefathers, without ever questioning the futility or sagacity of their teachings. One of those persons in short, who, if the progress of the world depended upon their own unaided, individual efforts, would not advance it a quarter of a cycle in a century. But such persons, I find, are all right in their places, for God, with infinite wisdom, defines the separate spheres and use of every human being, and fits them nicely to the niche he designs them for. So he wisely and beneficently supplied this easy and well-intentioned man's deficien-

cies of character, by giving to him a shrewd, practical, energetic wife.

During the first years of their conjugal life, characteristics so opposite in their elements, naturally came in collision, and they no doubt had occasional "spats" like other worthy married partners, though I never took the trouble to investigate closely their marital relations. Be that as it may, I did learn by veritable ocular demonstration that Mr. Judd's slow temperament acted like a soothing poultice upon the impulsive and slightly irascible disposition of his wife, so that as years and experience added their modifying influences, she gradually settled down into the staid, prudent, managing housewife, while her more energetic nature, acting upon his, operated as a stimulant to his lymphatic tendencies.

The children, happily inheriting the combined better qualities of the parents, the result was a harmonious and well-balanced family. When I first became acquainted with them they were the recipients of as many blessings, and as fair a share of happiness as ordinarily falls to the lot of a well-regulated household, with a limited income. But trials and tribulations seem to be the heritage of all mankind. Whether they preponderate, or whether one man has more or less than his neighbor, is a question that requires such discriminating nicety, and the decision would take its hue so much from the peculiar mental organization of the umpire, that I suppose it must forever remain an unsettled question; but, be that as it may, it is apparent to every discerning mind, that a disciplinary schooling of some kind, is necessary to bring forth the latent, but more ennobling qualities of human nature, and this little family I am telling you about were not exempt from the penalty which every son and daughter of Adam, must forever pay for his or her birthright.

The first real sorrow came to them through the sudden illness and premature death of the wife and mother. Up to the period of attack, she had enjoyed uninterrupted health, but, as frequently happens when disease takes hold of persons of full habit, her constitution succumbed in a surprisingly short illness. She was wildly

delirious until within a few moments of her death, when her faculties evidently became clear and rational. With restored consciousness, came the sure knowledge of her approaching dissolution, but still strong-willed, and true to the motherly instincts within, she made use of the little of life that was left, in giving valuable and judicious directions for the comfort and future well-being of her family, bequeathing to her eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, the care of four younger children.

This death was the first solemn and impressive event in their experience. The silent voices and hushed footsteps revealed the unspoken awe and deep sorrow that had fallen upon their hearts. And there was a stillness about the house for many days after, that told of the desolation death had made in the domestic circle. Mrs. Judd had been so strong and healthy, so full of life and energy, that her husband viewed her as one who had a long lease of life.

"But she has gone from me now," said the afflicted husband to a sympathizing friend, to whom he opened his heart, "and God never gave me a whisper or premonition of it." Here he utterly broke down, leaned his head upon his hands, and wept silently. Every unkind word, every petty fault of temper, was forgotten; the grave covered them all, and the wife henceforth, held a place in his memory, among the sainted dead in heaven.

To Annie, the eldest child, this death brought with it more than the weight of filial grief. It opened a future laden with care and perplexities, that would require a vast amount of patient and thoughtful consideration. For upon her devolved the delicate office of acting as companion and comforter to her father, and the arduous duties of counsellor and director to the motherless children. But with a determination and energy of purpose worthy of an older mind, she put her shoulder to the wheel, and courageously assumed the management of the household. Her figure was slight and petite, and her face, at first glance, would be called plain, but it somehow grew wonderfully in beauty, as one became familiar with it.

As I write, a vision of it comes to me,

through the intervening years, and I see her as it were but yesterday, moving in and out of the old red house, looking bright and cheerful as a sunshiny morning, her brown hair brushed plainly over a low, broad brow, and twisted in a massive coil low on the back of the head. A neatly fitting calico dress, white collar, and drab linen apron, constituted her ordinary home attire. I have seen her in more elegant costume, but I loved her best in her home dress and home face.

Generally, she was quiet and undemonstrative, but an occasional flash of the dark eye, or a tone of the voice, together with the lines about the firmly out, but rather wide mouth, revealed a hidden force and reserved fancy, that the uphill work of life might one day bring forth, and fill with wonder many who at present looked upon her as simply a very common sense girl. Hitherto life had been of that uniform, humdrum sort, that inevitably falls to the lot of one whose days are passed in the society of simple, uncultivated country people. But an insatiable love of reading had given her a glimpse of something higher, better, more congenial, which she was only to come into by slow stages. This unexciting sort of life was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, as it compelled her to devote all her spare hours to study, toward which she had a strong leaning. In these proclivities she was encouraged and aided by an age¹ clergyman who, more sharp-sighted than others, discerned evidences of much latent power, which he took unqualified pleasure in developing. Under his friendly guidance, she had been unconsciously and imperceptibly preparing herself for the position she was so unexpectedly called upon to fill. Knowing her mother's habit of thought and method of doing things, she made an effort to follow them as nearly as possible, and was so far successful, as to see the family after a few weeks, fall into the old ways of living. The task was weighty at first, and she sometimes went to her rest at night, worn out with the cares and anxieties of the day, and sometimes, girl-like, cried from sheer weariness. But experience brought its mitigating relief and in course of time, the responsibility rested more lightly upon

her young shoulders. Her father, now that he had no one to give him an occasional stirring reminder, settled down into the natural manifestations of his character, otherwise circumstances and surroundings were unchanged for a considerable period.

But about two years after the death of Mrs. Judd, the serenity of Annie's domestic life was most painfully and unexpectedly disturbed. As love is the essence of woman's being, it either makes or mars the happiness of most, and now it entered into Annie's, and stirred up the great fountains of her nature, leaving for a time, nothing but a pool of dark and bitter waters.

Among her youthful companions, was young Horace Grey, the son of an old neighbor. He had been the playfellow and schoolmate of Annie ever since she could remember, acting as her champion and adviser in all her childish difficulties and sorrows. As they grew up, this intimacy continued, the childish predilection taking a more tangible form, as they advanced in years, until they suddenly awoke to the fact one day, that they were no longer children, and what was more, were very much in love with each other. Hod Grey, as he was familiarly called, was one of those lucky persons who enter the world a favorite of the gods—to speak in heathenish terms—and everybody else. A simple country lad, as far as opportunities for education and culture were concerned, yet he somehow had such an intuitive sense of what constituted a gentleman, that he had really managed to become one in manners and address. One instinctively felt that he lacked a certain depth and strength which is the groundwork of a noble character, but then he was so exceedingly agreeable and good natured, and said and did everything in such a graceful, off-hand way, that one could not help feeling that this was more a misfortune than fault.

But human nature is freakish; if it endow a man with rare attainments, it is sure to take from him in some essential point, and all these taking qualities of Horace Grey's were overshadowed by a weak and vacillating will. Now it must be confessed that sensible, serious little

Annie's character is as opposite as the antipodes, to this, and before I get through my story, you will no doubt be wondering how she came to take a fancy to such a good-for-nothing fellow. But before you criticise, just look about and see if you cannot find its counterpart among your acquaintances. Whether some good-natured scape-grace has not already worked himself into *your* affections — right in the face and eyes of your judgment — to the exclusion of some more worthy, but plain man, who covers up his love, and hugs it tightly to his heart, as though he was fearful it might slip away to you, and plead for him. Inexperience led Annie to overlook this weakness in young Grey's character, in his boyhood, but as years matured her judgment, evidences of his instability became gradually apparent to her, and made her tremble for his future. But she trusted to the natural goodness of his heart, for hitherto, whenever his impulses led him astray, he had always shown himself sincerely penitent, and as for foreboding, "sufficient unto the day——". Nevertheless, when he came to her one day and announced his intention of seeking his fortune in a neighboring city, she opposed it with a vehemence that surprised him.

"Why, little Nan," addressing her by a favorite pet name, "what is there for a fellow to do in this dull old place? would you have me waste my life and talents here, when they might be of use to me somewhere else?" said he, more seriously. "Why," he continued, relapsing into his usual light, careless manner, "I should wear away to a shadow from sheer inanition, and some fine morning the good people of —— would wake up and find *God Grey* among the missing."

Yielding at length to what she felt was but the natural desire of ambitious manhood, she ceased to urge objections, but it was with a sinking heart she bid him *God speed*. He went, and for several months letters came regularly and frequent, filled with cheering accounts of his success, interlarded with minute details of his daily habits, and repeated assurances of his continued love for his "dear little Nan," until the painful prophecy of her heart was lulled into security. But by-and-by she

became conscious of a change—she scarcely knew what; one of those subtle, undefined impressions, which we have all felt at some period of our lives, came over her, as she held a letter, that the words belied the spirit; something that sent a deadly, sickening chill through her heart, congealing her blood for an instant, like a sharp northern blast. A moment after, she thrust it aside, as an idle fancy. But as the weeks rolled away she had more tangible evidence of the beginning of an estrangement that was to be eternal, by the lengthening intervals between each succeeding letter, and the absence of those little confidences that had hitherto marked their pages. To confirm these impressions, vague and indefinite rumors, which she could trace to no responsible source, reached her, that he was proving false to his plighted faith. But these she indignantly rejected. He might drink, yes, or gamble, it was in these she had doubted his strength and firmness; but to cast aside her love, and basely desert her for another, no, never; it could not be, she would not believe it! She was indignant that any one should suggest it; yet whatever the cause might be, she was haunted by apprehensions which she was too proud to utter.

Ere long the denouement came, and it was with the stunning sensation of a violent thunder-clap. She opened a letter that was brought her one day, and read, in language that made a faint attempt to be kind, but was cold and cutting as steel, that the writer wished to dissolve the engagement of marriage existing between them. Some idle and specious reason he gave, about the youth and inexperience of the parties when the compact was made, false and vapid as the love he was giving to another, which would come back some day in mocking accents to his desolate heart. She read the document slowly through to the end, then it dropped to her lap; a momentary pause, and she took it up again. Possibly there might be some mistake; but, no—there was the signature, written in his own free, graceful hand, legible and distinct, as though there were no cruel sundering of long cemented ties, wound up in its fair, round charac-

ters. She held the paper tightly compressed between her fingers, for a space that might seem ages, if measured by the misery that marked its passage. She looked, but saw not, so far as any evidence the outward senses gave. Her vision was in reality introverted at this moment, travelling over the past, stopping by the way-side, halting longest at certain happy trysting places, that stood out in the foreground of her memory; watching them lingeringly as they fell into perspective, until she trode upon the boundaries of her earliest recollection; then, slowly, step by step, she retraced the same path, as though each spot and each circumstance held her chained, until she reached the last scene limned upon her destiny. Then she strained her eyes far out into the uncertain depths of the future, through the shadowy pall that enveloped it, for a glimpse of that happier life that a few short months ago she had fondly imagined spread smilingly out before her. But the outlook was a drear, desolate waste; stern, gloomy and uninviting.

How many others have been momentarily stopped on the highway of life, as some sad and bitter experience, extinguished for a time the light of hope, and hid the pathway in shadows and gloom! But ere long the sun shines out once more, the shadows disperse, and we take up perchance, an additional burden and travel on.

How long the girl might have sat in this half abnormal state, there's no telling, if she had not been aroused by the sudden opening and closing of a door in a distant portion of the house. This brought her to a sense of what she still had to do, and she rose, went to her desk, took out her writing materials, and wrote a brief, concise note, releasing him without a remonstrance, or word of comment. Then she folded and sealed it with careful precision, placed it in a plain, neat envelope and laid it on the desk before her. How calm she is, how methodical she has suddenly grown! Now watch her as she writes the address; the hand is steady, there is no trembling, no wavering. Would you believe she was signing the death-warrant of her own happiness? But think you there

is less pain, because of an outward semblance of calmness? This seeming show more often hides a spirit burning and smouldering in its prison-house, like the fires of a volcano; struggling to free itself, to become indifferent to the weight that is bearing it down. No, mark me, wherever you see this calm, placid surface in those who have cause to suffer, make sure the fires are burning the fiercer within, slowly, steadily consuming the heart-life, and it will tell ere long, in the deep seams that are grooved upon the clear, white forehead, and the "crow's feet" about the eyes. And if you chance to meet this woman, or that man afterwards, you find yourself saying, "That person has a history!" for the experience has left its record on the outer man, as speaking and indelible as the footprints of time.

Annie took the letter to the post-office herself, that there should be no mistake—no delay. Her quick, nervous step as she sped along the road she had so often trodden under happier auspices, alone betrayed her mental agitation. When she entered the house again, she tossed aside her bonnet and shawl, with the same energetic action, as though everything she did required a strong will to bring it forth. Settling heavily down into a chair, her head sank upon the table at her side, and she involuntarily closed her eyes, with a mental wish that she could as easily shut out all memory of the past. Shortly after this, news came of the marriage of her lover. But she heard it indifferently now. The shaft had sped straight and unerring to her heart, when the cruel letter came, and nothing that might occur hereafter, could make her any more miserable.

When Horace Grey started out to seek his fortune, he had gone forth full of the hope and confidence of youth, firm in the belief that a few years of industrious application would secure him a competency. And as he bade farewell to Annie, his breast heaved with the honest impulses of manly ambition. Had he been less gifted with exterior graces, he would no doubt, have adhered to his laudable intention, but unfortunately these proved the "open sesame" to a society that too often works the ruin of young men and women in cit-

ies. His natural *bon hommie* made him eagerly sought after, and ere long, he was the leading spirit at parties of pleasure, balls, concerts, et-cetera. These exhausted his funds and his energies, so that at the end of the first year, he found himself as poor as when he set out. During this time, a love for excitement and gaiety was growing upon him. He found it difficult to give up his cigars and fast horses, or a drive and choice dinner at a fashionable hotel out of town. Yet he did not give himself altogether up without a struggle with his better self. At these times, he was gloomy and depressed, and would resolve to work for "dear little Nan," who was waiting so patiently for him in her quiet country home. But it was so long to labor and wait, that he turned from the contemplation in a sort of melancholy despair. Vacillating thus between his growing loves, and the better instincts of his nature, his heart became gradually indurated, the old-time memories slowly receded into the past, and lost their power to control him. Step by step he went on, until he became that questionable character in society, a "fortune hunter," and married for money.

But there came a day of retribution at last — a day when this ephemeral and fictitious mode of existence wearied him, then, in the barrenness and insufficiency of his lone life, he paid the price of his *broken faith*.

He had learned when too late, that the divine instincts of human nature cannot be trampled on with impunity. Yet alas, how many men and women there are, who do not hesitate to sell their birthright for a "mess of pottage."

Despite the heaviness that rested upon Annie's spirits at this period, she bore up bravely, exhibiting the strength and resolution of her will, by a faithful and thorough discharge of all her social and domestic duties. Yet there were many days and weeks before she came out of the dark cloud, into the bright sunshine, when she thought it would be, O, so sweet to die, and be at rest, where there would be no more heart-aches, and no more sorrow. But we cannot weep always, and the intensest grief must yield to the recuperating effects of time.

I have often observed that the young are very apt to infer that if they do not secure the first wish of their hearts, the world is henceforth bleak and desolate; if they do not reach the first object of their ambition, there's no use trying again. But a few years experience teaches them that this is false logic, and that tears and repinings are a poor instrument. The efforts of an infant when it first essays to walk, offers a simple illustration and example of what our own should be. If the child tumbles down, it picks itself up, and goes bravely forward again. There may be tears, sore heads, and grazed shins, but nothing daunted, it tries again.

In the first days of her trouble Annie felt as most persons are apt to under like circumstances, an utter indifference to life. People might live, die and be married, it was all the same to her. She would never allow herself to be deluded by false hopes again. Life was a humbug, got up on a grand scale; a failure, from beginning to end. But the girl was too full of soul after all, to hold herself aloof from human interests, with the great, big heart of humanity beating all around her. She had too much pride and will, to confess herself beaten, floored at the very outset of life. But, O, it was so hard to silence the painful pleadings of her heart; to feel that her bitter dream of love was a floating bubble that had melted into vapor. Was she selfish? She believed she was, when there was so much in the world to do; but, must she give up the dearest hopes of her life at the cruel mandate of destiny, and accept in their place, the cold consolation of doing, possibly, an uncongenial duty? Still go on, and on, to the end, with that dull, heavy pain resting on her heart? She supposed she must; other women had done it before her, why not she? O! for a Lethæan draught to still the unquiet soul, and blot out the memory of the past! And she gazed despondingly into the bright, crackling fire at her feet. But it might as well have been dead ashes for all the warmth and cheerfulness it brought to her heart. Fortunately, the young girl's life was one of unremitting labor, and unhappy meditations must give way to pressing needs of the body.

Some writer has said that "not only the greatness of life but its enjoyment, consists in action — ACTION." This is no doubt true, and that many afflicted souls find in it the panacea and preserver of mental and bodily health. Is it not then a beautiful instance of God's providence, that this outlet is provided for the constantly accumulating pressure of the mind?

To Annie, it came like the support of a valued friend, in her soul's great need, and she seized it as eagerly as a famishing man clutches at a tempting morsel. Through its aid, her mind began gradually to assume a more healthful and cheerful tone. But with it came a maturity that made her sensible of having grown many years older, in feeling. It somehow opened a different life. Hitherto she had gazed at it through a prism, which had thrown over it the loveliness and brilliancy of its many colored hues. Seen now, with the naked eye of experience, it stood out plain, rugged and intensely practical. Bah! it sickened her.

The most repulsive picture is, however, robbed of its ugliness, by constant familiarity. Possibly we may detect hidden beauties in time. We trust this may be Annie's experience, with the new world that has opened to her. At the present, however, pride, which acts as a powerful mainspring in the unseen mechanism of every woman's character, did much toward restoring the equilibrium of Annie's mind.

Horace Grey's marriage had of course, been duly heralded, and gossip was not idle. Mrs. Grundy and her cronies put their heads together and speculated, but the young girl's calm and passionless exterior baffled their curiosity. But in the solitude of her own room, the strong, self-willed girl had many a sharp struggle before she could reconcile herself to the fiat of that

—"Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hue them as we will."

After these midnight conflicts she always rose pale and weary, but an hour or two in the fresh morning air, added to the necessity for action, brought the color to

her cheek again, and she became once more the calm, unreadable girl of yesterday.

At this time, Annie turned instinctively, as it were, to the aged minister who had been her friend from infancy. There was a magnetism about the honest old man's nature, that soothed and calmed her. She felt the God-spirit in his heart flow out to her through his simple, homely talk, and embrace her within its Divine effluences, lulling the painful throbbings of the spirit, and infusing through her whole being, a peaceful and heavenly quietude, as delightful as the most delicate and subtle aroma. No word was spoken between them of her unhappiness, but by a subtle sympathy that makes us cognizant of another's condition, he felt it. By this invisible, mysterious and incomprehensible agent, these two, the maiden of twenty, and the gray-haired septugenarian were brought into close affinity. Taught by this, the exact state of her mind, it enabled him to approach her through those sources that would render the teachings of the good Word, the most efficacious. As the reward of his patient labor, he saw the godly seed slowly but surely working its silent mission. He beheld the quiet, undemonstrative girl growing into the lovely and admirable woman; the rough edges of her nature were being chiselled into fairer proportions, and a gentler light beamed in her dark eye. It was a bitter draught she had quaffed, but it contained within itself the elements of its own antidote.

Sorrow is ever a wholesome tonic. Out of the stern lessons life was teaching her, was to evolve a great truth, that would stand out pure and clear as crystal, amid the puzzling perplexities of this great problem of existence. And this was, *that the sweetest and truest enjoyment of life, comes from the performance of duty, and the abnegation of our selfish loves.* But it generally requires a good deal of the rough and tumble of life, with frequent disappointments of our dearest hopes, before we can so far sink self as to make it a secondary consideration with us.

Annie was no exception to the general rule. The first results of thus suddenly

dissipating one of the sweetest dreams of her life, was somewhat similar to the effects produced by an unexpected calamity, before the mind has had time to react and take in all that has occurred. She was bewildered, benumbed and stupified. But sensation returned all too soon; then came days and weeks fraught with intense pain, when life seemed hopeless and aimless.

How often have I seen a woman, like this one, give into the keeping of some man, the most delicate and priceless offering of her womanly nature, who retained it for a while, and then tossed it back to her, bleeding and lacerated, as lightly and carelessly as a child would cast aside a plaything it had become wearied with. And this man, perhaps afterwards marries a woman who does not feel for him a tithe of the deep affection of her whose love he has thus heartlessly thrust from him. But this play at cross-purposes, this continued wrestling and wailing of the spirit, crying out for what it cannot reach, is perhaps necessary to bring the mind to that stand-point where it can look down as it were, and calmly survey its own inner self. When it can calmly and dispassionately analyze its own condition, the day of regeneration is not afar off.

"Time waits for no man," but keeps steadily on its course as though life was all one bright May morning. With its inevitable passage, Annie's little dream of love was being—must I say it—stripped of its romance. The true character of her lover was gradually unfolding to her, and with it came a glimmering of the unsatisfied life that would have been hers, as the wife of a man swayed hither and thither by the promptings of an unsteady, undisciplined nature. And as she came to see and acknowledge the wisdom of that omniscient God who had guided all things for her temporal and eternal good, the disappointment came to be regarded only as a sad, unpleasant episode. This feeling, too, passed away, as years came between her and its remembrance, and the maiden, a girl no longer, but a woman now, by virtue of her intensified but more rational life, became at last content: content in doing well, that which was given her to do.

Years rolled away, and people wondered why she never married. "She was too fastidious, and it were not well to be so." "She must not expect perfection," said well-intentioned friends.

All very good, stereotyped advice, which had been reiterated to every unmarried woman since the days of grandmother Eve, all of which she set to the credit of charitable intention, and she went smilingly on her way. Her heart was buried with the last ideal, and could never more be resurrected. Still, though fate had shut her out from those tender relations around which the hopes of all women more or less centre, she did not misanthropically close her heart to all other human interests. Her life labors had not ceased; they were only diverted to another channel. There was room left for a universal philanthropy.

She is growing old now, and her beautiful dark hair is sprinkled with grey, but she contemplates the prospect of her fading beauty calmly, and though life has not brought her all she expected, in the heyday of youth and hope, and sometimes seemed to go wrong altogether, yet its experiences and trouble had not been without their compensating reward, for they had brought her an inward peace that is beyond all price, and there is no shadow or trace upon her pleasant, sensible countenance, of the desolating whirlwind that shipwrecked her hopes long years ago.

Some of my young lady readers may possibly feel a trifling disappointment at the closing up of my story, and think, after all the heartaches and trials of my heroine, that some noble-minded man should have fallen in love with her, and made her heart happy. But it is the province of the story teller to give truthful delineations of life, and it was not my fault that the heroine should have been in this instance, one of that despised and neglected class of women called *old maids*. But there are so many whose love episodes terminate more happily, that some day when I am in the mood for story-telling, I will give you one teeming with bridal favors, and fragrant with orange blossoms.

Chicago, Ill.

WHO LOVED THE SLEEPER BEST?

Lines suggested by hearing the question asked
concerning a loved one lately departed,
Who of us shall mourn most for him?
who loved him best?

BY MRS. E. M. BRUCE.

Who loved the sleeper best?
The mother who, with tender eye,
Watched o'er him, sang his cradle lullaby,
In days agone.

Or was a sister's love,
The charm that made the dying hour,
Seem like the closing of a gentle flower,
At even time?

Who loved the sleeper best?
A father, who with more than mother's pride,
Saw nought as lovely in the world beside,
As that fair son?

Or was a brother's life,
Bound up so closely with the life now spent,
That every earthly joy, henceforth, so blent
With this deep woe?

These loved the sleeper well,
But One there is, a *dearer* friend than all,
He heard the sufferer in his pleading call
For quiet rest.

And from his home of love,
He sent his messenger of light to him,
That never more his vision should grow dim,
Upon the path of life.

Be still my questioning heart.
Look up to Him in trust; for on his breast
Thy gentle loved one hath a quiet rest;
God loved him best.

AN ARTIST'S EXCURSION.

BY J. KENRICK FISHER.

While a student of the Royal Academy, I had the good fortune to be invited to join a sketching party in which were several artists of distinction. We were to take the whole inside of a stage-coach, six seats. It happened that one of the party was unable to go, and sent word that he would give up his place to any one whom the rest liked to admit. Arrived at the stopping-place, they admitted an elderly lady who had come early and waited long, hoping there might be a seat to spare inside.

The morning was drizzly, and, instead of the pleasant sunrise we had hoped for, we were likely to see neither sunrise nor sunset that day, nor even clouds and show-

ers; all was under a cloud, and monotonous to a degree that, for a time, made some of us regret the expenses. But artists are merry fellows, and the disappointment was atoned for by conversation, that was intelligible and interesting to themselves, howbeit the lady might have been more edified with matters less technical. The reader also might deem it uninteresting or worse, to read what was said on merely artistic matters, but an incident occurred to the lady which may be interesting.

We did not at first notice that she had a strangely wild look—a look somewhat of terror and bewilderment. I sat opposite her, and was the first to observe it, and point it out to the one who sat next me. He conjectured that she was going to an *Incurable Asylum* which was on our way, and was displeased that Mr. Ward had not found a brother artist to take his place in the party, and decidedly indignant that the person in charge of her should not have waited until he could have an inside seat for himself. But as she kept silent, he hoped that she would not trouble us.

He whispered his suspicion to his right-hand companion, who whispered to his *vis-a-vis*, and so it went round, and all agreed that a lady of such respectable appearance ought not to have been left to the care of strangers, in such a case. The commiseration felt for her was a constraint upon the conversation for some time; but comments on interesting scenes and effects gradually diverted attention from her.

In the midst of a rather animated discussion on the effect of a hamlet we were passing, the lady suddenly uttered a scream, and cried, "Let me out! let me out! oh, let me out!" The effect was thrilling. I never was so startled. The coach was stopped. The guard came to the door and opened it, and the lady rushed upon him, imploring him to let her ride outside.

"Yes, ma'am! yes, ma'am! Don't take on so. You shall ride outside; here is a gentleman that will give you his seat." The exchange was made, and we were much surprised and pleased to find our new companion a brother artist, whom Mr. Wood had got to take his place, and

had promised to accompany to the coach to introduce him.

"And he wasn't up when you called on him?" asked Constable.

"Up! not he. Wood up at four o'clock! I thought you knew him. He stuck his night-cap out of the window, after I had knocked for ten minutes, and told me to run, or I should be late, and to introduce myself with his best compliments. So here I am, Peter Powell, at your service, gentlemen."

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Powell," was the unanimous greeting.

Powell, although he had not been formally introduced to any one present, was known to all, and all were glad to meet him. He was the drollest little fellow among the artists, and that is saying much; and he was always invited, and generally present at the merry suppers of his friends. All who did not know him had heard of him, and wanted to know him, and no one could have been more likely to dispel the dullness of a rainy day in a stage-coach. Always happy, always in luck, always in good humor with every one, and confident of kindness, little Powell always laughed and made his friends laugh.

"How did you contrive to get inside, Powell?" asked John Chaton, another excessively droll fellow.

"I contrive? I didn't contrive it. I thought you had contrived it in here. I thought you might have seen me get up outside, although the coach was just starting when I arrived. Didn't you see me, and shook the old lady so as to get me inside?"

"No! why, the poor woman is insane!"

"You don't say so! honor bright! Why, the guard fancied you had been making love to her. Said he, 'I'm blowed if I didn't think they was a rum set of fellows when I first seed 'em. I wondered when I saw what an old gal she was.'"

"None of your jokes, Powell; we all behaved like deacons to her."

"Ah! that accounts for it. Well, it is my luck. I heard her screaming to get outside, and showed the guard the edge of a shilling; he winked, and I followed him

down, so you see, it was all quite natural, at least, I did not contrive it. I hope the poor creature won't suffer from the rain."

The incident passed without much farther comment and the conversation became technical, and of no interest to the outside reader. The weather cleared; the roads became dry without dust, and the landscape fresh and sparkling; all was delightful before eleven o'clock, and our dreary forbodings were happily disappointed. We had even forgotten the incident that brought our whole party together, when we arrived at a long hill, at the foot of which the horses were changed. As was then usual in England, the passengers relieved their joints by walking up hill. The insane lady kept among the foremost. Powell, whose curiosity was rivalled by his talent for mimicry, ran and overtook her, and kept apparently in conversation with her, until the coach came up, and we mounted. When we had got well seated, Powell said, very gravely,

"You were quite right to think the old lady insane."

"Why so? what did you see about her?"

"It is tit for tat. She thinks you are all insane."

"The deuce? Well, that often happens. What did she say?"

"Why, she said you talked so strangely, all but the gentleman that sat next her, that she soon made up her mind that you were going to the asylum, and that Mr. Turner, as they called him, was your keeper, as he said little, and kept a sharp eye on you. One of you, a dreadful wild creature, Constable I take it, talked about giving the sky a fillip, and sending back the hills, and keeping down the trees, and clearing the water in the brook, and, O! lauk, she couldn't think of a thousandth part of the queer things he said; and the others kept saying, yes, yes! and talking e'en a'most as bad as he did. All the time the keeper was a looking sharp at 'em, and as sober as a judge, and saying nothing; and all at once he broke out, and says he to the tall one, —Stanfield, I suppose—when he said, says he, see how the team there carries off that clump of

trees ; yes, says he, and see how that old woman in the red cloak carries off that church ! ' Oh ! ' said she, I thought I should have sunk into the ground ; to think they were all mad, and the one I had taken for the keeper was the maddest of 'em all, and a' sitting right close to me. Praise God, I had strength enough to scream for help I'm afraid, sir, that I was wrong not to tell you of the danger. I didn't think of it, until I was up outside, and felt safe ; and then the guard said there wasn't any danger for a man, that knew how to take care of himself ; but I was afraid you was too small ; but the guard said you was safe. I hope it's all right. Oh ! I'm so obliged to you, sir, for giving up your seat."

All this and much more, Powell gave in the words and tones, and gestures of the lady herself, with a felicity of mimicry that would have done credit to Matthew, or Liston. The strange expressions were recollected, and gave to the imitation a *vraisemblance* which dispelled all suspicion of exaggeration or embellishment—a means of making his stories interesting, which Powell was supposed to adopt when necessary.

" And what did you tell her, Powell, to reconcile her to the loss of her inside seat, which she had been accidentally diddled out of ? Come, Powell, you are religious ; how did you square the account with your conscience ? "

" I settled it by my wits ; first, the seat belonged to Wood, who assigned it to me ; second, it wouldn't become me to be more religious than my betters, that squared the account with my conscience. As to the old lady's comfort, she is delighted with the change, and to relieve her concern on my account, I told her that Turner, whom she took for the maddest, is entirely sane, and the keeper, and that he talked queer to humor them. ' O, lauk ! how I was deceived ! and how I was deceived to think that Turner was the keeper. O ! isn't he the worst of 'em all ? ' Yes, ma'am," I replied, " everybody says he is the maddest of the whole set."

Turner grumbled a little, indistinctly ; he seldom spoke distinctly. But as he had laughed with the rest, he could not

complain, especially as all the critics bore out the report of Powell. At that time there was not a critic in newspaper or magazine, who did not slash Turner unmercifully, tell him how to paint, and proclaim him incurably mad.

Time rolled on, so did the coach. Time went merrily and rapidly, so did the coach, considering that it went by horse power, and not by steam. At that time the idea of steam rivalling a fast coach, was visionary, especially if it should be confined to a railway, and not allowed to go on the Macadam turnpikes. Steam carriages had been seen in pictures ; Cruikshanks had humorously illustrated them in a print in which several old horses in the corner of a pasture, were considering their probable effect on their business. They had as little faith in them as the men had. One of them who was blind, did not believe in them at all. " Dobbin," said he, " you're trotting, but you can't get ahead of me ; I'm too old to believe that a coach can go without horses."

The counsel of the opponents of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company was nearly as incredulous ; in concluding his speech before the Parliamentary Committee, he said, " I take it for granted that no man in his senses believes that this railway, if Parliament should be so deluded as to sanction its construction, can ever be worked by horse power ; even the projectors dare not pretend that ; but they tell you it can be worked by steam carriages. Here is a picture of one, and an account of what it is going to do ; it is going to run at fifteen miles an hour ! They don't tell that here, before an intelligent committee ; but Mr. Stephenson thinks they may run at seven or eight miles an hour, and draw loads at five miles an hour ; and Mr. Locke is confident that they can draw useful loads at two and a half miles an hour. This is promised,—not proved, however ; it is all they dare promise to a responsible committee, that will scrutinise their impudent pretensions. But another story has been told to the deluded stockholders ; they were to gallop from Liverpool to Manchester at a speed which the mail-coaches had attempted, but never could attain."

The ideal speed of that day was fairly attained by our coach, and all were satisfied and cheerful, and had no fears of being blown up, smashed up, detailed, and subjected to the perils of steam power.

"Doesn't she go finely?" asked Stanfield. "What would our grandfathers have said to a fellow who had proposed to cover roads with broken stone, and run coaches at such a pace?"

"They wouldn't have ridden in the same coach with him; they would have thought him madder than Turner."

"Look at that fine plashy ditch at the turn we are coming to," said Constable, in an excited tone. All crowded to the left side to look out, the whip cracked, the horses broke into a gallop, passing the turn at tip-top speed. "Bravo! hurra!" Over went the coach, falling into the fine, plashy ditch.

"Here's an end of us if we don't smash open the door," said little Powell, who, with his usual luck, was uppermost. "Stanfield, there are your legs, I know by their length; give a shove with 'em, and help me break open the door; it sticks fast. Shove all! there she opens."

Out we all scrambled, most of us wet, but not seriously hurt. The outsiders had fared worse than we. One pair of legs stuck up above water, and were kicking and splashing furiously, close to us, as we stood on the side of the coach. We caught hold of them and pulled up their owner, whose head and shoulders were thickly covered with mud. As soon as he got right end up, he wiped the mud from his nose, and mouth, and ears, and broke out, "Do-ra-mi-fa-sol la-si-Do-oo-O! Thank God, I haven't lost my G!" It was Morley, a popular singer. As soon as he had washed off the mud, he was profuse in his thanks for our promptitude; for he hadn't his breath when he went in, and a few seconds more might have spoiled his voice, if they didn't finish him.

The old lady who rode behind, fell right side up, and was not hurt, but thoroughly frightened and wet. Powell, like a gallant little fellow, as he was, helped her all he could, and explained to her that the gentlemen were not regular lunatics, but artists, and perfectly harmless; and

insisted that she should take her inside seat, when the coach was got ready. She wouldn't for the world, not that she doubted they were harmless, but she couldn't look them in the face after such a strange mistake. All she would be persuaded to do was to use the coach as a dressing-room, to change her clothes, and to take her seat in it after dark, when they wouldn't see how ashamed she was of having thought them insane. Indeed, she had begun to doubt it, when they passed the asylum without stopping.

"Well, madam!" said Powell, "then you must forgive me for the joke. I'm a joker, and we're all jokers, and I couldn't resist the opportunity to quiz 'em a little about it, and you must allow me to pay the difference in the price of seats, as I intended to do when I kept you out of your seat."

"No, no, no. It was pleasantest outside; besides, the guard says you would have had the seat but for a misunderstanding. So, if you will let me have it after dark, I shall be much obliged to you, and can't allow you to pay the difference."

"Well, then, let me pay half; that will be about in proportion to the distance."

"I can't take it, sir. I am greatly obliged as it is, and couldn't separate you from your friends, if I didn't feel sure of your kindness, and was not in rather feeble health. You must let it be settled so, wont you? But I was alarmed for you, when I heard the screaming and laughing after you got in the second time; it seemed so like what I had heard of the laughing of insane people, I thought they must be very bad."

"Oh, they were laughing at the jokes we got off about the lunacy. It is our way of carrying on."

"Oh, how can I ever look them in the face! I'm desperately ashamed."

"Pooh! don't be concerned about it. It was quite natural, and they are capital men, and know how to make allowances for those who don't understand their lingo. There's the coach up right. Now you can get in and change your clothes. This is your trunk. It won't go in; you'll have to open it here."

The trunk was opened, dry clothes tak-

en out, and in a short time the lady had them on. Meantime, the gentlemen who happened to have dry clothes had made their changes behind a hedge. But two of the outsiders and both coachman and guards were without a change, and obliged to ride on in a shockingly muddy condition.

The old horses and the lawyer, and other knowing ones, would have congratulated them on their safety; being overturned, why, there they were; but had they been blown up, why, where would they have been?

They all arrived safely at their journey's end, and the harmless accident led to pleasant consequences, as will be seen hereafter. Had they been blown up, or smashed up in railway style, the consequences might have been quite different.

We took a parlor and sitting-room at the inn, and next morning early were out sketching. After dinner, which we took very late, we finished our sketches, and the scenes from which they were taken, and other matters, and kept ourselves merry until bed-time, and were out again early in the morning; and so we continued for about three weeks, finding within reach of the inn abundance of picturesque scenery.

On Sundays we went to church in the village. All sorts of stories had been circulated about us, and we were objects of great attention. Some held that we were lunatics rustivating for our health, others, that we were artists from "Lunnun," come to see how trees and rocks are shaped, so that we might not commit errors similar to that of the famous cockney artist who painted red lobsters on the seashore, and the disagreement and disputes about us made us all the more interesting.

During the week days, the servants at the inn received a harvest of sixpences for slyly admitting people to see our sketches, which were set up around the parlor to dry; and, we found the cards of several gentlemen of the neighborhood who were slightly known to some of us. Cards were sent in return, signifying that we were at home in the evenings; and we soon had many pleasant visitors, and became ac-

quainted with the gentry for miles around. During the last week of our stay we were invited to four jolly, old-fashioned dinners, in the open air, on the lawns of antique houses. We had old English fare—roast beef, plum pudding, ale and the et ceteras in abundance; and we had God save the King roared by fifty loyal voices, and we had dances on the lawn, to shake down the dinners, and the buxom young women reminded us of ancient art, in which strength is not sacrificed to delicacy.

Distinguished among our hospitable entertainers was our fellow-traveller and two of her daughters. Her husband was a country squire and magistrate, with a considerable estate, a staunch friend of the king, a truly charitable friend of the poor, and a terror to poachers and other evil doers. His hospitality was most hearty, his loyal songs were uproarious, his ale was honest and potent, and no one doubted that his happiness was complete when his guests were oblivious of all the ills of life.

Our new friend Powell, albeit small in stature, was great in soul, and enthusiastic in admiration of what the English call *fine* women—weighing not less than a hundred and sixty pounds, nor less than five feet eight inches tall, and with blooming complexions. His ideals of female beauty were the statues among the Elgin marbles which are distinguished by the utmost fullness compatible with beauty. In the dark days of November and December, when he could not see to paint, he used to go to the British Museum, to admire and adore these statues, and many a time had he been detected with his little arms thrown around them with the ardor of a lover, praying in heart if not in head, that they might come to life, or at least, that there might be spirits within them conscious of his adoration.

Mrs. Graves, our fellow-traveller, had fallen much in love with Powell, and he, in return, fell much in love with her eldest daughter, Bessy, and she wasn't insensible to the qualities which made Powell agreeable to all who knew him. Before she saw him, she had been prepossessed by the warm commendations of her mother, and when her mother introduced him as the gentleman who had been so exceeding-

ly polite and kind to her on her journey. Bessy received him with a cordiality that rivetted the affection which her superb appearance and his classic taste had already excited.

He was her companion at dinner, and almost surpassed himself in his efforts to amuse her. Like most women who are strong, and not sickly, she enjoyed mirth more than sentiment, and laughed oftener than she sighed. Powell loved her the more for that, and was inspired by it, and kept up such a succession of drolleries that all near him soon turned their whole attention to his "pops" of wit, which came without notice, and were soon perceived worth watching for.

Among those who sat near was a young rustic gentleman of good position, and evidently much distressed to see Bessy the companion of another at dinner. He would not laugh at Powell's jokes, but kept a stiff upper lip, and otherwise manifested his resolution to be uncomfortable and make others so. Had Powell been capable of hating, he would have hated jealousy, and perhaps been angry at this instance of it, but he good-naturedly asked himself how he would like to have another deprive him of the company of such a sweetheart, and conscientiously determined to return kindness for the churlishness of his rival, if he could claim to be such. Wherefore he levelled at him several first rate "pops," each of which penetrated, weakening the wall of separation, and showing through it a disposition to come to terms. Pursuing his advantage, just as the unhappy lover was solacing himself with a draught from a tankard of ale, Powell aimed one so expertly as to produce an explosion, blowing and spirting the ale over the table, and causing a long laugh by the unhappy gentleman, in which the whole company joined. Non-intercourse was ended, and if the discontent was not cured, at least it was no longer exhibited.

The fun was not altogether squeamish. Powell, having, as usual, attracted the attention of the whole company, was called on for stories. "Tell us about your trip to Morgate. I have heard about it, and would like to hear it from your own lips," said Constable.

Powell had treated himself to a trip on board a Morgate "boy," a sail-boat that might carry five wagon loads of goods and twenty passengers. The captain was as important as an admiral, and excited the reverence of all on board, by the peremptoriness and frequency of his orders, and the unquestionable air of authority and wisdom with which they were delivered. All felt that under such a commander the perils of the voyage would be overcome. It excited much laughter to see the grand airs of this stout six foot captain imitated by little Powell.

While he was narrating the events and progress of the voyage his hands were playing with an orange, and chipping it with a knife, seeming like accident, but really in preparation to imitate a little old lady passenger, whom even he could not imitate without a model. The orange was cut to imitate a face, and a colored handkerchief and a napkin were made to serve as hood and dress, so as to produce a comical resemblance to a little old woman. With this model he imitated the gestures, while with his voice he gave the words of the original. "Captain, how far have we got?" "Haven't got far, yet, ma'am." "Captain, how far have we got now?" "Oh, we've got about to Greenwich, ma'am." "Captain, how far have we got now? sha'n't we be sea-sick, soon?" "No, ma'am; not for a good bit, yet!" "Captain, how far have we got, now?" "We're just down to Long Reach, ma'am." "Oh! oh, dear! ough—" and the juice issued from the mouth of the model. The uproariousness was great, and Bessy laughed the heartiest of all, much to Powell's delight.

After two hours spent in this way, in which the honest ale helped the merriment, and the long English twilight had commenced, there was a sudden jumping up by the gentlemen, each seizing his partner by force of arms, and dragging her to a dance on the lawn. The Londoners seemed at fault, but several followed suit; others, not being sufficiently acquainted for such familiarity, asked their partners for the honor of dancing with them, and were much abashed by refusals. Turner conscious of his age, begged his young companion to forgive his request, and was

retiring, but she whispered, "Why don't 'e pull and tauk?" It occurred to him that it was an old kind of frolic, so he used force as the rest had done, and seemed not to give real offence, although the resistance was strong. All managed to get their partners to the dance ground except little Powell. As he weighed but ninety pounds, and she a hundred and eighty, he couldn't get ahead with all the force and energy he possessed. "I oon't thoo shatn't," exclaimed the young lady in the local dialect. Powell tugged and coaxed. The coaxing did more than the tugging. "Now, *do* come!" said he, as he hugged like a little bear. The cooing tone, and intensity of the hug, made her relent, and whisper, that she would go if he would get hold of her necklace and choke her a little. He did so, and she went screaming, "Thoo shatn't, I oon't," etc.

The dance was as merry as the rest of the festivities. At ten it broke up, the ladies retiring. The gentlemen went in to a nominal supper, in which elder-berry wine was the chief attraction. As this wine had not much *boosy*, it had been improved by the mixture of a large proportion of gin, making a queer flavor, but on the whole it was not bad to take, and we kept up the fun until midnight. What we said was too much to be printed, even if it were not mostly forgotten. But a few remarks still remain in my memory.

Powell was accused of being caught at last, in spite of his Platonic and artistic fancies, that he could sport with love, without suffering the consequences. That he was in love he freely admitted: as a man of taste how could he be otherwise? and he did not doubt that, were his feelings reciprocated, he could be most happy to have by his fireside one so beautiful, and so genial in disposition. But his income, his years, and an honest regard for her interests, could not allow him to take other than a Platonic view of the case.

"Platonic fol-de-rol!" exclaimed a squire. "If thou lovest the girl, tell her so, and give her a chance to have thee if she likes thee, as I rather suspect she does. As to thy years, the difference is not more than is allowed. As to thy income, how

much is it? Come now, among friends, tell me."

"Hear, hear! Powell; out with the facts. Perhaps we may do for you what you are too scrupulous to do for yourself."

"I dare say; much of the evil in the world comes from such encouragement. If I didn't know how much a young man can love an old woman, I might fancy that a fine young woman could love a little old bachelor like me; and in that case I should certainly give her the chance you speak of, and by no means neglect my own chance. As to my income, it is barely enough to keep a little vagabond so far decent, that his relations are not constrained to cut his acquaintance; seventy-five pounds a year in the funds, and as much more as I can earn, say as much more. Now what would you say of my honesty if I were to take advantage of a passing fancy, if it existed, to make a bargain so much to the disadvantage of this young person? I may love her as an artist with a clear conscience, and I hope without displeasing her; but when covetousness intrudes,—ah! gentlemen! I hope you all know little Peter Powell better, and honor him more than you could if he could be guilty of such a fraudulent contract."

"Fraud! he! he! hoo! hoo! hoo!" roared the squire. "Thoo'rt a faint heart as e'er missed fair lady. Honesty! I don't mean to offend; but, to use respectful plainness of speech, thoo'rt not over honest to deny her the refusal of thee, an' thoo lovest as thoo talkest. For the income, a hundred and fifty is enoo for a girl that has noot; and if she has summat that makes the income bigger. As for Bessy, she'll have enoo for her comfort, whether married or single, and will not sell herself; an' if she accepts thee it'll be for love, I'll warrant."

"Hear, hear! Powell. You're refuted," cried all his friends.

"Hold! don't talk aloud, to the whole company, about my private admiration for a young lady, and put me into the position of her suitor, to excite the displeasure of her family and friends. If I don't profess to be marble-hearted, and don't deny that I should be the happiest little chap in the world if such a one were my wife, is that

pray, to be buzzed into an audacious pretension? Besides, so fine a woman would be ill-matched with a pigmy like me."

"I don't see the improprieties thou'rt striking at. An' I were thee, I'd tell the girl if I loved her, and let her say no, if she didn't love me. As for being offended with a disadvantageous offer, it is not likely in this case; for I know about the family, and know that all but merely personal qualifications are at least equal; and of those qualifications her taste can best judge."

"Hear, hear."

"Well, friend Powell, I've made too much of a company talk about thy fancy for the young lady, and so it is best that I stop; but I give thee my opinion that there is no reason why thou should'st not take thy chance, and give the girl her chance. Her relatives and friends may advise her no, but they can't be offended."

Powell talked all the autumn and winter of another excursion. He even hinted that he would go alone, if he could not get company. There was a report that he did disappear from London, soon after we returned, and he had more than his usual number of sketches at the end of the year. I never heard directly whether he followed the advice of the squire. My residence in England terminated before the next sketching season, and my correspondents were not intimate with him, and I have never heard from him since my return. But if I were accustomed to write for the press, I should not hesitate to say that he had united the two incomes, and become a happy man, and honestly and successfully endeavored to make Bossey as happy as if she had married a man of her own weight; for, all things considered, I think it highly probable that he did so.

The alphabet, to the little child, is as the nebula to the philosopher. They both answer the great end of stimulating curiosity; and when the soul penetrates one secret, it passes with additional power to the solution of a higher,—all the while receiving into itself a golden residuum, a permanent virtue, which is the best and final result.

THE LESSON.

Once in the fair and golden days
That now so far behind me seem
A truth my heart has treasured well,
Was taught me in a pleasant dream.

It seems that down a garden path,
Strewn thick with flowers I walked alone,
Where crowds of golden daffodils
Fringed beds with heartease overgrown.

I thought that in my hand I held
A crystal chalice pure and bright,
A single drop within it glowed
Like some rich ruby's heart of light.

But as I watched it, lo, it rose
And filled the goblet brimming full,
And flashed and sparkled in the sun,
A liquid rare and beautiful.

When I awoke I pondered long
And mused what meaning there might be,
What lesson for my wayward heart,
What sweet truth in that dream for me.

At length I read it fair and clear,
And shined it holy in my thought—
A richer draught than cypress wine
The chalice of my dream had brought.

Thus in the lonely, human heart,
A single drop of kindness pour,
And thus it swells and rises up
And fills that heart to running o'er!

Dover. Del.

A. E. B.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY ISADORE F. DAVIS.

It is but a tiny stream at first, like the little brook among the hills, starting from some hidden spring, and gliding timidly along in the shadow till the morning sunbeams fresh from their glorious fountain, touch its crystal waters, and then, each wavelet, laughing to meet the sunbeams' kiss, goes singing onward down the hill; now rippling softly over mosses, now gurgling over pebbles; ever eager, ever joyous.

Violets, blue and white, grow thickly all along its pathway. But by the brook of childhood the spring blossoms bloom only once; only once the morning sunbeams touch it with their silver wands, and scatter over its bosom their sparkling gems.

Now April clouds go fitting across the sky, and the little brook moans in the shadow, while the rain-drops fall thick and fast upon it. But the cloud passes quickly by, the glad sunlight breaks through once more, and laughing with its face still

wet with tears, the stream of childhood runs away. If an obstacle lies in its path, it only sings a louder song, dashes its waves more gaily, and turning its ever-varying course, goes gurgling on as carelessly as before, till by-and-by with a deeper tone in its music, and an added grave in its flow, it merges into the stream of youth.

Oh! the charmed, the beautiful stream of youth! with its rapid, wayward course, gliding through broad meadows with June skies overhead, and June freshness all around! Willows wave their pendent branches over it; sweet-voiced birds flit across its bosom, and dip their bright wings in its pure tide. But even the stream of youth finds not always sunny meadows. Now 'tis rushing wildly thro' a narrow defile; dark clouds hang above it, and frown fiercely on foaming, sobbing waters. The sun shines above, but its beams cannot reach the bottom of this deep mountain pass. The frightened waves dash against the sharp rocks seeking for some way of egress. Ere long the walls of the ravine seem lower, and the channel wider; stray sunbeams sift in through cliffs in the rocks, touching the moaning waters with the light of hope; and at length the stream, still hurried and foaming from its recent battles, flow out into the broad sunlight again.

And now its way is smooth; through green and pleasant valleys and shaded dells; enchanted islands rise upon its bosom, islands whose dream-spirits hold their mimic courts in fairy bowers, and the clear translucent waters murmur back a sweet reply to the songs of those fairy bands. The very breezes which break the placid bosom of the stream into myriad waves, are laden with melody, and the sunlight, falling through the swaying branches of the trees dances a glad revel over it.

Now dark clouds obscure the sun; the forked lightnings dart athwart the sky, and the great organ of thunder rolls out its deepest bass. The winds lash the waves into fury, and the rain pours down in heavy torrents till the sweet isles of enchantment are hidden in a veil of mist. The tempest passes, but leaves behind it traces of its passing. There are branches

broken from the willows, islands flooded, and the fairest castles of the dream-spirits lie in ruins.

Onward flows the stream, but the flowers the storm hath withered, bloom not again; and never, never more over the stream of life will the June skies bend and the June breezes float. The freshness of the morning is passing; May and June have scattered their blessings on the rill and the brook, and now with stronger current, and more rapid movement, youth glides on till its waters are lost in the rivers of manhood.

Manhood, with its hurrying course and tumultuous flow; its turbid waves and sandy shores! The morning dew-drops have disappeared, and the golden brightness of early day has given place to the glare and heat of noon-tide. Few are the flowers that bloom by the river, and the tide is too swift and dark to reflect their fair faces on the water. It is not always flowing in the glaring light of mid-day; not always beating on barren shores. Here and there the grass grows green; and along up close by its side, broad elms spread their shadowy arms over the heated waters which wind along in the grateful shade with chastened murmurings and calmer movement. Out from beneath the green foliage and away from the pleasant shadow the stream must pass. And now with angry dashing and deep roaring it thunders over a rocky precipice into the seething, foaming gulf below, then dashes madly along, each wave tossing white spray from its feathery crest.

When the rocks and the rapids are passed, and the heavy thundering has died away to a sullen roaring, gradually in the sky the gray clouds begin to gather, and the autumn rains pour their long continuous floods into the dark and gloomy waters.

Again the heavens are clear, and the stream flows through fields of grain, ripe for the harvest, and among beautiful islands, not glittering with the charmed castles of dream-spirits, but tuneful with echoes from the past; from the wonder-haunted realms of childhood, and the sweet dream-land of youth.

Broader, deeper, grows the river; and

smoother flows the waters. The blue mists of the Indian summer tremble in the air; the golden light of sunshine tinges the quivering waves as they rise and fall on the gentle heaving tide. No rush, no hurry, no tumult now, for the stream of *old age* is deep and still. Dried leaves and frosted flowers, withered memories of the faded summer, float on its placid bosom. In the grand anthem that it sings, there is an under chord mournful, yet sweet, whose burden is "Passing away." With calm, majestic motion, silently, yet deepening ever, bearing on its glassy surface the reflected beauty of the sunset clouds, the stream of life moves on till its waters are hidden—not lost—in the broad, unfathomable ocean of eternity.

FALLEN LEAVES.

BY MRS. E. LOUISA MATHER.

Just now I was sitting at the window, looking out upon the sparkling waters of the river, and watching the landscape with its trees full of leaves of varied hues, when my attention was arrested by a large yellow leaf sailing down majestically from the tree-top and lodging gently, oh! so gently, among a mass of other crispy leaves of various colors. It seemed to me an emblem of an individual life, fading, failing, falling as a leaf from the great tree of humanity—its mission well accomplished, its labor fulfilled—falling all sear as it was, in the autumn of its existence, but looking forward to a spring-time of renewed activity and usefulness. Leaves, as *we* are, upon humanity's wide-spreading tree, are we faithfully performing our work? Are we endeavoring to impart of our dew and sunshine to our fellows, or are we anxious only that we should spread ourselves out to our fullest extent, absorb the dew, appropriate the rain, gather in the rays of sun-light? If we are on the topmost branches, do we sneer at the smaller leaves down nearer the foot? Swaying there in our exalted position, catching sweet views of river and hill and valley, do we grow idle, or shirk our responsibilities to others? Or, being but *little leaves*, in a com-

paratively obscure place among the branches, do we look up with envy at our fellows, wishing *their* advantages and immunities? Do we fail to see our own privileges, while envying the lot of others? Never forget, oh, little ones, ye have your work as well as the larger ones—never forget that you derive your sustenance from the same exhaustless fount—that the well-being of each is the well-being of all—that ye are brethren and sisters, one in aim and in heart, one in the Father's all-pervading love.

Yea, we all do "fade as a leaf," but as the outer garment, the body decays, the spirit plumes its wings for its eternal home, and it leaves the earth, only to enter another room of the Father's mansion, where the dear ones who have gone to the "shining shore," are congregated and are awaiting us. There is nothing melancholy in the fall of the leaf, as we think of the renewing spring-time—there is nothing melancholy in what we call death, but which most truly is "transition"—leaving the worn out mechanism of the body to mingle, in its resting-place, with congenial elements from which it originated, and freeing the aspiring spirit of impediments and obstructions to its progress and activity in its appropriate sphere of being. On! it is *then* like an uncaged bird, soaring aloft through a purer air, a diviner existence, yet never ignoring the ties of consanguinity and affection, originating in this life, never ceasing to bathe in the fountains of love, never ceasing to feel an interest in those left behind on this earth-shore; but watching and waiting, guiding and guarding them ever, until, they too, enter new fields of being, and have cast off the material which encased them here. How silent and imperceptible these life-changes! Summer succeeds to spring, winter to autumn, and so our lives flow on in their labor and rest, sunshine and darkness, until like fallen leaves, we are gathered, all that pertains to the mortal, in the bosom of our dear mother earth, but the enfranchised spirit rejoices in its eternal spring-time of youth and beauty, joy, rest, fruition, and progression.

East-Haddam, Conn.

THE FRUIT OF SECRET THOUGHT.

BY LILLY WATERS.

Nature carries on her midnight works so secretly, so slowly, that it often appears to our short-sightedness, like stagnation. We place a seed in the ground; to our impatience it seems a long time before it discloses action, yet at last we see the marvellous manifestation. The gasses have been at their silent work upon the little kernel, till its decay has nourished the infinitesimal germ of life which has sent forth the blade; the influence of the elements shall so operate upon that, that gradually it will bring "the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear."

So it is with the soul, it is never idle; whatever may be the condition of the body into which the Almighty has breathed this immortal spark, it is ever active. In sickness or health, sleeping or waking, it is constantly receiving impressions, which are embodied in the needs and wants of daily life. We are scarcely conscious what a mighty influence these silent thoughts, which filter through the mind, possess in forming the strata of our future life, how they outcrop here and there in rich golden veins of love, or the granite of uncharitableness.

To-day we are ill, morbid, and uncomfortable. Our hours of self-communion are usurped by gloomy fancies; our prayers are soulless or unsaid, forgetful that "unfelt prayers make need of praying." God is not in our souls, so Satan creeps in and plants a thorn. To-morrow it pierces our dearest friend; then we sorrow and wring our hands in our misery and remorse, and resolve anew to be more watchful of our Eden. We endeavor to plant about us the amaranth of happy, holy thought, praying that no storm of sin may uproot it as a penalty for the soul's transgression.

With a new significance comes to us the gray dawn, typical it seems to our quickened thought of life and labor. The advancing light of the morning, with its rosy hues, the greater glory of noon, thus gradually is developed every secret thought, till it stands before the world, a creation hideous and misshapen, or glorious and godlike with the light of eternal love.

IN THE DESERT.

BY E. MACKWAY.

By the rock Horeb, stood the frowning crowd
Of black browed men whisp'ring, or murmuring loud—

Why were we forced from Egypt's soil to flee?
Lured to a desert that we might be free?
An empty name, our babes for water cry,
While fainting women lay them down to die!
Where is the land ye promised we should share?
O'erflowing with earth's bounties fertile, fair,
Rivers of milk, of honey bounteous store,
Where want nor masters shall oppress us more.
Instead of that our path is edged with woe,
And misery tracks our footsteps faint and slow.

Then Moses spoke and said; am I the Lord?
That ye thus taunt and goad me with harsh word?

I but obey the voice, the signs ye also saw.
Go I not with you to fulfil the law?
By my weak hand our God his power will show,
And sparkling waters from the rock shall flow.

He struck the solid mass uprising high,
Pond'rous and barren 'gainst the sunset sky,
When from above a trickling dribble fell
To the next hollow, sounding like a bell,
Gaining in strength, and splintered on a stone,
Threw silver arrows downward, one by one,
Till foaming, dashing, creaming with its speed,
A crystal avalanche relieves their pressing need,
And sun-browned hands the cool sweet burden bore

To those who fell in sheer despair before.
Their round white temples fainting women cool,
And babes pink palms are paddling in the pool,
(Where stony hollows caught the precious rain)
Laughing and crowing wild with glee again.
The men whose blood-shot eyes were lately dim
With thirst, sat thoughtful at the fountain's brim,

Pond'ring the past, the future yet in store,
Strong now in faith that they should doubt no more.

And Moses from that point could he have seen,
The many sorrows that must intervene,
The doubt, the terror, and at times despair,
Warning with foes, struggling thro' deserts bare,
Seen, all this toil on his part shared in vain,
Known that the promised land he ne'er shall gain,

Would he have yielded there or kissed the rod?
Resisted fate or meekly bowed to God,
Doubtless he had accepted, good or ill,
With deep devotion to his Maker' will.
Stern to himself, paused not, or turned aside,
Until he looked upon the land from far, — and died!

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXIV.

Rome—Ash Wednesday at the Sistine Chapel—A view of “His Holiness”—Michael Angelo’s fresco of paradise—Humility and pride—Order for observing the Lenten season—Hours spent in the museum of the Vatican—The “Apollo Belvidere.”

What fatiguing mummery was that of sprinkling ashes upon the heads of pope, bishops and cardinals, which we witnessed during that seemingly interminable morning spent in the celebrated “Chapel of Sixtus!” Sitting back in the shadow of that part of the chapel apportioned to females, as most befitting them upon this most holy occasion,—and forming a small iota of the cloud of black dresses and veils which made the dim light still more sombre, we sat wearily through the tedious ceremony, content to leave, could we have done so, after having seen the mildly benevolent face of His Holiness, with his sweeping train of martial attendants, mitred bishops, long robed cardinals, and priests, as they passed into the sacred enclosure of the chancel, where the rite of sprinkling ashes upon each reverend head was duly performed, much to the edification of the faithful, but to the discomfort of at least *one* heretic of whom we wot!

The hour of waiting previous to the entrance of that august procession was spent in examining as best we might by the dim light afforded, that famed fresco of Buonarrotti’s Paradise, with Adam and Eve, the “serpent,” and “tree of knowledge,” included. However much has been said in praise of the perfect anatomical proportions of these representations of the first parents of our race, as a *whole*, the effect is far from pleasing. The defective light, and necessity of looking upward so steadily, to follow closely the varied figures and objects deemed necessary accompaniments to the paradisaical state of the first pair,—tends to detract from the enjoyment of contemplating even a master piece like this. As with strained neck and tired eyes, you gaze up, you cannot but appreciate the wonderful skill and patience of elaboration, which has achieved such a splendid result on a field where

even Michael Angelo’s towering genius, must have met with obstacles quite difficult to overcome. Thus it has stood, and doubtless will stand, for centuries to come, (unless destroyed by fire or violence) a specimen of unrivalled skill in this domain of art—to the wondering admiration of thousands of people in future generations, as it has been in the past.

We were not a little amused, after this farce of humiliation was ended in the Sistine Chapel, to see the pope retire in state, from the ceremony, through his private door, his trailing pontifical robes upborne by those honorable dignitaries, who were, of course, only too happy to serve in that capacity, while the cardinals and bishops stepped from the outer collonade into their splendid coaches, and — humble followers of the LOWLY ONE — rolled off in fine style, their rich equipages gleaming in the sunshine, and attended by outriders, clad in costly livery! Thus was the sacred Lenten fast ushered in upon the people of Rome after the festivities of the Carnival had closed.

The next step in the way of observing this season was the papal order, suspending the use of animal food *among the populace* during the forty days constituting this period:—an order, by the way, observed about as strictly as the “dog law” of a New England village, — or the keeping of the Christian Sunday by a descendant of the house of Israel. In proof of this, we may cite our table d’hôte, the variety and excellence of whose bill of fare, savoring as it did of the interdicted “flesh pots,”—not of “Egypt,” but of Rome,—was never diminished, although in common with all other similar houses—our hotel on Via Condotti, received the pontifical orders. Small as was this matter, it proved that the supremacy of papal power was not absolute, but obliged to succumb more and more to the verdict of a people, upon whose more liberal minds — church traditions, while more or less venerated and observed, are not to be received as *commands* from even *His Holiness*, whose determined hold upon the government of State, as well as that of church, is likely to lose him both, if the still lingering spirit of the Revolution of ’48 is anyways sig-

nificant, especially when taken into connexion with the subsequent curtailment of the papal dominions, by the voice of the true Italian people.

What shall we say here of the hours spent among the wonders of the Vatican? where, wandering from object to object, through that almost countless labyrinth of halls and galleries, we were obliged to leave many things unnoticed, from sheer inability to take in the endless variety of this immense collection of the wonderful, the curious, and interesting, so justly celebrated as the greatest in the world! One might remain in Rome a life-time, and resort to this museum almost daily, with the certainty of being able to find something new and interesting upon each succeeding visit—so inexhaustible is the collection, which contains contributions from so many different ages, nations and countries. For a person whose stay in the capital is limited, the best mode we think of visiting this museum of the Vatican should be—after taking a rapid general survey, — which is work enough for one or two visits,—to select certain objects, the most noted and interesting and devote what time one has in succeeding visits, exclusively to these.

Sweet Madonna of Murillo! could we ever tire of gazing upon this lovely creation of that worshipper of the beautiful? Only the time, alas! was all too short. The purity and simplicity,—the expression of gentleness and innocence,—in short, the *naturalness* of this *human ideal*, without those fanciful accompaniments of a mixed divinity, constituted, to our taste, the great charm of this celebrated painting.

Of the pictures of martyrdom, so horribly real, that one's heart sinks and flesh creeps at the sight,—we have only a feeling of intense disgust, the more so, as some of the finest genius, which meanwhile, might have been exercised in creating forms of the beautiful and elevating, has been bestowed upon these opposite productions. We are aware that these representations of suffering are considered by a large class as most beneficial and elevating in their tendency. Yet our individual opinion, (with all due deference to the judgment of others) is, that a *perpetuation* of suffering or cruelty, either on

canvas or in stone, is not particularly salutary or ennobling in its effect upon the generality of beholders. To the naturally tender-hearted, to the nervously sensitive, and to the truly Christian spirit, such representations can only be excruciatingly painful, and we doubt whether a contemplation of impalements, flaying alive, burnings, and all the variety of tortures which a devilish malignity could suggest,—portrayed with such terrible vividness,—can be wholly beneficial to any class of individuals, not even excepting the critical in art—to whom distortion of feature and strained muscles may be deemed profitable objects of study. To know that such individuals or people thus suffered from devotion to principle,—from mistaken prejudice,—or from stern necessity,—is, of itself enough to inspire devotion to right and duty, if we will heed the lesson; enough to awaken feelings of reverence for the unfaltering faith, and meek endurance, to the end, even of most dreadful tortures, borne by the Christian martyr; to inspire admiration for the heroic courage manifested (sometimes, it is true, in a mistaken course) and profound pity for the victims of overmastering cruelty and inextricable fate, for instance, like those of “the Massacre of St. Bartholomew’s eve,” that bloody page in the history of France, more shocking than most other scenes of violence characterizing the annals of this sanguinary people. To know that such numbers of the truly noble and good were decoyed into the gay capital upon a marriage occasion, for the ostensible purpose of effecting good feeling between opposing elements, but *really* to be butchered by thousands, in cold blood, until the streets of the city and the river Seine were reddened with the crimson tide;—the very thought of this diabolical plot, and its ultimate success, sanctioned by the papal authority, and actually pictured upon the walls of the Vatican, as a glorious triumph of the church militant over her heretical enemies,—all this was too revolting to every human sentiment, to be dwelt upon; enough, of itself alone, to condemn the whole system of Romanism, from the earliest days of corruption, after St. Peter’s, down to the present Pius IX. Quite enough for

full condemnation, even while acknowledging the many instances of beautiful, consistent piety, which have adorned the church during the ages past, comprising a long roll of names whose brilliance shines forth in strong relief against this dark wall of superstition and cruelty, reared between this pretended divine institution, and the great heart of a common humanity without.

The "Transfiguration," that masterpiece of Raphael, disappointed us—possibly because so different from a preconceived opinion of the manner in which the subject would be treated by this ardent worker in the school of divine art; possibly because, not realizing our own ideal of that scene, so august—so glorious—yet ethereal! Unreasonable mortals are we; expecting that the most subtle, unapproachable faculty of our nature,—a purely *spiritual ideal* can be transferred in all its ethereal perfection, to the canvas even of the greatest master of his art! Who among the most worthy of all the painters and sculptors, has ever fully realized *his* perfect ideal? who, though his productions have excited the admiration of succeeding generations, could say, "I have brought out upon the canvas, or wrought in marble, the ideal which my inner eye had painted, or my highest thought had chiselled? Not one! Though, according to the distance, or nearness of that approach to this spiritual conception, is always the satisfaction or disappointment of the true-souled artist, who labors from the higher appreciation and love of his calling.

Who that visits the museums of Southern Italy, is not struck with the infinite number and variety of articles once belonging to Hadrian's villa! What an array of statues in bronze and marble! What specimens of artistic objects in porphyry and other oriental stones! What numbers of vases and busts, columns and mosaics, that once adorned this pleasure-palace, upon which that Emperor expended so lavishly, the almost inexhaustible treasure of which he was the master! One is led to think of this royal retreat, with its elaborate embellishments and extensive surroundings as something akin to the marvellous productions of giants and genii, the description of whose enchanted

palaces fill the mind of childhood with delighted wonder! The collection of the Vatican can boast a full share of these beautiful remains of departed greatness, in a wonderful state of preservation, which cannot fail to attract the interest of the visitor to these galleries. What an immense collection of rare and curious, interesting and beautiful objects, is this wonderful museum of the Vatican! One is lost in amazement at its vastness, its almost endless extent of room! Gallery leading into gallery, and hall into hall, every one of which is found replete with interesting objects; the mere catalogue would fill columns.

What did you admire most while in Rome? or what object struck you most forcibly? was the substance of an inquiry made of us by Madame L——, at the dinner-table one day after our return to Florence. "Apollo of Belvidere," was the reply that rushed to our lips, without a moment's thought. Hasty as was the reply, uttered from the impulse of the moment, subsequent reflection, and a more careful analysis of our feelings and experience at the time, when wandering from object to object, in this same museum of the Vatican, we came suddenly upon this glorious creation, convinced us that we gave a correct answer to the question. To us this statue shone out amid the ruins of ages as the embodiment of immortal youth and vigor—of never-fading beauty. By contrast, therefore, with the surrounding atmosphere of the *ETERNAL CITY*—(eternal, however, in her *ruins* alone,) always speaking, as she does, of a dead past, to the soul—with the depressing influences naturally accompanying the research and observation in this direction. Thus it happened that the Apollo was *glorified* in our sight, and even now stands forth in beautiful relief on the canvas of memory, whenever we turn a retrospective eye upon the days spent in visiting that city of wonders—Rome,—ancient and modern.

M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

In every Christian denomination there is enough vital, kindling Christianity, to make good hearts.

PECCAVI.

BY MISS MARY C. PECK.

Sir Donald said, "in truth I stand
A sinner in this goodly land.

"I would my fortune had been cast
With those old patriarchs of the past,

"Who heard Christ's voice and saw his face
And *felt* the blessing of his grace.

"So should I hear him say to me,
'Thy sins shall be forgiven thee.'

"And of that blessed promise sure,
This agony no more endure."

The sunset's purple arrows fall
Within the antique bannered hall.

On pendant shield, and sword and sheath,
And Lord and vassals met beneath,

For in their midst with fettered hands
Lord Donald's hated foeman stands.

An awful terror in his face
Has broken down the pride of race.

And low for Jesus's sake he pleads
For life, and hope, and human needs.

Sir Donald thundered—"cease thy plea!
My deepest dungeon waits for thee.

"Remember there my ancient threat!
Sir Donald never will forget!"

Oh! in the twilight cold and gray
They took the hopeless wretch away.

But those who stood beside the Lord
Heard in the hush a silver chord—

As if a voice spoke in the fetters
"Forgive as we forgive our debtors."

Sir Donald's hair grew white at last
The flower of his age was past,

He built himself a couch of stone
Where he might weep and pray alone.

But still he clasped a hopeless cross
And all his gain seemed turned to loss.

No beggar broke his offered bread,
His hated enemy was dead.

One day a stranger trod his floor,
Death forced the closely bolted door.

And twain stood at the baron's knee,
Death and a strange old Domine.

"Now, father, shrive my soul for heaven,"
"Son, are thy debtors all forgiven?"

The priest replied, "Has Christ been fed,
When his dear lambs have broke thy bread?"

"Nay, father, I have learned too late
Christ knocks at every sinner's gate

"With peace and pardon now as when,
He walked in old Jerusalem.

"Oh! fool and slow of heart to trace
His gentle hand, his loving face,

"Upon my castle's floor have trod
The footsteps of the Christ of God,

"So, father cease thy pleading prayer,
What now remaineth but despair?

"And let thy 'miserere' wait
Until I reach the heavenly gate.

"That it may enter in and plead!
For Christ's dear mercy on my need."

* * * * *

The father paused—for ill or good
He knew the dead Sir Donald stood

A beggar at his Master's gate,
Pray reader it were not too late.

A WALK.

BY COUSIN MAGGIE.

The first Sabbath in November. And how lovely! Autumn seems to have borrowed the smiles of summer, and with them her warmth and geniality. Looking out upon the brown hills and forests, enlivened by the clear warm sunlight, I think of an aged matron with gray hair and wrinkled features, yet whose clear eyes reflect the light of a good heart that cannot wither, and a pure soul that cannot fade.

Who can stay indoors, and let the last smiles of the season fade, unappreciated and unenjoyed? Just before nightfall, George and Lu, with little Carrie, T. and myself set forth for a walk. We will visit the grave-yard on the hill. We cannot see it from here, but the little school-house at the "four-corners," half a mile distant, which is so clearly outlined against the eastern sky, stands but a little way from it. By the way, that school-house was the *Alma Mater* of my childhood. (I hope those imposing and honored institutions which are scattered through the New-England States, and which send forth so many *educated* youth every year, will pardon the comparison.) There I learned my first lessons in the spelling-book; and also in

friendships true and false. There was one dear girl who sat by my side in those old days, whose truth has remained as bright as the smiles upon her lips. From the confidant of youth she has grown the dearer friend of maturity, and while far away, mingling with gay city life, her soul can still hold communion with mine by means of the soul's electric chain. She writes me that she can tell when she will receive a letter from me, as she always *dreams* of me for several nights previous to its reception! I dreamed of her last night—and thought we were in her childhood's home, which is just beyond that belt of young spruces which stretches from the school-house to the south. I am glad those trees hide it from my sight. The heart can cherish pleasant memories without the aid of deserted mementoes. Heaven-born friendship! eloquent pens have pictured it oft, but earthly words cannot do it justice. Only the feeling *heart* can appreciate it.

The sun has become entangled in the gold and crimson clouds which crown the mountain tops, and his shattered beams are sifting golden showers down the hill-sides, and filling the air with shining dust. Baby Carrie rests calmly in her father's arms, her sweet face shining out of the blue folds of her hood like a pure pearl from its setting. Her blue eyes are intently watching the fleecy clouds and deep sky over head. Perhaps she sees the angels up there, which our tear and dust dimmed eyes have searched for in vain. Baby thoughts! "Who can follow the gossamer links?" Only God and his angels. How pure those thoughts must be, their clear, innocent faces tell. If parents could read every mental and moral emotion of their helpless charge, it might save them from many mistakes, and help them to shield those little hearts from sorrow, and guide their thoughts aright. T. has taken down these bars at our left, and we will cross the meadow in whose midst the little burial-place lies. It is but a few rods in length, and fewer in breadth. It has a desolate look. Not a tree waves over the mounds; but the tall grass is very luxuriant, and in June the strawberries ripen large and thick upon the graves. The yard is nearly full;

there are many graves which have nothing to tell who wore the robe of clay, mouldered long since away. The rude winds of winter have made wrecks of more than one of the head-stones, and no friendly hand has yet restored them. Three brothers of the Ballou family, of whom the late Rev. Hosea Ballou, of Boston, was the youngest son, sleep here, David, Benjamin, and Nathan. They left their native State, (New-Hampshire,) and one after the other came here when the mountain was a wilderness; cleared themselves farms, and for many years were looked upon as the patriarchs of the place. They were all strong believers in our own dear faith.

David, while he chopped and burned his log-heaps, thought of God's great goodness, and the peoples' darkness. He studied his Bible in his moments of leisure, and on Sunday went from town to town proclaiming the Divine love and mercy; his strong reasoning powers and forcible language, convincing and giving hope and courage to his hearers. Just here he lies, surrounded by children and grand-children, each grave marked with a modest marble slab, telling who they were, and how they were loved. Let me read this inscription, as time and the elements have worn the stone:—

Sacred to the memory of
REV. DAVID BALLOU,
Who died December 30th, A. D. 1840,
Aged 82 years.

While mental power and moral worth
By man shall be approved,
The memory of this friend shall be
Both cherished and beloved.

Long with persuasive lips he preached
In his Redeemer's name;
And lived the precepts taught by him
By whom salvation came.

Truly he did live the precepts taught by the Master he loved to serve and proclaim. I have never heard a word of censure spoken of him. I cannot but contrast his life with the lives of our ministers of to-day. He toiled on his farm six days out of the seven to support a large family, and on Sunday went hither and thither to tell of God's changeless love, and pray with his hearers, in a school-house, dwelling-house, or barn, asking no reward, but to see all

coming to a knowledge of the truth. Although he lived comparatively unknown to the world which has heard so much of his brother Hosea, yet methinks the good he has done will not look meagre beside his, when they are crowned with the glory of the heavenly life. Both labored wisely and well in the different spheres they were called to fill, and God makes no distinction between the faithful.

But the sunshine is leaving this damp, lower air, and *we* must leave this little spot freighted with its precious memories of the past. But before we leave the height we pause to view the scene with delight. Westward from where we stand, the valley slopes downward, half a mile. A mile or two farther on, the land gradually rises, then more and more abruptly, and at last swells into the rounded peaks of the Hoosac mountains, which stretch from the north far around to the south, even to where the 'Hoosac Tunnel' yawns its cavernous mouth in deserted silence. The valley, and mountain sides are covered with a dense growth of spruce, hemlock, beech, birch, and maple, mingling in friendly companionship. Here and there the farms of the mountaineers are mapped out, their red, white or brown houses, nestled under the lee of the forest to protect them from the fierce storms of winter. The green dress of summer, and the gay colors of autumn have faded, yet the sober hue of the earth but heightens the glory of the sky. The sunbeams still linger on the mountain tops, binding the lower clouds with gold, and cresting them with flame; while in the zenith they lie like snow-flakes curdling on a sea of blue. Watching them as we go on, they all catch the brightness. The light leaves the dusky vales and concentrates in the sky. The lower strata of clouds are as tongues of fire, while the upper are foams of dusky smoke. George says 'tis a perfect picture of a prairie on fire. As we reach the threshold of home, the grand scene fades, the sky puts on the soft gray of evening, and a few stars tremble in the blue space overhead. With hearts awed by the glory of God as seen in his handiwork, we go humbly to the loved circle of home, and thank him for his great and good gifts.

DREAMS.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Whence come our dreams? What if we only sleep?

When day's rude stare is o'er us, and by night,
With all its golden hearts that beat so fast,
We live, we wake?—When the proud North is hung

With gleaming sword and shield, and all the West

Ripens for glory in a yellow flush;
And streams of angel footsteps mark the blue,
With pearly rad'ance up the milky way;
While clouds lie in the purple South, as still
As dead babe in its royal mother's arms;
While o'er the Eastern gates the golden morn
Hangs swinging like a jasper censer round,
When, pillowed on the mosses, we invite
The breath of flowers to cool the fevered brow;
When gentle hands fling open magic doors,
And the bright host comes sweeping softly in,
How know we it is not our truest life?

Day presses on our hearts a heavy hand;
We only breath by stealth,—we never fling
Our hearts upon existence—as the swimmer
Leaps from the bank and floats upon the wave.
Held in by fear, or fettered by our pride,
Misled by custom, or subdued by fate,
(Our souls are dwarf'd, our actions are enslav'd;
We seek for life and find it—at its close.
But dreams are heaven, and sleep a mimic death;

Once treading slumber's temple, *we are gods!*
We worship beauty with a child's rich grace;
We love with all the freshness of Love's dawn.
Warm with the *angel's breath*, our hearts have life!

Truth walks divine in all the land of dreams,
Her revelations soften Fate's decrees.
Face upon face comes budding like a rose
Upon us there—the faces that we lost
Beneath the grasses or amid the crowd!
White hands, like blessings, fall upon our own,
And thrill us with a sense of such delight,
We weep we lost it for so many years!
Glory enshrouds us, as the holy night;
We glow, we brighten, *as a star on fire*;
Each drop of blood, a round and perfect life;
While music gives us mighty wings to sweep
Far above time and pain. The mystery
That hid the angels, fades like pearly mist;
They stand as blushing for their loveliness,
While down among our heartstrings play the lights,

Those eyes enkindle that have looked on God!
We walk the planets, as we tread the earth,
We sweep the sea as proudly as a bird;
Knowledge lays open all her precious stores;
We snatch—to lose them only with the dawn.
Life—life by day, how poor and incomplete!
Sweet life of dreams, how beautiful how true!
Type of that "Life to come" to which we tend,
Where what is lost will be our own, more bright,

More loving, more delightful!

Wait

For the calm setting of the sun of time
Behind the buried ages, knowing well
The star of hope ariseth in the east;
And if it fall upon a lonely grave,
It lights a soul far up the starry path,
Ending where bliss begins!

ACTING CHARADE.

"BLUE-STOCKING."

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. HARRINGTON.
 MRS. HARRINGTON.
 JENNIS—Sister to Mrs. Harrington.
 SUSAN—The Maid.

SCENE I. — "Blue."

(*Mr. Harrington engaged in writing.*

A voice from an unseen speaker is heard.) Mrs. Harrington, I say. Mrs. Harrington!

Mrs. H. Something is amiss now, I know, for George never calls me; Mrs. Harrington, except when he is vexed; but positively, I can't stop writing.

(*Enter Mr. H. holding a collar by one string.*) Mr. H. Look here, Mrs. Harrington!

Mrs. H. (*without looking up.*) Pray don't interrupt me for any trifle.

Mr. H. I can't find a collar fit to put on!

Mrs. H. O, it's nothing but a collar!

Mr. H. How exasperating you are! I have hunted high and low to find a collar, and this solitary one with ragged edges, and but a single string was the result of my search.

Mrs. H. (*looking up and putting out one hand entreatingly.*) My dear George, you will break the thread of my thoughts!

Mr. H. (*snapping the string off of the collar spitefully.*) I will break the thread which holds this string on to the collar! just a single thread to hold it on by, and the other string entirely gone. It is too bad!

Mrs. H. I am unusually busy, or I would stop and sew them on; but the publisher of the Literary Gem has sent for more copy. One of the regular contributors is sick, and they depend upon me to supply the deficiency.

Mr. H. And in the meantime must I go without a collar, madam?

Mrs. H. Don't be unreasonable, George; can't you pin it on?

Mr. H. So I did yesterday, and got stabbed in the throat in consequence.

Mrs. H. (*resuming her writing.*) You must have been careless then, and I am

sorry you are so vexed, but this article is of infinite importance.

Mr. H.—And my collar is of *more*, most infinite importance!

Mrs. H. It is toward noon, and this article *must* go out in the evening mail! I am growing desperate.

Mr. H. And I already am desperate! (*taking out his watch.*) Now it is a quarter to eleven, and at fifteen minutes after eleven I must be at the depot to take the cars for Boston. My business is in a snarl, and I *must* go, collar or no collar!

Mrs. H. (*starting from her seat.*) Is that so? I don't wonder you are impatient; then it is too bad that I don't keep your things in better order, but I have so much writing to do.

Mr. H. And you like it so much better than sewing!

Mrs. H. Give me the collar; (*fumbling around in her work-basket;*) luckily here is a bit of tape. You'll be ready in time; don't look so stern, George; why didn't you tell me you were going at first?

Mr. H. I couldn't get your attention long enough. I knew you were hurried in your work so I tried to get ready without your help. I put on a shirt minus buttons, thrust my feet into stockings full of air holes; yes, actually, my toes are all in contact with my boots, this stinging cold weather. I submitted to all that, but the collar upset my equilibrium.

Mrs. H. My dear husband! I am so sorry and ashamed. I make you a miserable wife, indeed, and you are so kind and forbearing! will you forgive me, George?

Mr. H. Yes; a hundred times over, Amelia?

Mrs. H. Your feet will be cold, I fear.

Mr. H. Never mind.

Mrs. H. I wish I had never heard of the Literary Gem! I wish I didn't know how to write. I wish I were a perfect dunce; but I needn't wish that, for I am a dunce about everything useful.

Mr. H. I don't wish anything of the kind; I am proud of you; keep on writing, and I'll not mind airy stockings, and missing buttons and strings.

Mrs. H. Only when you are going to Boston. When shall you come back?

Mr. H. In two or three days. I will write to you.

Mrs. H. Here's the collar; both strings on, and I've sewed the edge over and over where it was frayed. Hurry it on!

Mr. H. (*looking at the collar and bursting into a loud laugh.*) If that isn't a good one!

Mrs. H. What is the matter?

Mr. H. See, you've sewed it with *blue* thread; ha, ha, ha! where were your eyes? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. H. O, how ridiculous, how provoking! It is just like me, I am so absent-minded. I suppose there happened to be blue thread in the needle which I took.

Mr. H. And you were so deeply, darkly blue, you did not know it! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha!

Mrs. H. Don't put it on, George. I'll fix it; of course you can't wear it so.

Mr. H. Yes, I can, for the joke of it; no need now, for me to tell people that my wife is a *blue*.

Mrs. H. Now, please give it me!

Mr. H. No, no, Amelia; I haven't a minute to stay. I hope you will finish your story in time. Good by, ha, ha! (*exit.*)

Mrs. H. (*sinking into her chair.*) My poor story — where did I leave off? O, me! stockings, and shirts, collars, strings, and *blue* thread, seem to dance upon the page! My enthusiasm is all exhaled.

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.—“*Stocking.*”

(*Mrs. Harrington busily sewing, and surrounded by baskets and piles of linen. Enter Jennie.*)

Mrs. H. How do you do, sister?

Jennie. I'm very well; have been out calling, all the morning, and thought I'd drop in and take dinner with you.

Mrs. H. I'm glad to see you, but I don't know about the dinner. I haven't ordered any, and I haven't the slightest idea whether Susan is getting dinner or not.

J. O, no matter about the dinner; but what are you doing? I should think you'd got clothes enough around to furnish half a regiment.

Mrs. H. I'm repairing my husband's wardrobe. He is gone to Boston, and so I've taken the time to make a thorough renovation. I have neglected his clothes shamefully, to tell the truth; but everything is mended now, but one stocking. How I have worked! I have pricked my fingers and tired myself half to death. Sewing is a dreadful bore.

J. I suppose it is to you, Amelia; but I like it. However, literary ladies are not expected to be skilled in the needle; still, their husband's clothes will wear out like those of other men.

Mrs. H. Yes, I do believe they wear out faster, for George's clothes were in a sorry plight before I repaired them. I think they ought to last a year, now.

J. Amelia, I suppose you know you are famous, now. Your novel is a great success.

Mrs. H. Do you think so?

J. How very unconscious you are! why, people are raving about you; I don't know how many times I have been congratulated this very morning, on your account. Mrs. Harrington, your genius sheds lustre upon little, insignificant me. Why don't you speak? how smiling and happy you look!

Mrs. H. I am happy, Jennie. George will be so pleased when he comes home to-night; first, because I have spent two whole days in working for him, and then because the reviewer speaks so kindly of my book. It is pleasant to be successful; and besides I have a more tangible reward than fame. See here, Jennie; (*holding up to view a roll of bank bills.*)

J. That is good. How much is it?

Mrs. H. Five hundred dollars; I feel quite rich. Then if the book continues to sell, of course I shall receive much more. What are you laughing at?

J. At my thoughts.

Mrs. H. What are they?

J. I was wondering what your admirers would say, could they see you now. The gifted, famous, *rich* Mrs. Harrington, with disordered hair, collar awry, and soiled and slitted wrapper, engaged in mending old clothes

Mrs. H. Now, Jennie, you are too bad.

J. Forgive me, sister; but the idea struck me ludicrously.

Mrs. H. There is nothing very ludicrous to me about it; I feel like a martyr tortured with a darning needle.

J. You have not told me what you intend to do with your five hundred dollars.

Mrs. H. I shall furnish my study anew. I have a charming idea. The colors shall be green and gold. And when it is all finished, I'll comb my hair until it shines like a raven's wing, put on a new wrapper, pin on my collar with mathematical exactitude, and send for you to come and look at me in my delightful new study.

J. And I'll come. There comes the penny post; shall I go for you?

Mrs. H. If you please.

(*Jennie goes out for a moment, and returns*) Here is a letter.

Mrs. H. It is from George, (*opening it*), and I ought to have had it this morning. O, dear! what shall I do? He says, "I shall be at home to dinner with my old friend, James Martin. Have a tip-top dinner, Amelia, and say all the pleasant things you can, for I feel all out of sorts about my business. I'm head over heels in trouble." Jennie, what shall I do? look at me, look at this room! They'll be here in ten minutes, and dinner not so much as planned.

J. I'll help you, Amelia; give the dinner up to me (*Jennie throws off her bonnet*). Of course, you've got bread and pies in the house.

Mrs. H. Of course I haven't, and if I had I couldn't put either on the table. Susan is a miserable cook.

J. Then I'll send Susan to market for beefsteak and oysters, and to the bakery for bread. I know how to make a delicious pudding, and it cooks in half an hour. Don't you fear; Susan and I will get up a tip-top dinner, as George requested. (*exit.*)

Mrs. H. Dear, practical Jennie; she is worth six of me. I'll hustle these things out of sight. Here's my money. O! I'll give it to George; he is in trouble, and five hundred dollars may get him out of it. I'll roll it up in this bit of paper. Everything mended but one stocking. I'll roll that up, too, and leave it on

the table, so I can take it up as soon as Mr. Martin goes. There's the bell! I was in hopes to have time to dress.

(*Enter Mr. Harrington and Mr. Martin. Mr. H. salutes his wife with a kiss.*)

Mr. H. Dear Amelia, this is my old college friend, Mr. Martin.

Mrs. H. You are welcome, sir; please be seated.

Mr. Martin. I have long wished to see you, madam; and since the publication of your last book, that wish has become intensified. Your book is a work of genius, allow me to say; it aroused my deepest emotions; I shed tears over it; yes, it made me weep!

Mrs. H. (*aside*). I could shed tears; yes, I could weep to be caught in such a plight! George looks blank, he thinks I don't care for his feelings. (*aloud*) Thank you, sir; I am pleased to receive the approval of one like you.

Mr. H. Did you expect me, Amelia?

Mrs. H. Not till a moment ago, (*whispering and handing him the paper containing the stocking instead of the money.*) I am sorry, George, but will you forgive me, and accept this present from me? The dinner is all right; (*aloud.*) Pray excuse me, Mr. Martin; for a little time.

Mr. H. Friend Martin, I hope you will excuse my wife's appearance. She did not expect us, and doubtless has been writing all day.

Mr. M. O, of course! We don't expect these literary ladies to be always in trim for company.

Mr. H. She is a dear wife, Martin; always trying to do something to please me. She put this in my hand as she went out, whispering that it was a present for me. Some little surprise she has been preparing. (*He unrolls the paper and discloses the stocking.*)

Mr. M. Bless me! a stocking, with a sizeable hole. Judging by your face, I should say it was a little surprise.

Mr. H. (*laughing heartily.*) It is a mistake. I know. Another of Amelia's blunders; she is such an absent-minded creature.

Mr. M. Ha, ha, ha! That is rich! One of the eccentricities of genius.

Mr. H. But don't say a word about it; it would so mortify her; and the present she intended to make will come in good time, for of course she had no thought of giving me a *stocking*.

SCENE III.—“*Blue Stocking*.”

Mrs. H. Thank goodness, dinner is over, and Mr. Martin is gone!

Mr. H. It was a capital dinner, though, and Martin is a capital fellow.

Mrs. H. Yes; but to Jennie belongs the praise of the dinner, and Mr. Martin compliments too much. If Jennie had not been here, you would have dined on stale bread alone. Such a plight as I was in: I could cry now with vexation!

J. Don't lay it so much to heart, Amelia.

Mrs. H. I can't help it. Then I feel so dissatisfied with myself. I wish I were more like you; practical common sense is better than talent to make a home happy. I fear George's love will grow cold in time.

Mr. H. Never, Amelia.

J. There, sister, take courage; but I don't see why you can't be a good house-keeper and author, too, if you only set yourself about it.

Mrs. H. But I am so absent-minded. I mended George's collar with *blue* thread the other day.

J. O, Amelia!

Mr. H. My dear, you made me a present a little while ago.

Mrs. H. And I have been wondering why you did not mention it.

Mr. H. (*drawing forth the stocking*.) Did you mean to give me this?

Mrs. H. Why what an idea! (*turning the things over on the table*.) There, Jennie, another proof of my stupidity! I gave George that last unmended stocking, instead of the money. You may laugh, both of you; it is too ridiculous.

J. (*laughing*.) It is laughable, but no harm is done.

Mrs. H. Will you accept from your loving, good-for-nothing wife, this roll of bills. There are five hundred dollars which I received for my book.

Mr. H. My dearest Amelia, bless you; but I can't think of accepting it.

Mrs. H. You must; indeed you *must*. You say you are in trouble about your business; that will help you.

Mr. H. But to take *your* money.

Mrs. H. *Your own money*, for I am yours, and all that I have is yours. Take it, if you love me, and remember that my pen earned it, when I am absent-minded, and the buttons are off your shirts, and the strings gone from your collars.

Mr. H. I will remember everything that is good, and lovely and amiable of you. This money will be the saving of me.

J. So, after all, it isn't so very bad a thing to have for a wife a *Blue-Stocking*!

REST ABOVE.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Rest in the home of the angels,
By-and-bye will be ours,
When weary we turn from the pathway,
Strown with life's passion-flowers:
Then the shadows will go from our faces,
And a glory immortal, fair,
Banish the earthly traces,
Time in his flight left there.

We shall rest in the home of the angels,
Though the sky is full of gloom,
There's a star of promise beaming
O'er the portals of the tomb;
Thorny the way and dreary,
And the tears cloud many an eye,
But there's rest for all the weary,
'Mid the angels by-and-bye.

And O, that home of the angels,
'Tis a land of fadeless light,
There the King dwells in His glory,
And the saints wear robes of white;
Hush! o'er the waste and the river,
Their voices are floating nigh,
Rest with us, pilgrim, ever,
Will reward thee by-and-bye.

Rest in the home of the angels
O, the blessed thought we'll keep,
Hid in the heart's dim chambers,
Like a pearl in Oman's deep;
A star to go ever before us,
And lead us by-and bye,
To rest 'mid the beautiful angels,
Who dwell above in the sky.

'Tis not in books, 'tis not in lore,
To make us truly blest,
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast;
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE.

"THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE. Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests; and Isthmiana. By THEODORE WINTHROP."

Each new book of Winthrop's is hailed with admiration and delight, by a multitude of hearers, not a little heightened by the lively curiosity one cannot but feel in thus repeatedly drawing from the rich treasury left to the world by the gifted young hero. This last work has all the vigor and freshness of the previous ones. It is not a fiction, but a narrative of adventures, as the title indicates, and the writer carries you along with him in the tide of his own buoyant overflowing life. You are there in the Northwestern wilds; you hear the rushing and surging of mighty rivers; you gaze, awe struck, upon regal mountains; and behold, in his graphic word-painting, the aboriginies of the forest.

Winthrop's style is peculiarly his own: not copied with careful differences from the old masters of the pen; nor built up, a glowing mosaic, in unconscious imitation of those he has read and admired. Terse, piquant, racy, it seizes hold of you with a kind of magic and makes you feel the personality of Winthrop.

You can't forget Winthrop as you read; not that he is egotistical in any sense, but there is on every page, a lively presence, and you can almost catch the flash of his eye and hear the exultant tones of his voice.

What a companion Winthrop must have been! how joyous, ardent, genial! One feels that it would have been a rare privilege to have known him.

His love of nature was genuine and enthusiastic; he did not behold in it that breathless, ideal admiration which the highest poetic spirits sometimes feel, but with clear, open eye he gazed upon it, understanding and loving its every varying mood.

Every word seems to tell on Winthrop's pages; they are clear as crystals, and though often so oddly and unexpectedly grouped, you would not change them if you could. Literary criticism is set at naught continually, and you are pleased that it is so, in proportion as you delight in the unique and original.

Perhaps you think he sometimes dwells too long and frequently upon vulgar characters and coarse scenes, but after all you are bewitched into forgiving what you would scarcely tolerate in another. His quaint humor charms, and his descriptions of Nature enchain you.

Hear what he says of mountains:

"Poet comes long after pioneer. Mountains have been waiting, even in ancient worlds, for ages, while mankind looked upon them as high, cold, dreary, crushing, as resorts for demons, and homes of desolating storms. It is only lately, in the development of men's comprehension of nature, that mountains have been recognized as our noblest friends, our most exalting and inspiring comrades, our grandest emblems of divine power and divine peace."

"We had rounded a point, and opened Pugallop Bay, a breadth of sheltered calmness, when I, lifting sleepy eyelids for a dreamy stare about, was suddenly aware of a vast white shadow in the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, as my stare, no longer dreamy, presently discovered, no cloud, but a cloud-compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue depths of tranquil water. The smoky haze of an Oregon August, hid all the length of its lesser ridges, and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear blue noonday sky. The shore line drew a cineture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the mist. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it.

"Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort, though far to the north and south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms, each in isolated sovereignty, rising above the pine darkened river of the cascade. Mountains—above the stern chasm where

the Columbia, Achilles of rivers, sweeps short-lived and jubilant to the sea—above the lovely vales of Willamette and Unpqua. Of all the peaks from California to Frazer's river, this one before me was this royal Mount Regmir, Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the Siwashos call it Yacoma,—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks. Whatever keen crests and crags there may be in its rock anatomy of basalt, snow covers softly with its bends and sweeping curves. Yacoma, under its ermine, is a crushed volcanic dome, or an ancient volcano fallen in and perhaps as yet not wholly lifeless."

In another place he devotes a chapter to Yacoma, and hereafter, in the reader's imagination it stands a glorious rival of Mont Blanc. His description is beautiful as well as vivid. After painting it in its stern grandeur, he says:

"No foot of man had ever trampled its pure snows. It was a virginal mountain, distant from the possibility of any human approach and human inquisitiveness as a marble goddess is from human loves. Yet there was nothing unsympathetic in its isolation, or despotic in its distant majesty. But this serene loftiness was no home for any deity of those that men create. Only the thought of eternal peace arose from its heaven upbearing monument like incense, and, overflowing, filled the world with deep and holy calm."

Then he tells of the "infinite sweetness and charm" which the playing sunshine and soft tracery of snow gives Yacoma.

"Grace played over the surface of majesty, as a drift of rose leaves wavers in the air before a summer shower, or as a wreath of rosy mist flits before the grandeur of a storm. Loveliness was sprinkled like a boon of blossoms upon sublimity"

The lesson that he draws is so beautiful we cannot wholly pass it over, though it is too long to quote entire.

"Our lives forever demand and need visual images that can be symbols to us of

the grandeur or the sweetness of repose. There are some faces that arise dreamy in our memories, and look us into calmness in our frantic moods. Fair and happy is a life that need not call upon its vague memorial dreams for such attuning, but can turn to a present reality, and ask tranquillity at the shrine of a household goddess. The noble works of nature, and mountains most of all,

'have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.'

And studying the light and majesty of Yacoma, there passed from it and entered into my being, to dwell there evermore by the side of many such a thought and an image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke whenever in the world I must have peace or die. For such emotions, years of pilgrimage were worthily spent."

Twice he gives descriptions of dawn as glowing and radiant as though his pen had been dipped in auroral flame. Sentences like polished gems are oddly strung with rough diamonds. Notice in the following quotation the melody of the first and last sentences, and contrast them with the intervening ones, so forcible and expressive:

"Tame and inarticulate is the harmony of a day that has not known the delicious prelude of dawn. For the sun, the god-like does not come blundering in upon the scene. Nor does he bounce forth upon the arena of his action, like a circus-clown. Much beautiful labor of love is done by earth and sky, preparing a pageant where their Lord shall enter."

Turning from the captivating pages we have quoted, to many others in the book, is like taking the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. That spirit which had such exquisite appreciation of all things sublime or beautiful in nature, also possessed the keenest perception of the grotesque and ludicrous. In these western wilds nature was on the side of dignity and admiration, humanity on the side of burlesque and repulsiveness. One almost shudders at such close contact with the flat-faced salmon-fed, fishy-smelling Indians. Even the robes of

royalty, which he humorously throws over the first savages introduced, do not make them the less disgusting, and if you have ever dreamed of primeval purity and freedom of life as the heritage of the American Indian, you are disenchanting forthwith.

But forget the poor denizens of the forest and read again of glorious nature. One night Winthrop is travelling in the wild woods and a terrific storm overtakes him. You are by his side, you see the lightnings flashing "revelations," and performing queer "gymnastic feats." You behold the illuminated vista before the traveller and the blazing mountain side. Then the lightning retires and the rain comes down. He tells it thus quaintly :

"By this time the grandness of the scene were over. Madness and pangs died away into sullen grief. Passion was over; tame realities were coming. There had been a majestic overture crowded with discordant concords, and there was nothing left for the opera but dull recitative. Night became undramatic; sulky instead of inspired; grizzly instead of splendid. Solil rain now took the place of atmosphere. While the storm rampaged, it was adventurous and heroic to breast it; now our journey became an offensive plod."

Winthrop and his guide become lost, and stop most unwillingly. They build a fire and luckily, for the effect it gives to the narrative, it ignites a venerable pine, and they have an impromptu display of pyrotechnics rivalling the lightning exhibition. As the flames die out and the vanquished pine is falling into white ashes, morning comes, a dull uncomfortable dawn, as ordinary people would say, but Winthrop has it thus :

"Aurora being in the sulks, a fusty dawn, the slipshod drudge of her palace, was come as a substitute for the rosy goddess, to wake the world to malcontent."

But enough of quotation. Those who have read Winthrop's previous works will be apt to read this, and those who have not will doubtless seek the earliest opportunity to make his acquaintance.

It's but a little while since the world first heard of Theodore Winthrop, and now his name is a household word. Fame has

woven a lustrous crown, but the noble head on which it should have rested, lies low in death, the ear on which the world's loud plaudits would have vibrated so pleasantly, hears not; and the heart which would have throbbed with such heart-felt pride and joy at great success, beats no more forever.

These thoughts sadden you as you read. You wish he could have lived to have reaped the harvest of his sowing. You would he walked the earth an acknowledged peer among the sons of genius. You would gladly pay him homage, but he is beyond the sphere of human praise or blame.

What were the motives that prompted him to write so much without an effort to publish? Did ambition, a shining presence, stand by his side and point to those luring heights where stands the temple of Fame? Did he ever say, "Not yet, not yet, bright tempter; I must do better still before I give of my treasure to the world?" Or did he think to suddenly arise, a dazzling star in the literary sky? Or was he half unconscious of his powers, and did he only write from an overflowing heart that must have expression?

Many more such queries do you make, but there comes no answer from the voiceless grave.

Counting by years, Winthrop's life was short; counting by results, few have lived so long. And he still lives in the hearts of a grateful people. His literary fame pales beside the glory of a still nobler renown. You admire his genius, but the patriot, the hero, the martyr, calls upon your profoundest love.

Vernal be his memory while Columbia's children have a literature to nurture; loved be his name while they have a country to defend!

M. S. DAVIS.

RICHES. Every man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes, is therefore equally destructive to happiness, with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet than if he had robbed him of his patrimony.

HASTY JUDGMENT.

BY LIZETTE.

"Ten dollars! This is very different from the success attending my call at No. 47 on this street."

"I presume that you are sometimes refused by ladies who would esteem it as great a pleasure to aid this cause, as do many who contribute largely to it."

"I am aware, Mrs. Weston, that many possess hearts far more liberal than their means. But I cannot suppress a feeling of surprise when a woman, blessed with wealth,—and a mother withal,—can lack the heart to bestow of her abundance toward the support of little, helpless, parentless children. I confess to a sense of mortification for, and contempt of, those of my sex who are so devoid of humanity as to refuse their aid when the object is so purely humane, and the demand so urgent as this. And further: I freely own, that I feel not only disappointed but really pained, and not a little vexed, that Mrs. Vinton, whom I confidently expected would rejoice at the opportunity of becoming a liberal donor to this benevolent enterprise, should actually, though not without some hesitation, 't is true, plead her inability. And then, that she should point her rejection with affected regret; I felt half disposed to resent her plea as an insult to the cause I advocate. I am sadly at a loss to conceive how any lady, occupying her position, can willingly hazard her reputation for liberality, by refusing what need have cost her scarce a thought, save that of pleasure to bestow. If all were thus unfeeling and parsimonious, what would become of the indigent and unprotected?"

"I beg you do not, Mrs. Eberle, apply the term 'unfeeling,' to Mrs. Vinton; for she assuredly merits a more lenient judgment. But truly, if all were, like her, obliged to suppress the promptings of sweet humanity, then sad indeed would be the lot of the suffering and dependent poor. I am really sorry for your disappointment, and for Mrs. Vinton, whose regret I am sure was sincere, in not being able to aid so laudable a cause as this in which you are engaged. I have known

her long and intimately, and there is no lady of my acquaintance, whom I think possessed of warmer or tenderer sympathies than Mrs. Vinton."

"If she is entitled to your favorable estimation, I can conceive of no obstacle to her contributing to the support of defenseless, homeless childhood. She is wealthy, and yet of her abundance, refuses even a pittance! You may, possibly, with reasons satisfactory to yourself, excuse her sordid indifference, but I cannot, and I regret to say, I cannot even respect her."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Eberle, but I think you quite too severe in your censure of Mrs. Vinton. All who know her thoroughly, respect her highly. She is esteemed a lady of pure and Christian principles, one whose heart is ever warm with Christian love."

"I should be most happy to assent to the reputation which you so unqualifiedly ascribe to her, for I wish not to be censorious or uncharitable, and would gladly know on what ground you justify her utter disregard of the orphan's cry."

"I ought not, I fear, to publish the cause which governs, and, in my estimation, justifies the conduct of my neighbor; but I venture to assure you on the authority which years of friendly intercourse has established of her character, that Mrs. Vinton has reasons which her most philanthropic promptings cannot overcome, for not contributing to the object you propose. I am confident that it is not lack of interest in, or love of humanity, that your solicitation was not readily and cheerfully responded to."

"You excite my desire to absolve her of blame, and also, curiosity to know on what plea she may stand acquitted."

"I could wish that no occasion for vindication had occurred; but I think it better the truth should be known, than that one so estimable in life and character should be unfavorably regarded by the charitable and good of our community. I would gladly disabuse your mind, for I am sure you would not wilfully misjudge or prejudice the opinion of others against her."

"By no means, Mrs. Weston! I had

supposed her a lady of large benevolence, hence the keenness of my disappointment, for in the South part of the city, where she resided during the life time of her first husband, she was spoken of, and is still remembered, as one who was ever ready to engage in every enterprise that had for its object the alleviation or elevation of suffering or degraded humanity. Knowing that Mr. Adams was far from wealthy, in comparison with her present husband, I think it but natural that I should feel at least surprised, when, in the midst of her present luxurious surroundings, she actually pleaded inability! In fact, I could not suppress a doubt relative to her veracity; neither the thought that her improved pecuniary condition had not resulted in an augmented expansion of the heart."

"The apparent difference in the character of my friend, as marked by her deeds, is not attributable to an altered disposition, but to the changed condition of which you speak. She has been, as you have remarked, in comparatively moderate circumstances, and yet was noted for her benevolence; she is now the wife of a positively rich man, and is, as you have stated, seemingly penurious."

"You quite bewilder me, Mrs. Weston. Your defense of Mrs. Vinton is a riddle which I am quite unable to solve, and must beg you to explain."

"Plainly, then, Mr. Adams possessed a large, warm heart, and never denied himself or wife the luxury of doing good, as means and opportunity afforded. Mr. Vinton's habits and inclinations are of a different order. When his money changes hands, he is pretty sure to obtain what he considers a full equivalent; or if, as is sometimes the case, he confers a public benefaction, the public is usually informed to what amount, and to whom the obligation is due."

"But you surely need not lead me to infer that Mr. Vinton limits his wife in her expenditures? Certainly, her home and personal adornments do not indicate lack of money, or restriction in its appropriation. I cannot mention a dwelling in which the elegancies of life are more lavishly displayed than in Mr. Vinton's; and surely no lady appears more splendidly apparelled than his wife."

"True; those things are among the costly pleasures in which he allows himself to indulge. The house is *his* home. The lady is *his* wife, and as such must represent *his* means and standing."

"And in order to secure that representation, he must of necessity, supply the means?"

"Yes; he does so after his own manner and method."

"And until his manner and method are more fully understood, I cannot feel quite persuaded that his wife is perfectly exempt from the blame which I attribute to her. It appears to me that from the large amount which she must expend, to dress in the style she does, she might, if charitably disposed, from that alone, reserve many dollars for benevolent bestowment. But I will suspend immediate judgment, and render a verdict only in accordance with further testimony."

"Or rather, I will hope, annul the decision which I think you will not fail to see has been already rather hastily rendered."

"Perhaps so. I have expressed my opinion, hastily formed, it may be—but as founded upon appearances. I will gladly listen to any extenuating facts, and if the evidence favors your friend's claim, or rather your claim for your friend's acquittal, I shall heartily rejoice to accord it."

"And will you be convinced she did not wilfully refuse your request, and unfeelingly reject the call of humanity, if I tell you that the practice of her magnanimous husband is, to select and purchase the articles, (without even consulting her taste) of which the elegant wardrobe of my excellent friend is composed?"

"Mrs. Weston, I am exceedingly amazed."

"But still somewhat incredulous, I perceive. More explicit developments are yet wanting. Then fancy a shopman leaving a box or package at No. 47 Pearl street, directed to the lady of the house, which, on opening, she finds to contain a five hundred dollar cashmere, or some similar costly trifle. This looks thoughtful and kind of the gentleman, truly; but at that very hour she is perhaps in want of a pair of gloves or gaiters, and has not wherewithal, unasked, to obtain them. Or,

quite as unexpectedly, a beautiful moire antique, a magnificent velvet, or a splendid satin is sent to her house, and she has not money enough to purchase even a skein of sewing silk, with which to make the robe. She is obliged to present him with her milliner's and dress-maker's bills, and he promptly counts out, and graciously presents her with the exact amount. If an article is needed which his husbandly eye does not detect, and she is necessitated to ask for money, he invariably inquires what is wanting, and what sum is requisite for its purchase. And thus from year to year, she seldom passes a single dollar that has not its specified use. Her small fortune is swallowed up in his enormous one, and, as guardian of her first husband's child, even his slender income is subject to his step-father's control, and the very wages of her domestics are doled out with scrupulous exactness. Thus situated, instead of being able to add to your subscription list the sum of ten or twenty dollars, which I know would have afforded her great pleasure, I do not hesitate to express the opinion, that she has not today, as many pence."

"I cannot doubt your competency to sustain the assertions which you make, but had they come from the lips of one less acquainted with the parties, or less lenient in judgment, I would not hesitate to reject them as malicious and libelous. Knowing the name of Mr. Vinton to be widely known and favorably regarded by the public, I am wholly unable to restrain, or yet express my unbounded amazement in view of such undreamed of disclosures."

"Your surprise, though quite natural, is not greater than, I presume, would be Mr. Vinton's, should he happen to learn that he is even suspected of being restrictive or niggardly towards his wife. As you have remarked, he stands well in the public estimation, and is not esteemed a hard, or mean man, in his business transactions, or his home provisions. He is rather methodical and calculating, than positively mercenary. But you have today witnessed an instance of the embarrassment, self-denial, and painfully suppressed sympathies, to which his business-bound, arbitrary spirit subjects his noble,

woman-hearted wife. From my heart, I sincerely pity her, when I think of the deep mortification which her inability to meet the frequent similar demands, must occasion her."

"It is hard and unpleasant to be convinced of the defection of an individual, especially one in whose favor we are prepossessed; but in the present case I am most happy to exonerate the wife, even at the expense of the husband. I am not disposed to impute blame in act or motive, to the blameless."

"Neither would I unadvisedly proclaim the faults of even the erring, save to vindicate the cause of the unoffending. And in this instance, my only motive in exposing the delinquencies of one, is to defend a high-minded, pure-hearted woman, from unmerited aspersion."

"My dear Mrs. Weston, I honor you for the earnestness with which you vindicate the character of your absent, and I am now thoroughly convinced — unjustly accused friend. You have moreover, imparted to me a lesson, — and I thank you for it — which I will treasure for reproof, and for future profit. Henceforth I will strive to remember how imperfect is our knowledge of individual character, as founded upon acts or position; and how often and deeply, the really excellent may — as in the present case — be wronged by indiscriminate and hasty judgment. I think I shall not soon forget, neither readily forgive myself for the unkind thoughts and feelings to which I have just given such unqualified, bitter expression."

"I desire, Mrs. Eberle, you do not think what I have uttered, has been prompted by the spirit of reproof, but simply by the wish to remove the opinion which you unwittingly — though with apparent reason — entertained derogatory to the principles of a most estimable woman. We are all, and ever inclined — and that naturally enough — to form our estimate of persons according as circumstances present them. Our fault in this, chiefly consists in imputing to motive and design, the deeds or delinquencies which subject them to our censure, when, in reality, the defection of will and purpose, is alone chargeable to extraneous circumstances,

which are adverse to, and wholly beyond individual control. Thus, in our almost impossible knowledge of the human heart, of the causes which impel or suppress its active tendencies, we are ever liable to form grossly erroneous conclusions; and unless we set an uncompromising sentinel at the door of our judgment hall, a prejudicial verdict may go forth, when, could we with our intellectual vision perceive the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, we should be led to commiserate, or at least to refrain from censure, where we so often thoughtlessly condemn. The case we have instanced is neither solitary nor rare."

"There are many, it is to be feared, from whom, as from Mrs. Vinton,—their actual worth unrecognized—we withhold the love and respect which, could their true lives shine forth in deeds, we should rejoice to render; and many too, like Mr. Vinton, whose wealth and position obtain for them the deference which, could we rightly understand their actuating motives, could see the inner man, we should feel little inclined to accord to them more than merely Christian forbearance. Without designing to be harsh or uncharitable, we meet with so much that is averse to our sense of right; so much that grates upon our sensibilities and disappoints our hopes, that, without the consent of reason, we are often betrayed into the expression of hasty, and not unfrequently, unjust judgment."

Oldtown, Me.

Even plenty itself, the most profuse evidence of God, is often that which most shuts us in from him. In the blasted harvest and the unfruitful year, perhaps, we fall upon our knees, and think of *his* agency who retains the shower and veils the sun. But when the wheels of nature roll on their accustomed course, when our fields are covered with sheaves and our garners groan with abundance, we may lift a transient offering of gratitude; yet, in the continuous flow of prosperity, are we not apt to refer largely to our own enterprise, and bless our "luck?"

The great mind is ever humble and studious.

THE RESURRECTION.

NO. II.

What the Scriptures teach us of the Nature of the Future Life.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

In our essay of last month, we spoke of the eagerness we all feel to secure some positive knowledge of a future life, of the answer which God has given to this desire, in the resurrection of Christ Jesus, witnessed and amply attested by fit and credible persons, and of the sufficiency of this fact and this testimony to satisfy all our reasonable moods and wishes. We stated that while we did not mean to limit God by denying the possibility of his granting special help by spiritual agencies to extraordinary needs, we yet did unqualifiedly condemn the practice on the part of Christian men, of nourishing expectations of such unusual helps, of fostering those secret cravings after a knowledge of the unseen world which lurk in all our bosoms, into fond hopes and morbid anticipations that we may become recipients of some heavenly signals; and we asserted our opinion, that in all such cases, the secret of the importunity was to be sought, and almost certainly to be found, in a feebleness of faith in the resurrection of Jesus, in a dissatisfaction with the all-sufficiency of that Divine demonstration to establish our confidence in our own immortality.

We concluded with an admonition that when, at any time, we find our prospect of the future growing cloudy with doubts, or, what is quite as likely, dim and shifting under the steadfast gaze of our minds highly excited, and long and instantly fastened on it, our wisest course is our humblest; not to insist ambitiously on summoning spirits from the air or skies, but to sit down meekly at the feet of the risen Christ, the chief of Spirits, and listen while he talks to us; to read the simple, and therefore, on such a topic, sublime story of his reappearance from the dead, till the scene and the persons grow real to our sight; till, by the Magdalene's side, we too see him through the dawn, and hear the low-toned "Mary," which turns her despair to rapture; till, in the close shut room with the eleven, he looks on us too,

and soothes and cures the fever of our incredulity, with his "Peace be unto you—behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself;" and if, after that grand and convincing proof, designed by God for the satisfaction of all Christian believers, we, as believing Christians, still seek further assurance from inferior Spirits, and individual revelations, *and receive it*, why, then, that we are very singularly needy, that God detects some special want, some unusual spiritual defect in us—so unusual as to warrant him to step aside from his ordinary course, and by miracle to supply it.

And now, turning from that unhealthy spiritual solicitude, which, if gratified as it seeks to the full, by visions and revelations of the mysteries of the unseen, would disgust us with all earthly duties, and merge all earthly distinctions—all the modest social proprieties, and the sober delights of household and friendly, and ordinary human intercourse—in the glare of an unsupportable heavenly light, and in the high excitements of a spiritual intoxication, let us at present direct you to the source authorized by God, for the rational satisfaction of that curiosity we all feel in reference to our destined condition when we escape from the flesh. That source is the New-Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It may not grant to each of us just the precise amount of information which we think would suffice us. It may refuse to speak positively on certain points, which, quite unblameably perhaps, we would wish to see set forth with emphatic distinctness. But let us remember, that it was not designed for us only, but for its believers generally; that to enlarge on the particulars we considerate, might have necessitated the compression, perchance the omission of some, which are of greater personal interest to others, and that, it is God's own selected mode, in which he gives us what he knows, rather than what we think, to be the best and completest information for us, on so august a theme.

In the first place, then, that we shall all live hereafter, and in a greatly advanced spiritual state beyond that we occupy here, is, I assume, the conviction of all Univer-

salist Christians, and therefore it is ours, for we are Universalist Christians. The question with us now, is, as to the particulars of that exalted life—such particulars as God has seen best to disclose to us.

The fact of an after life is proclaimed to us, by the Resurrection of the Lord. That we shall live, and live a holier and a happier life than here, free from trial, temptation, and sorrow, and death, all this we think is involved and expressed in his triumphant resurrection, and in the calm and lofty dignity—so different from his agitation and misery in Gethsemane—which invests him in his every appearance after it. But that, "if he lives we shall live also," "if he be lifted up from the earth, he will draw all men unto him," into the life immortal, into a far holier and happier state of being than that we here possess, is, I think, all that can be certainly deduced from the fact of his own resurrection, and the promise it bequeaths to us.

Others may gather larger information in regard to our immortal condition from that signal revelation. But this is all I glean from it; that we shall live, and live forever, (for we cannot imagine the heavenly life of Christ coming to a close,) and in a far more exalted condition than here, when death dismisses us into eternity. And this surely is much. To know that we shall live then in blessedness, free from temptation, and liability to sin, and sorrow, and accident, and that we shall never, never die. Yes, this is much.

But we insist on more. We are anxious for particulars. Some of us, I dare say, speculate a little upon unimportant ones, as, how divested of this body of ours, we shall retain our likeness so as to know each other there; how the organs of our senses, of sight, and speech, and hearing, left behind, we shall communicate with each other; what, if any, shall be the material appearance of our abode, how its landscapes will be enlivened, whether the lovely variety of scenery which charms us here will have its counterpart there, so that we shall gaze again, on a more glorious scale, on the mighty mountain, and the leaping flood, the solemn forest, and the broad champaign. On details like these, trivial

as they seem to the intenser moods of our souls, we do, all men do, dream at times. But when the preacher or the poet essays to lift his audience with him in the high fancy of faith to some momentary Pisgah, whence he may disclose to them the heavenly splendors, he finds that he can imagine and describe them, only by reproducing the objects and appearances which delight him here. And so we have Dr. Watts, who I dare say lived among quiet pastoral scenery, singing in two certainly exquisite lines,

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,”

while another, from a far loftier range of the picturesque, chants nobly, how

“We shall walk in clear, white light,
With kings and priests abroad,
And we shall summer high in bliss
Among the hills of God.” *

And then, again, there are others, as the Puritans for example, whose sense of beauty is at best but small, and who conscientiously suppress even what they have, whose conception of heaven consists mainly of scenes and acts of perpetual devotion; who preach and pray of it as an everlasting Sabbath, (and we know what a Puritan Sabbath was,) and whose settled notion of it is, (as a dear and revered brother, now himself there, once said to me,) that we shall all sit on white pine benches, and sing psalms through all eternity. Yet, unin-

* After this was written, my expressed conjecture that Watts was a resident of a level country, and my implied one, that the author, then unknown to me, of the lines which follow his was wont to gaze on bolder scenery, were both curiously verified. In conversation with an English artist, he mentioned that he had been brought up at Stoke Newington, where Dr. Watts lived so long. I inquired what was the aspect of the landscape. “Wide, and gently undulating fields of richest verdure, with smooth streams flowing through them” was his reply. Soon afterwards, in a book of Poems by Thomas Aird, and in the Poem in that volume, entitled, “The Devil’s Dream on Mount Axsbeck,” I found the other lines, which I had previously picked up in fragment somewhere, and stuck them in my memory for their bold beauty. In another page of this number see more about them, under the head, “The Devil’s Dream.” The point in regard to them is, that Aird is a Scotsman. The English Watts, reproduces the green fields and flowing streams of England, in his conception of Heaven, and the Scot, in his, “summers high among the hills of God.”

ving, certainly, as is such a prospect, it is just as decidedly warranted by any Scriptural disclosures on the subject, as the pictures of Dr. Watts or Thomas Aird, for the Bible is entirely silent upon all such details. The glowing descriptions in the Apocalypse, of which some reader, perhaps, is thinking, as convicting me of error in this assertion, have reference, not to the kingdom in heaven, but the kingdom of heaven, the New Jerusalem which was to “come down from God out of Heaven.” Rev. xxi. 2.

Does the New Testament, then, say nothing on this topic, to appease our curiosity, and to fill us with anticipations of delight when we think of our future home?

That we have such anticipations at all, is sufficient to suggest that it does. For only from the New Testament have we caught that feeling of brightness and bliss which the very utterance of the word “heaven,” awakes within us. And yet, it opens up to us not a foot-breadth of the celestial territory; it gives us not a glimpse of the nearest of its landscapes.

But there is one word, the most suggestive of all human words, I think, of brightness and magnificence, a word combining in its single utterance at once our loftiest ideas of splendor, and our loveliest ideas of soft and lustrous beauty, which it almost solely dedicates to heaven, and to themes connected with heaven. That word is *Glory*. And such is its power and effect upon us,—so does it of itself not only characterize, but really constitute what conceptions of heaven we have, that when in our highest moments, our thoughts go up and stand beside, and look within, those gates which opened long ago to admit the ascending Christ, and have ever since stood open night and day, we see there a vision of boundless spaces, and millions of saintly and angelic forms moving to and fro; but we can fix none of them, we can define no face, no figure of them all,—save perhaps, mother, the baby face once cradled on thy bosom, its cheek now close to the heart of Christ,—perhaps, husband, wife, one familiar human face, foremost in the radiant crowd, looking steadfastly on thee; all others, and all else, all

that in any other vision would be the objects, the appearances, the features of the spectacle, shift and shimmer in the splendor which floods and steeps the whole, till, like Paul, we say, "I cannot see for the glory of that light!"

And then, besides the fulness of great meaning which flows out upon us from that grandest word, there is another hint given us in the New Testament, that has been prolific, in all heavenward imaginations, of another source of delight as among the constituents of the bliss of heaven. On, at least, one signal occasion, when the choir of angels join him of the Annunciation over the fields of Bethlehem, and all together burst into the herald strain, we all feel that that strain, in which they are described as praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," was a strain of Harmony, that the seraph voices rang in cadence and accord, just, as long before "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." It is not verbally so said, to be sure. "Saying," not "singing," is the word employed. But from the occasion, the circumstances, the very hymnic character of the words, which seem to roll and flow, and repeat, and re-repeat themselves over the joyous theme, we feel sure, the whole Christian world has always felt sure, that "they burst into a song."

And St. John, in the Revelation, in one of those flights of transcendent inspiration, in which he seems permitted to transfer the heavenly glories themselves to his representations of the only lesser glory of the triumphant church on earth, tells us, that he "heard a voice from heaven, like the voice of many waters, and he heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and they sang a new song before the throne, a song which no man could learn but those who were redeemed from the earth."

From the two suggestions thus given in the New Testament, the word "Glory," and the hint of the harmonies of heaven,—the general conception which first occurs to us in our thought of it, aye, and perpetually recurs to us, as our fullest and gladdest anticipation of its delights, may be summed up and expressed in the words,

Light and Song. It is to all of us the Land of Light, of unclouded, everlasting, and resplendent light! And, too, the realm of Song, of cherub lyre, and seraph harp, of anthems, and jubilates, bursting ever and anon from ten thousand millions of simultaneous and rejoicing throats. And when they die away, its unsilent air is still murmurous with delight, and thrilled at intervals with that sublimest music—the sound of the voice of the great Father, God, which John once heard, when he told of "the Voice in heaven, as the voice of many waters."

Is not this sufficient to satisfy our most exacting demands, when brooding most intently on what awaits us there? Perhaps not. I can conceive of inquiries, springing, some of them, from the deepest instincts of our nature, abhorrent of even a momentary cessation of our being, and asking, "Shall I sleep first for ages, ere I awake to a participation in a universal resurrection?" And some others of them, springing from the deepest affections of our nature, and asking, in their turn—"Shall I, or not, recognize and love with a special love, those specially dear to me in this world, or shall I and they be merged and lost alike, in the indiscriminating overflow and interchange of equal and common affection for all? Shall not the memories of the signal and peculiar loves I cherished here, be quickened anew into fresh and everlasting loves of special force in heaven, or will the recollection of them be all smoothed down and absorbed, and so, my very identity be destroyed, in the flood of an undistinguishing and general affection?"

We can conceive of such queries troubling our spirits, for I, you, all, have felt them. In our next article, we shall attempt to reply to them from the Scripture. But even so far as we have already reached, we do not think that that Scripture has been unsatisfactorily silent. Let us, in conclusion, for the present, recount what it has told us.

"Because I live ye shall live also;" or, as St. Paul words it in 1 Thess. iv. 14, (we quote from Conybeare and Howson's version,) "As surely as we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, so surely will

God, through him, bring back those who sleep, together with Jesus " And again, in the words of Christ, " I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me." And yet again, in language from the same lips, " In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being children of the resurrection."

This is surely a great deal in the way of general assurance that it will be well with us hereafter; that our state of being there, will be a vast improvement on that we possess in this world. We are to live, if Christ lives there, and to live while he lives, that is, forever. All men are so to live, for, " if I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all unto me." And our life there, and that of all, is to be one undisturbed by passion, for we are " neither to marry, nor be given in marriage," untroubled by fear of death, for, we are to " die no more;" and still again, to be holy and happy, for, we are to be " equal unto the angels, and to be the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

Yes, this a great deal, as assurance to us mortal men that a sinless, a sorrowless, an immortal life is in reserve for us, when death comes and calls us away.

And then, in regard to the accessories, and the pleasurable conditions of that life; the word *Glory*, expressive of the thought and feeling with which in our dreams and glimpses of it, we spread heaven all over; and the *Voice* as of many waters under-toning and controlling the voices of the harpers, harping with their harps to the song of the redeemed from earth! *Light and Song!* Oh, I think such a life, a life that shall never die, a life upon an equality with the angels, the life of children of God in a realm of everlasting light and multitudinous song, may suffice us. Suffice *us!* Aye, might suffice, and rejoice, and fill to the full the grasp of the most importunate hope that ever fluttered up from an earthly death-bed. Let our lives become the worthy effects of such a fund of hopes, as up to this point we find the New Testament bequeathing to us, and even were all other and more special hopes withheld, these lives will be illustrious with goodness indeed.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.

BY LIZETTE.

O, He hath made all things so beautiful,
So in accord with all my soul desires;
So feeds with bounteous hand its purest fires,
I need but pray, " Make me more dutiful,
More like Thy Naz'rene Child, loving and lowly.
Like him from riches lure and worldly pow'r,
To turn, and in temptation's fiery hour,
Like him be blest with peace, saving and holy.

O, I must love and worship evermore;
The harp His hand hath strung may never
sleep;
But o'er its strings in murmured strains will
sweep
The spirit notes, which, ever surging from
The soul's aspirations, and its glad thanksgiving.
God's thoughts on earth, his burning types
above,
Shining evangels of his perfect love;
Make life divine, and death the birth of living.

They drop like leaves, the young, the hopeful-
hearted!
Mid-life companions vanish from my sight!
But from each tear-bathed mound a glorious
light
Illumes the path they trod—the blest departed!
Fond lips are mute and loving eyes are sleeping;
Bright, household gods lie shattered in my
way;
But well I know amid earth's gloomiest day
My Father's eye its fostering watch is keeping.

Life hath no jar; its pains and evil seeming,
Evolve no ill. In tempests, songs and sighs,
Sweet harmony exists: and Faith's raised
eyes
See the bright bow of *promise* ever beaming.
" He hath done all things well;" the heavens
declare
The power and goodness of the Holy One;
And we who bear his image 'neath the sun,
Behold his revelations everywhere.

His face is veiled, but feet of his Anointed
Have sanctified the dust of which his hand,—
But little lower than the angel band—
Hath formed us, and high ministries appointed.
Made by his breath immortal, half divine;
The instincts given, our conscious souls may
rise,
And, praise-inspired, join those beyond the
skies
Who round the throne in white-robed glory
shine.

— • • —
The stars are beautiful; many and deep
Are the wonderful mysteries that they keep.
Thro' the out-spread space they shine and roll,
Like solemn thoughts o'er a prophet's soul.
They speak of peace to heart-strings crushed;
Faith looks to them and its doubts are hushed;
They glide and they shine to the spirit's eye,
As things untarnished, and bright, and high;
And it yearneth and hopeth from them to soar,
When it looks through these fleshly bars no
more.

THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

In an article in another page, on the Future Life, I have cited some lines from one of Aird's Poems, "The Devil's Dream on Mt. Akabeck," a peak of the Ural mountains. It is a poem of great power. Adopting the Miltonic theory of the Devil, in his poem, he represents him as the Arch Rebel and Chief Leader of the Evil Host. But Aird, like his countryman, Burns, has some relentings for "puir auld Hornie."

"O wad ye tak a thocht, an' men',
Ye siblins micht, I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake."

So, with an exquisite pity, does Burns apostrophize the Great Accursed. And in this poem, Aird fancies him bursting up from his fiery lake, to sweep and survey the world which he has contested so successfully with the Supreme.⁴ He rests, at last, on an icy peak of the Ural, and dreams; and after a variety of visions of Remorse and Terror, he finds himself lying for thousands of years, laid to sleep in a region of Shadows and Silence. These verses follow; unsurpassed, I think, for tenderness and beauty, by aught in the language: —

A. G. L.

At last from out the barren womb
Of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth,
His thirsty spirit cheers;
And oh, a presence soft and cool,
Came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about
With fair creation's beam.
A low, sweet voice was in his ear,
Thrilled thro' his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart,
With softly sad control.

No sister ere hath been to thee,
With pearly eyes of love;
No mother ere hath wept for thee,
An outcast from above;
No hand hath come from out the cloud,
To wash thy scarred face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace,
The noblest of thy race;
But bow thee to the God of love,
And all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy peace,
And love thy soul shall dwell.

And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills,
Far from the torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk,
Will bathe thy blistered feet:

And when the troubled tears shall start,
To think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off,
And chase thy sorrows fast;
And thou shalt walk in soft, white light,
With kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God.

So spake the unknown Cherub's voice,
Of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the Dreamer kissed,
Till his lava breast was cool.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

Yes, we reiterate it seriously, you can't afford it!"

"Can't afford what? am I extravagant about my dress?"

"No, not that."

"Do you think I live above my means, or station?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"What do you mean then? Please to inform me, for I think economy a virtue, and wish to know where I sin against it."

"Well, we will tell you, for it has a far greater bearing upon your happiness and success in life than any of these temporal concerns which you have mentioned. You can't afford to wear such a doleful expression upon your countenance, nor to bear about such a heavy, complaining heart. You can't afford to look upon the dark side of every cloud. You can't afford to count your cares and disappointments so often. You can't afford to lie down at night with the thought that life is an empty, miserable possession; nor arise in the morning and take up your cross, thinking how dreadfully heavy it is."

"I don't exactly understand you. Of course I'd like to be cheerful and happy, but I have so many more trials than other people!"

"We don't believe you do have such overwhelming trials, and more than others, but if it is so, you surely can't afford to think so, for the wear and tear of such thoughts upon the system is terrible."

"What would you have me do, I'd like to know?"

"Smile and —"

"Smile, in such a world as this! I don't often see things to make me feel like smiling."

"That is because you wear the wrong kind of spectacles—they are dark-green or indigo-blue, we'll warrant. If you consider those of *couleur de rose* too young for you, procure a pair of *clear* glass which will not distort objects, but reveal them just as they are."

"But seeing things as they are wouldn't always make me cheerful, I am sure!"

"That is true. There is a great deal of sorrow for all; bitter disappointments, and cruel heart-wounds. But there are also a multitude of joys, great and small, and you can't afford to lose one. You can't afford to imagine troubles, nor to make great clouds out of little shadows which will vanish with the rising sun. Don't make complaints, but sing praises; and when you begin the day if there is a cross which you must put on, *just hang the wreath of hope upon it, and thank God it is no heavier*,—then it will grow strangely light, or you grow strong to bear it up!"

"I wish I could. I know I ought to look life sternly in the face, but I am so weak!"

"You don't half understand us after all. Talk not about looking life *sternly* in the face as though it were an enemy; look at it *bravely*, if you please, keep up a good heart, and '*make your own sunshine*!'"

SCRAPS.

"VICIOUS ACTIONS," says Franklin, "are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful." How long will it be before the world, aye even the Christian world will acknowledge this truth! It is a truth which proves that piety has its foundations in our nature, our constitution, and that God's commandments are manifestations of his love for man, and interest in his well-being! Too many regard fidelity to duty as a restraint which lessens the enjoyment of life, rather than as the guardian angel of the good and pleasant. They fear hell more than they love heaven. They seem to think that there is some real good to be enjoyed from the forbidden actions, and while a fearful prospect in eternity keeps them from the overt deed, they

desire in their heart to do it. A great change would come over their feelings, did they but realize the solemn truth that actions forbidden are forbidden, not from any arbitrary purpose, but because they are hurtful to the creature;—for instance, it is wrong to steal, not because there is a commandment against stealing, but because theft violates all the sanctities which preserve the order of social life.

CONVERSATION AND READING. — The communing of another mind, either by conversation or reading, may be always profitable, if we are on our guard as to what impressions we shall receive. We should keep our Reason calm, that it may dictate and direct the writing on the soul's tablets, as the schoolmaster watchfully overlooks his pupils as they write.

THE VOICE OF SOLITUDE HEARD IN SOCIETY. — R. W. Emerson says and truly, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." Greatness is the effect of resolutely carrying out in society, the calm and solemn counsels of meditative and devotional hours.

"PRAYER," says the same essayist, "is the contemplation of life, from the highest point of view." And true it is, that prayer—fervent and loving—gives us an elevation of spirit, by which we are able to take juster views of life, and feel that God has a great world to care for—of which we are but a small—an infinitesimal part, yet of value and cared for.

A FINE SIMILE. — As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

SOCIAL intercourse, or neighbor visiting neighbor, is a strong link in the chain of friendship.

Morality is but the vestibule of religion.

Editor's Table.

TO THE READERS OF THE REPOSITORY.

My Friends—For the two months that have last gone by, your wants have been ably and kindly ministered to by other hands than mine, and we have not taken counsel together as has long been our wont. I have walked th other company than yours. Instead of your welcome forms, a shadow from the Valley of Death has been at my side, and that dread voice, whose inexorable behests no man can disobey, has been heard in my dwelling. The fearful guest was long approaching. I saw him hovering in the distance, his arrow poised to strike, but month after month—winter and spring and summer went by, and still the threatening hand withheld the blow. But it fell at last, and one, aged beyond the age of man, smitten with deadly silence, submissively bowed her snow-white head, and sunk to that brief sleep whose awakening is the inexpressible bliss of Eternal Life.

Ah, my friends, it was no cold and unloved stranger who left me. It was she who gave me being; who guided my infant steps, and watched my childhood with a Mother's love. Who shared the home and happiness of later years, and who, affectingly reversing the order of nature at length called me "mother," in return.

I carried her to a far-off and storied burial place, that the cherished wish of her heart might be fulfilled, and she make her last bed beside another dear as her own life. There at last, under the solemn evergreens and the winter snows, "after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

I have returned to the home which for nearly thirty years she made glad, but which she will never gladden again. You will not wonder when I tell you that I miss her. I miss her not from the "accustomed places," for she occupied only one; but I miss her from the fire-side and the "old arm-chair," where for nearly a quarter of a century, her bent and crip-

pled form has sat a helpless prisoner. For almost a generation God had denied her the pleasure so dear to the human heart, of walking abroad in His beautiful world and viewing its varied scenes. Within the four walls of one only room was her world. Her books, her pictures, her memories and her thoughts were her most familiar companions, and the characters she met in her books, her intimate friends, of whose society she seldom wearied, or, if wearied, whom she gently laid on the shelf by her side, without fear of giving offence, until the mood for resuming their companionship returned. Blessed friendship! which no jarring could disturb and no misunderstanding or coldness alienate! I miss the outstretched hand and the welcome I ever received when I entered this little world of hers, so peopled with gentle shadows.

I miss the plaintive question, "Why were you so long away?" which, if an hour went by, and she did not see me, she would ask. I miss the strange and weird, but beautiful anthems of another age, which she sang through without a fault, at the dead hours of the night, when deep sleep lay upon her eyelids, and her spirit was busy with the scenes of long ago. For the mystery of somnambulism, which often led her forth in her deep slumbers, and sometimes into dangerous places, when the brightness and strength of youth were round her, in age and decrepitude took the beautiful form of solemn sleep-chanting.

I miss all these things, and more, and others will miss her also. For her busy fingers, until within one year of her passage across the dark river, were every day knitting—beautifully knitting for the poor, the orphan, the soldier, the weary feet of hundreds of whom have been warmed and comforted by her labors of love. But she is gone—she longed to go. Suffering sometimes made her impatient of the long delay, and she prayed, "O, most merciful God, be merciful to me, and bid me tarry no

longer!" The summons was welcome, and the messenger an angel of mercy. Joy be with thee, my mother, and pleasant the scenes amid which thy glorified form, prisoner no longer, now exultant walks! Joy be with thee, my mother!

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Friends—The Old Year has departed. With a burden upon his stooping shoulders heavier than ever of yore, he has trodden the downward slope, whose vista grew more uncertain as he proceeded, and whose end was Eternity. The path lay behind him strown thick with scenes of sorrow and dread, but it was not all fearful. It was hedged with green and gorgeous tracery, and a thousand bright spots marked the way his kindly footsteps passed. To millions he has been a benefactor, causing flowers to spring up, where the fire of the destroyer had swept, and shedding a halo of light round many a darkened ruin.

Oh, gently the year has trodden,
The downward slope of time,
The path of his later footsteps,
Still kind as his early prime.

The Summer staid long beside him,
The Autumn but slowly fled,
While he walked in a lane of sunshine,
With a glory round his head.

So his days crept on like a shadow,
And we knew they were well-nigh told,
When the Autumn flowers dropped mutely,
From their stems of green and gold.

Though over the looming hill-top,
The sky came down to dream,
And the haze of the Indian Summer
Hung lightly o'er lake and stream;

Though the golden sunset rifted,
Through the bars of the yellow West,
O'er a beautiful, silent landscape,
In a gorgeous mantle drest:

We saw that the bright days darkened,
And the nights grew long between,
That the shadows that fell from the hemlocks,
Were longer than they had been;

We saw on the distant mountains,
That a snow-white coiffure lay,
And its robes of green and crimson
Were changing to brown and gray.

We watched till the latest flow'rets
Had faded from hill and vale,
And the leaves of the beech and maple,
Whirled down in the Autumn gale.

Till the birds of the gladsome summer,
That carolled on roof and tree,
Flew off to their isles of sunshine,
In some far-off Southern Sea.

Then the winds came down from the Norland,
Skirring o'er mountain and moor,
Rattling at every window,
And keening at every door.

And we gathered around the hearthstone,
While the crackling fire blazed high,
And our cheeks that were wan and hueless,
Grew bright with a crimson dye.

But our thoughts took a sombre color,
And our spirit's lightness fell,
As we heard the shrill Norland anthem,
On the solemn night air swell.

And we talked of great storms and tempests,
And ships on the pitiless deep,
And the merciless waves that o'er them,
'Mid darkness and terror sweep.

Till we heard, in our startled fancy,
From cabin, and deck, and shrouds,
The shriek of a wild soprano,
Rising up to the starless clouds.

And we looked in each other's faces,
With a cowering look of fear,
While we prayed that to all such anthems
Kind Heaven would lend an ear.

Still the wind came down from the Norland,
And skirred over mountain and moor,
Rattling louder at every window,
And keening at every door.

Still closer we drew to the hearthstone,
And gathered our feet in its cheer,
But a pallor crept over our faces,
And into our hearts a fear.

For a voice went by on the tempest—
Oh, was it of Heaven or earth?
'Twould have changed to dismay and terror,
The merriest, maddest mirth.

But we thrust it out of our bosoms,
The gathering, creeping dread,
And laughing, "What idle fancies
The wind can evoke," we said.

And we turned to the year that's vanished,
To ponder its good and ill,
And we said—"Oh, whatever the evil,
The good has been greater still."

It brought us a golden harvest,
And our garner filled with wheat,
And wherever you turn, a store-house,
Calls the hungry all to eat.

And we cried, with a burst of gladness,
"Oh, wondrous and bountiful!
For the land is o'erfull of plenty,
And the lap of the least is full."

But again on the howling tempest,
That boding voice went by;
Like a mocking spirit's laughter,
Or an evil angel's cry.

And a roar that was louder than thunder,
Rolled over the wintry plain,
And a blush that was keener than lightning,
Seemed cutting the sky in twain.

Then our voices sank to a whisper,
While with wild, wide eyes we said,
"Are they waging war in heaven,
Are they battling overhead?"

Oh, solemn then grew our spirits,
As we talked of the deadly fray,
Where our gallant sons and brothers,
Are battling life away.

Of the fierce red glare of battle,
And its fatal, fiery rain,
And the maddened horses bounding
Over piles of the ghastly slain.

And we saw in a sadder vision,
By the sluggish, Southern streams,
A bending forest of rifles,
With their bayonets shivering gleam.

And wavering, swaying, surging,
In hideous maze they fought —
'Twas awful to see the furrows,
That were ploughed by the shell and shot;

Till the waves of the Rappahannock,
As they sullenly rolled by,
Were red as the lurid sunset
Of a sultry, summer sky;

And the trampled snows were crimson,
With the blood of the fallen brave,
Who have given their lives for Freedom,
Till their young hearts glut the grave.

Oh, heaven! the wives and mothers,
All over the noble North;
Who, hiding their grief in their bosoms,
Have bidden their loved "go forth!"

Oh, heaven! the wives and mothers,
Of the thousands, thousands slain,
Who went forth in their gay adornments,
But will never come back again.

Let us pray to the good Creator,
That He will bring us light,
That we may not all be shipwrecked,
In this dark and fearful night!

Let us pray for the "good time coming,"
When all hearts the truth shall hold,
That the lowest of God's dear creatures
Is more worth than bars of gold!

Peradventure, then, before us,
In our deep and sore distress,
The way at last may open,
Out of the wilderness.

My Friends—Pardon the above rhapsody and
allow me to present you,

THE SONGS AND ANTHEMS OF THE WAR.

These form a wild, new literature, that is already extensive and imposing. Our poets are becoming deeply imbued with the same lofty spirit which inspired the Covenanters of Scotland when, hiding from persecutions and dangers, they woke the thousand echoes of the Troscas with their hymns to the Lord of Hosts. They might have been sung by the stern Cromwell and his invincible armies, and the wild Balfour, of Burley, might have chanted them in his savage hiding-places.

From the earliest written, the half-solemn, half-absurd, "John Brown Song," with which the Massachusetts regiments, singing as they marched, stirred the deepest heart of the cities through which they passed, to the latest and most earnest and daring, they awaken, wedded as they generally are, to thrilling airs, an enthusiasm in every patriot heart of the North, which no other compositions, however classic and faultless they may be, can do. I wonder if they are sung in our armies as much as kindred hymns were sung in the armies of Cromwell, and which, it has been asserted, helped as much as their swords, to win their great leader's battles.

I have one in my memory now, which might light up a fire in the breast of the dullest soldier, and urge him on to those deeds of valor which stamp men heroes. I have heard it sung under the green arches of an island grove, by a choir of youthful singers, and as their clear and thrilling voices rose above the low monotone of the winds and waters that murmured around us, I thought how it would go vibrating through every heart, pulsing and swelling in grand cathedral strains, if sung by an army of soldiers arrayed for battle. The tune is one old and familiar, especially among that communion of Christians who know the best uses of music—the Methodists—but it is grand and stirring, and Mrs. Howe showed well that she knew how to wed it to as grand and stirring words, when she wrote this

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
 circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening
 dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim
 and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished
 rows of steel,
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you
 my grace shall deal;"
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent
 with his heel,
 Since God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
 never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
 judgment seat!
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubi-
 lant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born
 across the sea;
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
 and me;
 He died to make men holy, let us die to make
 men free,

While God is marching on.
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 Glory, Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
 Our God is marching on,

This is another song recently published by
 Ditson, which is in a different style, but stir-
 ring and effective in its quaint homeliness.
 You could imagine the "Soldiers of the Cove-
 nant," who so well loved to chant in figurative
 and prophetic strain, rousing the echoes of the
 land with its measures, as they marched south-
 ward,

"With banner, gun and sword."

My readers will not be sorry to read it.

Where are you going, soldiers,
 With banner, gun and sword?
 We're marching South to Canaan,
 To battle for the Lord!
 What Captain leads your armies,
 Along the rebel coasts?
 The Mighty One of Israel,
 His name is Lord of Hosts!
 To Canaan, to Canaan,
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To blow before the heathen walls
 The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry,
 Along the sea and shore?
 The same our grandsires lifted up,
 The same our fathers bore!
 In many a battle's tempest,
 It shed the crimson rain—
 What God has woven in His loom,
 Let no man rend in twain.

To Canaan, to Canaan,
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To plant before the rebel towers,
 The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows
 All armed with ricks and spades?
 These are the swarthy bondsmen,
 The iron-skin brigade!
 They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
 They'll scoop out rebel graves;
 Who then will be their owner,
 And march them off for slaves?
 To Canaan, to Canaan,
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To strike upon the captive's chain,
 The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?
 The same that Israel sung,
 When Moses led the mighty choir,
 And Miriam's timbrel rung!
 To Canaan! To Canaan!
 The priests and maidens cried,
 To Canaan! To Canaan!
 The people's voice replied.
 To Canaan! to Canaan!
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To thunder through its adder dens,
 The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
 And all her walls lie flat,
 What follows next in order?
 The Lord will see to that!
 We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
 We'll build the people's throne,—
 When half the world is Freedom's,
 Then all the world's our own!
 To Canaan, to Canaan,
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
 A whirlwind from the North!

A THOUGHT.

It is nobler and worthier to be good than to
 be great. It matters not what that greatness
 is, nor in what it consists; if it be not based
 upon Christian character, if it be not formed of
 the elements of moral and spiritual sentiment,
 faith and principle, it is not greatness, as be-
 longing to man in his most exalted characteris-
 tics. Intellectually, it is probable, that Bonaparte
 was greater than Washington. But in a
 moral estimate of the men—in the estimation
 of the Christian world, he who was styled the
 "Father of his country," stands up, the man
 of the ages: not the blazing meteor, shooting
 athwart the heavens, but the fixed planet that
 holds its lustre and glory undimmed, the ad-
 mired, beloved and venerated character, whose
 fair and full proportions, like the highest works
 of art, please, impress and captivate the more,
 as the eye gazes, and the soul takes in the pic-
 ture.—Rev. L. H. Brown.

HOUSE-KEEPERS.

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none:
If there's one, try and find it;
If there's none, never mind it."

We never come across these rude, old-fashioned rhymes, without wishing that their philosophy was more generally heeded than it is. Especially do we wish that that large class of women whom we denominate house-keepers, we mean not the hired and paid servants, but the wives and mothers of the class, would not only lay it to heart, but act upon its suggestions. There are some trials in every house-keeper's lot, for which she is not responsible, which she cannot avoid. She may have a narrow income, an inconvenient home, an ill-lighted kitchen a smoky chimney, a cramped yard, or a disagreeable location and not be to blame. She may have an ill-natured husband, a stingy husband, a drunken husband, a vicious husband, and not be to blame. She may have a mischief-making mother-in-law, a tiresome old maiden aunt, a dissipated brother and a reckless sister, and not be to blame. She may have stupid children, troublesome visitors, poor help and not be to blame. She may have the tooth ache, the headache, the backache, ill health generally, and not be to blame. These, and similar trials, have seldom a remedy; there is nothing to do but bear them patiently, hopefully, trustingly, and the woman who does so is entitled to our admiration and sympathy.

But there are other trials which are so unnecessary, so easily avoided, so quickly remedied, that there seems no excuse for them. We can neither admire nor sympathize with a woman who has one door in her house which sets your teeth on an edge every time it is opened, another which can only be shut with a "bang" that is sure to waken the baby, and still another whose latch never will catch till you have wriggled the knob a dozen times. Such an one too is very apt to have "windows and drawers that nobody can open, keys that will not lock, grates that never draw, blinds that wont keep up, and curtains that wont come down—nails that tear their things, and things that tear their nails; and whilst professing to be above noticing such petty grievances, expends so much of her stock of patience upon these unnecessary evils, that she has scarcely any left for inevitable annoyances! A few moments exertion or the outlay of a few shillings would remedy all these trials, for let the annoyance

be ever so petty, it will not vanish of itself. Truly does an English writer say, "could these housekeepers calculate, at the year's end, the amount of time and strength expended in daily struggles with only one drawer that always sticks, so that there is the greatest difficulty in pulling it out; and when out, it is all that any body can ever do to push it in again; and if they could recollect and believe the singular verbal manifestations of their indifference to these trifles, that no one should make a moment's fuss about, in a world where there is so much real trouble, it is as probable they would be quite as much surprised as those who have long wondered at the perversity which has cherished such needless causes of *botheration* to themselves and others."

There certainly can be no harm in adding to the comforts and in diminishing the inconveniences of our mortal life. We all of us have trouble enough without borrowing any, or voluntarily submitting to circumstances which will yield to a little internal pressure from the will within us. Therefore, remember, not only for your own sakes, but for the sakes of those near and dear to you, to hunt up the remedy (and apply it too,) for all those little evils which help to make firesides uncomfortable, and yourselves and families miserable.

C. A. S.

LITTLE WALTER'S SAYINGS.

Walter has one of those fair, innocent faces which attracts your love at first sight, and then he wins upon you still more by his gentle, silvery speech. He is as guileless and loving as an angel. 'Tis only now and then that we see such children; we think they really are angels. Some grow to manhood and womanhood, and make the earth brighter for their presence, but very many early plume their wings for a heavenward flight.

One day Walter with his little friend Addie were playing in a room alone. His mother peeped in to see what they were doing. They were both seated upon the sofa with large fans in their hands, which they were waving high and rapidly.

"Children what are you doing?"

"Playing angel," said Walter.

"Playing angel?"

"Yes, and these are our wings; see how we fly!"

Soon they threw down their fan-wings, and Walter assumed the office of teacher, He seated Addie before him and began to teach her

to repeat after him, line by line, a little hymn about Jesus. All at once he stopped, and with a very serious look and earnest tone, said, "Were you ever blest, Addie?"

"No," replied three year old Addie, wondering.

"Why, wasn't you ever blest?"

"No."

"Yes, Addie, Jesus has blest you many times!"

"O yes!" cried Addie, as though accepting a bright idea.

Out at play once, Walter heard a rude boy use a profane word. They sounded brave to him, so he remembered them at home.

"Why, Walter," exclaimed his sister, "where did you hear such talk? that is swearing!"

"What is swearing?"

"Swearing is very wicked talk: if you hear such words you never must repeat them."

"But what makes it wicked? what do they have such words for if you cannot use them?"

His sister tried to explain, but his pure mind could not comprehend the nature of the vile and foolish habit of profanity.

He sat in earnest thought, then broke out suddenly with this; "Well, *I will always swear good!*"

M. S. D.

ACROSTIC.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Among the blest, in mansions fair,
Beyond this vale of dark despair,
Endless, and fadeless joys are thine,—
Let not our hearts for thee repine.
Thy throbbing brow, thy weary breast,
O'erwrought with care, have gained their rest.
My earth-worn spirit, crushed and lone,
Pines also, for its native home.
Kind brother, wilt thou know me there?
In angel-garb, all free from care?
No sorrows there, will cloud the brow,
So changed by grief, so faded now.

Webster, Mich.

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE, when not carried to excess, is highly agreeable to taste and imagination; it gives splendor to poetry, lustre to eloquence, expression to passion, dignity to sentiment, and poignancy to wit; the elegant mantle which delicacy throws over all that is gross, vulgar, or deformed; and is the graceful dress of the muses.

BOOK NOTICES.

Theology of Universalism.

Our enterprising friends, Messrs. Tompkins & Co., unterrified by the "hard times," have sent forth the above work in a style worthy of the palmiest days of the book publishing business, and certainly deserve, as we think they will secure, an extensive patronage from all the lovers of sterling literature, and well-got up books. Bro. Thayer, the author, has done his part to the acceptance of all. Among the many volumes which have been issued of late years, in defense of our views, we know of none which will rank higher than this, or which, we think, will be more earnestly sought for. The style is lucid, logical, life-like. The book abounds in happy illustrations, and as for the reasoning, it is solid and irrefutable. We know of no book which we would sooner place in the hands of an inquirer, than this, and of none which will be more heartily welcomed by believers. It is both doctrinal and practical; it is fresh and original; and there is an earnestness about it, and a pervading spirituality, which will win for it a place in the regard of all who "love the Lord, and love his law."

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the extensive music publishing house of Wm. Hall & Sons, 543 Broadway, N. Y., the following new instrumental pieces for the piano:—"The Dolphin's Gambol," by F. M. Schuocaveais; "The Fairy's Dream," by Brinlay Richards; "The Witching Hour," by Francis H. Brown; also, the following songs:—"The Leaves that Fall in Spring," by the popular composer, J. R. Thomas; "O, Star of the Sky," by M. T. A. Keane; "Over my Slumber thy Loving Watch keep," a very charming song and quartette, by Joseph T. Harris; "A Smile from thee, my Mother, dear," by L. Laverne.

Also, from the house of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, the following pieces:—"Almeda Quadrille," by Robert Ball; "Polka Brillante," by Fritz Spindlen; "A Flower thou resemblest," a beautiful song by F. Agthe; "Where are the Joys I have met in the morning?" by T. W. Walstein; two patriotic songs, "God bless thee, brave soldier," by T. H. Howe, and "To Canaan—or where are you going, soldiers?" for three voices, by Henry K. Oliver; and lastly, "Magdalena," a song written by Peter, the Venerable, in 1092, music by C. G. H. Both of the above lists of music possess more than ordinary merit, and we cordially recommend them to our musical friends.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

NOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Mrs. Herbert?"

I felt my cheeks flush. To me, there was a world of inquiry in the rising inflection, with which my friend pronounced the last syllable of my name. But the eyes of many were upon us, for it was her first reception since her return from her European tour, and commanding myself, I offered her the customary salutations, and then mingled awhile with the talkative crowd. I had risen to depart, when I felt her hand laid gently upon my arm.

"Not yet, Millie—wait awhile—I have scarcely had a chance to look at you. They will soon all be gone and then we will have a good chat together." She whispered the words lightly, seeming to her guests to be only directing my attention to a new volume that lay upon the what-not.

I sat down again, interesting myself in the splendid engravings. One after another said their adieux, till at length the last lady had departed.

"And now, you sly little witch, tell me how it came about," and running up to me with a step very different from that with which she had bowed out her passing friends, she threw her arms about my neck, kissing my cheeks over and over again, and then leading me to an easy-chair, she seated me in it, and nestling on a hassock at my feet, looked curiously into my face.

"Come, begin," seeing that I did not speak. "You know I am dying to hear all about it."

"About what, Kate," said I, in a voice that fruitlessly strove to be calm.

"You know well enough, Millie—so don't tantalize me any longer, but just say right out how it came about that you, whom I left a poor sewing-girl, too proud to receive a friend's assistance—"

"It was not pride, Kate, but—"

"O, I know all you would say about independence and the like, but I don't want to hear it. I think when a young girl, delicately reared as you were, is left portionless on the world, and a friend offers her a home out of the fulness of her heart, she ought to accept it—"

"Not if her health, strength and—"

"Not another word, Millie; I won't hear it. You always were as proud as Lucifer—"

"Not too proud to work, though—to toil for an honest livelihood. Ah, Kate, there is nothing in the world so crushing to a true woman as charity, I care not how tenderly it is offered—"

"But it wasn't charity—you know it wasn't, Millie, that prompted me to ask you to come to my heart and home—it was love—"

"Which, under the circumstances, was another name for charity."

"Well, have your own way then, Millie, you always would. I won't try to argue with you, but you can never, never know how sad I felt to go away and leave you with only your hands for a support; no father, no mother, nobody to cheer and sustain you."

"You forget, Kate, that I had God."

"No, I don't, Millie, but somehow, I say it with reverence, God seems a great way off from us always when we need him most. His ways seem so slow now that a day of miracles is past. If I could have believed he would have dropped a purse of gold in your hands, your poor little toiling hands, I could have gone away better contented. But to know that every dollar must be earned—to fear that you would know what it was to be hungry, cold, naked; and Millie, hundreds and thousands of sewing-girls do know all these things, in spite of God and Heaven and the Gospel—O, it was terrible."

"But I never knew these things, Kate. A door of relief was always opened in time to save me. Would you know, dear, why I have always believed it was so. Let me tell you; because I always cast my *care* upon the Lord and *kept busy*. Too many in this world, cast their work upon the Lord and take the care themselves. I never worried. When one thing failed, I tried another, all the time trusting in God."

"And does that account for your being now the wife of one of the proudest merchants. Come, Millie, tell me all about it—how it came about that you whom I left a poor sewing-girl, I should find on my return a wealthy lady. We'll discuss the other question of care and work some other time."

She was in earnest, I knew. I drew out my watch. "I shall not have time to-day, as we are to have an early dinner to accommodate Mr. Herbert, who is to leave town in the first afternoon train. But come to me some rainy morning, when there is no danger of interruption from visitors, and I will tell you the story."

"You may be sure I will accept your invitation," and clasping hands affectionately, we parted.

On Wednesday morning of the next week, as I was very busy in my own chamber, assorting the week's ironing, I heard suddenly the refrain of a sweet, familiar song, come floating up the stairway. Before I had time to wonder who the singer was, the half-opened door was pushed back, and Kate Lovering stood before me.

"How in the world did you get here, and not a wet thread on you," I exclaim-

ed, looking at her in amazement, for a wild November storm was drenching the pavements and beating dismally against the windows.

"O, I learned the art in Old England, the art of keeping dry in all weathers. I shed my dripping garments in the kitchen hall, greatly to the detriment of your old cook's freshly washed floor, but she seemed not a bit out of humor though, when ours would have raised the roof of the house. Is she always so smiling?"

"She is seldom cross, but say now, shall I make a stranger of you, and send you into the parlors awhile, or will you wait here till I have finished?"

"Wait, of course. I'm not company to-day; only one of the family." And she seated herself in my little rocker, and taking out some delicate netting, made herself quite at home.

Meanwhile I hurried myself in counting towels and napkins, and putting away clean garments, till the large basket was quite empty.

"There," I said, as the last drawer was closed, "now I'm ready to devote myself to you; but before I tell you my story, I am going to show you my house and its treasures."

So I led her all over the spacious mansion—up stairs to the attic, where my servants had each a room to themselves, large, light and airy, and fitted up with plain, yet neat and substantial furniture, a bathroom and closets opening from each.

"I don't wonder they are good natured," she said, as she drew aside a snowy muslin curtain and looked out upon the wide prospect that opened from the windows. "These look more like guests' chambers than servants' rooms. It is not every house-keeper that is so thoughtful."

"I know it, Kate, and that is one reason why there is so much complaint about help now a days. Servants are treated like mere beasts of burden; the aim seeming to be, to get the most labor you can for the pay, and no thought being given to either their physical or moral wants. It is a sort of tread-mill labor, this housework, and should be lightened in every possible way. Girls will work with as much again life and energy, if they know

that when their work is done, instead of a dark, damp kitchen to sit in, they have a room like one of these to go to, warmed, lighted and so arranged as to give the occupant a home-feeling. I do not wonder some people's girls want to run the minute their work is done. Who can blame them? No place to sit down in but the kitchen, their bed-room being one corner of a stived, unplastered lumber-room, with perhaps not a window in it. But I am moralizing. Come down to the next story. These are my spare rooms, as we used to call them," and I lifted the rose-colored satin drapings and let the light in on the rich carpets and black-walnut furniture.

"Nothing wanting," she exclaimed, as she went from one to another, "and all in such exquisite order. I really believe I shall stay all night. How warm they feel too. Most spare rooms have such a damp, chilly temperature. How do you prevent it."

"By airing them every pleasant day, and always keeping the registers partly open in cool weather. But come down another flight. These are our family rooms, dressing-room, chamber and nursery."

"So pleasant—a child in the house too, ah, hadn't thought of that," as she spied a rocking-horse in one corner and a doll's bedstead in another." Is this so, Millie, are you really a mother?" Her blue eyes opened wide. I laughed. "They belonged to the house, when I consented to take it, and were thrown in of course."

"A step-mother! The romance of the thing is gone."

"But the dear reality remains. Don't look so cross now, Kate; it hasn't quite made an ogress of me. Wait till you see them—"

"And where are they, pray?"

I uttered the cabalistic word, "*Kinder-garten*," and without waiting for further questions, motioned her down another flight.

"Parlors—pshaw—I don't want to see them—parlors in this country are all alike—great show rooms, the interest of whose unused furniture would support a family."

"Nay, then, but you must see them," and I slid back the doors of the front one.

"Why, this looks like a sitting-room,

Millie; curtains thrown back, shades drawn up, blinds wide open—aren't you afraid the light will fade the carpet! And as I live, a grate with a fire burning brightly. Why, I thought you had a furnace."

"So we have, Kate, two of them, but Mr. Herbert when he comes in of a cold day, says he wants to see as well as feel a fire, and I cannot divest myself of the feelings that a family gathering about an open fire is pleasanter than this drawing one by one up to a circular hole in the carpet."

While I was speaking, my friend had been examining the centre-table, where in home-like *abandon* lay the last night's and the morning's papers, the magazines of the month, a new volume or two, a couple of children's books, a silver tray, with half a dozen yellow pears and as many ruby apples, a couple of fruit-knives nestling amongst them, a tiny sewing basket, with its usual assortment of scissors, thimble, needles and thread, and tossed upon it, a child's apron with the needle sticking in an unfinished button-hole.

"Do you really sit here and sew—does your husband make this his reading-room—do the children come here when they want a story or some fruit," touching with her foot two little chairs that were snuggled down beside the cozy rocker. "Are you really so old-fashioned as to use your parlors, when you haven't company?"

"Really, Kate. My husband always expects to find me and the children here, when he comes in to dinner and tea. I always sew here, except when I am dress-making or mending—my husband always reads here—"

"And smokes!"—

"Never, here or elsewhere; the children come and go just as they want to here—in short, it is not only our parlor, but our sitting-room."

"So elegant too," and she looked admiringly at the frescoed walls, the fretted ceilings, the lofty arch, the medallion carpets, the costly rose-wood suit of furniture, with their rich dark drapery. "Why, these paintings, Millie, would adorn a gallery, and these busts—why, your husband is a very artist in taste," and she wandered up and down the rooms, now pausing

to run her fingers over the keys of the piano, then sweeping the cords of the guitar, and anon standing mutely before a bit of chiselled marble, and then watching the lights and shadows as they flittered over a sweet picture.

"Now let me show you, my winter-garden, Kate," and I drew aside what seemed the curtains to a spacious window. She stepped at once on to a floor of tessellated marble, a wild strain of music greeting her.

"Am I in fairy land, Millie?"

"Not unless you call my conservatory thus," and with a pleasure I had not known, even when I admitted her to my parlors, I showed her my stands of flowers, my aquarium, and my birds, my beautiful tame canaries, who lived a tropical life amidst my geraniums and roses.

"Will you call it quite a descent, Kate, if I ask you to go from here into my kitchen and dining-room—I want you should see all."

"A descent, but a pleasant one, Millie, for I can guess now how I shall find them; neat as wax and pleasanter than many people's parlors."

"I smell good things," she exclaimed, as we passed from the dining-room into the kitchen; "may I help myself," to my cheerful-looking old cook, who was busy skimming out old-fashioned crullers from a kettle of boiling lard.

"How delicious—what old-fashioned folks you must be to make crullers—really, but I'd like to have the run of your pantry at lunch-time," and she quite won Dinah's heart, nestling there on the broad window-seat, and eating the warm cakes like a hungry school-girl.

"Any thing more to show, Millie," after we had been down in the cellar and looked into barrels and bins and furnaces.

"Only this room," and I ran up a short flight of stairs that went from the rear of the first hall.

"Dear me, but what grandmother lives here," and she looked about in real amazement.

It was a cosy little room, with an ingrain carpet of neutral colors, plain muslin curtains, and an old-fashioned mahogany sofa, cane-seat chairs, and a plain round table

with worsted spread. A few engravings hung on the wall, and a book-shelf occupied the space between the windows. She looked at the books. There was a Bible, a dictionary, a universal history, a volume of miscellaneous poems, and three or four works on cookery. On the window-sills were a monthly-rose, a horse-shoe geranium, a calla, and a few hyacinth-glasses. The space each side of the chimney was filled with drawers and cupboards. A bright wood fire burned on the hearth, the flames being reflected a hundred ways by the stainless brass andirons and fender.

"Is there really a grandmother in the house?"

I laughed. "The oldest white woman is myself."

"Then pray who occupies this old-fashioned room?"

"Nobody in particular; everybody in general. It used to belong to the house-keeper, and thereby hangs a tale? And I drew the quaint sofa up to the hearth-stone, ensconced my friend in one corner of its capacious depths, and then running to my chamber, brought down the week's mending, and having threaded my needle and drawn a stocking over my hand, talked to her thus:—

"I got along nicely the summer after you left here. The two young ladies to whom you recommended me, were both engaged to be married, and as a consequence had a great deal of plain-sewing to be done, all of which they gave to me. They paid more than a fair price and were very thoughtful of my comfort too, bringing me the work themselves, coming for it when it was finished, and paying me every Saturday evening, always accompanying the money with a present of fruit and flowers. Several times too they insisted upon my accompanying them on a long drive into the country. Life was very pleasant that summer, and not being obliged to work by lamp-light, my eyes regained their strength, while the good pay, the kind words and deeds of my customers kept me in fine spirits. At their marriage in September, they each sent me a bridal box, beside each card was a golden eagle, while pencilled under the new names were the words, "in remembrance." It was so

delicately done, that with all my pride, as you would call it, I could not refuse the gift. That night, sitting in my little room, I counted the profits of my four months labor, and laughed to myself in joy, for I had enough on hand to pay my rent till Spring, and purchase my winter's supply of wood and oil. I can surely earn enough to buy my food and what few clothes I need, I said, and went to bed rejoicing.

The next morning opened dark and dreary. The equinoctial storm was brewing, though it had not yet commenced raining. I had an engagement in a distant part of the town, a new customer, whom I was anxious to please, as she would probably be able to give me work every week. I wrapped up warm as I could and set out. Before I reached there, the clouds burst in fury and when I gained her door, I was drenched to my skin. I will do the woman justice. She took me to the kitchen fire and brought me dry stockings and shoes; but I needed a whole change. A false delicacy forbade me asking for it, and with clothes so damp yet, that they chilled me through and through, I followed her to her sewing-room, a bedroom in the attic. It was a cold, cheerless place, no carpet on the floor, and no stove up. Before noon, I was so cold, that my teeth would chatter by spells and my hands shake so, I could not hold my needle. After dinner I asked permission to take my sewing into the kitchen. The request was granted, but I saw reluctantly, and as I passed the door of the lady's sitting-room, where a good fire was burning in the grate, I heard the words, "too much fine lady about her, to suit me." The kitchen floor was wet from a recent scrubbing, and the fire low. I think I never endured more of a single afternoon, than then, crouching beside that range, my fingers blue and stiff, my head and back aching, and chills running over my whole body. It seemed as though evening would never come. I had no appetite for supper, and my throat had become so sore I could scarcely swallow a cup of tea. I was so thankful when the clock struck seven. Hurrying on my bonnet and shawl, I went to the front door. It was pitch dark, the street lamps glimmer-

ing like mere sparks. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind blowing a gale, while the pavements and streets were flooded. I hesitated. I had never been out alone on a dark evening and it seemed to me I could never gather up courage to take that long walk alone, and the storm was so frightful. I went back to the parlor and asked leave to stay all night; told her I would sleep on a lounge, or on the floor, any where rather than go out in such a rain. She answered coldly that it would be very inconvenient to keep me, and then drawing out her purse, she handed me my day's wages, with the remark that I need not return the next morning. "I was too much of a fine lady to suit her; for her part, she liked to see folks accommodate themselves to their station."

All my blood was up then, and thrusting the seventy-five cents in my pocket, I went out without an umbrella, or an escort, and ran like a deer till I reached my home. The old lady that occupied the adjoining room, with her usual thoughtfulness had built up a good fire in my stove, and put on the tea-kettle and lit the lamp. It was a cheerful little place after the cold and rain and darkness. Had I been wise, I would have changed every garment at once, soaked my feet and drank some herb tea. But my soul had been wounded by that woman's unkindness, and I threw myself at once on my bed, only removing my bonnet, shawl and shoes, and—*wept*—wept myself to sleep. You may imagine the consequences. I awoke at midnight with sharp, stabbing pains in my side, and such a weary, sick feeling as I had never experienced before. I attempted to rise, but found it impossible. My groans after a while awoke old Mrs. Stearns, and she came to see what was the matter. "Why you poor child, she said anxiously, you've got the pleurisy, sure as fate; why upon earth, didn't you tell me you was sick when you first came home. I might have helped you then." I felt too miserable to speak; so she helped me up, undressed me and got me to bed, with a mustard-poultice on my side. All night and all the next day, she nursed me, but I was too far gone, for domestic pharmacy to effect a cure, and at evening she called a

doctor. I will not weary you with the details of that terrible illness; suffice it, I kept my bed four weeks, and it was eight more before I recovered my accustomed strength. I found myself then entirely out of funds, and was besides owing the doctor a heavy bill. But for the motherly attentions of old Mrs. Stearns, I should have been yet deeper in debt; but she had nursed me herself, as she would an own child. My prospects did look gloomy. How I was to pay the next month's rent, how to supply my empty coal bin, how furnish my pantry shelves, were problems easier given than solved. The doctor said I must not sew more than an hour or two at a time for months. What should I do. Mrs. Stearns proposed applying for aid to one of the Samaritan Societies, but I could not brook the thought. I told her some door would be opened for me, I knew. If I couldn't sew, I must do something else. And there and then, Kate, I made up my mind to go out to service—

"Millie! You!"

"Yes, I, Millie Rivington, once heiress to two hundred thousand. What mattered it, I thought, if I had to live by the toil of my hands, whether these hands sewed or swept. But little. My resolution once taken, you may be assured I was not long in putting it into execution. I sent Mrs. Stearns' little grand-son out at once for a morning paper. Opening it, I turned to the column of "Wants." Plenty of chances, I said to myself, as I ran my eye over the list. Chamber-maids and waiter-girls were in request, that day. Surely I might find a home and good wages at some one of these places. I had decided to which address, I would at first present myself, when my eye providentially—

"Accidentally, Millie!"

Nay, providentially fell on an advertisement among the 'special notices.' It ran thus. I shall never forget a word of it, the longest day I live. "Wanted—a house-keeper, a lady of intelligence and refinement; one competent to take the entire charge of a household, whose mistress is in feeble health, and where there are two children needing a mother's care. Apply between the hours of twelve and three, at No. 300 Fifth Avenue."

I looked at my clock. It wanted a few minutes of eleven. I put down the paper, changed my dress, and with my last sixpence in my pocket, went out to answer it. I took an omnibus, wondering a little as I did so, what I would have for supper, if I did not get the place, for I had but a crust at home. It was too early yet, when I reached the house, so I walked up and down the block, till the clocks struck twelve. As their last chime died away, I pulled the bell. I'll confess to you, Kate, my heart fluttered as I made the movement. A gray-haired colored man opened the door and ushered me into the parlor. Verily, I thought as I looked around me, there is need of head and hands here. The grate had not been cleared out yet, and looked dreary enough with only masses of clinkers wedged in between the bars. The room needed sweeping and dusting too; indeed you could have written your name on every article of furniture, while there was that indescribable air of neglect and confusion which characterize an apartment left wholly to the attention of careless servants. I had scarcely completed my scrutiny when Mr. Herbert entered.

"Mr. Herbert, Millie?"

"Yes, Kate, Mr. Herbert. I am always prompt in emergencies you know, so I said at once, I have called to answer your advertisement, and handed him my card. He read my name and glanced at me with a puzzled look. I don't know what it was, but something prompted me to tell him my whole story.

"Then you are the daughter of Charles Rivington, formerly of State-street," he said kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"You ought to be proud of it too, for though he died a poor man, his name is memorialized in the annals of New York merchants as being without stain. I, myself, was one of his largest creditors, and he paid me every copper, when I offered to take fifty cents on a dollar, and allow him the rest towards beginning anew. 'I am too broken in health and spirits,' he answered, 'to do business for myself again. I shall pay my debts, and then if some of my old friends will give me a clerkship, I'll be contented.' The next news I heard of him, he was dead."

"Yes, sir; his constitution was never strong, and the reaction consequent upon his great trials and exhausting labors, was too much for it. A low nervous fever set in, and in four weeks carried him to his grave."

"And since then you have supported yourself."

"I have."

"The daughter of Charles Rivington will ever prove faithful to whatever trust is reposed in her. I shall only be too glad to have her become a member of my household."

"But, sir," (he has told me since Kate, that I spoke the words very proudly,) "I do not wish to be accepted as your housekeeper simply because of my dead father's merits. I applied for it, because I felt myself qualified for the situation. My mother was a very different woman from the wives of most rich men. She was a thorough housekeeper, and brought me up to follow closely in her steps. She died when I was eighteen, and from that time afterwards, till my father joined her, I had the entire charge of his household."

He then named his terms. They seemed to me almost extravagant, and when I had pronounced them more than satisfactory, he led me up to this little room. As he opened the door, he smiled and said with quiet humor, I left the furnishing of the housekeeper's apartment to old Nathan, and by the appearance of things, I conclude he imagined the occupant would be some middle-aged woman. But you are at perfect liberty to refurnish it to your own taste. Will you go up now and see my wife. She has been failing in health for some time, and confined to her room for the last month. But clinging to the hope that she would soon recover, she has refused to give up the care of the house until a day or two since. I don't know how we shall find things, for I have not been up since breakfast. I had but just come in when you rang.

He opened the chamber door. A little boy, a mere baby he seemed, was playing in the coal-bod, looking more like a contraband mother's jewel than a white man's heir. He had evidently been at work in the ashes first, for the grate and the hearth

rug were both gray and dusty. A little girl of three years was upon her knees beside the bottom drawer of the bureau, which she had rifled of all its contents, evidently with the intention of masquerading, for a ruffled night-cap was perched upon her curly head, and a white Marsailles sacque hung over her shoulders. The room was very untidy; it needed sweeping and dusting sadly, while every article of furniture stood awry. A long row of phials was strung upon the mantel, while the table and stand were littered up with unwashed cups and tumblers and spoons that smelt strong of medicine. There was also a saucer of mustard-paste, and a couple of dried poultices, little wads of soiled bandages, and two or three decaying cabbage-leaves. The air of the room was stived and impregnated with the stench of sickness.

A pale, thin little creature, who seemed scarcely to have outlived the years of girlhood, lay upon the disordered bed, moaning as if in pain.

Mr. Herbert went up to her at once and said tenderly, "How are you feeling, dear."

"O, so bad, so bad. My side hurts me dreadfully."

"Where is Hannah?" He spoke impatiently.

"I don't know. I sent her to make me a cup of tea an hour ago. O, dear, my side, my side; what shall I do, Georgie?"

"Cheer up, darling, and take courage. I have secured a housekeeper, who I think will prove a blessing to us."

And then he leaned over the bed and whispered to her for some moments. I felt that he was telling her about me, and so sat down quietly near the door. When he lifted his head, he motioned me to come to her. Taking my hand, he placed it in the little wasted one, and said gently, "this is Miss Rivington, Mary."

She looked up to me eagerly, and scanned my face curiously.

"You are young to be a housekeeper, but I believe I shall like you all the better—you will be more patient with me. But you will have a hard task to straighten things here. I was never much of a

mistress in my well days, and since I have lain here, the servants have completely run over me and the children. When will you come?"

"To-night, if you wish me; nay, I will stay now, if you would like me to. I can go for my trunks any time."

"Stay now, if you can, do—I need some one so much."

I took off my bonnet and shawl at once, and in ten minutes time, had got her up, changed and made the bed, put clean clothes on her, and prepared a soothing plaster for the blistered side. Then I swept and dusted and aired the room, and then coaxing the little ones to me, I washed their faces and hands, and combed their hair. And now, said I cheerily, I will go down in search of that cup of tea.

"Shall I go with you and introduce you to the servants," asked Mr. Herbert, who had remained in the room all the while, assisting me as well as he could. "I warn you they are a set of termagants, and have had their own way, till it will go hard for them to obey. But if they show the least insubordination, dismiss them at once, and send them to me for their wages."

I found my way into the kitchen. Three grown women, untidy and bold looking creatures sat there around a table littered with unwashed dishes, talking and laughing loudly.

They stared rudely at me as I entered. I was not intimidated, but provoked. I am the housekeeper, I said. Mr. Herbert engaged me this afternoon, and I am to take charge of everything till his wife recovers. Which of you is Hannah? One of them half rose from her chair. Mrs. Herbert sent you down here about three hours ago for a cup of tea. Do you think it right to treat a sick woman in this way. She made no answer. If you do, I do not, and you will please pack your trunk at once, within an hour, and leave the house. Mr. Herbert will settle with you. She flounced out of the room, banging the door after her. Seeming to pay no attention to her departure, I said to the cook in a matter of course way, bring me a slice of bread and toasting fork, and make me a good cup of tea. Mrs. Herbert is faint,

for the want of food. She obeyed, but I could see she was choking with anger. Taking up the tray, I carried it up stairs myself, and having assisted the poor sick woman to partake of the long needed refreshment, I turned to the husband and said, have you had any dinner to-day?

He laughed, and answered, "No, I ordered it at three, but if I get it by eight, I shall do well. It's only four now."

I went down again to the kitchen.

"Bridget, I had learned the cook's name, why wasn't Mr. Herbert's dinner ready for him at three o'clock?"

"Because it wasn't *convenient* for me to get it, ma'am," she replied pertly.

You will make it convenient hereafter to have his meals ready at regular hours. I shall expect to see dinner on the table at five o'clock. Mind you, now, in one hour. Catherine, speaking to the chamber-maid, you will put the dining-room in order at once. It is not fit for a gentleman to eat in.

"*Indade* then, an' it's not my place to *clane* the dining-room. If's the waiter should do it."

At this moment old Nathan appeared. I must tell you here, that he was what Mr. Herbert called an old heir-loom, having been brought up in his father's family. He spoke very respectfully, saying to me, "It is my place ma'am, but Mr. Herbert said one of the girls should do it to-day, that I might help the men get the cellars in order for the winter."

If that ~~is~~ the case, Catherine, you will take a broom and duster, and clean it at once.

"It ain't my place, and—"

Go and pack your trunk, said I firmly, and report yourself to your master for your wages. And taking the broom and duster myself I went up and put the room in order, and laid the table. I waited till five o'clock, before I went into the kitchen again. The fire was about out, and no sign of dinner, save that the cook stood at the sink paring a potato, the first she had touched.

You may go and pack *your* trunk, said I to her, and go to your master for your wages.

"Shan't I wait to get dinner, she asked impatiently.

Go and do what I ordered you to. I looked her full in the eye. She quailed before my gaze and obeyed.

And now, Nathan, said I, if your poor master has any dinner to-day, we must get it. You bring me some charcoal and make me a good fire. Emergencies always call me out you know, and my life since father's death had made me very practical. In one hour, Mr. Herbert was called down to a neatly cooked dinner of beefsteak, turnips, potatoes, hot biscuits, and coffee.

He laughed at the summary way in which I had disposed of his rebels, as he called them. "I should have dismissed them long ago had I dared," he said frankly, "but I could easier clear my counting house of all its clerks, than my house of one termagant servant."

Dinner over, Nathan cleared away the things, while I put the children to bed and made their mother comfortable for the evening. Then, accompanied by the old waiter, I returned to my humble home. It did not take me long to prepare for a departure, as I had only to pack my trunks, giving the rest of my property to good old Mrs. Stearns. Before ten o'clock, I was comfortably established in this little room, and thanking Heaven for the asylum so providentially opened for me.

The next day I hired a couple of stout women and two white-was'ers, and over-seeing them myself, in three days' time, I had the house in perfect order from the attic to the cellar.

While I had lain sick, my mother's old cook had called in several times to see me. She was taking a rest that winter, spending her time with a married daughter, and should not go out to service till spring, she said. When I had the house clean, I sought her out, and had but little trouble to prevail on her to come and live where I was housekeeper. I entrusted her with the charge of finding me a chambermaid and a child's nurse, and she did not disappoint me. I have never changed servants since, and the house has never since been in disorder. Mr. Herbert has never waited five minutes for any meal and never been afraid to bring home a friend unex-

pectedly either to dinner or tea or to spend the night.

I had but little trouble with my house-keeping after we got fairly regulated, and devoted most of my time to Mrs. Herbert and the little ones. She became very much attached to me, and soon opened her whole heart to my sympathies. She had been left motherless at the tender age of eleven, and never afterwards knew what it was to have a home—being sent immediately to boarding-school, where she remained till she was sixteen. That summer she passed at Saratoga with her father, and here she first met Mr. Herbert. "I do not know," she said naively, "what he saw about me to love, unless it was my beautiful face and my long golden curls. Go to my jewel-box and in the lower drawer of it you will find my miniature, taken for him at that time." I did so, but could hardly realize that the little white, sunken face before me, ever looked like the one in the picture. "I was not fit to be his or any man's wife, for I had not the first idea of a wife's real duties. But I loved him with my whole heart, and I believe he did me, for with all my failures he has never spoken an unkind word to me. My great love for him made me try to learn those things which your mother taught you. I bought cook-books without number, and every other volume I could hear of that treated of a woman's duties. But Mary was born within the first year of my marriage, and Georgie thirteen months after, and with two babies and failing health, I had a sorry time trying to keep house; and so matters went worse and worse till you came,—you, my dearest friend," and then, childlike, she put her arms about my neck and kissed me.

Through January and February we had hopes of her recovery, but with March there came a change for the worse. The doctor said if she got safely through the spring, she might stand it till fall, but he gave us little hope. I have never seen a creature so smitten as she seemed when we first told her she must die. She would lie and weep for hours together, and no word of her husband or myself, or other friends could comfort her. A fortnight passed thus, then she grew calmer, and,

finally about three weeks after the first mention of death to her, she said to me one evening, "Millie, I have made up my mind it is best for me to die. With all my love for my husband and children, I should never make him a good wife, or them a good mother. It has been very hard for me to think of dying, but the struggle is over now." From that time she never wept, but there was a wistful look in her eyes at times, as she gazed upon her dear ones, that told me her heart clung to them yet. A week afterwards I was watching with her. Mr. Herbert and I took turns in this, for she was too sensitive to have strangers about her. This was my night. She was very quiet till toward morning; then she grew restless and when I would have given her an opiate, she pushed it away, and said, "it is not that I want, but a promise from you, Millie."

"What is it, dear? I will promise anything that is right."

"Promise then, not to leave the children, till Mr. Herbert gives them a new mother. I cannot bear to think of the dear little creatures being parted, and sent here and there for a home."

I promised her it should be as she wished.

The next night I would have stayed with her, too, but she said "no, I was weary and must go to sleep."

I did not undress, for I felt intuitively that there would be a change before morning. I threw myself on the sofa, too sad, to even doze. At two o'clock, he called me; she was dying. I brought the little ones to her, without awakening them, and placed one upon each side of her. She made an effort to gather them to her heart. I laid their little warm cheeks close to her cold lips. She kissed them again and again, and breathed a mother's dying prayer over them.

When I had taken them away and returned, she put her arm about me and drew me to her, saying, "you will not forget, Millie — God bless you; you have brightened my last hour."

Her husband then lifted her on his knees, and held her to his heart as one would a poor, sick child. She laid her

head wearily on his breast, and as he kissed her, she went to sleep, so quietly, too, that it was some moments before we thought her dead. I took from my belt a miniature, and handed it to Kate.

The night after the funeral, as I sat alone here in this very room, there came a gentle knock at the door.

It was Mr. Herbert. He sat down and for some moments did not speak; then in a quivering voice he said to me, "Mary told me, on that last night, that you had promised her you would stay with the little ones till I brought them a new mother. It has relieved my heart of a great load to know this. You will please go on as usual." He sat a few moments longer, and then with a quiet good evening, went out.

"Well!"

I had not spoken for some time. I looked up now, and met Kate's inquiring glance.

"What," I said.

"Why, go on. Did it not cause talk, you a young lady of twenty-four only, living as housekeeper with a gentleman of thirty?"

"I do not know. I do not think it did much, though, for Mr. Herbert was so considerate in his attentions, that there was no cause for even the lightest breath of scandal. He never asked me to go anywhere with him, neither to lectures, or concerts, or the theatre, or the opera; nowhere — not even to church. I occupied still my father's pew, the only property his failure had left me, and he sat alone in his. But he was thoughtful of my health and needs. Nathan had orders to take me and the children to ride every pleasant day, while every summer he sent us all to the sea-side, for a couple of months. He kept the house well supplied with papers, magazines, and new books, and gave me season tickets to all the galleries of art which were open, and all such other places of interest as a lady could with propriety visit alone.

We met at breakfast and dinner. After the latter meal, I would bring the children to him in the parlor, and while he frolicked with them, I would sew. At

tea, we met again, and after tea, I again brought the children to him, and then, while he played with them, I would read. Sometimes he would ask me to open the piano, saying a little music would do him good. I never refused. Why should I? After the children were put to bed, he sat alone in the parlor, and I alone, here.

"And were you happy, Millie?"

"I was, Kate. I had a pleasant home, was earning more than enough to supply my wants, even laying up money; I had a kind master, the sweetest of children to love me, and orderly, affectionate servants."

"And when did you find out that Mr. Herbert was something more to you than a master, merely? when did you begin to love him?"

"I don't know when I began; I was not aware that I did love him till the second autumn of my life here. Then he went away and was absent two months. By the sorrow that crushed my heart when he took my hand at parting, by the sadness of those lonely weeks, — by the joy that filled me when I heard his voice in greeting, I knew that I loved him — that he was more to me than any man had ever been before."

"How did you feel, then, Millie?"

"I was frightened at first, Kate —"

"Frightened! at what? Did you not expect he would marry you eventually — he surely needed you."

"Yes; as a housekeeper he did need me; and perhaps had I been a romantic girl of sixteen, I might have thought he needed me as a wife; but I was a woman of twenty-six, and my experience had led me to see that, while in novels men sometimes marry their housekeepers, in real life it was a rare thing for them to do so. Wealth usually mates with wealth. Yes, I was frightened, and thought at first I would go away from him; but, my promise to the dead forbade. So I stayed and "wrestled with my affection;" never letting my trouble make me forget a single duty, though; growing perhaps a shade paler and a trifle thinner.

"Unhappy!"

"Hardly, Kate — only when I thought of his bringing a new wife there, did the

tears come. At other times I was quiet as usual, and as the winter passed, and the spring came, I almost recovered my spirits. I began to believe he would never marry, and as long as he did not, I might love him without sin. If the time ever came when I must cease to do so, why, I trusted my strength would be as my day. But I guarded my secret very jealously. By no word, or tone, or look, did I suffer a soul to know or dream of the lava fires burning within my heart.

"May came, with summery days and autumnal nights. We ceased to use the furnace, but every afternoon I saw that there was a fire kindled in the parlor grate, for it was too chilly to read there in comfort, after night. One day at dinner, Mr. Herbert said, 'I shall not be at home to tea. One of my customers from the West has invited me to spend the evening and take supper with him at the St. Nicholas. You will not need to make a fire in the parlor.'

"About eight o'clock that evening, I sat here, in this very room, sewing and singing, and enjoying the pleasant wood fire which Nathan had kindled for me. I was very happy. We had taken a long drive into the country, that morning, and rambled over the green grass, and through the scented woods, and beside the sparkling brooks. Georgie and Nathan had caught minnows, while Mary and I had gathered wild flowers and listened to the birds. A bunch of the flowers stood beside me, then, on this very table, filling the room with their sweet breath. I was full of the freshness and beauty of the season, and, out of that fulness, I sang old tunes to new words, words that leapt to my lips, without any waiting or asking.

"Suddenly there came a gentle knock at the door. More than two years had passed since those same fingers had touched those panels, yet I knew in a second who it was. I knew that Mr. Herbert must have returned sooner than he expected, and I, engrossed with my own thoughts and voice, had not heard the front door open. I was a little embarrassed, that he should, as I knew he must, have heard me singing, so like a merry

hearted child. But recovering myself as well as I could, I said, come in.

"He entered with the evening paper in his hand. 'May I sit a while by your fire and read? the parlor feels cold to me.'

"I bowed and smiled an assent.

"He continued—'My friend was called away by a telegram, and I thus returned earlier than I expected.' He said no more, but drew a chair up to the table and unfolded his paper. For awhile he read and I sewed, not singing as before, though, but think, O, such 'long thoughts.'

"Presently he dropped the paper and leaned his head upon his hand. It seemed to me he looked pale, and I could not refrain from saying, 'does your headache?'

"No," he replied, without looking up, "but my heart does."

"I did not know what to say; I am never good at comforting people with words; somehow they always seem so cold. I thought he was thinking of that fair, golden head that had slept for two years under the sod, and I did long to slide my hand into one of his, and let him know by its mute pressure, how sorry I felt for him. But I did not dare to do that, so I sat and sewed.

"After awhile he got up, and began walking backward and forward. He stopped finally, just behind my chair, and laying his two hands upon its back, spoke in low tones—'Miss Rivington, you promised Mary you would stay with the children, till I gave them a new mother. How well and faithfully you have performed that promise my heart can testify. You have made my home a very heaven.' He paused. I held my breath. What revelations would his next words make? "Miss Rivington, the time has come when, with propriety, I may give the children a mother, and—" speaking very fast now, "I have decided that it is best for me to marry." He turned away and again walked to and fro.

The time had come then, the hour that was to try my strength, but I could not at once gird myself up for the struggle. There was a faint, weary feeling at my heart, a dull sense of pain in my head, a

choking sob in my throat. I was making an apron for Georgie, and had taken up my scissors to cut a button-hole, when he commenced speaking. But though I held on to them tightly, I did not dare to touch the bird's eye hem. The apron slipped from my lap; as I picked it up, my mind reverted at once to those children, those precious, little motherless ones, whom I had loved so well and tended so carefully. Would she, the new mother, be good to them, would she cherish them as I had cherished them? Kate, believe me, I forgot then, all about myself, and thought only of those two darlings.

"I have, as you know, great strength of nerve, and when Mr. Herbert resumed his seat, I seemed calm as though never a wave of trouble had ruffled my soul. I cut the button-hole, barred it, and setting one stitch, said quietly, but without looking up, have you any objections, Mr. Herbert, to telling me the name of the lady you have chosen."

"None in the world. I meant to tell you when I came in to-night."

"I hope she will be good to the children." I did not mean to speak the words, but somehow they slipped out.

"I know she will." He spoke fervently, then rose again, and walked the room, I working on my button-hole. I finished it, folded up the apron, and took off my thimble and put it up, with my thread and scissors. As I sat there, doing nothing—unless it was something to watch the crimson coals, he again paused behind my chair, and placed his hands upon its back. This time, though, he bent his head closely towards mine; then whispered, "the name of the lady I have chosen to be my wife, to be the mother of my children is,"—my heart stood still—"is Millie Rivington." Closer came his face to mine, and lower yet was the next whisper; "will you be my wife, Millie? stay with the little ones and me till death do us part."

"There, Kate, you must not ask me any more."

"Only this much, Millie, how did you feel?"

"I cannot tell; so great, so strong was the wave of joy that then rolled over my

heart, my poor heart, that the moment before had been struggling on the sea of doubt, catching at straws—at once it was landed upon an isle of promise, a summer clime. It was like a translation from earth to heaven. No, Kate, I cannot tell you how I felt. There are some sensations which language cannot express. I only know that I was happy, so happy that it did not seem to me my cup could hold another drop."

"How soon were you married, Millie?"

"In a fortnight—on the first of June. You stare! It was a very brief time, I know, but George overruled all my objections with the plea, that, situated as we were, he could not offer me the thousand delicate attentions which he longed to; could not, in old-fashioned phrase, *court me*, without making talk that would be unpleasant for us both to hear. We will be married, he said, and do our courting afterward. As to preparations, there were not many to make, the spring cleaning having been done, and the house in perfect order. My salary had enabled me to furnish my wardrobe handsomely, and a wedding dress was the only garment I really needed to make."

"What were you married in, Millie?"

"About a fortnight before my father's failure, he brought me home a whole piece of India mull, the most delicate and beautiful fabric I had ever seen, — seeming more like mist than raiment. There, Millie, said he, is something I want you to keep for your wedding dress; it was a present to me from an old friend who is now in the Orient. It's a thousand times more suitable than a heavy satin, or thick moire antique, isn't it, darling? Kate, when the blow came, I gave up all my rich dresses, save a single black silk, but I kept that mull, my father's last gift."

"And how about your pride or independence, Millie? didn't it trouble you that Mr. Herbert should wed a portionless bride?"

"It did not, Kate. Had I been a dependent on the bounty of friends through all my misfortunes, I could not have brooked the thought of marrying so rich a man; but I had never for a day been so ;

I had earned an honorable and comfortable living, had proved myself capable of taking care of myself, and the woman who can do that is the equal of any man, I care not how large his fortune."

"And now about the wedding."

"It was a very quiet affair. The afternoon before, I called upon old Mrs. Stearns and invited her and her little grand-son to come up and spend the next evening with me; I also invited my old physician and his wife. George invited his partner and family. They were in the habit of coming around every few weeks, and so suspected nothing. On the morning of the day, I told old Dinah and Nathan and the other servants. They were all taken by surprise, so you may guess that we had been very circumspect."

"Why, you look like a bride, dear," said old Mrs. Stearns, as I met her at the door.

"Do I, grandma?"

"Why, yes, dear; but I'm afraid you'll never be one, you are waiting so long."

"O, I'm not thirty yet, by a long ways," was my laughing rejoinder.

"Decidedly bridish," said my physician's wife. "Why upon earth don't you get married, Millie?"

"O, I mean to, after a while," said I, as I turned to greet Mrs. Bartlett and daughter.

"Why, Millie," exclaimed they both, "how like a bride you look; you should have saved that sweet thing for your wedding dress."

"Perhaps I will," I said, roguishly, and hastened to seat them.

Well, matters went on for an hour or so in their usual way at such little informal parties. We had music and singing and joking, and laughing, and a little, a very little sober and serious talk. After a while the bell rang again, and Nathan ushered in our minister. He was in the habit of calling on us of an evening, and his appearance excited no surprise. He sat down and chatted awhile, and then went up to the etagere, and began handling in an idle way, the pretty and curious things which adorned it. I was at that moment sitting upon one of the sofas, with

little Mary by my side, and seeming to assist her in tying the bonnet strings of her best wax doll. George crossed the room suddenly, leading his little boy by one hand, and sitting down beside me, whispered a few words in my ear. Mrs. Bartlett said afterward, she thought he was asking me if it were not time for refreshments. Instead, he said, are you ready, Millie? At my low response in the affirmative, he made a sort of free-mason sign to the minister, who, putting down the shell he was examining, turned around and said to the friends, 'I have a few words to say on a very important matter. Will you give me your attention?' They were silent in a moment, and before they could guess what he was going to say, we were married.

"What a unique wedding, Millie!"

"The very words, Kate, which Mrs. Bartlett said when she came up to congratulate us, while her husband declared it was a complete 'take in,' he never was sold so completely before in his life; while the Doctor said, he had heard of surprise parties, but this was a surprised party."

"And after that Mr. Herbert courted you, I expect, to his heart's content."

"Yes, Kate; we have never been separated since, except during his business hours."

"And you are happy, Millie?"

"Happy, Kate! how could I be otherwise? *I love and am beloved!*"

Those who draw around them the upholstery of an artificial world—a world of frippery and gas-light—shut out the true world of thought and life;—shut out the true world of nature, where flowers bloom and sunbeams fall, and over which Orion sparkles, and the Pleiades lead their flashing train. . . . The representative of this variety, in its weaker aspect, is a slick and harmless being,—a kind of whiskered essence, or organized perfume,—level to the minutest propriety of the drawing-room and the opera; his thoughts oppressed with ten thousand points of ceremony, or pondering grave problems as to the color of a glove or the shape of a boot

THE EVILS OF WAR.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

I mourn my country's fearful fate,
Its hearths and homes made desolate;
The wrecks of ruin,—and the woe
Which many feel,—which all must know;
The severed links which formed the chain,
That ne'er may be repaired again:
For these I bear a ceaseless pain—
For these I mourn.

There is a grief that cannot weep,
A wound for healing tears, too deep;
Alas! for those who feel its pain,—
The prisoner far from native plain,
The sick one yearning for his home,
The mother pining for her son,
With want and wretchedness o'ercome,—
Such is their grief.

The time of life is short at best,
The weary have enough unrest,—
Without the war-cry's fatal doom,
To hasten thousands to the tomb;
Man's inhumanity to man,—
Crushing the joy of life's brief span,
O! call it justice, ye who can:
I mourn its wrongs.

Our nation's fearful fall I mourn,
Her brow of all its laurels shorn,
With hands and hearts imbued in blood,
Regardless of the Voice that said,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay:"
Then stretch not forth thy arm to slay,
Nay, sheathe thy sword, thy anger stay,
"Vengeance is mine."

SCENES AND REFLECTIONS.

BY LISETTE.

Thanksgiving day! To many an individual, to many a family this is indeed a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing; a social, intellectual and affectional festival. In the lordly mansions of the affluent and titled, where the occupants fare sumptuously every day, the luxurious feast is spread, and the favorites of rank and station, some, perchance, with grateful hearts, and others with thankful lips, partake the prodigal supply. In the elegant abodes of princely merchants, feasting and fashion lead the golden hours of the day; and there the midnight stars will look down on sparkling eyes and smiling lips; and bounding hearts and nimble feet will beat joyous measure to the mirth-strung viol's exhilarating strains. And in others of equal pretensions and equal wealth, it is a day of good cheer and happy greetings. But in that splendid dwelling, within my

vision's range, where competence and ease are constant guests, there, to-day, are vacant seats, and there kindred hearts are yearning for absent and buried loved ones. And yet that home-hearth is not all desolate. One still remains with those who gave her birth, and one other, whose location is not too remote, is there, with wife and little ones, to gladden with their transient presence, the parent's home. And so they celebrate the day with hearts subdued, but thankful, that so much yet remains to bless their rapidly declining years.

And there, just below the corner of the opposite street, carriages arrive and depart, and from them an almost uninterrupted stream of richly apparelled forms, male and female, alight. They are ushered into the expectant presence; each with congratulatory words and smiles kiss the rose-tinted cheek, and press the small, gloved hand of the doctor's beautiful eldest daughter, and of him on whose arm she leans so confidently; taste the cake and sip the wine, then make their formal adieus, and pass to their waiting carriages. And thus the tide of fashion and friendship will ebb and flow until the favored many have been presented; then, she in whose honor this attention is bestowed, will likewise pass from her childhood's sheltering roof, and go with him who now calls her wife, to another, where new friends, and feast, and music, await her presence as its mistress. She is a sweet girl, and the adulation on this occasion elicited, is not all an empty show, a mere pretence to friendly interest, for she is well worthy the love, as well as admiration of all who know her, and my prayer for her is, that this may be to her a day, not of present rejoicing only, but also of future thankful commemoration.

And in more humble habitations are genial gatherings, and grateful, happy hearts. Sons and daughters return to the homes of their childhood; brothers and sisters exchange happy greetings, and frosty-haired parents feel they are most truly and wonderfully blessed in the presence of those whom Heaven has yet spared to their love.

Youthful pulses are everywhere beating

earnest desires and longing expectations. The artless maiden welcomes with blushing pleasure her expected lover, and with him is sweetly content at the table or fireside of her father; or, it may be, her heart leaps in blissful anticipation of some hilarious scene to be enjoyed in his coveted society. And when the sun shall have bidden the earth "good night," then thousands of halls, ablaze with light, the very walls trembling with music's gushing notes, will attract the young, the gay, and the loving, to their thought-beguiling, care-free scenes. Their fashion and coquetry will display their power, and art and elegance will vie with innocence and beauty. There lips fresh and sweet as May blooms, will chase the flute-notes from the ears that listen to their music; and eyes will be there whose dazzling beams will pale the gas light's glow, and bewilder and intoxicate the hearts that dare to drink from their sparkling depths. Music and Beauty will weave their witching spell, and Pleasure will compete with Time, whose wings, more fleet than the feet of the revellers, will hasten on the mirth-devoted hours, and thus the day will have sped, and the night will pass, leaving to many pleasant recollections of this time-honored Anniversary, and its joyous entertainments. To some it will prove the dawning of blest, to others it may be of unfortunate realities.

Over all the land, in lordly halls and cottage homes, are those who hail this day with joy and gladness. From most it demands the giving of thanks for unnumbered and unmeasured blessings, though to many it brings saddened remembrances of days that have been; and to some it has dawned upon a present sorrow. And so, even as it ever has been, as it ever will be, tears are mingled with smiles, and sighs blended with songs. But to most, it brings with it something of pleasure, still. Thanks that to so many, that to any, it comes laden with joy and gladness, health and plenty.

But to her, that pale, sad one, that lonely, and save the unfailing, changeless Friend — friendless one, what brings this annually recurring day to her? Reminiscences which but make the hours more

sorrowful by their recall! Memories whose realities were so bright, so sweet, do by their visioned smiles, but mock the woful now! Tears make bitter the hard earned bread, for through them she sees the happy group that thronged her childhood's home. Aye, through tears, for the father's loving smile is darkly shadowed, and the mother's tender kiss hath the chill of the grave! The merry voices of kind brothers and gentle sisters, come faint and mournful from the far-off land! The lips that printed roses on her girlish cheeks, which summoned them into bloom, and kept them bright while they called her wife, have ceased their fond-toned cadence, and she hears but the echo of their anguished farewell sounding in the desolate chambers of her widowed heart, and the drear, chill rustle of young life's rose leaves on her bleeding bosom! Her arms are pressed on her aching breast, but they enfold nought save the yearning remembrance of the little, soft forms that have nestled there; and the pure eyes that looked up from the life-giving fount, that kindled by their blest rays, the light of heaven in her soul, now beam but dimly on her from the dark clouds that hang above the tomb. She sits at her scantily-spread table alone, and the meagre fare is untasted, though with folded hands and eyes uplifted, she has rendered thanks to Him from whom she daily asks for needed bread. But her brain is so thronged with visions of beauty and blessedness which come crowding up from the past, and her heart, though burdened with present sorrow, is so filled with the blissful promises of happiness and joy which await her in the future, that the day and the food are forgotten. And though she is all alone, so friendless and so poor, she yet is thankful,—for what? Thankful in her hope of heaven. There she believes the perished and mourned of earth will be restored to her love. She is comforted, for she believes a day will come when the rich and poor will meet together, for she knows that the Lord is the maker of them all.

Christianity has made martyrdom sublime, and sorrow triumphant.

THE SENTRY'S VIGIL.

BY FRANCES.

As the moon looked down in beauty,
Where fair Pontomas slept,
A brave and gallant soldier
A lonely vigil kept.
The deep and holy silence
Stirred his spirit like a spell,
And woke the thronging memories,
Which haunt the heart's deep cell.

All day 'mid the camp's commotion,
A strange and wild unrest,
Had stirred the bounding pulses
To fever in his breast;
And fierce and strong temptation
Strove with a conqueror's might,
To turn his wavering footsteps
From the rugged path of right.

But there on the lonely hillside,
By the sweet star's silver light,
With softening heart he listened
To "the voices of the night."
And thoughts of his home and mother,
Like pure and fragrant balm,
Soothed the throbbing of his heart-strings,
To a sweet and sacred calm.

He thought of his home far distant,
Where his loving mother wept,
And a lonelier watch than his,
Through the weary midnight kept.
He saw her look at parting,
As her trembling hand was given,
With a yearning gaze of love to him,
And an upward glance to heaven.

And kneeling, pale and tearful,
On the green and fragrant sod,
With meek and fervent pleadings,
He prayed to his mother's God.
He prayed for strength to conquer,
In the long and weary strife,
Which waits the struggling soldier
On the battle field of life.

He thought of his home in heaven,
Where a tireless Watcher's eye,
With a ceaseless love that never sleeps,
Looks down from His home on high,
And with hands upraised to heaven,
And a steady, upward look,
In the hush of the holy midnight,
A solemn vow he took.

He stood when the radiant morning
Crowned the hills with living light,
With soul renewed and strengthened
By the vigils of the night.
And saw the waning camp fires
Grow pale on the sun's bright gleam,
As the murky fires in his bosom
Grew dim 'neath love's pure beam.

Oh! brave and gallant soldier,
No fiercer, deadlier strife,
Will stir your valiant spirit
In all your struggling life;

No fiercer, wilder conflict
Your courage shall attest,
Than this bloodless strife for victory,
With the demon in your breast.

To your mother worn and weary,
In her sorrow-haunted sleep,
A spirit-messenger has come,
Bidding her not to weep
For the glad recording angel,
Your cherished name will write,
On his pure, unsullied tablet,
In characters of light.

A love stronger than a mother's,
The child of her care will keep,
Unharm'd amid the billows
Of life's ocean wild and deep.
And with all her future sorrow,
Shall blend this thought of joy,
The love of a faithful mother
Has saved her darling boy.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXIV.

Still in Rome—Stephano Dominiois—Glances at the old — Brief communion with the past — Stephano on chefs d'œuvre—Political economy and relics—Miracles—The test of truth.

Among the thronging memories of hours spent amid the ruins of ancient Rome, shall we fail to notice thee, O ! Stephano Dominiois ? Best of guides wert thou, and pleasantest of reliefs, during those wearisome toils of groping through the accumulated dust of centuries piled upon centuries !

There was a peculiar freshness and geniality in Stephano's composition, quite remarkable in one who had served for so many years in the capacity of guide for thousands of strangers who throng the gates of the Eternal City. This constant communication with such a variety of people, while it failed to impair the natural vivacity and freshness of his spirit, had, nevertheless, imparted to his mind more liberal ideas in regard to men and their institutions, producing a happy blending of cosmopolitan breadth and native simplicity, which rendered him a most interesting cicerone. There was about him a sort of *picturesque comicality*, too, (if we may be permitted the seemingly incongruous terms) which lent to his services a peculiar charm, and operated as a healthful neutralizer against the depressing effects, always experienced in wandering for suc-

cessive days among mouldering relics of a hoary antiquity.

A native of Palermo, he had early emigrated from the volcanic shores of his island home, and for a period of thirty years, (quite a life time) had pursued his calling in Rome, there making himself thoroughly familiar with every remarkable and interesting locality and object. In age, Stephano might have been fifty ; he might have been more than threescore ; his, was one of those healthful physiques and happy temperaments upon which time fails to make rapid inroads, leaving to middle and even old age, that cheery beauty so suggestive of immortal youth. Taken altogether we are not sure, (though the confession may be shocking to the refined antiquarian) that the contemplation and study of Stephano, was not equal in *degree of interest*, though not in kind, with the remains of olden glory, among which, day after day we were exploring.

A limited space of time, an almost endless succession of objects and places to visit, a just idea of which required a concentration of thought,—the necessity of keeping correct data, and chronological order, in studying upon the works of this or that age, in the midst of the confused flood of events and times that pours in upon the mind, while rapidly passing from one object to another, between which a whole generation, with all its manifold events and histories, has intervened,—all this, together with the physical fatigue incidental to such continuous exertion, proves anything but a healthful influence, often telling with deleterious effect upon the transient dwellers of Rome.

What an immense amount of thought, in research and study, has been expended upon these remains of past greatness, by men profoundly versed in historical lore ! and yet how much of these defaced records of by-gone ages still remains undeciphered—still subject to cavil—still unsatisfactorily defined ! What, then, can the traveller, limited to days, (where months would be all too short) hope to gain from a rapid survey of these monuments of other days,—more than a passing glimpse,—a flash of memory lighting up for a moment some page of history, and bringing

before the mind in quick kaleidoscopic succession, those brilliant pictures of stirring events and changing scenes;—or that higher development and intenser life which, followed down to the waning sun of the great Empire and its final setting in the night of silence. To go thoroughly into details—to weigh and settle each subject brought up from the depths of the past, by a careful examination of these hieroglyphs of this or that period, would require months of labor, with intervals of rest and change; whereas, modern tourists, visiting Rome, who make a business of “doing up” celebrities in the most rapid manner,—after the style of the man who orders his library by measure,—so many square feet of theology, so much of history, &c., may be said to come, — to look,—to—leave! — and thus is finished *so many feet of their measure* of foreign travel!

And yet it is something, — aye! much of satisfaction, — when, wearied with the excitement and fatigues of the day, to seek the quiet of one's room, and, shutting out all outside influences, in perfect stillness, to pass in review, the experience of rambles, excursions and explorations, which have brought one face to face with the olden dead. It is something worth, that hour of inner communion, when, apart from the active world of to-day, we can sit with head bowed upon our hands, and, closing our eyes, say to our soul, Thou hast stood beneath the mighty shadow of the Colosseum, that wondrous work of heathen skill, and heathen barbarity — where the backs of captive Jews bent beneath their loads, pressed by cruel task-masters, almost as hard as those who afflicted their fathers in Egypt; where in pain, and weariness, and deepest humiliation, block by block,—the stupendous structure was reared, a monument of the disgrace and retribution of this chosen people, as well as of the power and wealth of their Roman conquerors! There, beneath a calm sky, within that once thronged enclosure, where the soil was drunken with the blood of holy martyrs, hast thou stood! — hast climbed the massive steps once echoing to the tread of Roman nobles and high-born dames, hast plucked the wild lichen growing rank

upon the lofty walls, beautifying with their sprays of delicate green, the rough and broken masonry; hast gazed from the height of the topmost gallery, far down into the arena below, where such dreadful tragedies were enacted as made the angels weep.

Thou hast entered the far-famed Pantheon—hast laid hands upon its massive pillars—hast drank in the beautiful symmetry of its proportions — its graceful facade, its stately dome, the circular sweep of its spacious interior, set around with its columned niches; hast gazed up through the central opening in the dome, with its mirror of deep blue sky, looking ever, and ever down upon these temple-courts, like the eye of God! There, where, perhaps, the smoke of pagan sacrifice ascended, where heathen rites were performed, and through whose mystical symbols and gross material forms — perchance souls, even in those darker days, caught glimpses of higher truths, and worshipped through the medium of some heathen divinity, the Author of their being, the Great I AM! Then hast thou turned to the tomb of Raphael, the young, the beautiful, the plague-stricken; lingering with a tender sadness where he, whose earthly form, cast in a mould of exceeding loveliness, at his own request, was fittingly enshrined in this most beautiful casket, — this temple, for so many ages the wonder and delight of all lovers of architectural boauty.

Thou hast passed under the Arch of Titus, that trophy raised to commemorate the conquest of pagan Rome over the chosen people of Jehovah, but which stands now, as it has stood for ages past, a monument of the truth of prophecy, the immutability of God's laws of just retribution, and the genuineness of that Christian religion whose power was destined to conquer the conquerors and spread over the whole nation, that had at first greeted it with the fierce fires of persecution, — with tortures and with death!

Upon the yellow Tiber hast thou looked, rolling along its muddy bed where, according to tradition, still lie buried those sacred “golden candlesticks,” once the glory and delight of the children of Israel, the carrying off of which, by hands pro-

fane, at the destruction of their city, was one of the bitterest drops in their cup of humiliation and woe.

Thou hast wandered among the tombs of the old "Appian Way;" hast spent hours amid those wondrous works of art, of the old, old days; hast stood face to face with emperors, kings, warriors, statesmen, orators and philosophers, whose power founded empires, subdued nations, and governed the destinies of peoples; or whose mighty eloquence shook thrones and swayed the minds of an entire generation, whose thought permeated the souls of thousands, from age to age, living on and on, in the history of nations, moulding the ideas and sentiments of mankind, long after the minds and hearts which gave birth to them had been removed from the earth! Thus, hast thou dwelt with intense interest, mingled with a degree of awe, upon the features of those men of olden time, whose busts, in bronze or marble, the work of ancient artists, exhumed from the ashes of centuries, may be supposed correct portraiture of their then living originals.

Thou, too, hast stood by the "Pyramid of Caius Cestius," hast entered the "Tomb of the Scipios," hast clambered over the ruins of "Cæsar's Palace," hast looked upon the "Tarpian Rock," hast visited temples and basilicas, baths and fountains;—hast viewed arches and mausoleums, columns and obelisks; hast groped down the earth among substructures and vaults, through the relics of a great past; all links in the chain of history, from the time that Romulus, the fratricide, first gathered his followers into a settlement of rude dwellings, upon the brow of the Palatine, or through the successive stages of kingly, consular and imperial rule,—during which the seven hills, gradually crowning themselves with the glory of material prosperity and greatness, proudly encircled the "Mother of Empires," like a tiara of jewels, around a queenly brow, down to the night of darkness which settled over the olden glory of Rome. Leaf by leaf, unfolding the history of a mighty nation, thou hast glanced at these records of the past, fraught as are they, with their lessons of wisdom. Thus hast thou been privileged for a brief space of time.

Yes, it is something worth—something to feed upon in after seasons, even these rapid glimpses of objects and places of renown connected with ancient song and story, bringing one into personal contact as it were, with the great and noble of antiquity! To know that the feet of heroes, and sages and martyrs, — the noble and good, whose names shed a lustre far down upon the annals of time, have walked where we have been; that their eyes have gazed upon the objects contemplated by us; to know that they worshipped, and lived, and were buried in the temples, palaces, dwellings and tombs which we have visited, all tend to bring one into a conscious nearness with the master-spirits of antiquity, opening to our study a living page of history which will long glow with characters of fadeless light.

But to return to Stephano! As a master of his profession, Stephano took exceeding pride in churches and their embellishments, having quite a passion for viewing the same, with those under his charge; and as the city modern contains the number of three hundred and sixty-five, — or one for every day of the year, it may be inferred that we were not likely to suffer for want of this sort of pious visitation, while confiding our time to his disposition. Gilding and columnus, (*pillas*, as he called them,) were his especial delight, and it was charmingly amusing to note the air of complacent patronage with which he would usher his party into any one of these edifices which he considered particularly rich in this species of adornment, and with a flourish of the hand wave our attention to this or that beauty, the particular delight of his eyes!

A becoming sense too, of the merits of *chefs d'œuvre*, had Stephano, both of painting and statuary. Such and such a picture was to be admired, this, or that bust or statue or relievo. A proper pause should be made before this shrine, or that object of art. We shall not soon forget the beaming countenance and air of personal pride with which he introduced us to that splendid masterpiece Michael Angelo's "Moses" in the church of "*San Pietro in Vincoli*." One of the latter works

of that great artist, which, though badly placed, rivets the attention, and *compels*, as it were, the homage of beholders by the very force of commanding genius, breathed into the frowning marble. The great leader and law-giver of the Israelites being represented as just descended from Sinai, the flame of the holy mountain still resting upon his brow, while his face expresses the horror and wrath with which he was filled, in finding his people given up to idolatry, on his descent from the clouds of Sinai. The dread rebuke seems still to rest upon the lips, while the whole countenance is expressive of noble severity and merited reproof.

Thus would the good Stephano point to these splendid creations of genius, as though possessing a personal interest in them—as if feeling that they were actually a portion of his own glory—something more complete than the mere reflection of lustre from those whose works he was so proud to introduce to the admiration of those under his charge.

Quite a Liberal was he in his political views, and talked most eloquently with us, in his broken English, upon the wrongs and hardships of “*dee poors*” of Rome, whom he declared suffered so much from the tyranny of the ecclesiastical government. Cardinal Antonelli was his especial abhorrence, from his persistent efforts in keeping down the common classes, and his speculations in bread-stuffs, which caused such distress among the poor. And yet, Dominicus was a good Catholic, but, like thousands of his people, desired the removal of this wily cardinal with his obnoxious cruelty, from the post of influence which he held, and to see the papal power restrained to the government of church affairs, leaving to temporal powers the adjustment and government of temporal matters. In other words, the “rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” to which we heartily responded amen!

Upon the subject of relics and supernatural virtues imputed to certain sacred objects, we think our guide was inclined to be sceptical, but wisely, like others of his people, maintained a non-committal attitude which, to say the least, in the pres-

ent state of affairs, was the most convenient for himself. Mentioning that at such a church was shown a portion of the straw said to have composed the infant Saviour’s manger-bed, we inquired, “Do you believe that?” “Dat’s what dey say,” he replied; “but I don’t know!” The latter asseveration being fully emphasized with a shrug of the shoulders such as only an Italian can give.

At another church, around whose altar were hung implements of death, canes, crutches &c., Stephano related in explanation, “*Dee wicked men come here wid murder in a heart, when dey go to kill somebody, and after praying here, dey give it up and be good; so dey hang up dare daggers here, and go away.*” Others, poor cripples, come here and are restored by the intercession of the Virgin, and joyfully leave their crutches upon the altar, as a token of gratitude for the miraculous healing which they have experienced. We think our cicerone firmly believed in these miracles, and we were too much interested in his earnest recital, to wish to offer one doubtful interrogation. But it was with the delight of a child that he showed us the imposture practiced in old pagan times, in regard to a certain test which was practiced with persons accused of lies. The test was a large circular stone, found in one of the heathen temples, in the centre of which was an aperture of sufficient size to admit a hand. In this, placed in front of a secret niche, or closet, the accused was made to thrust his arm; if innocent, it was withdrawn perfectly sound, if guilty, a loss of the hand was the consequence, an executioner with a sharp instrument concealed behind the scene, being sufficiently miraculous power for the just vengeance of the gods upon the offender. Alas! for the poor criminal, real or suspected; his conviction, or acquittal must indeed have hung upon a slender thread,—that of the caprice—the short-sightedness, or malice of fallible or wicked mortals like himself.

M. C. G.

Lilfred’s Rest.

He who trusts in the word of God knows that he will find nothing in the material universe but the will of God.

LITTLE GRACE.

BY MISS M. C. PECK.

In the Saviour's close embrace,
In the sunshine of his face,
Ere she knew our sins or cares,
Grace has climbed the golden stairs.

Entering heaven with childlike trust,
As the Master said we must;
Putting off our griefs and fears,
And the weight of human years.

Little Grace — we used to say,
Joined with many a yea and nay;
Happy child! and smoothed her hair,
While we taught her psalm or prayer.

Now we have no prayer to pray;
Not our Grace, but God's to-day;
Spotless now and undefiled,
Can we help his angel child?

Like a lily pure and white,
Shines her soul in glory light;
All our lilies bear a stain,
We cannot be pure again.

So may God commission her,
As His holy minister,
May she teach us love and trust,
And the faith that saves the just.

And since lilies with a stain,
Never may be pure again,
Make them, Lord, in mercy's flood,
Rose-like with atoning blood.

LA RABBIATA.

From the German of Paul Heyse.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

The sun was not yet risen. Over Vesuvius lay a broad, gray mantle of mist which, leaning over towards Naples, darkened the little villages which dotted either coast. The sea was motionless. But among the little fleet lying under the high, rocky shore of Sorrento, the gem of the narrow bay wherein it lies, the fishermen and their wives were already busy hauling to the shore the nets which they had set over night, and depositing their booty in large tanks. Others were rigging their barques, adjusting their sails, and bringing the oars and masts from the great, iron-latticed arches, which were built deep in the rocks, for the storage of boat-rigging. Not an idle person was to be seen, for those who were too old to go out fishing any longer, ranged themselves in the great circle, to assist in drawing the nets, while here and there, on the flat roofs,

stood some old grandmother with her spindle, or occupied with her grandchildren, while their mother helped her husband.

"Do you see, Rachel? There is our good *Padre curato*," said an old woman, to a little thing of ten years, who stood near her, swinging her little spindle. "He is just going into the boat. Antonino is going to carry him across to Capri. Maria Santissima, how sleepy the reverend gentleman looks!" and she pointed with her hand to a little pleasant looking priest who was just taking his seat in a boat, after having carefully lifted his long black gown, and spread it over the bare wooden bench. The others on the strand stopped their work to see their pastor start on his short voyage, while he, nodding pleasantly to the right and left, gave them all a kind greeting. "Why does he go to Capri, grandmother?" inquired the child. "Have the people there no pastor, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly, child," said the old woman. "They have enough there, and the most beautiful churches, too, and even a hermitage, which I am sure we have not got. But there is a great lady there, who used to live here in Sorrento, and was very rich, and the Padre has to go very often and shrive her when she thought she should not live the night through. Well, the blessed virgin stood by her, and she grew so much better as to be able to take a sea-bath every day. When she left here to go over to Capri, she sent such a beautiful pile of ducats to the church and to poor people, you have no idea! and she said she would not go away until the Padre had promised to visit her over there, that she might confess to him. It is astonishing how she does cling to him! We may bless ourselves that we have him for a pastor; he has gifts equal to an arch-bishop, and the highest people are all after him. The Madonna be with him!" and she nodded to the skipper, who was just preparing to shove off.

"Shall we have clear weather, my son?" inquired the little priest, looking thoughtfully over towards Naples.

"The sun is not out yet," replied the young man. "With this bit of mist it soon will be."

"Make haste, then, that we may escape the heat."

Antonino took the long boat-hook to drive the bark out into the deep water, when he suddenly held on and looked up the cliff and along the steep path which leads from the little city of Sorrento, down to the shore.

A slender girl was visible on its summit, who, hastily tripping down the stone steps, beckoned with her pocket-handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her appearance was needy enough. Yet there was something distinguished, although a little insolent in the carriage of her head, and the black braid of hair which she wore above her brow, became her like a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" inquired the priest.

"Some one is coming towards the barque," he said, "to go over to Capri. With your permission, Padre. It will not make the boat go more slowly, for it is only a young thing scarcely eighteen."

At this moment the young girl emerged from behind the wall which protected the winding way.

"Laurella!" said the priest, "What business takes her to Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders. The girl came on with hasty steps, looking straight before her.

"Good morning, La Rabbiata!" called out several of the young skippers. They would have added more, if the presence of the curate had not inspired them with some respect, for the reserved, silent manner in which the young girl received their salutations, appeared rather to provoke their insolence.

"Good day, Lauretta," said the pastor. "What is this? are you going with us to Capri?"

"With your permission, Padre."

"Ask Antonino's permission. He is the patron of the boat. Every one is yet master of his own property, and God, Lord over all!"

"Here is a half carline," said Laurella, without looking at the young skipper, "if I can go with you for that."

"You can use it better than I," growled the boy, pushing some baskets of orange

es aside, to make room for her. He was going to sell them in Capri, for the rocky island bears not enough for the wants of the many visitors.

"I will not go unless you take it," answered the young girl, her black eyebrows contracting.

"Come, now, child," said the pastor, "he is a good youth, and does not wish to grow rich out of your poor, little savings. There, get in—" and he reached her his hand—"and sit down here by me. See, he has laid his jacket down here that you may have a softer seat. He has not done so well by me. But young people will be young people. They will always care more for one little woman-body than for ten priests. Well, well! you need not begin any excuses, Tonino. It is the ordinance of our heavenly Father, that like should cling to like."

Meanwhile Laurella had stepped into the boat, and taken a seat by the Padre, after having, without a word, pushed the jacket aside. The young skipper took no notice, only murmured something between his teeth. Then, driving his oar powerfully against the pier, the little boat flew out into the gulf.

"What have you in that bundle?" inquired the Padre, as they were now skimming lightly over the gulf, just lighted by the first sunbeam.

"Silk, yarn, and a loaf of bread, Padre. I shall sell the silk to one lady in Capri, who weaves ribbons, and the yarn to another."

"Did you spin it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I remember aright, you have learned to make ribbons, also."

"Yes, sir. But my mother gets worse and worse, so that I cannot leave home, and we cannot afford a loom for ourselves."

"Gets worse! Oh, ha! When I visited her at Easter, she was sitting up."

"Yes, sir. But the spring is always the worst time with her. Since we had the great storm and the earthquake, she has been obliged to keep her bed continually."

"Don't stop praying and imploring the Holy Virgin, my child, that she may in-

tercede for you. And be good and industrious, that your prayer may be heard."

There was a pause. "As you came down to the strand, they called out to you, 'Good morning, La Rabbiata!' why do they call you so? It is not a proper name for a Christian, who should be mild and humble."

The whole brown face of the young girl blazed with crimson, and her dark eyes flashed.

"They have their jests with me, because I do not dance, and sing, and laugh, and talk like others. They ought to let me alone; I do nothing to them."

"But you could be civil to everybody. Dancing and singing may do for others to whom life is easier. But a good word costs nothing, and is always agreeable."

She looked down, her black eyebrows contracting into a deeper frown, as if they would conceal her black eyes. The silence continued for some time. The sun shone out magnificently over the mountain, the lofty summit of Vesuvius pierced the cloudy mantle which still enveloped its foot; and the dwellings on the plain of Sorrento shone white from among the green orange gardens.

"Has nothing been heard from that artist, Laurella; that Neapolitan, who wanted you for a wife?" inquired the Padre.

She shook her head.

"He came after wards to make a picture of you; why did you refuse to allow him to do so?"

"Why should he want a picture of me? There are others far handsomer than I am. And then — who knows what he would have done with it. He might have bewitched me and imperilled my soul, or brought about my death, my mother said."

"Do not believe such sinful things," said the pastor seriously. "Are you not at all times in the hand of God, without whose will not a hair of your head can fall to the ground? And shall a man with a picture in his hand be stronger than the Lord God? And could you not see that he wished you well? otherwise would he have desired to marry you?"

She was silent.

"And why did you refuse him? He was an honorable and noble-looking man,

and would have supported your mother far better than you can do, with your little spinning and silk winding."

"We are poor people," said she, violently; "and my mother is always sick. We should only have been a burden to him. And I am not fit for a lady. If his friends should have come to visit him he would have been ashamed of me."

"What nonsense you talk! I tell you, child, that he was a good and noble man. And besides, he would have settled in Sorrento. There will not come another, very soon, like him. He was certainly sent by Heaven to help you."

"I will never have a husband, never!" said the girl, obstinately, and gazing straight down into the sea.

"Have you made a vow to that effect, or are you going into a nunnery?"

She shook her head.

"People are right who call you stubborn, if the name is not very agreeable. Do you not reflect that you are alone in the world, and that through this obstinacy you only render the life and sufferings of your mother more bitter? What important reasons can you have had for rejecting that honest hand that would have sustained you and your mother? Answer me, Laurella!"

"I had a reason, indeed," she answered, slowly and reluctantly, "but I cannot name it."

"Not name it? not to me! not to your confessor, to whom you used to confess everything, and to whom you once said, that this young man's designs were most honorable? did you not?"

She nodded.

"Then ease your heart, child. If your reasons are good, I will be the first to acknowledge it. But you are young and know little of the world, and you may, by-and-by, repent, if you have, in a childish thoughtlessness, jested away your happiness."

She threw a furtive glance towards the young man who sat in the stern of the boat industriously rowing, his woollen cap pulled down over his eyes, and apparently buried in his own thoughts. The pastor saw the glance, and stooped his ear nearer to her.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and her eyes looked gloomy.

"Your father? yes; he died, I think, when you were scarcely ten years old. What has your father, who may be in Paradise, for aught I know, to do with your capriciousness?"

"You did not know him, Padre. You do not know that he alone was the cause of my mother's illness."

"How is that?"

"He abused her and beat her and trod upon her with his feet. I remember one night when he came home and was in a passion. My mother said not a word to him, but did everything he desired. But he beat her until I thought my heart would break. But I drew the covering over my head and pretended to be asleep, and cried all night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, he changed suddenly, and took her up, and kissed her, until she screamed out that he was suffocating her. My mother forbade my ever saying a word about it, but it injured her so that for all these long years since he died, she has never been well again. And if she should die young, which Heaven forbid, I know well who would be the cause of her death."

The little priest shook his head and appeared undecided how far he should justify his god-child. At last he said, "Forgive him, as your mother has forgiven him. Turn not your thoughts to that melancholy picture, Laurella. Better times will come for you, and make you to forget all."

"Never can I forget that," said she, shuddering. "And know, Padre, for this reason I will remain unmarried, and be subject to no one, that no one may beat and then caress me. If any one strikes or kisses me now, I know how to defend myself. But my mother could not defend herself or ward off the blow or the kisses, because she loved him. I will love no one, that no one may destroy my health and happiness."

"Now, Laurella, you are just like a child, and speak like one who knows nothing of the ways of the world. Are all men like your poor father, giving themselves up to every passion and ill temper,

and treating their wives ill! Have you not seen upright and good men enough in your own neighborhood, and women who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Neither did any one know how my father treated my mother. for she would rather a thousand times have died, than to have complained, and all this because she loved him. If it is the effect of love to close the lips when they should shriek for aid, and to make one helpless against cruelty, such as the arch-fiend alone should practice, then never will I hang my heart upon a man."

"I tell you, you are a child, and don't know what you are talking about. Your heart will never stop to ask you whether it shall love, when the time comes; then all that you have set your head upon now, will make no difference." After a pause. "And that artist, did you suspect that he could be cruel towards you?"

His eyes had just the same expression that I have seen my father's have when he would implore my mother's forgiveness, and take her in his arms and give her kind words again. I know those eyes. He may have them who feels no longing to beat his wife who never injured him. I was terror-stricken when I saw those eyes again."

Laurella became silent. The Padre also was silent. He thought over a great many beautiful speeches which he would have made to the young girl, but the presence of the young skipper, who, during the latter part of the confession, had seemed greatly disquieted, closed his mouth.

When after a two hours' voyage, they entered the little harbor of Capri, Antonino carried the ecclesiastic from the boat, through the shallows, and set him respectfully down. But Laurella had not chosen to wait until he waded back to bring her. She gathered her skirts together, her little wooden shoes in her right hand, her bundle in her left, and paddled hastily to land.

"I shall remain quite long in Capri, to-day, said the Padre; "and you need not wait for me. Perhaps I shall not go home before to-morrow morning. And you, Laurella, when you go home, greet your mother from me. I shall visit you

some time this week. You will return home before night?"

"If there is an opportunity," said the girl, appearing to be very busily occupied in adjusting her skirts.

"You know that I must go back," said Antonino, as he thought in a very indifferent tone. "I will wait for you until the *Ave Maria*. If you do not come then, it will be all the same to me."

"You must come, Laurella," interposed the little priest. "You must not leave your mother alone a single night. Is it far you have to go?"

"To Anacapri, to a vineyard."

"And I must go to Capri. God keep thee, child, and thou, my son." Laurella kissed his hand respectfully, and dropt a farewell to be divided between the Padre and Antonino. Antonino however, appropriated no share of it to himself. He took off his cap to the Padre, but turned no look after Laurella.

But when both had turned from him, his eyes did not long follow the priest, who walked carefully away over the rolling pebbles, but looked after the young girl, who turned to the right, and was walking rapidly up a hill, her hand shielding her eyes from the sun. Before the road passed in between high walls, she stood still a moment to take breath and look around her. The shipping lay at her feet, around her towered steep and craggy rocks; the blue sea shone in unwonted splendor—it was indeed a sight worth pausing to admire. By accident, her glance falling in the direction of Antonino's boat, met the look that the young skipper had sent after her. Both made a little movement, like people who excuse themselves for something they have inadvertently done, and the young girl, with a sullen mouth, pursued her way.

It was an hour after mid-day, and Antonino had already sat two long hours upon the little bench in front of the Fisherman's Inn. Something must have been working in his mind, for every five minutes he sprang up, stepped out into the sun, and looked carefully to the right and left, up and down the roads leading to the two little island cities.

"The weather looks suspicious to me," said he, to the hostess of the little tavern. "It is clear, to be sure, but I know the color of the sky and the sea. I saw it look just so before the last great storm, when I brought the English family to land, only with the greatest difficulty. You remember it?"

"No!" said the woman.

"Well, you will think of it if the weather changes before night."

"Are there many visitors over there inquired the hostess, after a while.

"They are just commencing. Hitherto we have had hard times. We have to wait longer than usual on account of the baths."

"The spring came late. Have you earned more than we have in Capri?"

"Not enough to furnish macaroni to eat twice a week, if I depended merely on my boat. Now and then a letter to carry to Naples, or a gentleman to row out on the quay, to angle a little—that is all. But you know that my uncle, who has a great orange-garden, is a rich man. 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall not suffer want, and after that, I shall take care of you. So, with God's help, I have got through the winter.'

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No; he was never married, and was long abroad, where he scraped many good piastres together. Now he has a large fishery, and intends to put me over the whole, that I may look after his interests."

"You are a made man, then, Antonino."

The young skipper shrugged his shoulders. "Every one has his burden to carry," said he; and he sprang up again, and looked right and left to examine the weather, although he must have known that there was only one weatherside.

"Let me bring you another bottle. Your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Not another glass, for you have a fiery kind of wine, here. My head is already warm enough."

"It never goes into the blood. You can drink as much as you will. There is my husband just coming. You must sit down and chat a while with him."

As she said this, the stately proprietor of the little inn now made his appearance, coming down the hill, his net hanging over his shoulders, and his red cap on his curly head. He had been to the city to carry fish to that same distinguished lady who was preparing a dinner for the little pastor of Sorrento. As he caught sight of the young skipper, he waved his hand cordially towards him, and was soon seated by his side, on the bench, asking questions and telling stories. His wife had just brought a second bottle of the true, unadulterated Capri, when the crackling sound of a footstep on the pebbles was heard at the left, and Laurella approached. She saluted them carelessly, and stopped irresolute.

Antonino sprang up. "I must go," said he. "It is a girl from Sorrento, who came over early to-day, with the Signor Curato, and must go back to-night to her sick mother."

"Well, well — it is a long time yet to night," said the fisherman. "She will have a plenty of time to drink a glass of wine. Halloa, wife, bring another glass."

"I thank you. I will not drink," said Laurella, and remained standing at some distance.

"Pour out a glass, wife; pour out one. She will oblige us."

"Let her be," said the young man. "She has a hard heart; what she won't do, she won't, and all the saints could not persuade her." And he took a hasty farewell, ran down to the boat, loosened the rope, and stood waiting for the girl. The latter looked back once more, nodding to the hostess, and then walked down with lingering steps, to the boat. She looked about on all sides, as if she expected to find other company. But the strand was vacant; the fishermen were asleep, or sailing out into the gulf with angles and nets, — a few women and children sat in their doors, sleeping or spinning, and the strangers who came over in the morning, waited for a cooler time of day to return. She had not long to look about her, for, before she was aware, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and carried her like a child to the boat. Then, springing in

himself, with a few paddle strokes, they were out on the open sea.

Laurella had seated herself in the prow of the boat, and half turned her back to him, so that he saw only her side face. Her features were now graver than common. The black hair hung heavily down her brown cheek, just revealing the trembling of the delicate nostrils, and the mouth was firmly closed.

When they had sat for a long time moving silently over the sea, Laurella felt a sun-beam, and taking her bread from the napkin in which it was wrapped, threw it over the burns, then she began to eat the bread which she had brought for her dinner; for she had taken nothing in Capri.

Antonino did not see this long. Out of the baskets which were full in the morning, he took two oranges.

"Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella. Don't think that I kept them for you. They rolled out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I brought the empty basket back."

"Eat them yourself. My bread is enough."

"They are refreshing in the heat, and you have walked a long distance."

"They gave me a glass of water. That has refreshed me sufficiently."

"As you will," said Antonino, dropping the oranges into the basket again.

A new silence. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and scarcely rippled at the keel. Even the white sea-birds, which nestled in the rocky hollows along the shore, dived noiselessly for their prey.

"You can take the two oranges to your mother," Antonino commenced again.

"We have them at home and when those are gone I can buy more."

"But take them to her with my compliments."

"She is not acquainted with you"

"Then you can tell her who I am."

"I am not acquainted with you."

It was not the first time that she had denied his acquaintance. A year before, when the artist had just arrived in Sorrento, it happened one holiday that Antonino, with other young men of the place, was engaged in some sports on an open common near the principal street of the city. There

the artist first met Laurella, who, without observing him, was passing by, carrying a water-jar upon her head. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stopped and looked after her, although he stood in the middle of the course, and by going two steps further would have been out of the way. An unceremonious ball which came bouncing against his shin, reminded him that there was not the place for reverie. He looked around as if he expected an apology. But the young skipper who had thrown the ball stood, so silent and sullen, among his friends, that the young artist thought it advisable to move away without exchanging words. The transaction had been talked of at the time, and was spoken of again when the artist openly wooed Laurella.

"Do you know that rude, uncivil fellow?" inquired the artist.

"No; I do not," Laurella replied. Yet she knew him well.

And now they sat in the boat like the bitterest foes, the hearts of both beating with strange violence. The usually pleasant face of Antonino was flushed and red; his oars struck the waves until they foamed and dashed over the boat, his lips trembling and muttering. Laurella pretended not to observe it, but assuming the utmost *sang froid*, leaned over the side of the boat, and let the water ripple through her fingers. Then she took the napkin from her head, and arranged her hair, as if she had been quite alone in the boat. But her eye-brows were knit, and she held her wet hands against her burning cheeks to cool them.

They were in the middle of the gulf, and far and near not a sail was to be seen. The island lay far behind them, the coast of the distant mainland shimmered faintly in the sunshine, and not even a sea-gull's wing broke the deep solitude. Antonino looked around him. A thought seemed to strike him. The red faded from his cheeks and he dropped the oars. The boat veered, and involuntarily Laurella turned and looked at him, her eye watchful but fearless.

"I must put an end to this," exclaimed the young man. "It has continued already too long, and I wonder that I am

not already mad. You don't know me, you say? Have you not seen me long enough, going by you like a lunatic, with my heart full of what you would not allow me to tell you? you making your saucy mouth and turning your back towards me?"

"What had I to say to you?" said she curtly. "I have seen well enough that you wished to entangle me. But I was determined not to make myself common talk and a laughing-stock; for I will not take you for a husband—you nor any one else."

"No one else? You will not always say that. What if you did send away the artist? Pah! you were only a child, then. You will feel lonely some day, and then, fool as you are, you will take the first one that offers."

"You don't know what I shall do. I may alter my mind; but what is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" exclaimed the young man, springing up from the oar-bench so suddenly as to rock the boat. "What is it to me? And can you ask me that, after you know how it is with me? If I must miserably perish, better die with you than alone."

"Have I ever made any promises to you? Is it my fault if your brain is turned? What right have you over me?"

"Oh! it is not put down in black and white; no lawyer has rendered it into Latin and sealed it with his seal; but I know so much, that I have as much right to you, as I have to enter heaven if I am a Christian man. Do you think I can look on and see you going into church with another man, while all the girls that pass me shrug their shoulders? Shall I subject myself to insults like this?"

"Do as you please. I shall give myself no uneasiness about your threats. I will do as I please, also."

"You will not say that long," said Antonino, trembling from head to foot. "I am too much of a man to permit my life to be made miserable any longer by such an insolent girl as you. Do you know that you are here in my power, and must do as I will?"

A slight tremor shook the girl, but she

flashed her great eyes on him. "Kill me if you dare do it," said she quietly.

"One must do nothing by the halves," said he, in a low, hoarse voice. "There is room enough for us both in the sea. I cannot help you, child," and his voice took a soft, pitiful tone, as if in a dream. "But we must go down, both of us together, and now!" and he clasped her suddenly in both arms. But in an instant he snatched his right hand back, the blood spouting from a wound. She had violently bitten him.

"Must I do as you will?" and with a quick movement she extricated herself from his arms. "Let us see whether I am in your power!" and she sprang suddenly over the side of the boat, and vanished in the deep. She rose quickly to the surface, her dress clinging closely to her limbs, and her hair loosened by the waves, hanging heavily down her shoulders. With a vigorous motion of the arms, without uttering a sound, she swam strongly and promptly away from the boat, and towards the coast. Sudden terror seemed to have palsied the senses of the young man. He stood bent over the boat, staring straight after her, as if a miracle were being performed before his eyes. Then, suddenly shaking himself, he seized the oars and sent the boat rapidly after her, while the bottom of the little vessel was becoming drenched with blood.

In a minute he was at her side — rapidly she swam.

"In the name of the holy Marie," he cried, "Come into the boat. I have been a madman. God knows I was bereft of my reason. It seemed as if lightning had penetrated my brain, and I knew not what I said or did. You need not forgive me, Laurella; only save your life and come into the boat."

She swam on as if she had not heard him.

"You can never reach the land. It is yet fully two miles away. Think of your mother. If any misfortune should happen to you she would die of terror."

With one look she measured the distance to the coast. Then without a word of reply she swam to the side of the boat, and took hold of it with her hands. He

rose to help her; his jacket, which lay upon the seat, slid into the sea, as she careened the boat. With a light spring she vaulted in, and quietly regained her former seat, while Antonino seeing her safe once more, took up the oars and resumed his voyage. Laurella coolly spread out her dripping skirts to dry, and wrung the water from her curls. As she did so, she glanced at the bottom of the boat, and remarked the blood. She cast a hasty look at the hand which, as if it had been unwounded, grasped the oar.

"There!" said she, reaching him her napkin.

He shook his head, and rowed on. She rose at last, and stepping to him, bound up the deep wound with her napkin.

"Give me the oar."

Antonino resisted, but with a quiet determination, which conquered him, she took the oar from the wounded hand and sat down opposite to him. Seeming not to see him, she fixed her eyes steadily on the oar, which was stained with blood, and with powerful strokes sent the little boat rapidly onward. They were both pale and silent. As they drew near the shore, they met several fishermen, who were just throwing out their nets for the night. They called to Antonino and saluted Laurella. Neither took notice or answered a word.

The sun still stood high over Procida, when they reached the pier. Laurella shook her dress, which was now almost entirely dry, and sprang ashore. The old spinning woman, who had watched her starting in the morning, stood again upon the roof.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down. "Jesus, the boat is swimming in blood!"

"It is nothing, Commare," answered the young man. "I tore it on a nail, before I saw it. It will be well to-morrow. The confounded blood has stained my hand which looks worse than it is."

"I will come down and put on some herbs, Comparello. Wait; I'll be there in a minute."

"Don't trouble yourself, Commare. It is all done up nicely, now, and by to-

morrow I shall have forgotten all about it."

"Addio!" said Laurella, and turned into the path that led up the cliff.

"Good night!" replied the young man, without looking at her. Then carrying the rigging of the skiff and the basket into the arch, he ran up the little stone steps to his cottage.

He was alone in his two chambers, through which he walked steadily up and down. Through the open window which was closed only with wooden blinds, the balmy air, floating over the gulf, came refreshingly in, soothing the loneliness of the hour. There was a little image of the Mother of God, on a niche by the window, whose head was crowned by a wreath of silver paper, which encircled it like a glory. He gazed at it with a long and sad gaze, yet it did not occur to him to pray to it. For what should he ask, when he had no longer anything to hope for?

The day appeared to stand still. He longed for darkness, for he was weary, and the loss of blood had exhausted him more than he would confess even to himself. He felt a violent, stinging pain in his hand, and sitting down upon a stool, he loosened the bandage. The blood, which the compress had staunched, spouted forth again and the hand about the wound was much swollen. He washed it carefully, and cooled it for a long time. When he examined it again, he clearly distinguished the prints of Laurella's teeth.

"She was right," said he; "I was a beast, and deserved nothing better. In the morning I will send her the napkin by Giuseppe, for she shall never see me again."

He washed the napkin and spread it in the sun to dry, then carefully bound up his hand again, tying it with his left hand and his teeth. This done he threw himself upon his bed and closed his eyes, hoping to fall asleep.

The bright, clear moon, together with the pain in his hand awoke him from a semi-slumber. He sprang to his feet to allay the heavy throbbing of his blood in cold water, when he heard a low knocking at the door.

"Who is here?" said he, opening the door, and Laurella stood before him.

Without a question, she stepped in. She threw off the handkerchief which she had worn on her head, and placing a basket upon the table, drew a long breath.

"You have come for your napkin," said Antonino. "You might have spared yourself that trouble, for to-morrow morning early I should have sent it by Giuseppe."

"It is not for the napkin," she hastily replied. "I have been up the mountain to gather some herbs, which are good to heal wounds," and she lifted the cover of the basket.

"Too much trouble!" said he, in a subdued voice. "Too much trouble. It is already better, much better; and if it were worse, it would be only what I have deserved. What are you here for at this time? If any one should have followed you! you know how they gossip, though you do not know what they say."

"I care nothing for them!" said she, violently. "But I want to see the hand and put on the leaves, for with the left hand you never could do it."

"I tell you that it is unnecessary."

"Let me see it, that I may believe you."

She took his hand, he could not prevent it, and took off the bandages. "Jesu Marie!" she exclaimed, as she saw how frightfully it was swollen.

"It is only a trifle," said he—"It will be gone by to-morrow night."

She shook her head. "You cannot go on the gulf again for a week."

"I think I can by the day after to-morrow. What does it signify?"

The young girl brought a basin and washed the wound anew, an operation which he permitted with the docility of a child. Then she laid on the fresh green leaves, to allay the inflammation, and bound it up with strips of linen which she had brought with her.

When it was done, "I thank you!" said he. "And hear me; if you would do me a pleasure, forgive me the madness which seized me to-day, and forget everything I said and did. I do not know, myself, how it happened. You had never

given me the least encouragement; indeed you had not. And you shall never hear anything from me again to offend you."

"I have to beg your pardon," she interrupted; "I ought to have treated you differently, and not have provoked you by my stupid manner. And as for the wound—"

"It was necessary, and high time that I was brought to my senses. And as I said, it is of no consequence. Don't speak of forgiveness. You have been generous to me, and I thank you. And now go home and sleep; and there—there is your napkin, that you can take with you."

He reached it to her, but she did not move, and appeared to be sustaining some inward struggle. At last—"You lost a jacket for my sake, and I know that the money for the oranges was in it. It first occurred to me on my way here. I cannot replace it, for we do not possess so much, and if we did it would belong to my mother. But here is a silver cross that the artist lay upon the table the last time he was here. I have not looked at it since then, and I will not keep it any longer in my box. If you will sell it—it is worth a few piastres, my mother once told me—it would nearly make up for your loss, and what was lacking, I could earn by spinning nights, while my mother was asleep."

"I will take nothing," said he, crustily, pushing back the shining cross, which she had laid upon the table.

"You must take it," said she. "Who knows how long you will be unable to earn anything with this hand. There it lies, and I will never put my eyes on it again."

"Then throw it into the sea."

"It is no present that I make you! It is no more than your just right, and what belongs to you."

"Right! I have no right to anything from you. If you should meet me hereafter, do me the pleasure not to look at me, that I may not think that you wish to remind me of what I have been guilty. And now, good night—and let it be the last."

He laid the napkin and the cross in her

basket and shut down the lid. When he looked in her face he was shocked. Great heavy drops were trickling down her cheeks, and she gave them free course.

"Marie santissima! are you ill? You tremble from head to foot."

"It is nothing. I will go home!" and she turned to the door. But weeping overcame her, and leaning her head against the door-post, she sobbed as if her heart would break. But before he could approach her to hold her back, she suddenly turned and threw herself upon his neck. "I cannot bear it!" she exclaimed, clinging to him as a dying wretch clings to life. "I cannot hear you say such gentle things, and bid me go from you with all the guilt upon my conscience. Strike me, spurn me with your foot, curse me—or, if it is true that you love me *still*, after all the wicked things I have said and done—then, take me, and keep me, and do with me as you will. But do not send me away from you!" A fresh burst of sobbing interrupted her.

He held her awhile speechless, in his arms. "Do I love you still?" he at last exclaimed. "Holy Mother! Do you think all my heart's blood drained out of this little wound? Don't you feel how it is hammering in my breast, trying to get out to you? If you only say it to deceive me, or out of pity, go away and I will try and forget it. You should not think yourself to blame toward me, because you know that I have injured you."

"No!" said she firmly, looking up from his shoulder, and fixing her moist eyes on his—"I love you. I tell you now what I have long felt but feared to acknowledge. Now, I cannot hold out any longer, not to look at you when you are passing me in the street. Now, I will kiss you, too, that you may be able to say when you are in doubt: 'she has kissed me, and Laurella will kiss no man but him who is to be her husband.'"

*She kissed him again and again, and then withdrawing from his arms, "Good night, dearest," said she; "go to sleep, now, and cure your hand, and don't go with me for I am not afraid of any one. Good night." And opening the door she vanished in the shadow of the wall. But

Antonino sat long by the window, gazing out upon the sea, over which all the stars seemed to tremble.

When the little Padre Curato next day left the confessional, in which Laurella had long knelt, he smiled to himself. "Who would have thought," said he, "that God would so soon have had mercy on this wonderful heart! And I have been reproaching myself that I did not more severely chide the demon of self-will. But our eyes are short-sighted for the ways of Heaven. Now may the Lord bless her, and enable me to live until Laurella's oldest boy rows me over the gulf instead of his father! He! he! he! La Rabbista!"

THE BURIAL.

BY REV. G. T. FLANDERS.

Oh! earth, receive my cherished joy
Within thy pulseless breast;
I yield him to a dreamless sleep,
Upon thy couch of rest;
But fold my heart within a shroud,
And lay it down beside,
And let it sleep its dreamless sleep,
With the little boy that died.

My heart is broke and withered now,
'Tis well that it should cease;
Oh! Father, bid its currents flow
Unto the land of Peace.
The flower I cherished in my pride,
Lies 'rest of all its bloom,
The broken stem and withered leaf
I lay within the tomb.

Room for the little boy, kind friends!
Room 'mong the cherished dead!
Room near your side, my choicest friends!
Now in your silent bed.
He loved you with that little heart,
Now pulseless, still and cold;
Your loves now mingle in the skies—
So mingle mould with mould!

Oh! living friends, protect this spot,
And guard it year by year,
And twine the sweet spring roses round,
Until the leaf is sere;
And distant though my home may be,
Though seas between us roll,
Affection shall enbalm this spot—
This Mecca of my soul!

The essential life of heaven first breaks upon us when we rise from sense and sin, and go forth with transcendent vision and unworldly aims.

THE RESURRECTION.

NO. III.

Is the Future Life immediate, and shall we know and love those whom we know and love here?

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

In our first Essay on this topic, we endeavored to show that, to the longings after immortality which are felt by men almost universally, God has granted a general answer in the well-authenticated resurrection of Jesus Christ; an answer which was meant to be, and which ought to be sufficient and satisfactory, in regard to the certainty of the truth that we shall live again hereafter, and live in Christ and with Christ forever.

In the second Essay, from the same safe Scripture, we attempted to indicate the general character of that life. And in the first place, asserting its universality, as we were warranted to do by such texts as, "I, if I be lifted up will draw all unto me." And that other passage in Luke xx. 35, which assures us that all the subjects of the resurrection shall die no more, but be equal to the angels, and through the purifying agencies of that great change, shall become the children of God, being the children of the resurrection; we showed in the second place, that holiness and joy were the characteristics of that heavenly life; that, chary as the Scriptures are, of any descriptive detail of its occupations and enjoyments, they hint of its splendors by the word "glory," which almost solely they consecrate to it, and to thoughts connected with it; and that by the mention of music,—"the harpers harping with their harps"—they suggest to us its delights. Where glory and harmony are, there are, there must be, holiness and joy. And these two words, and the thoughts and feelings they excite, are conjured up and comprised in the word "heaven." That is the word we apply to the future state of being which awaits us. And in that word, we comprehend all holiness and all felicity, and are justified in doing so by the glimpses which the Scriptures lend us of the realm it designates. We have then, up to this point, ascertained from the sure oracles of God, that we shall live

hereafter with Christ, cleansed from sin, delivered from sorrow, and past all fear of death forever; that all shall so live; and that the general character of that life shall be one of holiness undefiled and undefilable, and of unmingled beatitude.

As we said in our last, this does surely seem enough to satisfy the most exacting desire, and the most restless curiosity. Still there are questions rising at times in all our minds, the replies to some of which are perhaps included in the Scriptural declarations already cited, yet not distinctly specified, and others whose answers, if vouchsafed at all in Revelation, are to be sought elsewhere.

The time when we shall assume the immortal life, whether immediately at the moment of death, or at some future, general resurrection, the moral condition in which each shall rise, whether it will be one of immediate and perfect blessedness, or one of deliberate, or of rapid transition from the frailty in which we leave the earth, to the perfection which shall promote us to the highest heaven; and, of greater moment still, whether the affections which have so blessed our earthly being, will instantly recognize and fasten there, on those they cherished in this world; these are some, are perhaps the most conspicuous and frequent of the inquiries which a glance towards the future, provokes in the thoughts of most of us. To attempt the whole ground covered by the three, in a single Essay, were a vain endeavor. Let us try to ascertain how the New Testament treats the two which touch us most closely, the first and the last.

The first has regard to the period at which we shall enter upon the conscious existence of eternity. Wise and good men in all branches of the Church have held different views on this point; and even in our own communion, very dissimilar opinions are entertained. We shall not, therefore, presume to dogmatize, neither shall we call any man Master, but we shall attempt to interpret for ourselves what Christ and his inspiring Spirit say. In the first place, let us remark, that the fact that all agree in this, as a clearly revealed certainty—that we are to live hereafter, and live holily and happily, and

that only as regards the time when that life shall begin, and the individual, moral condition in which it shall be enjoyed by each of us, is there any conflict, is a sure proof that the Scriptures are full and conclusive in their proclamation of our immortality, and is also an indication, I think, that if they are less decisive on the subordinate questions, so much so, as to permit their most diligent students to read them differently, it is because these questions are subordinate. The great truth of such vital moment to our peace, once broadly unfolded, not without design, perhaps, is it that the minor considerations which are attached to it, gleam out less distinctly from the golden mists which obscure even to the earnest eye of the believer, the realities of eternity. Had God deemed a clear disclosure of them essential to our well-being, he would so have revealed them, as to unite the convictions of all believing hearts on them, as firmly as they are now at one on the resurrection of the Lord, and the consequent certainty of our immortality.

When, immediately after death, or at some future date in a general resurrection, shall we enter upon the life immortal! All of us, I suppose, are aware that among the theories on this point, cherished by leading names in our own communion, that of Father Balfour interpreted the Scripture as teaching, that man, mortal in this state of being, at death yields into the hand of God the all of life which, up to that moment he possessed, and that at the resurrection, and not till then, he becomes an immortal spirit. In this view, Father Balfour was not alone. Luther and other eminent men have held it also. And up to this point, we know not that we would essay to dispute it. "The first man, Adam," says St. Paul, "was made a living soul,"—"a living animal." The improved version reads,—"the last Adam," (i. e. Christ,) "a quickening spirit." Upon the theory we are now considering, the apostle is assumed to mean, as perhaps he does, that Adam, who is here the type of all his children, was made only a mortal being, a being whose life was limited by death, but yet superior to the beasts that perish, since capable of receiv-

ing immortality, of "putting on incorruption," of "being clothed upon with the houses from heaven." Christ, on the other hand, is declared to be a quickening, or life-giving spirit, in whom we are to be made alive after we die in Adam. Now there are many passages of the New Testament, which seem to speak strongly for this view. And between it, and what is, we suppose, the commoner notion, that we have in us here, covered and enclosed within this mortal being, an innate immortality which death releases and Christ exalts to heaven, there is, we think, a distinction, doubtless, but a very unimportant difference. For what matters it whether we are *called* mortal or immortal in this world, if after death we shall be immortal, as both theories, though in different terms, contend that we shall; the one predicating that we shall then become, the other, that we shall continue to be immortal.

But the view we are considering, contains a feature of more tangible interest, which touches the apprehensions of our spirits more nearly, and from which they recoil. This, to be sure, is no proof of the unsoundness of the tenet of which we are to speak, but it surely is a reason why we should examine it carefully ere we receive it; let me in fairness add, ere we reject it. A thorough examination of it, is of course impracticable, within the limits of a single effort: yet that is all the time we can at present devote to it. But if by the glance we turn upon it now, you can be prompted to pursue the subject for yourselves, we shall have achieved all we can reasonably desire.

Coupl'd then with the statement that we are only mortal here, and that at death this mortal being dies, is the farther thought that we receive our new and immortal life, only at some future period, at a simultaneous and universal resurrection. Now we will not press here, what may seem to some the very natural inquiry,— "if mortal, and only mortal, and at death all that is mortal die, where are we, and what are we, in the interval between our dissolution and our renovated existence? Are not we extinct? What then remains to receive immortality, when the day of

its bestowment arrives"? We will not push this query, for the advocates of the theory insist, we believe, that death is not entire extinction, that somewhere and somehow we still are, though they do not profess to comprehend God's dealings with us in the invisible interval between this known world, and yon expected heaven. They but follow the Scripture, they say, and leave us where that leaves us, shred of our mortal lives, at death, and find us again, where that again discloses us, equipped with lives immortal, on the resurrection morning in heaven.

Like them let us appeal to that Scripture, to see if it casts no light on this intermediate state, — a light to us so full as to swallow up the darkness of any intermediate state in the splendor of an immediate and final heaven.

We decline to take the seeming advantage furnished to our opinion of an instant transition from the mortal to the immortal life, by the vision of Moses and Elias on the mount, because, though we have no doubt the vision was real, and not the spectacle of a trance, the fact that Moses and Elijah appeared in glory, does not conclusively announce that they came from heaven; though that certainly is the natural inference. They may have been resurrected from hades for the occasion.

We are told in the 7th of Acts, that the protomartyr Stephen, at the close of his discourse, "being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God; and they stoned him, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?" Receive it, into an intervening state of unconscious being, or into the heaven in which his dying eyes beheld his Saviour, at the right hand of the Father? Which? Now combine with this gaze of Stephen into the heaven opened for him, the promise of Jesus to his apostles, just before his death, — "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you." And with this, connect his still later prayer in their behalf:—"Fath-

er, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." Now reflect whether those apostles, Peter, and John, and Thomas, and the rest, who had received that promise and heard this prayer, would not, when death seemed near to them, remember Christ's words, and remember Stephen's vision, and in the vision, beholding the fulfilment of the words, would not expect for themselves a like fulfilment, a heaven of glory, a Christ beckoning them from the right hand of God, into the house of many mansions, and to the place he had prepared for them within it, that they might be with him where he was, and behold his glory which God had given him? We think this is the only natural conclusion to which these passages conduct us.

Again, St. Paul says very strongly, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have"—and he makes no pause, he stumbles upon no intrusive middle state between that of the earthly house, and the heavenly—"we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed," (i. e. divested of our mortality to lie down unconscious) "but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life." And a few verses afterwards, he confirms our impression of his conviction of an instant transition through death into deathless life, when he exclaims, "We are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." To be present with the Lord! What is this but the utterance of his assurance that when death dismisses him from the body, he will, as Jesus prayed, be with Christ, where Christ is, and behold the glory which the Father has given him? We cannot see how, by any fair rendering, any other meaning can be put upon his words. Lastly on this head; in *Philippians* 1st chapter he declares, "to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to de-

part and to be with Christ which is far better." We will not waste time in an explanation which is surely needless, to convince the reader that the apostle Paul did earnestly, and with a hope great with joy, expect the death of his body to be the beginning of a higher, and holier, and happier life for himself, than that he had borne under the burthen of mortality. That expectation is not revealed to us only by such exclamations as these we have cited. It visibly underruns and animates the career of his whole apostolic life. That life so busy, so eager, so energetic, passing with impatient speed, from land to land, to subdue men to the sway of his Master, daring all perils, surmounting all opposition, deriding all the attractions of social and domestic comfort as only impediments entangling and retarding the great purpose of his pursuit, that life finds its only adequate animus and explanation, in a continual and momentary expectation of another and a better life, to be begun, and occupied and enjoyed, at any instant when his Master should summon him from his labors here.

It does seem to me, that a conviction that when death seized him, it would convey him into a realm of intermediate unconsciousness, to be broken only after the lapse of a thousand, perhaps a million years of quietude and slumber, by a resurrection and ascension into a late and laggard heaven, would have stricken the vehement activity of Paul into a paralysis of disappointment and inaction. No! Paul surely felt that when that hard worked body of his—the barrier between his soul and God, broke down at last, he should not drop from it into centuries of oblivion, but rise from it rather to meet the grasp of his Saviour's hand, and to be lifted into immediate glory. Let his assurance be ours. Once absent from the body we shall be present with the Lord. Our first inquiry is closed, and answered.

To our second and last, we can devote but spare space and time.

Waking instantly from the momentary darkness of death, shall we know and love with a special love, in heaven, those peculiarly dear to us below?

It would seem sufficient in answer to

this inquiry, to reply, that we will still be ourselves there; that our continual identity is assumed, in all the promises which speak to us of a future immortality for us; that it is we, as we are here, in everything but sin, and sinful tendencies, and frailties leaning towards sin, who are to be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." And the necessary conclusion from this seems to be, that all remembrances of earth, of earthly things and loves, which do not excite to sin, shall be as dear to us there, as, in the memory of the aged here are his early pleasures, his innocent enjoyments of youth, and the objects of his young and fresh affections. The auld wife by the cottage fire sings of her John Anderson, her Joe, and dwells, and broods upon the sinless enjoyments of early life, and early love, all sinful and turbid pleasures of the past whelmed and lost in the pure memories of her quiet age. And that same auld wife, a translated spirit—do you think her John Anderson will be less dear, less beloved by her, amid the holy affections of heaven?

But Christ himself has taught us, that not the express word of Scripture only, is to be heeded; that its inferences are to be valued no less than its explicit declarations. "Ye do err," said he to the Sadducees, [in] "not knowing the Scriptures"; not rightly apprehending the indirect hints the Scripture furnishes. True, that in the passage to which he referred, God merely said to Moses, that he was the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. But thence Christ deduced, and rightly, a truth unseen by the Sadducees, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were then living and personal beings—"For God is not a God of the dead but of the living"; and if, centuries after their mortal death, he still recognizes them, and styles himself their God, they live somewhere within his universal dominion; as indeed, adds Christ, do all, for "all live unto him." Now to turn this to the object of our present question. If Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob then lived, long after their mortal bodies had perished, and if still, notwithstanding their separation from the flesh, they continued to be, the one Abraham, the next Isaac, the third

Jacob, then Abraham knew and loved Isaac as his son, and Isaac Jacob. And as they, so "*all*," says Christ, "*live unto God*";—live, in all that truly constitutes life, thought, and feeling and love. As they lived then, knowing and loving each other, so shall we live hereafter.

There are other passages of the New Testament from which we are authorized to draw the same cheerful conclusion; as from that where Christ prays the Father that as they have been with him on earth, so his disciples may be with him in heaven. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." It is impossible to explain this upon any other supposition than that Christ was to recognize these apostles, and they him, with a special attachment in heaven, springing out of their affectionate relations in this world.

But enough, perhaps more than enough of proof has been adduced in favor of a truth which is an intuition in all believing hearts. We relish emotional poetry just in proportion as it is in harmony with the deep truths of our nature, just as it embodies finely, all which we feel, but cannot adequately express. And the religion of Christ, with its revelations of the future, has so thoroughly interwoven with the dearest fibres of our hearts, the conviction, that when we live again, we shall love again those we loved on earth, that we respond with all our best affections, to the lines of Southey:

"They err who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity:
But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried, and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.
Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?"

Charlestown, 21st Feb., 1858.

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

TWO CHAPTERS OF REAL LIFE.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

At the earliest peep of morning Kittie Hunter sprang lightly from her pillow to take a view of her new surroundings. She had arrived at her uncle's farm-house late the night previous, and had retired with little idea of the appearance of the place. The delicious sleep which health and innocence only enjoys, was broken by unfamiliar sounds — the lowing of cattle, and the confused voices of the inhabitants of the poultry yard.

Kittie didn't need to rub her eyes; they came open like a flash, and in an instant she was by the window raising the curtain with eager hand. A lovely view greeted the enthusiastic girl, and she gazed with lips apart and eyes brightening with joy.

David Hunter's estate was nestled in one of the picturesque valleys of Vermont, a sheltered, verdant, fertile nook, yet it was not all shut in from the surrounding country; a hurrying, flashing river opened a path to the south and eastward, and in that direction, an almost endless perspective of hills and mountains stretched away into the distance. A little lower down, and on the river bank, a village could be dimly seen through intervening space, with one lofty church spire glittering in the rays of the rising sun.

"O, I do love the country so!" cried Kittie, drawing a long breath. Before many minutes her simple toilet was made, and her feet were tripping over the velvet turf. Everything looked better still now that she was out of doors. There was an orchard and a garden which she had not seen from the window, and at the right of the house was a fine maple grove. The house itself suited her fancy; a substantial stone cottage, handsomely built, with a broad piazza upon the southern side.

"What do you think of my place, Miss Kittie? you look mighty pleased."

This was the salutation of farmer Hunter, as he approached her, bearing two brimming, frothing pails of milk.

"O, uncle, it is beautiful! why did you

never tell me what a charming place you lived in?"

"I didn't know as you'd think it so fine; then after all it is not much of a place alongside of your father's."

Kittie shook her curls very earnestly and pointed one fair, plump hand towards the distant mountains, now showing clear and defined against the azure arch above.

"But, uncle David, look at those mountains! see that cunning little village, peeping through the woods, where the river bends so prettily! see the river itself! and the orchard; why, the trees are covered with fruit! and the grove of sugar maples, too; and the house is the right kind of a house; it is just like a beautiful picture!"

Uncle David smiled and passed on to the kitchen with his burden. "What a queer child she is, to be sure," he thought, "*romantic*, my mother would have said."

Kittie would have laughed most heartily had she heard that word applied to herself, for it was associated in her mind with a certain ancient maiden with sentimental, affected airs, who had an unfailing supply of poetical quotations. Now Kittie never read poetry, and declared she didn't like it, but unconsciously she was a little fountain of poetry herself. She was gushing over with enthusiasm, with love and gladness, and withal had a fine appreciation of the beautiful in the realms of both mind and matter. She was always saying and doing the most graceful, bewitching things, and getting into people's good graces, whether they wished to love her or not.

She had come to spend six weeks in the country, at her own urgent petition. She insisted that she needed rest from her studies, though her father and mother both apprehended no danger from severe application. But uncle David had invited her at his last visit to the city, and she had dreamed of the country ever since. So at length consent was given, and Kittie, at sixteen, took her first journey alone.

While I have been giving this explanation, Kittie was making acquaintance with the chickens and ducks and turkeys, and insinuating herself into the favor of cousin Robert.

Robert, a shy lad of fifteen, hardly dared speak to her, while his eyes were drawn

towards her, in a sort of fascination, as she ran hither and thither, and chattered in such unaffected delight.

At the breakfast table, Kittie, for the first time, had an opportunity of seeing the family together. There were three boys younger than Robert, and little Amy, the three year old baby. Kittie thought the boys looked sober and dull, but she was charmed with the milk white brow, blue eyes and scarlet lips of Amy.

Scarcely a word was spoken, as though eating breakfast were a solemn and important duty not to be trifled with. Kittie felt a slight chill steal over her ardent hopes of enjoyment. Her uncle looked almost stern; certainly, very sober, worn and tired, too, thus early in the morning. She turned her observations to Mrs. Hunter. That lady looked worn and tired, also; her eyes were turned coldly upon the faces about the table, and her tones were colder than her glance.

Mr. Hunter broke the silence. "Wife, next week I shall have three or four men to help about the harvesting. I am afraid you will have to work too hard; sha'n't I get a girl to help you while Kittie stays? I think it will be pleasanter for her if you have a little time to visit."

"No," was the somewhat ungracious reply. "I don't want a girl. I guess I can do the work myself—I'm used to it, if that is all."

Mr. Hunter offered no remonstrance, and the subject was dropped.

Kittie slipped away from the breakfast-table with a vague consciousness that something was wrong, but her lightness of spirits came back again, as soon as she stepped out of doors. With little Amy by the hand she took a tour of the farm, growing every moment more and more in love with country life.

On returning to the house, she found her aunt churning in the milk-room.

"May I come in, auntie?" she asked, looking in with a smiling face.

"Certainly, Kittie, you must make yourself at home," was the reply.

"And may I ask questions? I never saw anybody make butter, and I want to learn all about it. I presume I shall make a goose of myself again, as I did out

of doors, but you may laugh if I do. Amy did, when I called the goslings chickens."

Mrs. Hunter smiled, and proceeded with her work. She did not really feel to welcome Kittie, for she feared that a city miss would require too much attention and add to her heavy cares. But she couldn't resist the exhilarating influence of a genuine May morning. This little, breezy, sunshiny maiden asked her questions in such a coaxing way, and pried around with such childish curiosity, and was so gay and affectionate, that she couldn't but love her.

Kittie was going to take lessons in house-keeping, if auntie would let her; she was sure she should like it better than dull, dry books, all about olives and such nonsense. She was going to study the book of nature, too; the leaves on the trees were beginning to turn already, and she should watch them until the last one had fallen to the ground.

"Why, have the leaves begun to turn so soon?" asked Mrs. Hunter, involuntarily glancing out of the window.

"Yes; there are two or three scarlet boughs in the maple grove, and one little tree is orange color. Some people think autumn is melancholy, but I don't; I love it almost as well as spring."

Mrs. Hunter sighed a little, and resumed her employment, with a sober air. At dinner-time Kittie insisted on setting the table, and really by her quick steps and ready hand, made herself very useful. She noticed that her aunt looked pale and tired long before night, and said affectionately,

"Why, auntie, you don't look well don't you work too hard?"

Mrs. Hunter was in that state of mind when a kind, thoughtful word makes one feel like weeping. Her eyes filled and her voice trembled as she replied, "I am not as well as usual this fall; my work tires me. I have everything to do for my large family, and it begins to wear upon me."

"Then why don't you get a girl to help you? why didn't you say 'yes' this morning, when uncle offered to hire a girl?"

"I know we can't afford it, Kittie; our

farm is not quite paid for, and Mr. Hunter has to work hard, so I should be ashamed to do less than he. Then I am anxious to save all I can to educate the boys, by-and-by."

Kittie liked her aunt better for this explanation, though she could not help wondering why these good motives were not explained to her uncle.

Kittie was warmth and light in that home, and made herself much beloved immediately. Uncle David was certainly very fond and proud of her, and auntie was cheered by her affectionate, helpful ways. Sly Robert forgot his shyness, and boldly called her "cousin Kittie." The little boys improved upon acquaintance, and they listened to her words, and ran to serve her as though she were some princess. But the sweetest friendship of all was between Kittie and winsome little Amy.

One mellow afternoon the two girls stood upon the broad, stone steps before the house, watching Mr. Hunter as he drove his gray pony up to the gate.

"What a beautiful horse!" cried Kittie.

"And see papa's new buggy, all green and yellow!" exclaimed Amy.

"Green and gold, you should say," remonstrated Kittie.

"Holloz, girls, get your bonnets," said Mr. Hunter, "and we'll take a ride."

In just about three minutes, they had donned their bonnets and were seated in the handsome, new carriage. Then Kittie thought of Mrs. Hunter. "Why, uncle, you have forgotten to ask auntie!"

Mr. Hunter had not forgotten to ask his wife to ride with him, for it had not been his intention to do so, and he had long since neglected all such pleasant courtesies. He gathered up the reins in his hand, saying, "Law, my child, she never goes anywhere; she'd rather stay at home."

"I don't believe she had," persisted Kittie; "don't you think it would be pleasanter for her to ride out with us this splendid day, than sitting in the kitchen mending old clothes? besides, we want her company."

"Well, Kittie, you hop out and go ask her."

"No, uncle, you go, and let me hold pony Gray;" she reached out her hand for the reins with a coaxing smile, and the farmer yielded them and turned towards the house.

Mrs. Hunter sat in a low chair with her work basket in her lap. She looked sad, almost sullen, for the thoughts she was cherishing were not calculated to brighten and beautify the countenance.

"Do you want to take a ride?" was the hurried salutation of her husband, as his shadow fell across the threshold.

"Take a ride?" repeated Mrs. Hunter, looking up blankly.

"Yes; the horse is at the door, and Kittie and Amy are ready. Kittie is anxious to have you go, too; will you?"

Mrs. Hunter shook her head, glanced down upon her work, and said, "No."

"Why, I'd like to know?"

"O, because I don't want to!"

"Humph!" Mr. Hunter went back a little out of temper, and replied shortly to the exclamations of disappointment which greeted him. But the enjoyment of the ride soon put all vexation to flight, and they were a merry little party.

Mrs. Hunter did not immediately resume her needle after the departure of her husband. A deep fountain was stirred in her heart, and she bent her head on her hands and wept. "Kittie sent him," she murmured; "he did not care to have me go. Once it was different, but that was long ago!"

Ah, with all her woman's faults she had a woman's heart, that hungered and thirsted for love, for sympathy and appreciation. If the invitation had been couched in different terms, as though he wished for her company, how quickly and gratefully she would have accepted.

Mr. Hunter was a good-hearted, kindly man, a true, upright man; then why were the husband and wife so far apart?

"Why? the mournful answer might come from a thousand hearts, united before the world, yet asunder like these.

They had neglected to feed the sacred flame which love had once lighted upon the altars of their hearts, and cold ashes now covered the dying spark. Slight differences had not been adjusted with the caressing word and token of forgiveness.

Then care and poverty and toil for years, had deadened the ardor of their souls. Those same trials which come to some to bless and purify, had chilled and hardened them. Mrs. Hunter, — alas, has the heaviest guilt ever been woman's since the blight fell on Eden! — Mrs. Hunter was overcome by the burden of life. She sighed when a smile would have worked miracles, she was silent when cheerful words would have been more precious than gems.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were too much alike; both were undemonstrative, yet jealous of apparent slights from the other. They grew to distrust each other's affection and thus they grew apart.

Mrs. Hunter was a faithful mother as far as it is possible for one to be who lives under a cloud. She was a good house-keeper, and looked well to her husband's interests. She worked early and late, and sacrificed much for her family, and she grieved that it was so illy appreciated.

One precious lesson in life she had not learned. It is not the work we do which ennoble us, and is worthy of praise, but the spirit in which we perform our appointed duties. She had within her reach power which a queen might vainly covet, and opportunities of joy which, sought and improved, would have made her home a little heaven. But she was blind to all this. She needed a voice of love to awaken her to her duty, and show her herself, and what she might be.

CHAPTER II.

One evening as Mrs. Hunter and Kittie were alone, "Auntie," chirped Kittie, in her liveliest mood, "auntie, do you ever celebrate your wedding day?"

"No, child; I have no time for such things. Why do you ask?"

"O, uncle in telling me about the farm to-day, when we were riding, happened to mention that he moved on to it the day he was married, so I asked him how long ago that was. He told me that it was eighteen years ago the fifth of October, and that is next week Thursday. Now, when I am married, I shall always keep my wedding

day, and make great, grand celebrations for the silver and golden weddings."

"What nonsense, Kittie!"

"Do you really think so, auntie? did you always, when you were young, and first married?"

"No, I suppose not. I remember we celebrated our third marriage anniversary. I embroidered your uncle a pair of slippers; dear me, how pleased he was with them! and he gave me a beautiful dress. Ah, how happy I was then!"

"What have become of the slippers?" asked Kittie.

"They were worn out long ago. I happened to see them in an old chest, up garret, the other day."

"Then I'll find them to-morrow morning," cried Kittie. "I have a bright idea in my head!"

"A bright idea; you are full of them, puss!" said uncle David, coming in with his evening paper.

"Yes, to be sure I am. Now, uncle, dear, good uncle, promise me to say 'yes!'"

Her white, round arms were about his neck, and her rose-bud mouth was pressed to his cheek. "Say 'yes,' please, uncle David!"

"Yes, you witch; yes, yes!"

"Thank you; thank you, sir!" and she dropped a quick curtsy. "Next Thursday is your wedding day, and we'll celebrate it in fine style. I'll make a wedding cake (auntie, will you show me how?) and we'll invite our cousins over the river! aren't you glad now, that you said 'yes?'"

The countenance of Mr. Hunter indicated anything but pleasure; it wore a puzzled, half distressed expression, like one suddenly and unexpectedly caught in a snare. Mrs. Hunter cried out quickly, "No, no, Kittie, I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Ask for something more reasonable, my child," said Mr. Hunter, gravely. "We are not party-making people, and are too old to care about such nonsense."

But Kittie coaxed and pouted, and scolded and parried all their objections so artfully, and brought forward so many energetic arguments in favor of her plan,

that at last a reluctant consent was granted with the proviso that only relatives of the family should be invited. Then the little maiden was satisfied, and kissing uncle and aunt good-night, retired to dream out some delightful plan of entertainment.

"Auntie, are these the slippers you worked for uncle, and gave to him at that wedding-party so long ago?"

Mrs. Hunter looked up from her work and beheld Kittie standing by her ironing-table with a pair of worn out slippers in her hand. "Yes, the very slippers!" she took them from Kittie, and regarded them earnestly, until a soft light dawned in her gray eyes, and diffused itself over her face. Sweet memories, long sleeping in her heart, awoke, and a refrain of long ago seemed sounding in music to her spirit's ear. She turned them over and over, and smiled, half sadly, it is true, but it was a beautiful, transforming smile.

Kittie watched her face, and kissed her with a sudden impulse.

Mrs. Hunter smiled again, with starting tears. "O, Kittie," she said, "I was young, and full of joy when I wrought these; I thought love was a reality, that would last always. I was a happy creature when I presented them to my husband, and he was glad and proud, too. I remember he said that he would not exchange them for sandals studded with jewels, if wrought by a queen."

"Did uncle say that? it sounds like what lovers say in stories!"

"We were young then, Kittie," and the light of the smile died out of Mrs. Hunter's face.

"You are not old now," said Kittie, "and if you were it would be all the same. Old people and young people, and people neither old nor young, like presents. Husbands and wives always make each other presents, when they make a wedding party; now what shall you give uncle?"

"I don't know;" the tones were indifferent, but the tears swelling in the downcast eyes, told another story.

"Auntie it would be so beautiful if you would make him another pair of slippers, just like these! Think how happy it would make him!"

Mrs. Hunter continued her employment in silence.

"Don't you think it would, auntie?" and Kittie pressed nearer with sparkling eyes. "I have a piece of purple velvet in my trunk. I was going to make a reticule of it, but now I'd rather you'd have it for the slippers."

"It is a long while since I have done any fancy work, and then I have so little time, that I really think I hadn't better undertake it."

"But it is such an easy pattern, you could do it in a few hours," persisted Kittie; "and I'll get all the materials for you, and work about house while you are embroidering."

"Well, then, I don't know but I will try." The word dropped slowly from her aunt's lips, but Kittie caught at them eagerly, and then flitted off to buy gold thread and colored heads, humming a merry song as she went.

When Mrs. Hunter sat down in the afternoon, she found in her work-basket, hidden beneath a pile of muslin, the purple velvet and the materials for embroidering the gay pattern she had wrought so long ago, and was now to reproduce. She began her work reluctantly, debating with herself its expediency. Her husband might not care for such a gift; indeed, he might laugh at her. It was a foolish idea of Kittie's to get up a wedding-party, any way, and it seemed almost like mockery to make another pair of slippers like those of long ago.

At this stage in her meditations, gathering tears fell upon the shining fabric in her lap. Ah, the rich, warm, beautiful past! the poor, cold, barren present! Why, why was it so? why had her husband's love been withdrawn? Once his voice was so tender, and he noticed if she were sad or weary, with such affectionate concern! now he never asked if she were ill, nor sympathized with her trials, nor even seemed to know that she did anything for himself or his children, when all her strength was devoted to them. Of course he'd care little for a present from her, though possibly he might receive it kindly. Kindly, of course he would receive it kindly! He was never really unkind; he was affectionate to all others, and cold only to her.

Perhaps after all he might care a little

for her; *perhaps* the slippers would remind him of the past, and revive old feelings; she took up the velvet and commenced to trace the pattern; she counted out the beads and threaded her needle with growing interest in her work. Memory whispered soft and touching things in her ear, and love seemed to grow anew in her heart. An unutterable longing took possession of her to be able to present those slippers and have them received in the same spirit which made the old ones so precious.

Tears often started and hid the pattern from view, but she resolutely brushed them aside, and went on with her work. Hope began to sing in her heart, and she smiled even while her eyes were glittering with tears.

"Auntie, why don't you smile often?" cried Kittie. "I never saw you look so pretty before. I love you better when you smile!"

These words of Kittie's chimed in with Mrs. Hunter's musings, and gave them a new tone. "I love you better when you smile!" she'd go about with a shaded brow, almost always, and smiles and cheerful words were best to win love, and to keep love, too. *To keep love!* The thought darted through her mind like a lightning flash. *To keep love!* had she tried to keep the love of her husband? had she nurtured it as such a tender plant should be nurtured? had she indeed loved him as she ought?

"No, no," said reproving conscience, and Mrs. Hunter realized for the first time how great had been that treasure which she had so lightly treated.

Well, the slippers were completed, and their creation affected a beautiful moral work. In re-producing the old pattern, which, when a young wife she had wrought for her lover husband, there had been a corresponding revival of the love, the hope, and the sweet emotions which actuated her then; all tempered, it is true, by yearning regret and trembling fear for the future.

The slippers were finished, and very handsome they were, too. Kittie said they were fine enough for any maiden to present to her lover.

The wedding day arrived, and with it

the invited guests. Kittie had shown so much interest in the party, and had exerted herself so energetically, that she had imparted something of her feelings to all the family. The children were hilarious, and even Mr. Hunter owned that Kittie's plan wasn't such a bad one after all. The feast was appreciated by all, and Kittie's wedding-cake was the crowning dish. But there was an after-piece upon which the little maiden had expended her utmost skill. Upon a side-table she had arranged the presents for the husband and wife, and she was delighted at their variety and beauty.

Each child had a present for father and mother, and every guest, in obedience to a considerate hint from the originator of the festivities, had brought a token of remembrance. Kittie had spent all her money in the purchase of two silver napkin rings, and in addition to all these were the slippers and a handsome dress-pattern from Mr. Hunter to his wife.

Kittie led her uncle and aunt to this table, and displayed each gift with glad enthusiasm. The recipients were quite astonished and overcome. The presentation of the dress brought a gush of tears to Mrs. Hunter's eyes, and with a trembling voice she begged her husband to accept her gift.

Astonishment and incredulity were first depicted upon the good man's face; then as he noted that the slippers were the counterparts of those given on a similar occasion, so long ago, he cried,

"My dear, dear wife! and you worked these for me?"

"Yes, for you!"

"With all your cares and work! how can I thank you?"

"Do you see what they are like?" asked Kittie.

"Indeed, I remember those old slippers."

"And do you remember what you said when I gave them to you? you said you prized them more highly than though a queen had wrought them with jewels," said Mrs. Hunter.

"And I say the same of these!" said Mr. Hunter, delighted, yet half ashamed to show how very much he was pleased

and touched. This was enough to brim the cup of his wife with joy, and through all that day she blessed in her heart the little maiden who had constituted herself mistress of ceremonies, and by virtue of that office flitted about, directing everything with the most engaging vivacity.

The influence of that wedding-party did not die away with the departing hours. Kittie had only thought to make a happy time for all, but unconsciously to her, her plan had wrought a far holier mission. It had warmed two cold hearts, rent the veil between them, and brought them near to each other once more. Love was born anew and baptized with penitence and hope. And is love less sweet and precious to the husband and wife of a score of years than to the groom and bride?

Let us leave them, then, while they are in the sunshine.

DEEP HOLLOW.

BY MRS. E. LOUISA MATHER.

There are Edens still upon our earth-shore, guarded by no flaming swords of angels—but where angels might delight to come, yea, where they do come and commune with mortals, and help them on in their thorn-lined path, as they are journeying onwards to the celestial city of our earnest hope and love. It was on a bright, pleasant, November day, that mine own “familiar friend” and myself started for Deep Hollow, *our* Eden of rest and communion. Our way, at first, was over an old, almost disused road, and as we climbed its hills, we looked back upon the Connecticut in its calm beauty, had a view of the hills on the other side, and of the Congregational and Episcopal churches, located on our side. The latter, with its ancient bell, recalled many recollections and hallowed associations of my vanished childhood, when I was baptized therein, and became a “member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.”

On we went, plucking some late blue flowers, purposely left for us, I believe, by Flora, herself, on the road-side, and then our path lay across the fields, and the mingled forest-hues presented themselves to

our sight, and we heard the pleasant murmur of waters, as we descended one of the hills that led to Deep Hollow, a place rightly named, for it was a deep, smiling, verdant hollow, environed by hills, and all around our path was the trailing Christmas green, and soft, green mosses, and small, delicate, graceful vines, intermingled with coral-hued berries. All over the hills were green cedar trees, mingling with other trees of various hues of crisp leaves, and we seemed in that sweet spot, apart from the rest of the universe—dwellers in the “Happy Valley” of our finest and best ideals, surrounded by a delicious calm and rest, partaking not of earth. Still, not long did we stay, even in this blest place, for we heard the sound of the brook, and on we sped through bush and through briar, up hill and down, through the withered leaves, till, at last, we came to the brook, with its miniature waterfalls, rolling peacefully along with voice of song, to the bosom of the river. On both sides of the brook were numerous trees lining the gentle acclivities, and several large, isolated ones, seemed to be sentinels, as it were, to this enchanted ground. We found a very large, mossy rock overhanging the waters, while the branches of the trees met overhead, and formed an arbor, and the trunk of a fallen tree served as a seat, while we looked at the mimic falls and listened to their music. There was a deep place in the brook, where the clear waters gurgled down, giving *such a bass*, while our hearts kept up a chiming with the harmony of the winds and waters, and we sang the refrain of the familiar hymn, “We are going home to die no more,” until we indeed felt, that Death was vanquished, and Life undying, clear and beautiful, was evolved therefrom.

How many a mount of transfiguration lies off in the coolness and serenity of the forest, where our souls, child-like, bounds upward, to the Source of all-embracing Love, and we exclaim from the inmost depths of beatific calmness and joy, “Oh! our Father, it is good for us to be here—*here*, where life’s turmoil enters not, where its cares are hugged to rest on the bosom of mother-earth—even as the infant lies in the parent-arms, shielded from all

harm by the mother's almost divine love." Oh! our spirits are strengthened by these communings with God in nature, when hearing only *His* voice in the verdant solitudes, we bow down reverently, and listen and adore, and life's stern lessons come softened down to us here, through the vistas of patience and experience, aye, of resignation and religious hope and trust; when the veil which sorrow casts over us is bespangled by stars of promise, and through the rifted cloudings come gleamings of immortal sunlight.

Yes, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." And as we gather up these atoms of soul-light and knowledge, elaborated in these workshops of the beautiful, will they not, at last, form a crown of light and strength for us, in the mansions of the hereafter? For no good thought is lost, and each grand idea stands as a stone in the temple which we thus form for our habitation in the future existence. Oh! soul of mine! be careful, then, how thou buildest, and seek only to find the good, the true, the beautiful, for thy solace here, and thy delight hereafter.

East Haddam, Conn.

A PRAYER FOR THE SORROWING.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

O, God! look down in pitying love,
On one now bending low,
Beneath the weight despair has laid
Upon her throbbing brow.

O! let the light of Thy great love,
Around her pathway beam;
And through the mazes, dark with woe,
Its rays of mercy gleam!

O, Father! while the cross she bears,
A wearying weight must be,
And only heavenward, turns her gaze,
Her trust alone in Thee,

O, grant, in mercy, loving Lord,
Some buds of Hope may twine,
Around the cross her weak hands lift
In faith and trust divine!

When shadows lie athwart the path,
Her weary feet must tread,
And only Memory's sad light falls,
Where Love its radiance shed,

O, grant that through the starry dome
Her eye of faith may view,
The shining portal, gleaming bright,
Where passed her loved one through.

Crowned with the crown immortals wear,
In God's fair world above,
With golden cymbal sounding clear,
The holy hymns of love.

TO —.

As erst in Hybla, at the birth of June
Swarms of quick bees beset the virgin clover,
Waking æolic hairs of pleasant tune,
In all the air, until each drunken rover
Reeled headlong to his hive, at shut of day;
So has my heart its frequent summer time,
When thoughts of the One Absent wing their way
On willing errands to that sunny clime,
Where food for reverie is garnered up,
Where light rains down, like Love, in golden showers;
Where Love, the pearl of joy, drops in its cup,
And music haunts the footsteps of the hours:
O, sweet the memories that thus can roam,
To reap the gladness of their harvest home!

D.

PASSING AWAY.

["Passing away is written on the world and all the world contains." So writes one who had seen all that is beautiful in life flourish, fade and pass away from her failing grasp, and O, how true the words!]

What is there that is not "passing away?" Youth and beauty, friends and companions, our opportunities to do good, our very lives are "passing away." Scarcely a month or a single day glides along, which does not admonish us to say with the poet:

"Cling not to earth, there's nothing there,
However lov'd, however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality."

How short and fleeting does the time appear, from childhood to the period of active and busy manhood. We rejoice to look on guileless and happy children; they dance and frolic, and seem as joyous as though they could never die. Yet how soon the change succeeds — they are passing away, either to be numbered with the cold and sleeping dead, or to fill their place in the world of cares, and sorrows

and disappointments. We look on the ruddy youth, with sparkling eyes, and ruddy cheek; but a few suns roll over our heads, and he has become a man in the vigor and glory of his being. A few more years sweep along, and old age, with its infirmities and sorrows, has come, and soon the young, the joyful, the accomplished man has passed away and gone. "Passing away" is written on the monumental piles of human skill and wisdom. The wild foliage runs along the crumbling tower, the ivy is creeping along the shattered walls and among the crevices of the falling bricks and stones. Where is the mighty forum of ancient Rome? her pedestals, her towers, and her altars? In the place which they once occupied, the wild bird screams and the serpent hisses; the proud turrets that once kissed the clouds, lie in mouldering ruins beneath the feet of the traveller; the halls which once rang with song, and resounded with eloquence, are buried in their own fragments, and desolations have stalked amid the courts of science, and laid low the altars of religion. Where once the voice of beauty and loveliness was heard, and the strains of music entranced the ear—the tall weeds sigh in the rustling breeze; the pathway to the rostrum is choked up with broken fragments, and the hearth-stone is the adder's den. What is said of this once gorgeous city may be said of hundreds of others, that have passed away:

"Earthly things

Are but the transient parents of an hour,
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die."

The truth of these words, "passing away," is not simply seen in the mouldering ruins of the past; not alone found in old dilapidated castles, ruined cities, and moss-covered abbeys—but we feel its power in ourselves, by our cheerful firesides, in our happy homes. Our friends are "passing away." We hardly have time to trace all their virtues, to know their excellencies, before we must give them the reluctant adieu. Change and death regard not the tenderness of affection's ties; tears cannot move them to spare the bands that bind us to those we love. Our experience, bitter as it is, is the voice of inspiration, "we all do fade

as a leaf," admonishes us of the truth, we "are passing away." There is a sensation of instability which steals over the soul, whether we contemplate the ruins of the old world, or the things of the new; whether we meditate on ourselves, or the breathing forms around us. But let us turn, for a moment, from this consideration to another truth, fraught with comfort and animating hope. Is there nothing among this dissolving mass of decay, on which we may rely? Is there no haven when the tempests threaten, and the sky grows black? Yes, there is. *Goodness* can never die! Amidst the shadows that are fitting around us, and the things that are "passing away," there is one Being in whom we may trust, and not be confounded; there is one principle that mocks "the tooth of time, and the rasure of oblivion." Though all earthly forms vanish and elude our grasp, though the loftiest domes crumble and fall, though friend after friend is sent away, and "the clouds of the valley" cover all that was most dear, we may confide with safety in God.

While, then, the thoughts of the world's changes and its vanities, and its instability, may, for the moment, depress the heart and sadden the feelings, let us look through the dim twilight of earth, to the ever-radiant light of heaven. Let us practice goodness and trust in it,

"Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost."

I DARE NOT WALK ALONE.

BY MRS. E. M. BRUCE.

"Preserve me, O, God, for in Thee do I put my trust."

I dare not walk alone;
Although I ponder well
The path my feet shall tread,
I dare not walk this thorny path,
This valley of the dead,
Unless I trust His mighty arm,
Which safely keepeth me from harm,
And through life's deep and dreary sea,
Still leadeth me.

I dare not walk alone;
Where falsehood and deceit
Besiege my yielding soul.
I dare not bear life's trying test,
When I cannot control
My daily moods, unless I trust
His arm, who is, and ever must
Through life's dark, and dreary sea,
My Guardian be.

Editor's Table.

Dear and indulgent reader, I have been seriously and most industriously seeking for some pleasant theme wherewith to afford you that momentary entertainment you naturally expect to find on that time-honored board — the Editor's Table.

"I have looked over land, I have looked over sea,"

penetrating the old forests,—diving down into the ocean depths, and invoking the spirit of inspiration to lend me its divine aid, but all in vain. The Dryads of the woods and the Naiads of the waves — even the gods of Olympus maliciously wag their heads and nothing do reply. In this extremity, what shall I do? shall I invoke the grim monarch who now reigns despotic alike over the land and all that is beautiful and fair in nature? Nay, it is he that has touched the fountains of thought with his congealing hand, until, like the waters of the stream that all the summer rippled merrily along through the green meadow, they have apparently ceased to flow, but have they ceased to flow? Bend down your ear to the thick ribbed ice, and hear how, under its cold and unyielding surface, the merry waters gurgle and sing and make delicious melody, still dancing along, far down out of sight, as unceasingly and joyously as in the gayest spring-time. May not the thoughts, too, that have seemed frozen and dead under the ice of wintry care, perchance, still make melody and flow on, albeit hidden from the sunshine and in the dark?

But what of winter? Only an hour ago and winter seemed beautiful and grand. Far off in the distance, the long, undulating line of hills lay blue in the sunshine, their hoary crowns tinted and glowing with gold and purple. The dim, receding valleys that stretch between, smiled a soft and dreamy smile, glorified by the yellow, transparent haze, that like an Indian summer, has for days enwrapped them. The elms in the foreground, like grand old soldiers, slowly waved their graceful arms in the wintry

breeze, bowing superbly to one another. The distant village spire stood out clear against the azure sky, ever pointing up to heaven, and through the vistas opened by winter's busy pioneer, Jack Frost, I could see many a snug and home-like cottage sending up into the clear atmosphere its spiral column of smoke, indicative of warmth and cheer within.

But an hour has gone by, and a change has passed over the landscape. The sky is saddened with the gathered storm. The air thick with snow-flakes, and the wide vista narrowed to a brief circumference, marked by a circle of dim and naked trees looming spectral in the uncertain day-light. The village spire has disappeared behind the white veil now drooping from heaven to earth. But the tall elms stand up, motionless and dark, against the fleecy background, each pendant bough gradually assuming a rounded and delicate beauty as the soft flakes one after another lovingly wrap them about. By to-morrow morning every shrub and tree will be lovelier than those "phantom bouquets" whose snow-white, exquisite traceries, trembling against a background of purple velvet, now constitute the most royal gems of so many a lady's drawing-room. The tall old hemlocks will bend their green and heavy branches under the weight of their snowy garniture. The snow-birds will come around the door to pick up the scattered crumbs, and frolic in the wintry element they seem to love so well.

Winter indeed has its charms — but it has its terrors too. The merry skater loves it, but the thin-clad beggar hugs himself in the sharp cold and goes shivering on his way. The youthful sleighing party, enveloped in warm furs and brilliant with youth and health, exhilarated by the swift motion, the noise of the merry bells, and the clamping of the silver-bits, exclaims, "There is no season like winter!" But the dreary-faced, poverty-stricken child that looks on in the cold, and whines for

pence from the gay company that goes too fast to hear him, may well have doubts. The rich and the poor, the happy and the wretched, each greets him after his own manner, and according to the feeling that lies hidden in his own heart.

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the rich man cries,

With a bosom of proud content,
As round his carpeted halls his eyes,
With a meaning glance are sent;
For the fires burn bright, and the casements tall

Are curtained with drapery rare—
The winds may howl and the snows may fall,
But what doth the rich man care?

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the gay lad cries,

As he plunges into the snow,
Or over the ice-bound streamlet flies,
Like a shaft from the twanging bow;
For garments warm are about his form,
And his sport is rich and rare;
Old Winter may bluster and rave and storm,
But what does the urchin care!

"Oh, winter is dreary!" the poor man groans,

As he creeps along the street,
While the keen air pierces his stiffened bones,
And benumbs his half-shod feet;

"Oh, Winter is drear!" but there's none to hear

The plea of the poor and old;—
On goes the crowd with unlistening ear—
Who cares if the beggar is cold?

"Alas it is Winter, and woe is me!"

The Widow exclaims, and clasps
The shivering orphans around her knee,
In a wild and frenzied grasp;
Through the frosted pane on the life-thronged way,

A laughing crowd she sees,
And merrily jingle the sleigh-bells gay,
While the Widow and Orphans freeze!

Aye! Winter is drear! O, ye rich ne'er smile,

At my simple and homely Muse,
Nor the tale of the poor man's woes revile,
Nor a helping hand refuse;
For Heaven has blest you with stores of gold,
And how should your thanks appear,
But by shielding the poor from hunger and cold,
And making their lives less drear?

But, sombre as is my lay, I do not deny that Winter has many pleasures, and not the least of them is to remember Summer. If

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy,"

as the poet hath it: surely pleasures remembered sweeten present care, and the pleasures of summer are par excellence, royal pleasures. I love to remember them, I love to think how

The Summer days bloomed sweet and fair,
That lingered by the purling stream,
And pleasant were her footsteps where
The loving skies came down to dream.
I watched her creeping through the dell,
To strew the shady nooks with moss,
And, on the naked rocklets, toss
The graceful vines I love so well.

I laughed a joyous laugh to see

The whispering trees on every side,
Nod to their fellows, "Look at me!
My bran, new robes are like a bride!"
The very elm, whose naked arms
Hang shivering now in Winter's cold,
Called the gay song-birds to behold
The splendor of her Summer charms.

The robins carolled all day long,

The rose turned up its blushing breast,
The swallows wheeled, a joyous throng,
Loud twittering 'twixt me and the West.
I called my pets with soft command.
By every sweet and gentle name:
With bounding hoof and neigh they came,
To nibble from my out-stretched hand.

But, like a peaceful, morning dream,

Like roses from the dewy spray,
Like leaflets floating down a stream,
The gentle summer passed away.
I said, the time of flowers is here,
The lilac blooms upon the stalk,
The blossoms strew the orchard walk—
The glorious Summer time is here.

But scarce my lips the words had spoke,

When lo! the flowers began to fade,
Gray clouds along the hill-tops broke,
And streams a mournful music made;
Brown stubble strewed the meadow floor,
The merry thrush and noisy jay
Flew up the sky and soared away,
And Winter stood beside the door.

And that, too, is passing away as rapidly as did its gentler sister Summer. And soon another Spring will break up the fetters which Winter has forged. Another spring, the third since our dreary and, so far as human ken can reach, profitless war commenced, and who can foresee the end?

But why do I allow myself to touch on this vexed theme? Simply because it is the one theme in which all must feel intensely interested. And there are among all its horrors, so many things to make the heart grow better. There are women who are so grand and heroic in their devotion to the cause of Liberty and Humanity as to deserve immortality. True women and True Heroines are they, and it is one of those

CLARA BARTON,

Of whom I would now speak. You have all heard of her. She is our American Florence Nightingale; but you do not all know that she is one of our own communion, working out the Faith of her life in the great and dreadful drama now being enacted on our woful battle-fields.

Many years ago, during my former residence in this village of educational institutions, Clara Barton, came a pupil to our own school. She was bright-eyed and handsome; an apt and brave student, giving herself heart and soul, for the time being, to the lesson in hand. But independent, large-hearted, ardent and impulsive, there was a restlessness often manifested in her bearing, and an impatience of the strict lines of the school, no one knew why. No one dreamed that she needed a wider scope for her great faculties and inspirations, than blindly struggling in their birth-throes. One only, I think, at all understood her, and she was called eccentric and strange. One only comprehended her superior nature. "She needs only opportunity to become great," he would often say. Events have proved the keenness of his pre-vision.

When the bombardment of Sumter fell like a thunderbolt on the hearts of the trusting North, Clara Barton was at the Capitol, awaiting her destiny. Our first fatal disaster befel us, and our brave but undisciplined troops were overwhelmed at Bull Run, sorely defeated and put to flight. Then it was that Clara Barton, recognized her mission. She immediately repaired to the fatal field, and was first and foremost in caring for the wounded. No difficulties daunted her; no fear of the pursuing enemy stood in the way of her duty. Wherever she was needed there she was found, calm, collected, efficient and brave.

From that day to this her work has been in the hospitals and on the battle-field. At the battle of Antietam, before the engagement was well over, she drove on the field with two swift horses, and an immense wagon laden with hospital stores, and before a surgeon made his appearance, was engaged in her work of mercy, binding up wounds, administering restoratives to the faint and dying, an angel in the eyes of the suffering soldiery. At Fredericksburg the same noble conduct was repeated; and scarce a battle has been fought by the army of the Potomac that has not been witness of her never-failing devotion and care, until her name is dear as a sister to the soldiers and her deeds

the theme of orators and statesmen. Blessed be the American heroine, CLARA BARTON.

I have not introduced this honored and dear name without a purpose. If she has done so much for the defenders of her country, cannot all young women do something? It is not necessary, nor would it be well for the many to become surgeons or nurses on the field or in hospital, but how much there is that may be done at home, in the way of preparing hospital clothing, which is now so loudly called for by the Sanitary Commission. If you can do nothing else, you can at least send words of cheer and encouragement to those of your connections or friends who are enduring dangers and privations that you may be free and happy. A young officer who has long been in the army, sent me, but a short time since, a little poem which I will lay before you. It reveals the thoughts and feelings of many a soldier's heart. Let no soldier, then, who is dear to you, ever feel that he is forgotten.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

How sweet when night her misty veil,
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And wooing winds invite repose,
• To sit beside the watchfire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come,
To sing the songs of other days,
And talk of things we love at home—

Of those we love, who list and wait,
Beneath the same benignant moon,
The postman's step behind the gate,
With tidings from the absent one;
And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,
And love is mirrored in their eyes,
As eagerly they break the seal,
Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet the shout that rings,
In exultation loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear;
And 'neath the pale moon's shining light
The soldier reads his treasure o'er,
And through the hours of silent night,
In dreams he visits home once more:

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitor's wiles,
And deems the dearest spot on earth
Where loving wife and mother smiles;
And many a face almost forget,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come fitting round the soldier's cot,
'Till the sweet dream, at morn, is broken.

Oh, ye who love the soldier well—
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay;
Better he knows than you can tell;
The perils that attend his way;

Some word of hope in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power,
To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on the earth alone.
When friend is at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove;
Let every keel that ploughs the seas
Bear him some message full of love.

God bless the soldier! sweeten his hours of leisure—protect him in danger, and watch over him in the temptations and inactivity of the camp! And God bless those whose lives are full of self-abnegation and difficulty, well nigh as are the soldiers! That there are those, the following offering from our Western associate will attest.

A PRESENT.

We had a present the other day, and O! the comfort we are taking with it! It is not rare, it is not costly, it is not elegant; nay, common, cheap and homely, and yet the comfort we are taking with it! You would not guess it in an age, so we will tell you what it is—a rocking-chair! Now don't purse up your pretty lips, you Down East lady, lolling at your leisure in yours of rosewood or mahogany, and as you lean your head upon its velvet or satin cushions, say scornfully, I wouldn't make such a fuss about a rocking-chair, if I was she. Perhaps you wouldn't and then again perhaps you would. I guess if you had been an emigrant for nearly seven long years and never had a rocking-chair in which to rest yourself after your Monday's washing, your Tuesday's ironing, your Wednesday's baking, your Thursday's and Friday's writing, your Saturday's scrubbing—never had a rocking-chair to dose in on a Sunday afternoon, never had a rocking-chair to recline in when a wasted invalid, never had a rocking-chair to take comfort in when you nursed your baby,—I guess in such a case, you'd be as glad as we are to have one; finally, albeit it was like ours, only a common wooden one, with the paint half worn off, and the cane seat in two. To prize things properly, we must be without them for awhile, and we can truly say that the deprivation of a rocking-chair, has been one of the greatest minor trials to which our emigrant life has brought us. Just think of it! We have had no less than five serious spells of sickness since we came to Iowa, to say nothing of days and

weeks of tooth-ache, head-ache, and side-ache, neuralgia, colds and coughs, and yet never had a rocking-chair. Nay more, we have nursed and brought up a baby into his fifth year, and yet never had a rocking-chair, or cradle either. Don't we deserve one now? A chair we mean. Haven't we a right to be glad we've got one, and haven't we a right too, to draw it up on to Editor's Table, and let our friends rejoice with us. One only sorrow as we nestle ourself into the cosy seat, is that the donors, our precious Connecticut neighbors with whom we have lived in pleasant friendship for nearly four years, are going far away from us, going to seek in another State, that tangible wealth which the hard times generally, and the war particularly make so scarce with us. We have summered and wintered with them, as the phrase is; we have been to their cabin in sickness and in health, when the anthem of birth was sung, and when the dirge of death was chanted. In that rocking-chair we sat when we first robed the dimpled limbs of Lilla; there we sat too, when we shrouded the little corpse. Precious as an article that we sorely needed, precious as a parting gift from a neighbor, precious for the associations, both glad and sad that cluster about it, do you wonder that we prize it dearly, that we think it worth while to tell even you, dainty lady, that we have, at last, a rocking-chair? C. A. S.

"AGNES STANHOPE."

We would ask our reader's special attention to this very interesting story. It was published for the author and at her own expense—Mr. Usher (who superintended its publication) has since given up the book business, and at the request of the author we have taken the book to sell for the author, who needs the money to pay for its publication. All who buy the book will not only aid a worthy woman, and a good Universalist author, but they will also secure a book of real merit and one of absorbing interest. Below we reproduce the notice written by Mrs. Sawyer, and published in our number for last October.

"This new work by one who has long and acceptably contributed to the pages of the Repository, has taken us by surprise. Favorably as we had judged of its author we were not prepared for so finished and complete an effort. The plot is elaborate and the interest remarkably sustained to the very close of the volume. The type is excellent, and the characters delineated with no feeble hand, and we congratulate the author on having produced a book that will be read with profound interest and win her multitudes of admirers. Mr. Usher has done his part well, giving the work a handsome and most preceivable dress. Success to both author and publisher."

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1863.

"FROM LIFE."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

A neighbor had been sitting with us nearly all day. It was cheerless January weather, the sky overhung with lead-colored clouds, heavy, broken masses, through which the sun looked to you, as a widow's face beneath her veil, pale, spectral, yet solemn. A smart snow-storm had whitened the brown fields and tangled gardens just at dawn, while flurries of large, feathery-looking flakes continually eddied through the air. The wind swept, over the prairie in wild blasts, whose mournful sounds became as sobbing voices, when they rushed through the leafless woods that belt the river. The air was piercingly cold, the frost sealing up your eyes and nostrils, and making you draw your breath, in short, quick gasps. It was a day, in short, that made travelers whip up their horses, and cast longing looks at the cabins and farm-houses, which lay on their route; a day that made men, women and children hover over the hearth-stone, or gather about the stove; a day for cheery fires, books, papers, and talk.

Our neighbor was a good talker, and our hearts warmed up when we heard the familiar stamp of his heavy boots on the stones before the door. I had sewing to do that day, sewing which could not be put off, much as I would have liked to read the new "Atlantic," whose tempting pages we had cut the night before. Coats and overalls, which in working weather, were continually upon the backs and legs

of their owners, were now thrown off in a promiscuous mass upon the bed. A mere bundle of rags they looked, fit only for the shears of the carpet-maker, or the shuttle of the shoddy-weaver. Patience, patches, thread, needle, scissors, thimble, with fingers dexterously thrown in, were to make decent apparel of them; garments that could be worn at home and abroad, to mill and to meeting, one suit in these hard times answering for all places, all purposes. Dear knows, whether next winter, our men and boys have even that, or our women a calico to change with. Some people make money out of this war; some people do not, though, and among this latter are our Western emigrants. Groceries, dry-goods, everything that they need to buy, have gone up nearly a hundred per cent; grain, beef, pork, everything they have to sell, gone down till, but for the name of it, they might as well give away their crops and stock. Think of a farmer having to give two bushels of wheat for a pound of coffee! think of his wife carrying *ten dozen* eggs to town to buy *one yard* of unbleached cotton cloth. The coffee may be dispensed with, a quart of the wheat browned and ground, and used as a substitute. But the cloth—how can we do without that? O, for the days gone by, when sheeting and shirting could be bought for six and eight cents a yard! If they ever return, won't I be wise? won't I lay in enough to last me till I'm three-score and ten!

But how I am wandering. I didn't

mean to write what I have just now, but my heart was full of it, and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth [pen] speaketh." I was going to tell you what a nice time we had with our neighbor that day; we listening, he talking. For myself, I was very happy, despite my occupation and appearance; for with tearing, cutting, ripping and patching, I had become so smutty, dusty, linty, shreddy and frowsy, that I looked more like an old rag-bag, just emancipated from the garret, than an industrious woman engaged in "litter"ary duties. The war of course, had to be gone over first, and as there was no *new* news, the old battles had to be fought over again, the old measures praised or censured, as the case seemed to warrant, and the President, Cabinet, and West Point Generals generally, be put under surveillance, the gist of the talk ending in the cool asseveration that had *he* been in Lincoln's place the war would have been ended long before now, and as a consequence, the Mississippi opened, our grain and stock exchanged for cotton, coffee and the like, and we all prosperous and happy, with a brace or so of contrabands about us to do the hard work! How many, many such talks I have heard in this very room, everybody seeming to think they know better how things ought to be done than those in authority, everybody saying what they would have done had they been there, and had a chance. Even I, humble I, have dared to say, that if I were the President's wife, I would give no balls, and have no receptions at the White House, while so many thousands of sick and suffering soldiers within hearing of its music, within sight of its lights, were needing women's hands, and yearning for women's voices; that I would dispense with satins and silks, and wear only such goods as our own mills manufacture: that I would be an example to my country-women in dress and deportment, winning a name that should go down to posterity with the sweet savor of Mary, and Martha Washington. So much easier is it to do other people's duties than fulfil our own.

War matters settled as far as they could be till the next Tribune came, our frontier troubles came up and were discussed

with even more intensity of emotion than the rebellion and its accessories. You of the East, a thousand miles and more from red men, cannot realize as we do, our Indian difficulties. Just think, in the very State adjoining us, atrocities have been committed this very autumn, more fearful than any we ever read of in the early history of the New England and Middle States; crimes have been perpetrated, so hellish, that even the newspapers, delighting as they do in sensation incidents, dare only allude to them. Our Saxon tongue has no decent words with which to relate them. And over us emigrants, broods the terrible fear that next spring will see the same brutal crimes enacted again. There are women, even now, in our own settlement, that turn white if a shadow crosses the window at twilight, and little children go into spasms at the screech of the owl on the barn top. What is before us, Heaven only knows. Yet if white men conduct as they say white men Jo, now-a-days, in our guilty South-land, what may we not expect from the red men in the wilds of this great North-west! We women can only pray, that if Little Crow and his tribe do come upon us, they will not bind, but slay us. Better a gory corpse than a dishonored body.

Our neighbor had been a trapper and hunter in his early days, and been much among the Indians before they were corrupted by tobacco and whiskey. He told us many stories of them, stories which I silently laid away in one of my secret chambers, one of those dim, inner recesses of memory of which I lift the latch sometimes, when imagination is too sullen to paint me a picture, or fancy too morose to offer me a theme.

And so the day passed; our coats and overalls repaired, but bearing, some of them, a semblance to Joseph's garment of many colors, were again in wear; my litter was swept up, myself made neat again, supper prepared and eaten, the chores done up, the "gude man" gone to town after the mail, ("for surely there will be news to-night") and the boys gone a-skating, cold as it was. But somehow it is never too cold to skate, and down Honey Creek, they said the huge trees broke the

wind and made it pleasant on the ice, even on such a mid-winter night. They meant to go clear to the river, they added, and perhaps take a race up and down the Des Moines.

"Look out that the wolves don't catch you," I called out as they started off. I did not speak altogether in jest, either, for I had heard strange howlings the night before, in one of my watches, and I knew the fierce creatures were roving about.

"Look out that the Indians don't catch you," was the laughing rejoinder, and away they went, fearless and happy, leaving me alone, but for the five year old baby. Was I afraid? Of nothing but neuralgia. I had felt a few twinges while rinsing up the dishes, and had reason to dread the night. Perhaps, said I to myself, if I lie down at once, and get warm and quiet, it will pass off. So I cram the stove till the doors burst open, snuff the candle close, tie my thickest hood about my head, pin my blanket shawl around my shoulders, and cuddle down in bed beside the sleepy pet. He asks for little Red Riding Hood. I relate the oft-told tale. "Now, Jack, the giant-killer." I tell that too, but as the words "fee, faw, fum," drop from my lips, a something between a sigh and a snore warn me. I am talking to deaf ears.

What a twinge that is! Every nerve in my face seemed to snap! I shed silent tears, and bury my head closer in the pillow. It passes off after a while, and half-smothered, I threw off a little of the covering, and in happy ease begin to "make out," as Miss Bronte would say. Suddenly I am conscious of listening intently—listening for what—I do not know. But as I listen, I become aware of a most solemn stillness all about me. The wind that was roaring at sundown, has lulled entirely; not a breath of noise out doors. So still too, in the house, even the fire burning silently, and the child at my side lying quiet as though dead. It oppresses me. I long to have it broken. I wonder if the old cat is in; it would relieve me to hear even her pattering about, scratching at the cupboard door, or mewing by the pantry; nay, I should be glad even to hear the nibble of a mouse. How loud

the watch ticks. Sometimes that is company for me, but now it sounds eerie, sounds as it does to me as I sit alone with the dying, counting the minutes, wiping off the death sweat, and waiting for the angel.

I grow nervous; indeed, I am always so after the sharp agony of neuralgia. I have been morbid too, for several days, and now my mind, weak from the strain of pain, and somewhat excited by the intense talk of the day, reacts upon itself, and memory haunts me with pictures of crimson battle-fields and pallid soldiers. If she would but stop there. But no; as they dissolve, visions of Indian massacres steal up—so vivid, too! Good Heavens! I can see the blood spirt from that mother's heart, as that fierce red man plunges his knife into her bosom; aye, and her baby's brains, how they look, spattered on that log! It is too much, too much. I shall go wild if they don't stop coming, those spectres of what I've heard and read. Down memory, down; away with you. I give her a heavy knock. She skulks a moment, and then peering from her hiding-hole, begins to unfold another fiendish picture. I catch a glimpse of a white girl, a mere child of thirteen, bound flat on her back, and an Indian—I will not see it—I scream the words aloud. They waken common sense. Bless her! how like a mother she takes me to her heart and soothes me. I grow calm. I even resolve to get up and make a new fire, and snuff the candle, and go to sewing. I do sit up, but the room is full of shadows, shadows that take such strange forms in that dim, flickering candle light, that I involuntarily lie down again, and cuddle up to the sleeping child. Ha! the fiend is coming again; she is a fiend to-night. Where does she keep her bright, beautiful phases? why does she rake up, so tenaciously, her pale, ghostly images? why does she haunt me so with the corruption of death, the smell of blood. Down, down! Strike at her, common sense—that's it. She felt that blow, she writhes under it; she faints—there, she's still enough, now. I will get up before she stirs again. I do. Common sense puts me on my feet and leads me from the gob-

lin bed. I snuff the candle. I light another. I look around ; the shadows are gone, all of them. I say to myself, softly, what a blessing light is, even the light of candles. I go to the box for wood ; as I turn towards the stove with my arm full of sticks, I casually glance at the window.

A face was pressed closely against the middle pane of the lower row.

"A face !"

"White ?"

No : no. *An Indian's face.*

—I saw it as plainly as I see now this sheet of paper.

May you never know such a sickening sensation of fear as then grappled my heart. Yet I did not faint, nor even let go my wood, but quietly opened the stove and piled in the sticks. When I had shut the door, I looked up again to the window. *The face was gone.* I dropped into my rocking-chair, literally dropped. I struggled with my emotions. O, I did try to be calm ; did try to think it an illusion of over-heated fancy. I could not, though.

Suddenly, with a daring, a recklessness for which I can never account, I jumped up and ran to the door and opened it. The moon was near her full, and now shone out brightly in the rift of a great cloud. I could have seen a rabbit had he been skulking on the edge of the wood-pile. It was easy enough then, judge you, to see the form that loomed up just before me, on the last of the rough stone steps. What do you guess it was ?

An Indian leaning on his rifle ! Nothing less. I knew his face ; it was the same that had looked into the window. I shall never forget it. No, no ; I shall know that face if I meet it a thousand years hence in some of the by-paths of heaven. I clapped my right hand to my mouth to stifle the wild shriek that gurgled in my throat ; with my left, I clutched the clothes above my heart, for it did seem as though that was bursting with suppressed fear. My eyes meanwhile surveyed him from head to foot. I noted his mocassins, his leggins, his blanket, (it was of blue broadcloth bound with scarlet,) his head, naked, save for the heavy masses of coal black hair, that streamed

over it. He had a string of shells about his neck, odd-looking things, which somehow made me think of the finger joints and bones I had once seen in the Museum of a Medical College. A knife was thrust in his belt, a sharp, long-bladed thing, that caught the moon's rays, and flashed them back in short, subtle rays. Something dangled too, from that belt. I did not try to make out what it was, but it had a fresh, gory look — a scalp, perhaps — yet warm.

I stood, perhaps, two minutes on the threshold. I have known days that did not seem so long. Then I turned my back on the red man, and went in, being careful to close the door quietly.

For the first time in my life, I felt what it was to be alone with a great fear—a vital fear. I have struggled many and many a time with the spectres of memory, the illusions of fancy, the ghosts of superstition, but never before did I stand face to face with an actual danger, one that menaced not only life, but that which a woman holds dearer than life. I hardly know how I felt, but I do know that I thought more in the space of five minutes, than I ever did before in six months. Events that I had forgotten entirely, the faraway incidents of childhood, ran through my mind as electric notes on a wire ; countenances that I had long striven in vain to call up to my mental eye, now looked me full in the face ; voices, whose music has been hushed this many a year, now spoke to me in the old familiar tones ; a favorite song of my mother's, an old, quaint thing, of which a snatch has haunted me ever since she died, now swept over my soul, melody, words and all ; my whole life, indeed, leaped up before me ; (I was going to write *glided*) but that word is too slow to express the instantaneous succession of pictures that came and went in those five minutes. And all the time I was looking on those old scenes and those old faces, and listening to those sounds of the past, I was deliberating, nay, that word is too cold, one cannot deliberate when their blood is at white heat. I was revolving, (that's better, because it will perhaps, make you think of Colt's revolver, which will kill half a dozen Indians, in about as

many seconds); I was revolving my chances for life—safety. How small they seemed! O, how they shrunk! But could I sit there supinely, and—O, it was terrible to think what the end of that sentence might be. No, no. It wasn't a woman's nature to do so.

The distance is not far to the first neighbor's, a matter perhaps, of thirty or forty rods. Fortunately the door that opened towards that neighbor's house, was just opposite the one beside which stood the Indian. I am not good at running. I never was when a girl, and since my side has troubled me so much, I make poor headway, when trying to be fleet of foot. But I know I can run like a deer that distance, with fear to lash me forward. I can keep the house, too, between him and me, and thus get a good start before he will suspect me gone. But he will hear you, strikes in common sense; the frozen ground will give back every foot-fall. I will take off my shoes, I say, and I untie them at once and slip them away. But now my heart starts up—the boy. You won't leave him. No, no. But he is so heavy, and will weigh down heavier than ever in his sound sleep. You can't run with him in your arms. *I will.* I have said that word many times in my life, when striving to grapple with trouble, but I never said it with such force as then, *never.* I stole to the bed, uncovered the sleeping child, and tenderly rolled him over and over till I had enveloped him in my shawl. Then, leaving him still in the bed, I stole to the west door. It had been oiled only a day or two before, and opened noiselessly. I stepped cautiously on to the threshold, for I had keen ears to deceive. Great Heavens! there, within three yards of me, stood an Indian, resting on his rifle. His back was towards me. I did not wait to have him turn his head, but stepped back and closed the door as silently as I had opened it.

A sentry at each door! No egress! no ingress! doomed!

Those three brief sentences express my thoughts for the next few moments. Did I calmly resign myself to my fate? Resign myself! No. I rebelled against death, then, as I never had before.

“Good Lord, deliver me,” I cried in my heart, and then waited, listening for a response. But the ticking of the watch was the only sound that broke that awful silence.

I have no fears of death—I never had. My faith is strong in the belief that death is the stepping-stone to heaven. But I have a choice about the way of dying. In my own bed would I pass away quietly, with my face nestled in my pillow; go to sleep, as it were, with the dream of a bright to-morrow flitting over my closing eyes.

Death from a rifle bullet, tearing through my bosom, or rushing through my brain—death from a knife thrust in my throat—death from a brutal foot-stamp on my heart—O, those visions of sudden death—they froze the blood in my veins then—they curdle it now.

I knew they would kill me. Into captivity I would not go—the victim of lust I would not be. A preternatural strength seemed girding up every muscle for the struggle I resolved to make: struggle—yes, I would struggle, till infuriated, they should care only to kill me.

Suddenly a new thought flashed over me, and as I hugged it, I wondered that it had been so long coming. I stole to the cupboard and drew from it a knife. We had been butchering the day before, and all the knives had been ground and whetted. This one had not been used. I looked at its edge—it was keen; almost like a razor. It had a sharp point, too.

I crept to the bed and sat down on its edge, clutching my weapon—my weapon, not of defence, but *death.* I had studied anatomy and physiology, pretty thoroughly, in my school days, and since I have been an emigrant, have watched, with my soul in my eyes, the dissection of a woman's thorax. I remember between which two ribs, the elder surgeon said we must strike, to reach the heart, to produce instant death. I unbutton the waist of my dress, I put back my linen, I grope over the quailing flesh, till I put my finger on the spot. Then I grow calm—yes, calm. I say my prayers. I resign myself. A few moments of mortal agony, and then—eternity! I sat spell-bound.

The child moves uneasily. I am brought back to earth and its troubles. My youngest born, my lambkin, can I leave him to those savage clutches, a dove in a vulture's claw? Never. Never. I tremble now. Must I, his mother, snap the cord of life, cut in twain the sinews that hold his heart. Must I kill my own child? O, God!

I bent over him—I kissed him; he smiled in his sleep and then, as I pressed my lips again passionately to his cheeks, he half awoke, put his little arms about my neck, and said in his sleepy tones, "I love you." O, I could not kill him after that. No, no!

I hurried to my trunk. In one corner was hidden a phial of laudanum. In my neuralgic paroxysms I sometimes have to take it, and, though I always keep it out of sight, from fear of danger to others, I yet keep it, where I can put my fingers on it in the dark. I got a tea-spoon, and dropped out a very little. He was not used to narcotics. A very little would make him sleep soundly. As I went towards the bed with the potion, I said to myself, when he has swallowed it, I will take him up, (he was still in the shawl) and carry him down cellar, and hide him in its farthest, darkest corner, blocking it up with boxes and barrels. There I will leave him in God's hands.

I reach the bed, I sit down on it and unmuffle him with one hand. Then I lift his head, and put the spoon between his lips. Heavens! a rifle shot breaks the stillness—splits the air. They are at it. The massacre has begun. I clutch my knife, and—faint, faint dead away.

Did you ever faint? No. Well, then pray that you never may, not because *that* is so terrible, for usually, in my own case at least, there is little pain at the instant of swooning, though sometimes I feel as though a sledge hammer had been thrown against the back of my head, but even that is over soon. No; it is not the fainting that is to be dreaded, it's the coming too. I remember no sensation so acutely fearful. I have often wondered if it was at all analogous to what we feel when we first come to life, first breathe the air of earth. If it be, I do not wonder the first

noise a baby makes is a piercing wail. I have often said to my mother, in my girlhood, when I was always fainting, "don't bring me too the next time, the suffering is too much."

Terrible was my coming too after this faint, the first ever induced by vital horror. Again and again I snatched at life; again and again it mocked me. How my head ached, how my ears rung, how my eyes burned, how the breath stung, nostril and lips quivering as in a spasm. O, it was terrible. But my heart conquered at last, lashing the hot blood into my arteries, till the nerves next them felt themselves scorched as with boiling lava. Yes, I came too, bodily, mentally. I remembered all, but in the darkness, for the candle had burned out, in the cold, for the fire had burned out too, I could not rightly guess where I was. I thought I had been tomahawked, or shot, or stabbed, dragged out of doors, and left for dead. Involuntarily I put my hand to my head; I shuddered as I did so, for I dreaded to have my fingers slip in the gore and slime of the bare skull. Instead though, they only tangled themselves in my dishevelled hair. I was not scalped. I gave God thanks. As fresh strength came gradually to me, I groped in the darkness for my child. He was there, not cold and stiff, but warm and limber. Then I sat up, and finally crawled out of bed, found a match, and lighted a candle. I looked around. Everything remained as I left it. Again I gave God thanks. But I was very weak, and the sickly sensation of fainting came over me. I hurried to the cupboard, reached the camphor bottle, bathed my head, moistened my nostrils, poured some into my palms, and then went to the water-pail, and taking up the tin cup, dropped a little of the spirit into it, and weakening it, drank it down. I meant to have rekindled the fire, but I felt too bad and hurried into bed, covering up my head. I didn't mean to go to sleep, but I did, and must have slept soundly, too, for when I awoke the room was warm, stived it seemed to me, with heat, and in a blaze of light, too. They have fired the house, was my thought, and I sprang out of bed with a scream.

"What's the matter, mother?" exclaimed two or three voices.

I rubbed my eyes, and as I looked closely around, I answered sheepishly, "Nothing, only I had an awful dream. When did you come home?"

"O, an hour ago—found the fire all out, a thief wasting the candle, the house cold as a barn, and you sound asleep."

I sat down by the fire and wondered what next was to come. But they said nothing, only busied themselves deeper in their papers.

Hadn't anything happened? had I dreamed? No. I was sure I hadn't, and yet sometimes, now-a-nights, I do have dreams, vivid as life, dreams that haunt me for days, as remorse does a murderer. My mouth felt feverish. I went to the water-pail. There on the bench stood my camphor-bottle. I went to the bed—on the stand beside it, stood the phial of laudanum; on the pillow was a dark stain, and beside it a spoon. I looked further; half hidden in a fold of the counterpane, lay the knife. I had not dreamed. What did it all mean—those strange Indians—that sharp rifle shot! I went to bed with my secret snuggled in my heart, but I slept little that night. Early the next morning, just as we had finished breakfast, our neighbor came in.

"Well," said he, as he unceremoniously seated himself, "we had two strange things happen at our house last night."

They all looked up wonderingly. I held my breath.

"I had something of a head-ache," he continued, "and thought I would go to bed early and sleep it off. Going into the back room for a cup of water, I thought I heard something fumbling at the door. I opened it at once, without waiting to think what it might be. What do you suppose I found there?"

The boys' eyes opened wide, but before any one else could say a word, I answered very quietly,

"An Indian."

"How in the world did you happen to guess it," said he; "I thought it would be such a puzzle."

"O, I'm all the time looking for them. Didn't it frighten you?"

"Well, I must own I was a little startled, for I didn't know as there was one nearer than Marshall. But I recovered myself in a moment, and knowing that Indians like brevity, I said, 'Come in.' He stepped forward at once; a great, brawny fellow he was, too, but I thought he looked tired, and so I said, 'travelled far?' He grunted out something that sounded like yes. 'Of what tribe are you?' I knew he wasn't a Sioux—I could tell one of them a mile off; shocking red devils they are. 'Pottawattamie,' he grunted again. Now in years gone by, I could talk Pottawattamie like a book. I hadn't tried it for a good while, though, but I ventured one sentence. I wish you could have seen the fellow's eyes. I had thought them terribly fierce, but at those words, they fairly swam in tears, and such a soft light as shone in them! I swear" (this is one of our neighbor's unfortunate *idioms*) "I could hardly keep from crying. He told his story then. It seems a part of his tribe went from Iowa to Kansas a few years ago, and amongst them, he. He has been very unfortunate there—buried his squaw and five papposes. His old mother and father yet live over here, somewhere about Marshall. He started to visit them. Just after he crossed the Missouri, by way of Nebraska, his pony, in crossing a slough, slipped and broke his leg. He was obliged to shoot him. He had no means to buy another, and has walked in two days, clean across the country, sleeping on the ground, and with nothing to eat but a single prairie chicken, all the game he could kill. He says he never saw game so shy and scarce: He did not mean to stop anywhere till he reached his old father's wigwam, and had begun to cross the prairie, when he found himself so worn out, he ventured to get admittance at our house. I gave him a cordial welcome, after I'd heard his story, and started for the pantry for some bread and meat, when all at once the fowls set up a cackling that was enough to waken the dead. I hurried to the door, the Pottawattamie following me. As I stepped out, something leaped over that little fence I've put up around the stable; before I could guess what it was, the Indian grunted

ed out in English, the word, *wolf*, and raising his rifle, fired."

"Did he kill it?" exclaimed our hunter boy.

"Dead as a nit. A monstrous great fellow he was, too; the biggest I ever saw. You may be sure I was more disposed than ever to treat the red skin well, after that exploit. So I took him in, and we went to work and made some coffee — good, strong coffee, too, and baked biscuits and fried ham. He ate as though he was famished, then, without a word, stretched himself before the fire, rolled himself up in his blanket, and went to sleep. When I woke up this morning he was gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes; I'll warrant he's half way over to Nevada by this time. But come, go over and help me skin that varmint; big fellow, I tell you."

They rushed out, all of them, while I, left alone with my milk-pans and breakfast dishes, said to myself, "if I had only known he was a peaceful Pottawattamie, a poor, harmless vagabond, but I was sure he was a Sioux, sure," and then I sat down and cried like a baby, and wished I hadn't been such a coward. But I tell you, reader, my nerves quiver yet, whenever I remember how much he made me suffer.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

BY LILLY WATERS.

The blank to-day is before us, upon which the pen of action must write a chapter for eternity. Overwhelming thought! In a moment of haste or carelessness this ever-living pen may record that which will dye the cheek with crimson, humiliate the soul with shame and contrition, or rend the heart with agony and remorse. O, with what care and patience should we linger over each line of conduct, comparing each thought and word by our model, "Him who spake as never man spake," for it is written forever! No erasure, no addenda, nor marginal note can make more graceful or less obscure its passages, can change its momentous import. To-night angels will read the proof! Anxiously the heart questions of its acceptance. We must wait.

I GIVE HIM TO MY COUNTRY.

BY FRANCES.

I give him to my country,
My bravest and my best,
With his strong heart beating steadily,
In his true and manly breast.
But, O! my bitter anguish,
As tearfully I stand,
Beside my lonely hearthstone,
With my broken household band.

I will not weakly murmur,
But will lean with childlike trust,
On the arm of Him who watches
O'er the battles of the just.
For I know that he who struggles
For a stricken country's weal,
Is clad in armor stronger
Than a panoply of steel.

The poor soul-darkened Hindoo,
When he a gift would bring,
To the idol that he worships,
Seeks a precious offering;
And I, my cherished country,
Will offer at thy shrine,
The dearest, richest treasure,
Of this loving heart of mine.

I bring no costly spices,
Whose odors sweet and rare,
Will rise in grateful incense,
On the balmy, evening air.
I offer at thy altar,
No gold or sparkling gems,
That might gleam with wondrous beauty,
In regal diadems.

But a fair and blooming spirit,
Whose fragrance ne'er shall fail,
A soul before whose lustre,
The diamond might grow pale.
With a heart that shall not falter,
Whate'er his fate may be,
I give him, O! my country,
To heaven and to thee.

Happy is the land whose granite heart is warmed by sacred hearth-fires, and in whose homes are nourished venerable associations and local attachments. These intense sympathies are not less but more favorable to broader claims. These enrich the blood, and toughen the fibres of a noble patriotism. These impart that vitality which withstands oppression and clings to the right. These send some element of purity and honor into a nation's life, lend it that identity of soul which stirs to this common suggestion of the altar and the home, and, hemming it around with the father's ashes and the children's hopes, make it a land worth living and worth dying for.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Under the magnificent trees, whose thick spreading branches cast a cool, deep shadow over a wide terrace and beautiful lawn, a merry and somewhat noisy group were assembled. Laughing, talking, singing, sometimes screaming, they seemed to be in the hey-day of uncontrolled enjoyment; a supposition made more evident by the fact that one of the younger of the party stood a little out from the rest, in a position commanding a long stretch of the road leading to a shire town not many miles away, and who seemed to be acting as sentinel.

The mansion which this terrace flanked on all sides fronted the Tennessee River. It was the home of a wealthy planter, and was a dwelling of more than ordinary pretensions, as well as very considerable architectural beauty. It crowned a low and very regular knoll, and had evidently been built by a person of wealth and taste, for it was spacious and somewhat elaborately finished, and never was there a lovelier site for a dwelling, than it occupied. Standing well back from the river, whose graceful windings were visible for a distance of several miles, it was fronted by broad and luxuriant meadows, level as the river itself, and surrounded by grand, old trees of most majestic proportions, arranged, not in regular rows, but in artistic groups and clusters, under whose umbrageous shadows, wound neat gravelled walks bordered by nicely kept boxwood, and enclosing here and there, a little circle, or other geometric patch, of dense, green grass, sheared as evenly as velvet. These little grassy islands were each occupied by a box tree or other evergreen, pruned into some fantastic shape, such as the French gardeners of the ancient regime so generally affected, and which still distinguish many of the gardens of France. Luxuriant vines of jasmine, Chinese roses and clematis, wound the slender columns of the light verandah and swung their odorous blossoms in the balmy air.

In the rear of the dwelling, and at no great distance away, the hills, magnificently wooded, sloped gradually up until they

lost themselves in the wild and rugged Cumberland Mountains. Altogether, nature and art had here seemed to try their utmost skill, and the result to have been most satisfactory.

The evening sun had already spread its golden wings over flowing river and verdant meadow, here and there lighting up with its parting radiance, the peaks of the magnificent mountain range whose rifts and gorges lay hid in purple shadow. Soft and refreshing breezes floated up from the river, rustling the tree-tops, and cooling the landscape, which had all day long languished under the fervid beams of a July sun.

It was a picture to charm the eye and touch the heart, but the group of which I have spoken, regarded it as little as the lazy kine grazing in the meadows, half buried in the luxuriant verdure which produces the noble cattle for which Tennessee is so famed. They, the human group, were of another race than ours, varying in hue, from the deepest black to the palest, most delicate cream color, and of all ages.

"Come now, Pete," said a bright-eyed mulatto girl, one of the merriest of the company, to a sable youth of about twenty, who sat lazily strumming a banjo, "Sing dat ar' song you know I so fond of. Marse and missis be home bym by, den I hab to gwi and help missis dress for supper. Come now, Pete, sing!"

"O, you go 'long, Rosy! you doesn't care nuffin 'bout my singin'!"

"Now, Pete!"

"Well, what I sing, Rosy? Gum tree canoe? Well, now jes listen—" and striking a few chords of the banjo, his full, rich voice burst out,

"On Tombigbee river, 'twas there I was born,
In a hut made of reeds in the tall, yellow corn;
And dare I fus met wid my July so true—"

"Dat wasn't you, Rosy, hi!"

"Stop, Pete, I doesn't want to hear de gum tree canoe—'tisn't my favorite song, you know dat."

"O, you like Rosy Lee, cos it's got your name in't, hi! Well, I sing it. But stop fus—hi! you Hector! You takin' osservation to see whedder mars and missis comin'?"

"I no see em, Pete. Whor for you use sich big word, Pete?"

"Cos I want to courage spectability 'mong nese ere niggers. Ya! ya! ya!"

"Now I sing —"

"I went courting Rosy Lee,
Uli ah li o li e,
Courting down in Tennessee,
Uli ah li o li e,
Eyes as dark as winter night,
Lips as red as berry bright—"

"Ah, dat's you, Rosy! hi! Hector, you takin observation? who dar?"

A tall, handsome mulatto woman, leading a beautiful rosy boy, of about four years, by the hand, came out through the verandah, and on the terrace.

"Dat you, Crissie? whar you been all dis time?"

"O, little Mars Louis bin sleep. I stay by him."

The little boy at sight of the merry group, broke away from the hand of his nurse and ran towards them, his long, fair ringlets streaming back over his shoulders and his eyes beaming with delight. He was the favorite of all, and they greeted him with loud welcomes. Rosy springing up spread out both arms, and stooped forward, seizing him in full course, and hugging and kissing him. Pete throwing down his banjo and holding out his arms, into which with loud shouts, the little one leaped from Rosy's arms, when seating him on the limb of a tree, the good-natured negro played all sorts of wild antics before him, while Rosy held him fast, and the remainder, including Hector, gathered around the tree, throwing him kisses, and calling "Louis! Louis!" in a soft, cooing voice. The boy, wild with delight, shouted and laughed and pulled the long, massive wool of Pete, as the latter butted his hard head into his little lap, Rosy meanwhile, devouring with kisses the fat, little legs, that were hanging down against her fresh lips, for Rosy was a fair and handsome girl, despite the drop of African blood in her veins.

In the general hilarity and uproar, there was one who manifested no sympathy and took no part. It was an old, gray-haired negro, tall and stately in his proportions,

with an eye keen and undimmed by the years that had passed over him, and a proud and impatient bearing. He stood a little apart from the rest, leaning against a huge sycamore, and looking silently on, his arms crossed upon his breast, and a deep frown contracting his brow.

"What's de matter, now, uncle Joe?" inquired Pete, who at length observed the silence and apparent displeasure of the old man. "Why you look so solemncholly?"

"'Cause you all fools," replied the old man, with a quick, nervous movement. "Why you nurse snake to sting you?"

"You cross, old thing," exclaimed Rosy, who had suspended her caresses of the little boy to listen. "He sweet, pretty little fellow, and I lub him," and the little fat legs were again pressed to her lips.

"Spouse he be sweet, pretty boy, so was his fader. I nurse him and play wid him when he little boy like dis, and what he be now? He wild as a wild wolf, and whip us when he angry as if we dogs. So will dis pretty boy, by-and-by; he will beat us and cuss us when he man, like his fader does—and maybe do worse! Jis tink of poor Aggie!"

At this juncture, another person had entered quietly upon the scene. He was a tall, lank man, with a dark, sun-burned complexion, thick, black hair, and sharp, sinister eyes, which were partially shaded by a large, coarse, straw hat, and which ever and anon, glanced furtively from side to side. He was dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat, a vest of the same color, on which conspicuously shone a large, vulgar-gold chain; striped pantaloons, altogether too short for their wearer, dark blue stockings and coarse shoes, well covered with dust. The large wooden box on his back kept in place by leather straps which crossed his breast and passed around his shoulders and under his arms, and a heavy cane, more like a club, which he carried in his right hand, indicated his profession.

In the North, we should at once have decided that this new-comer was a pedler, but the dark-skinned group, among whom he so suddenly made his appearance, re-

garded him with curiosity and doubt, suspending their mirth to gaze at him.

"Well, massa," said Pete, at last, "what for you here? who you want to see?"

The pedler leisurely unbuckled his strap, slowly lowered his box to the ground, unlocked and opened it, displaying a motley collection of wares, — bright bandannas, showy calicoes, flashy shawls, pins, needles, thread, and, most attractive of all, a quantity of brilliant, flashy jewelry, set off by a background of rose-colored paper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, in a shrill, whining, evidently affected voice, "I offer for your inspection and purchase an elegant assortment of dry goods and jewelry. I have just come from New York with the newest styles in the market. Just look at this elegant bandanna and this superb breast-pin."

"O, massa!" said Rosy, gloating her eyes over the display, "dey is beautiful, but I 'fraid we haven't money nuff to buy. Jis you look at dis handkucher, Pete. It's jis as bright as a flower garden." And she dexterously wound a brilliant bandanna around her head, adding really very much to the comeliness of her pleasant face.

"Now, Pete, isn't I handsome?"

"O, Rosy!" exclaimed the young man, throwing down the banjo, clasping his hands, and rolling up his eyes in the most affected fashion,—"you know in de eyes of dis nigger you allays handsome. You bright as de stars, fair as de moon, and sweet as a whole hive full of honey."

Rosy tossing her head, recommenced her examination of the seductive display of cheap jewelry, while the pedler, quietly opening a little drawer, held up a handsome, showy chain, to which a locket set with brilliant red stones was attached.

"O, jis look! jis look!" cried the young girl.

The whole party were instantly gathered about the pedler, admiring and exclaiming; even uncle Joe proving himself unable to resist the temptation of so brilliant a display as the little drawer presented.

"Take me down! take me down! I

want to see!" shouted little Louis, who still maintained his seat in the tree, held by one of the negroes. Pete snatched him from the tree, and sat him on his shoulder, so that he could have a fair view of the contents of the box.

"Ah, my little man!" said the pedler, appearing for the first time to be aware of the child's presence. "I did not know that such a little gentleman as you was present. And what shall I sell you? Let me see." and he took up a long bundle wrapped in tow cloth, which had been strapped to his back, forming a support for the box which rested on it.

"Let me see what I have here!" The contents of the bundle was soon revealed. Bows, feathered arrows, wooden guns, and various other toys suitable for boys.

"Ah, here is just the thing, my little lad. It will carry you to the top of the mountain," and he held up a stick, on one end of which was a carved horse's head, gaily painted. "Here is a trotting horse for you. Try how far you can trot with it."

The little boy struggled to get down, and delightedly seizing the toy, placed it between his legs and cantered off down the garden walks in high glee.

"And now, miss," said the itinerant to Rosy, who had clasped the chain about her neck, "let me sell you that ornament. It is cheap as dirt, and makes you look like a princess."

Rosy bridled and sighed, but began slowly to unclasp the chain.

"It's buful, massa, but I got not quarter nuff money."

"That's of no consequence, no consequence, whatever! Some of these gentlemen will lend you the money. It's worth twenty d llars and I will sell it for three."

"O, Lora, massa! how cheap!" and she looked around with a wistful eye to see who would respond to the proposition of the pedler, and offer to lend her the money. But alas, every purse was as meagre as her own.

"I wish I had the money, Rosy," said Pete, with a rueful countenance — "I wuld give it to you if I had. But I got only jis half a dollar."

"I will tell you how I will manage," said the pedler, after apparently meditating on the subject, and slowly drawing a handful of dice from his pocket. "I will make a raffle. Here are dice, and there are eight of you. I will let each of you throw once at a quarter a throw. That will make the chain only two dollars. The highest number wins. A twenty dollar chain for two dollars."

The excitement among the negroes at this proposition, passed all bounds. Every purse was drawn out, and its contents explored. Some contained only a dime, some a quarter, and one or two a half dollar.

"I will lend you fifteen cents, Rosy," said Pete, "to make up yours."

"And I will lend Hector a dime to make up his," said another; and before very long each one had his fee ready in hand for the raffle.

"Uncle Joe, you am de oldest, you trow fust."

"Kil you trow *thirteen!* you get de chain for sartin!"

Uncle Joe's face brightened wonderfully at this prospect, and Crissi stepping forward to try her fortune, threw nine. A blank expression stole over her face at this result, three times three in the superstitious minds of the blacks betokening ill luck.

"Something drefful goin to happen to me! I allays do hab ill luck."

"Never mind, Crissie," said Rosy, coming forward for her turn; "better luck next time. Now see what I throw."

"Fifteen! Rosy you hab it sartin!" cried Pete, with a delighted chuckle. "Now, Hector, you trow next."

Hector's came up eight, and three others followed in quick succession, with no better results.

"Now mine de last, not least, as missis say; here go!" and with a grand flourish the dice were thrown, coming up *seventeen*.

"Yours! Pete!" cried the pedler; "a magnificent chain and locket, set with rubies, for a quarter. No one can say that *you* have not good luck."

Pete whirled on his heel, and tossed his hat up into the branches of the tree, then

subsided enough to take possession of his treasure. While it was being passed from hand to hand, the head of the pedler was turning from side to side, his eyes keenly searching the shrubbery on either hand, and his whole person assuming the attitude of one who intently listens.

"Now, Rosy, I will give you dis chain for jis eight kisses," said Pete, approaching her with the tempting bauble in his hand. The olive cheeks of the young girl blushed, and she drew back with a forbidding gesture.

"Well, if you promise to dance wid me, once den. See how handsome dis will look on your neck. Jis one kiss!"

Rosy looked at the chain and looked at Pete, and looked again at the chain, whose pendant locket sparkled brightly in the sun, the chain conquered, and submitting her cheek to the young man, she allowed him to clasp the chain upon her neck, amid the jokes and good-natured laughter of the whole group.

"But where is Louis?" exclaimed Crissie, the nurse, in an anxious tone.

"I saw him but a moment ago," said the pedler, "cantering down yonder walk. He is enjoying his new horse. And now, what else can I sell you? Pins, needles, thread, or what else?"

"I will take a paper of pins," said Crissie; "How much are they?"

"Six cents and the horse of the little master is ten."

"Here then is the money for both."

"Will no one buy anything more?—well, then, my business is accomplished," and a peculiar leering smile settled on the face of the man, as he rose, lifted his box and bundle, and strapped them to his back.

"Good bye, ladies and gentlemen!" said he, with the same disagreeable smile.

"Good luck to you all! I must travel ten miles further to-night." And amid the farewells of the happy group he walked rapidly away.

"Now, uncle Joe, you take de banjo, and we'll hab a little dance to-night," sang Pete, whose musical talent was never at a discount. "Come, Rosy, you know you are to dance wid me, and we'll have a grandiferous break down."

"No, Pete; you dance genteel. I nebbber demean myself by dancing dose are low, plantation dances. You ought to be shamed to perpose such a ting," and with a very dignified curtesy, Rosy accepted the offered hand of Pete, who led her to the set already arranged in the order for a country dance.

"But where is Louis?" said Crissie, again. "I can't dance—I must find Louis;" and leaving her companions to the enjoyment of their favorite amusement, she ran down the walk the little boy had taken, the echoes of the park giving back the call of "Louis! Louis!" but no reply from him.

"He is hiding to frighten me," said Crissie to herself, and an undefined fear stole through her heart. "Come, Louis, darling, come home! Louis! Louis!"

She ran through the shrubbery and towards the woods that sloped quite down to the garden enclosure, at the rear of the house, but no Louis replied or appeared, to relieve her anxiety.

Pretty soon she was back in the group who were still engaged in their dance.

"Has little marse Louis been back? I cannot find him anywhere. O, do help me look for him!"

Instantly there was a scattering of the good-natured dancers in all directions. "Don't be frighten, Crissie, he can't be lost. He is cantering away on his new horse. We shall soon find him." But there was not one among the number who did not feel a vague dread for which he could not account. Every avenue, every path and thicket was explored. The edge of the woods thoroughly examined, the river-shore traversed up and down for two miles, but not a trace of the lost child could be discovered. One by one the returning servants came into the verandah, stricken with silence, and looking into one another's faces for counsel which came not; soon their fears took a new and selfish turn.

"What will become of us? What will become of Crissie, when marse and missis comes home?" and uncle Joe shook his head, and his compressed lips told of a dread to which he did not give language. Again they consulted for a few minutes,

and dispersed in every direction, calling, shouting the name of "Louis," and exploring every nook and avenue of the estate, but in vain, and at nine o'clock all had given up the search. Wheels were soon heard approaching, a carriage drove up to the door, and they knew that their master and mistress had returned. "O, Lors, Almighty, what I do now?" ejaculated Crissie, and the terror-stricken woman sunk fainting to the floor.

To be continued.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Thou art not here, my earliest friend,
Thy counsel and thy aid to lend;
And when the storm-cloud hovers o'er
My darksome path, thy voice no more
Can waken hope, or banish fear,—
Guide of my youth, thou art not here.

No more I meet thy look of love,
Pure as the smiling stars above;
That look, which nerved my heart to bear,
When on the verge of dark despair;
'Tis past, and when my soul is sad,
Thou art not here, to make it glad.

Spring cometh, and her skies are clear,
But thou my mother, art not here:
Thou who didst teach the creeping vine,
Beneath my window, where to twine;
Thou who didst rear the blossoms gay,
Henceforth, forever, art away.

Thou art not here amid the flowers,
I see thee not, in twilight hours,
And yet I sometimes think I feel
Thy spirit's presence o'er me steal;
Pure as the breath of evening air,
To heal the heavy pain I bear.

Webster, Mich., Aug. 10.

Now when *we* sorrow we know who also sorrowed; we remember whose agony the still heavens looked upon with all their starry eyes, whose tears moistened the bosom of the bare earth; whose utterance of anguish pierced the gloom of night. Now too, when we sorrow we know where to find relief; we learn that spirit of resignation, and under what conditions it may be born. Thank God, then, for the lesson of the lonely garden and the weeping Christ; *we*, too, may be "made perfect through suffering."

MORAL CULTURE.

BY REV. B. PETERS.

In two different numbers of this periodical, I gave articles on culture : first, on *physical* culture, and then on *mental* culture : now I propose to conclude the series, by giving a brief synopsis of some reflections on *moral* culture.

It was the object of my first article, to show the importance of *health* ; of my second to point out the importance of *knowledge* ; and it will be the leading object of the present article, to insist upon and to enforce, the importance of *goodness*.

If you will carefully look into the nature of the body, the mind, and the spirit of man, and the laws by which they are governed — if you will consider the relative importance of these complex parts of man's nature and their proper education, and then contrast the facts thus obtained, with the ordinary conduct of man toward man in relation to these things, you will find that man's moral instincts are essentially right, and that we generally deal with each other according to the principles of Justice.

See how we sympathize with a sick man, how we are drawn towards him by this sympathy ; we even regard it a high and worthy exhibition of Christian charity to give such an one all the aid and comfort in our power. We do not actually feel a sympathy for an ignorant man, and yet we kindly tolerate him, and under some circumstances, will even pity his ignorance. Though the sickness or ignorance may be the result of gross violations of physical or mental laws, our knowledge of such violations will not materially change our feelings or our conduct toward the negligent. We may entertain very kind sentiments toward the negligent. We may entertain very kind sentiments toward such, because their misfortune is a personal misfortune, and does not touch the deep springs of moral welfare. But how changed our feelings, when a man loses his character and becomes disreputable ; when he sinks into downright dishonesty, and becomes reckless in his habits ; then we shun him, — we instinctively recoil from him, and soon feel a growing aversion toward the

spirit and tendency of his life. If any sympathy is ever felt in behalf of such, among good people, it can only be after circumstances come to their knowledge that palliate the guilt, and that convince them that the evil habits or the crime, were not in their inception, so serious as they appeared on the surface.

Now why are such our feelings — our feelings almost invariably ? The answer is apparent, and is one that has an important bearing upon the subject we are considering. It points out to us, as though done directly by the finger of God, the importance of our moral nature, and the respect we should ever pay to the laws by which that nature is governed.

God, in this way, distinctly says to every parent : — " Though you neglect everything else, do not neglect the moral training of your children. By all means see to it, that they become good, that they are well trained in honesty in kindness, in temperance and in truthfulness." In this way He also says to the young : — " As you value your life, your good name ; — as earnestly as you desire to rise to a position of honor and respectability in society, be sure to lay, in early youth, a good foundation for your moral nature ; and by careful watching through life, erect thereon a sure and stable character." To us all He says : — " Nothing is more important in life, than goodness of heart and integrity of character ; and though indifferent to every other good, never suffer yourself to become indifferent to this. Indifference in this respect, can never be suffered to pass with impunity."

I presume all right-minded people are ready to accept this axiom ; that it is the great — the crowning object of life — *to grow in goodness*. And this is to be obtained only, by proper moral culture.

By moral culture we refer to all those instrumentalities by which we foster and cultivate " the purest and most refined of human excellences, every generous affection, every benevolent disposition, every ennobling virtue, and every exalting aspiration."* Morality has its groundwork in the very nature of the human soul, and di-

*Pur'. of Ex'. 12mo., 1850, p. 79, as quoted in Fleming's Vo'. of Phil'. p. 475.

rects our attention to the highest ends for which existence has been conferred upon us. The questions of morality are those that pertain to the motive power by which immortal beings are impelled. The laws of morality are those that govern man's higher nature,—the laws by which he is guided into the right, and by which, in every high and exalted sense, he is taught *how to live*.

1. In seeking to cultivate your moral nature, you should remember that morality is concerned in all voluntary human actions; and that it is its office to determine what, in human conduct, is *wrong*, and what is *right*. Never allow yourself to grow into that peculiar condition of moral indifference that sometimes takes possession of men, and brings them to look with a good-natured eye upon everything that transpires around them. It is true, we often meet with those who are morbidly sensitive, and who shun not only that which is sinful, but also that which is perfectly innocent; and yet it is better to see a friend who is over-anxious on these grave and important points, than one who manifests a *slipshod* indifference.

"Free and easy" young men, careless young women, who don't care what kind of company they keep, what hours of night, who think there is no special harm in engaging in any kind of excess, and who are always ready for any sort of mischief, are not safe when they get too far away from a kind and watchful mother's fostering care. They are too much like a thistle-down, easily blown about; you do not know where they will land, take root, sprout, grow, and bring forth a harvest of evil seed. They are like a helmless barque driven before the wind, with no power to keep off the breakers. Remember that you have a moral nature, that this is the noblest part of your being, and that it becomes you to know that there is such a thing as wrong in the world, and that to *run the wrong*, and to do the right, is the highest and holiest duty of man.

The sooner you accept this fact and act upon it, the better it will be for you. The time may come, if you do not heed this warning in season, when you will regret your neglect of it, with a broken

heart and with scalding tears. Do men and women in this world ever weep? Do they ever wring their hands in despair? Is this world all a comedy—does not the tragic often mingle in its scenes? Are not human hearts often broken, and human hopes baffled and destroyed? If so, inquire into it, and you will find that no tears are so hot as those that roll over guilty cheeks; no anguish so keen, no despair so relentless, as that which lacerates a breast smitten with a stricken conscience! No heart is ever so utterly broken, no hopes ever so completely destroyed, as in the breasts of those in whom the ruin is wrought by moral indifference and crime!

I have known men when they had lost property, and I have seen them bear their trials with patience. I have seen them when their cherished idols have been broken, when their homes have been invaded by the destroyer, when the ashes of the dearest form have been borne away to the grave! They have wept, and wept bitterly! But never have I seen men weep, as I have seen those weep who have been overwhelmed by some great shame, whose homes have been invaded by guilt, and whose threshold has been crossed by the officers who came to avenge violated law!

A misfortune of the former kind is like a clean cut, that soon heals over again, and leaves little or no scar behind; but a misfortune of the latter kind is like a torn and lacerated wound, that may heal up again, but leaves an ugly scar in the flesh.

The navigator who would avoid wrecking his ship, must study the laws of navigation, and must acquaint himself with the coasts and harbors along and around which he would sail; so you, to make a successful voyage through life, must study the laws by which the conduct of a human being should be governed, and apply the knowledge of these laws to the various situations in which, in the course of life, you may find yourself placed.

2. But again:—Your moral culture, you should observe, is concerned with your relations to *persons* and not to *things*; and its aim should be to develop within your heart a proper appreciation of the obligations which these relations involve.

The relations of life are manifold. You sustain a certain relation to the air which surrounds you, to the water you drink, to the food you eat, to the garments or the fire by which you are kept warm. Pure air inhaled gives vigor to your body, charged with noxious gases it may be charged to poison. Fresh water taken in proper quantities slakes thirst, but were you thrown into it and submerged, it would soon put an end to your career. Fire controlled and regulated is a great blessing, but when it breaks away from restraint and gets beyond human control, it becomes furious and destructive to the last degree. The relations involved in these things, are those in which science deals, and with which the common every day experiences of the world make us familiar. With these morality has nothing to do. However important the facts of astronomy, the questions of geology, or the laws of chemistry; it may be ever so essential that you should understand the laws of physiology, be able to count the number and tell the uses of the bones and muscles in your system; it may be well for you to know how food is digested, how the chyle is formed and the blood circulates; yet all these facts and laws are only secondary in importance, and involve relations that are purely physical and not moral. Your moral relations pertain to your better nature, and are concerned with the obligations that exist between yourself, your fellow-men, and your God. It is in these higher relations that your most important responsibilities and duties are involved. Here we come to the threshold of what, in the highest practical sense, may be called religion.

And here, let me ask, what in the fewest possible words, does religion demand? It demands that you should be true to yourself, to your fellow-men, and to your God.

(1.) *Be true to yourself.* You should remember that whatever the laws of morality require is for your good. Though the good should not be apparent, and the duty may lead you through trial and difficulty, it is, nevertheless, for your good. The good may seem uncertain and doubtful, yet, as sure as God is a God or jus-

tice and of love, the line of duty which He marks out for us, leads at last, through however many intermediate steps of difficulty, to the goal of our highest good. You will ever find, as wisdom grows upon you, that in obedience to the requirements of God's law, you can alone find the fruit of the spirit; and "the fruit of the spirit, is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth."

(2.) *Be true to your fellow-men.* Your relations to your fellow-men are varied, depending somewhat upon the connection in which you stand toward them. The familiar terms:—husband, wife; parent, child; brother, sister; friend, neighbor; imply relations that are usually esteemed the most sacred. You are in duty bound to love all men, even those of the lowest and humblest degree; but your relations to those that live under the same roof with you, or to those who move in the same social circle, are so intimate that you should never allow yourself to become callous or indifferent to the law of love which they prescribe. There is more in this subject than we may at first imagine. To enter fully into the spirit of this subject, you must go down into the depths of your own heart, you must fathom the affections of your loved ones. You must find out how much you and they can do to make each other happy, how much you may also do to make each other miserable.

But our moral duties are not wholly confined to the sphere of home; the world opens up before you a wider field of duty. Remember that the world, however large, holds not within its arms, a single human being whom you are not bound to love. Toward all men you are called upon to cultivate whatever is excellent in human conduct, whatever is generous in affection, whatever is benevolent in disposition, and whatever is ennobling in virtue. In the smallest as well as in the largest thing by which the welfare of others is affected, you should seek to be temperate, affectionate and just. And this, not as a habit forced upon you by the common laws of civility, but as something that comes spontaneously from your heart. As in everything else, you should seek to be yourself—seek to be natural—so in this. Make good-

ness and moral excellence a part of your daily life.

(3.) *Be true to your God.* God has called you into existence. He has placed you in the midst of all this world contains. He has given you freedom of will to choose between the good and the evil. To some extent, and no doubt ultimately for your good, he has left you to yourself. He has given you a conscience to guide you. He has made you capable of feeling pain, and of experiencing joy; pain and joy are possibilities involved in every sense God has bestowed upon you. You can touch, taste, smell, hear and see. You can think, and you can reason. You can think wisely or foolishly, reason well or ill. It is your duty, therefore, not only to make God and His will your study, but you should be grateful to Him, and cultivate for him a devout and supreme love. You are to look up to God as the fountain of your better life. And His love is to be the breath and inspiration of your soul. In a moral sense, far more intimately than in a physical, do you in Him "live, move, and have your being."

In cultivating your moral nature, you are to begin, first of all, with God. You must regulate yourself aright in your relations toward Him. Once in the right attitude toward God — cherishing toward Him the true spirit and a genuine faith — you will find it a very easy task to regulate yourself aright toward your fellow-men.

As you stand by the side of the cradle, and look down upon the young child sleeping there; as you think of its probable future, of its joys and sorrows, of its trials and disappointments, of its wisdom or its follies, of the scenes through which it must pass, and of the possibilities of good and evil that lie wrapped up in that little sleeper; what prayer, as the mother kneels down by the side of that cradle, can she offer up in behalf of her babe? what can she pray for, but for this? "O God! Thou who hast given into my care this immortal treasure, give me the wisdom to direct its footsteps into the path of wisdom. May its heart be, by time, impressed with a deep and holy love for sacred things; and may it grow up under the guidance

of thy Holy Spirit, attaining to every excellence in moral character."

As you look upon the young man or woman flushed with health, and filled with buoyant hopes, who is just passing from the innocence of childhood to the trying period of maturer years; what are your thoughts, what the substance of your prayer for him, but this:—"O, Thou who numberest the hairs of our heads, who hearest even the young ravens when they cry, and who dost guide the sparrow on her wing; guard this young soul, keep it in the hollow of thy hand, and help it to a realization of all its fond expectations. May its hopes be more enduring than desert shrubs, that are so tempting, seen from a distance, but that change to ashes upon the lips when gathered. May it early learn to put its sole trust in Thee; and may no diverting power ever succeed in drawing its feet into slippery paths."

And as you look upon an old man whose locks are whitened with age, and stands in feeble form on the brink of his grave; what thoughts are yours then, what can they be but these:—"Old sire, thy days are few and short. Soon, very soon, thy shadow will forever depart. Life's experiences have written many a precious lesson upon thy heart. Thou knowest, if ever it can be known, how utterly vain are many of the hopes and fond expectations of youth. Thou knowest, if ever the fact can be known to mortal man, that they, and only they who put their trust in the Lord, and who walk in virtue's ways, are ever truly blessed; and that ever, in time and in eternity, "the fruit of the spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness and truth."

—•••—

How many men in business are there who steer by their ledgers, and who virtually act upon the principle of making money in any way that they can! How many politicians, eloquent in the cause of liberty, whose regard for freedom is the regard of an owl for the day-light! How many like these are there who really have any Sinai or any decalogue higher than some official chair, or more vivid than the stamp on a gold eagle?

OUR SOLDIERS.

BY E. A. MATHER.

"Why are your eyes so red, good dame,
And why do you sit alone,
Still and pale in the chilly night,
Upon the cold door-stone?"

"My eyes are red with weeping,
I cannot bear the light,
I cannot sit by the cheery hearth,
While he is out in the night.

"For O, my bonny, bonny boy,
Has gone to the wars away,
Ah me, how proud and fair he was,
In cap and feathers gay.

"And he kissed me o'er and o'er again,
And bade me never cry,
The while the tears were shining bright,
In his own sweet blue eye.

"Since then I cannot rest at night,
For visions of the slain,
I see him lying mangled, dead,
Upon the battle plain.

"His fair hair dabbled in his blood,
His blue eyes closed in death;
And then I wake a shuddering,
And gasping for my breath."

"Good mother, give to me your hand,
I too have said 'good bye,'
I too have clung to a soldier's arm,
And seen a tear-stained eye.

"But I would not let him linger
One moment at my side;
Go, go, I said, with smiling eyes,
My precious one, my pride.

"Go, Liberty is wounded,
And our country calls her brave—
I'll weave a laurel for thy brow,
Or cypress for thy grave.

"The train rushed by and caught him up,
And I was left alone;
What can we women do, but give
Our heart-throbs every one?"

What a power has the mind evinced in astronomy! Its vision extends into future ages, before which the years of the earth dwindle to nothing. Its calculations are prophecies. It makes a chronometer of the sun, an index of the comet. It sets the long marches of eternity to the chime of the morning stars. What is this power? Does it perish with the body that engirts it? . . . It cannot be. Mind is deathless.

SELF-ABNEGATION.

BY H. G. P.

"He that loseth his life, for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."—JESUS.

Self-abnegation to some, — often to an alarming extent, even to immolation—has been practiced by religionists of all nations and creeds, in all ages of the world. But from the self-immolation of the heathen widow upon the funeral pile, down through all grades of penance and sacrifice, it is not uncharitable to affirm, that selfishness, instead of self-forgetfulness, has formed the basis of action. And it is safe to say, that many in this day and country, practice what they term self-sacrifice, in order to secure the hope of safety and bliss for *self*, in the future life. All these classes, various in kind and degree, fail of the desired object, — that of saving their life in the true sense.

The heathen widow does not lose her physical existence more surely, than do those devotees of the error, in all its forms — that somehow we mortals can *do* something to gain the favor of God and immortal blessings—their spiritual or real.

The sayings of Jesus are beautiful in their simplicity, always aiming at the motive instead of the act. I will venture an opinion, as to what the Scripture text does not mean; and, first, it does not mean that he who loseth his physical life, shall, because of such loss, gain the spiritual or divine life, as that life may be enjoyed, through the required loss in this world; nor does it mean that he who loseth his mortal life for the sake of Christ and his gospel, shall gain *thereby* the immortal, for this would be making the greater subject to the less; the immortal being the gift of God through Jesus Christ, cannot, certainly depend upon man's work, nor can I believe that the character of the immortal life depends upon mortal conditions, for then, again, would the greater depend upon the lesser, and be subject to such dependence, in all its changes.

To illustrate my idea of the Scripture quoted, I will take, for example — the mother. Here we see self-forgetfulness. As the mother gives her time, her care, her toil and thought, to the necessities of

her tender charge, what life, what richness of life, does she experience in thus losing herself in the expanding life of her offspring! Does she feel herself a loser by any sacrifice she can possibly make of this sort? Is her happiness lessened by making her children happy? does her patience grow less, because so constantly exercised? does her love decrease, from its ceaseless overflow? O, no! the real life of the mother, the beauty and fulness of the maternal character is best nurtured through this channel. The true mother carries her children in her heart, and they absorb her affectional and spiritual nature, and while she loses all selfishness, her real self lives more abundantly through these, and as the prism to the sun's rays, so are those children to the mother's love; they concentrate, but to divide and show forth its glory, and thus is the mother glorified in her children. She thinks not, either of losing or saving herself, and here is the secret of self-surrender; it is in love, the superabounding love for others.

Apply this principle to the Christian. The Christian is in love with Christ and his spirit, and is so absorbed into Christ, "that the life he now lives, he lives by the faith of the Son of God." That faith is, that all for whom He gave *His* life, shall know, love and obey God, and of course, love each the other; "love God with all the heart, and the neighbor as themselves." The Christian, in living and striving for this, forgets himself, in his solicitude for others, but in thus losing himself, grows up into the fulness of Christ. Oh, how blessed the loss that brings such gain!

Upon the same principle, the officer, whether civil or military, saves his official life by losing himself in the good of his subjects, nor can he secure the real glory of his office in any other way. The theme is prolific, we can only hint at its suggestions.

But the source of this truth we trace to the great Creator and Father. He created all for his own glory, in this light and in no other. Every creature he has made lives in the heart of the Infinite Father of all, as the child in the heart of the parent, and they must so absorb his nature, his

love, as that He shall dwell in them, even as they dwell in Him, for God, even the ever-living One, gives the sure proof of His Godhead and Fatherhood in the fulfillment of this blessed principle or law, and His glory will be complete, only when "He is *all in all*."

Norwich, Conn.

KYRIE ELEISON.

BY MISS MARY C. PECK.

My God! my God! my God!

I rent the heavens with my bitter cry,
My seven-fold heated furnace is so hot,
I cannot see the Son of God hard by;
Then Satan said,
"Curse God and die."

Be pitiful, O! Christ!

In this fierce heat my flesh and sense expires,
All meaner things all baser passion dies;
In these refining heats, these trial fires,
Thee, only Thee, my soul desires.

Come then, dear Lord at last,
Close by my side in these temptations stand;
Give me thy help, bid Satan hence depart,
I wait to touch again thy helping hand;
Lord, lead me through
This weary land.

MY COUSIN.

BY MAY CLIFFORD.

"Cousin Henry, I am ashamed of you."

I spoke it as if every word weighed a pound.

"Well, it's a fact," said he. "My name is on the roll, and I stand my chance of being drafted. But if I am—"

"Then what will you do?" I said, with the least touch of sarcasm.

"I shall start for Canada directly, and if I am chased and overtaken—"

"Then what will you do?" put in my grandfather.

"Then I'll climb the nearest tree and fight it out, but I *won't* go to war!"

"Henry," said I, in the lowest key of my alto voice, "if my own brother said that, I'd disown him!"

Henry laughed. "Now, cousin Lu, see here;" said he, throwing himself on the sofa, and his head into my lap.

"Remove your head, sir, and don't call me cousin till you change your sentiments," said I, pettishly.

"Just as you say, Miss Lucy; but please hear my statement of the case, before you call hard names. Now I don't pretend to as much patriotism as you and grandfather, here; but still I have got a little, and don't want to see the old ship go down, and all that. Yes, I think I have as much of the article as they'll average, take the country through, soldiers and all. But it looks rather tough, when a fellow has been sick and miserable for two years, and just got able to hold up his head and go to work again, that he must be packed away into those Virginia swamps, and treat his constitution on poisonous air, and wet feet, and sentinel duty three nights out of four, — to say nothing of the marching and fighting, which are the easiest part of the job, in my opinion. No; let the boys go who don't know what suffering is; but considering my health for the past two years, I can't see my duty in that direction."

Having thus delivered himself he straightened up with the air of a man who had discharged his duty.

"I agree with you, Henry," said my grandmother. "I think you feel just right about it."

Grandmother and Henry always agreed. She was a conservative, while grandfather and I were double ultra-radical.

It was between sundown and dark of a summer day. Grandmother, a cheery old lady in a very fussy cap, sat in her rocking chair at the window, idle, strange to say, with her hands folded across her lap. In another rocking-chair, at another window, was her husband, much after the same pattern, save a little plainer and stouter, Henry and I, as I have said, on the sofa.

"By the way," said I, "did I ever tell you of our first volunteer, at school?"

"I never heard it, any way," answered Henry.

"It was a year ago," I resumed, "when the war first broke out. I was deep in the mysteries of geology one morning, while my room-mate gave the last touches to her hair, when we saw one of the boys coming down the sidewalk towards our boarding-place at a double-quick rate. In he came without knocking, and up the stairs at three bounds.

"'What's the matter?' said I, laughing, as he opened the door, but sobering with a look at his face.

"'Wood has been sent for,' he said breathlessly. 'His company are going to-morrow, and he starts for home in two hours. We want to get him a revolver, or the money for one,—what can you do?'

"'We can do our part,' said my room-mate quietly, pushing pen and paper towards me.

I wrote a subscription paper in a twinkling, though I found time to add "God prosper the right," by way of giving vent to my feelings, and we went out among the girls. There was half an hour before school-time; when the bell struck, we had twenty-five dollars on the paper.

Wood was a new scholar; had been there only three weeks, and none of us, at least of the girls, knew him, except by sight. It was not his going away that we cared for, particularly, but it was the cause and the occasion; the thought that he was to be the seminary's first representative on the field. That was enough to drive us wild with enthusiasm.

So the school came together. The Scripture reading was one of the Psalms, in which David prays for the overthrow of his enemies. The prayer breathed fervent petitions for our brother and the cause; and we sung America, many a voice faltering before its close. During the presentation, the whole school was in tears, and the husky voices of the speakers could hardly be heard for the sobbing.

Then the school was adjourned for an hour, and we went out on the green under the flag, and had speeches from the boys and cheering, and tried to sing the Marseilles Hymn, but the girls all broke down. There was a Southerner among us, who had come from New Orleans not long before, I really pitied him that day. He took off his hat respectfully when the flag was cheered, but not a cheer from him; and while the other boys were talking in knots of two or three, or walking arm in arm, he stood apart and alone. He made his speech, however, with the rest, being called upon by some who were curious to hear what he would say. He spoke well; expressed his esteem of his friend, admired his following his own convictions of du-

ty, although they led him to turn against his home and all his interests; wished him safety, and that success might attend the right, on whichever side it might be. But you should have seen the fire flash into his black eyes, and his thin lips compress, as he said, "but there'll be a foe to meet!" Ah, he was a true Southerner, fiery and haughty, but a noble fellow at heart. He's in the Northern army now?

"Did you convert him?" asked grandfather.

"No; reason and judgment did that, when he had been North long enough."

"But your soldier?"

"O, he went home — and stayed at home."

"Didn't go!" said Henry, triumphantly.

"No; and what was worse didn't return the money, as any gentleman would."

"O ho! another instance of your bogus patriotism. But it was a pity that all that sweetness was wasted on the desert air. Pray was that an example of your seminary?"

"No, sir," said I, with some spirit; "it was only the exception that proves the rule; and you would say so if you knew how many of those boys are in the army now. They did not wait for drafts or bounties, either. They had other than pocket-motives, I assure you."

"Don't get personal," said he, with a slight circumflex accent.

"Wounded birds always flutter," I answered. "But you were not in earnest when you said those dreadful things, were you?" I added coaxingly.

"About volunteering, yes; about the draft, well, I wanted to see a display of your indignation, and took the easiest way of doing it. But soberly and honestly, if I am drafted I shall go, of course, without any ado. I am willing to take my chance and abide by it."

Grandfather looked relieved; and I concluded that Henry was not so bad a fellow after all.

We had planned an excursion for the next day, to the mountain whose rocky wall forms a kind of background to the village. It was the seventeenth of June, and a salute of guns greeted the sunrise,

—faint, far-off echoes of old Bunker Hill. The morning was just cloudy enough to be pleasant, and we only waited for the slight dew to dry, before setting off, basket in hand, for a day in the woods.

We took the long, circuitous path up the south side, — a pleasant ramble, and not tiresome, for we stopped often to rest. Used as I was to forest-paths, everything seemed brighter and fresher this morning, than usual. There was such a rustling of the new, light green leaves overhead; and such a wealth of delicate viney foliage wreathing all over last year's dead leaves, and sweet wild flowers, with leaves of pale, clear, almost transparent green, found only in the shaded depths of the woods. The birds trilled their morning songs in the tree-tops, and the very squirrels that scampered up the beech, seemed to know it was June.

I filled my hands with flowers, while Henry "raised canes," as he said, "among the bushes."

"Don't pick flowers till you come down," said he; "throw them to the winds, and take a staff instead. You'll need it by-and-by, when we come to the climbing."

So armed, we chatted gaily along, now stealing carefully among the leaves, to watch a sly partridge, and anon discoursing learnedly over the little white petals of a wood flower. Then came the climbing, and at length the summit.

"Whew! but this is a June day!" said my cousin, wiping his forehead. "Try my fan, Lu," and he tossed me his hat. "Here, sit this way; not a look at the prospect till we get rested."

In a few moments we stepped forward on a broad, high rock, and looked away to the east.

It is a glorious view from that mountain — gem of pictures, even in the great gallery of the Connecticut valley. The wide horizon was skirted by a long, low range of mountains, dome-like Acutney rising, faint and blue, in the far south. Below us was two hundred feet of jagged rock, with piles of broken boulders at the bottom, — a foreground for a painter. But, O, the enchanted middle ground! The broad, lake-like river, with not a rip-

ple to tell of its current; the reflection of bordering trees sleeping on its clear surface; the wide meadows, undulating like sea-waves. The village, almost buried, save its church-spires, in billows of foliage: and the whole landscape touched with those thousand varying shades of green, that characterize the early summer.

It must have been ten minutes before I spoke.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I said at last, turning to Henry.

"Considering the foreground, yes, very," was the answer.

"Don't get personal," said I, stepping back.

Discussing the contents of the basket, we somehow fell back on the old topic of the war.

"You are so enthusiastic about the soldiers," said Henry, "that I suspect you are engaged to one of those brave school-boys down there."

"Your suspicions are very wrong then," I replied. "Besides, if I was engaged to a soldier, I should be married before he went away."

"Why so?"

"O, because I should feel better to be; we should be sure of each other, then; and if he got killed, I should have a right to mourn. And you know," I added, "it's so much more interesting to be a widow than an old maid."

"But if he come back about half killed, sick or crippled for life, then would not you repent?"

I grew eloquent; as if it were not enough that he should bear toil and suffering while I remained in ease at home; and as if the scars of war were not more honorable than all titles! It could not be a woman's heart that would repent for such a reason.

"Lucy," said Henry, throwing himself on a bed of soft moss at my feet, "if you are not engaged to a soldier you ought to be."

"How do you make that out, cousin?" said I, laughing.

"Not cousin," he said, speaking slow and earnestly; "only adopted, and I want another adoption. With this for my bounty," he took my hand, "there would

be no hardship I could not bear, no duty I could not meet. Lucy, three others,—our glee club—are ready to go, if I will. It is for you to say."

All this was so strange, yet it came so naturally, I was hardly startled. I looked in his face, and in its changed expression, I read what I was to my cousin Henry.

"Must I answer now? I would like to think of it a little. It is an important subject, you know," I said, smiling.

"I must go over the hill and look up the division line for grandfather. I shall be gone two hours, perhaps three: will you answer me when I come back?"

"I will."

I watched him out of sight, and then sat down. I was confused and trembling now; so I laid my head on the cool moss and closed my eyes, till I grew tranquil. Then I looked into my own heart. We had been playmates—my uncle's adopted son and I, though we had not met for several years until this summer. I had found him handsome, educated, agreeable, nay, more; good and true-hearted. But could I love him? And then I turned another page, and read what I had never dared to read before; that for two years I had been throwing away my heart's best gifts almost unconsciously. Ah! it was bitter knowledge to come then. It had been a fancy, a pleasant dream, until now; but now that it stood between my cousin's heart and mine,—“It must be conquered and forgotten,” I said, rising to my feet. The soft moss was yielding. I stepped upon the rock, and stood firm.

I looked away to the south. Far, far beyond that horizon, a fearful strife was raging; and sons and brothers and lovers stood in serried ranks, and faced danger and death; while to many a home in this smiling valley sped the swift dart of bereavement, and left wounds bleeding silently. Hitherto, I had been but an idle spectator—now my time of sacrifice and triumph had come. “Three more are waiting for me,—it is for you to say.” Yes, I would marry my cousin, my friend.

For an instant I felt heroic. I thought of the din, and clash, and roar of war,—the noble words and the daring deeds—“the sudden making of splendid names”

—the stern devotion to duty—the unyielding martyr-spirit, caught from Bunker Hill, and brighter glowing in millions of hearts, on this, its birthday. And 'we who staid at home! I thought of the Spartan mother, the Roman matron

—“Teaching her lord,
How harmless is the wound of death.”

The Greek maidens, wreathing their hair, to embrace their heroes from conquest,—the American girl giving up her fondest dreams, that she might send another soldier to the field.

This mood swept by like the wind. After all, what should I sacrifice? Nothing except the parting from Henry. I should give up nothing that was mine to yield,—would do nothing but I might have done with no such motive. In accepting Henry, I should but seek my own best good and happiness. I sank down upon the rock, and covered my face with my hands. O, how miserably selfish I was! It was a strange two hours.

I laid my hand on the rough rock. The sublime words of the old Psalm came to me—“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” Truly “my soul was overwhelmed”; and again I laid my head on the moss, and closed my eyes, this time communing not with my own heart, but with the great Heart above. Again I grew calm, and rose saying, “the Lord’s way is better than mine.”

I looked down upon the beautiful village, and the church spires rising through the trees. A hymn we had sung in the white church the Sunday before, came swelling into my mind, and I sung the words softly, imagination supplying the full chorus and heavy organ chords. It was a deep, solemn, half-minor tune, such I loved, wedded to that grand old hymn,

“God moves in a mysterious way.”

I glided down the sweet words, my soul filled with the music.

“The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

The sound of foot steps came over the hill. I went out to meet him, and laid both my

hands in his. He drew me down beside him, and pressed upon my lips the silent seal of betrothal. And I, resting my head on his shoulder, looked up into the clear sky, and tried to be happy.

We walked home slowly; grandmother met us at the door. “Why, how tired you look, child!” she exclaimed.

“Any letters?” I inquired, in reply.

“Go and cool your face and find a thinner dress, and then we’ll see.”

I tried coaxing, but she was inexorable; so I went up stairs reluctantly. I did feel more comfortable on emerging, fifteen minutes later. “Please, grandma,” I called from the top of the stairs. She tossed up the letter.

A glance at it made my cheeks flush again, and my heart bound. I was vexed with myself—yet I would be foolish, just once more. I turned to go into my own room; no—not there. I went into the cool, darkened front chamber, raised the window,—not the one towards uncle’s—half opened the blind, and sat down.

Only one of those friendly letters I occasionally received; but it must be the last, and remain unanswered, so I might as well enjoy it. That clear, familiar writing! but it bore a strange post-mark,—the rendezvous of the new regiment. It must be he had enlisted.

I opened it hastily; glanced as usual at the heading, “My friend,” and the close, “Reynold.” In doing so, I caught the last lines. The letter dropped from my trembling fingers.

Then I took it up and read it through, folded it, and put it in my pocket. In all the letter, I knew but one sentence,—“My country first, may I hope to say Lucy next?”

For once I was wise. I went down stairs into the sitting-room, where grandmother sat as usual, with her sewing. I dropped the curtains, closed the doors, drew an ottoman before her, took the sewing from her lap, laid my head in its place, and, by way of prelude, indulged in a good cry. She knew me too well to interrupt till I raised my head. “Well, dear!” she said, gently.

I told her my story. She kissed me before replying, a thing she seldom did.

She had long wished it, she said. Henry was dear to her, but so was I. And from the wealth of a life's experience, she counted out my duty.

"Now please arrange some bouquets for the vases, before tea," said she, rising; "you neglected it this morning."

I understood her motive, but did as I was bidden, leaving them uncompleted at the sound of the tea-bell.

Strawberry cake, and the first of the season. Strange to say, I ate heartily; partly, perhaps, because I saw the motive again.

While I was tying up the bouquets, grandmother saw Henry through the rose-bushes, coming across the garden. "Poor fellow!" she sighed, "going like a lamb to the slaughter." She could laugh, but I fear my answering smile was rather dismal.

I met him at the door, hat in hand. "Let's go up under the butternut tree," I said, without waiting for him to speak. He looked into my face, and followed me, without replying.

I wonder how a thief feels when the stolen property is taken from his trunk before his eyes? Or the forger, standing before the man whose name he has borrowed? I think it must have been with some such feelings that I led my cousin across the fields to the shadow of the butternut tree.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, when we were seated.

For answer, I handed him the letter. I turned away my face, not daring to look up till he gave it back.

"And you love him," he said, half inquiringly.

"For two years, but I never knew how well until to-day."

He bent down and kissed me tenderly. "My cousin Lucy," he said.

I never knew Henry till then.

The next week Reynold came. Those blessed furloughs, that give the soldiers one more glimpse of home, to carry with them to the army, brought him to us for four days. Swift-gliding days of long woodland rambles, and sails along the blue lake beyond the mountains, and evening

rides along the river, when the fire-flies gleamed thick among the dark bushes. Happy days, to be remembered by the distant camp-fire, in the wearying march, or the lonely night-watch.

Older, graver than Henry, was my captain; not so handsome, others would have said; opinions differ. They were much together, and friends from the first.

"Four new recruits, Lu," said Reynold, entering the sitting-room the day before his departure. He showed me the paper; it bore the names of Henry and his three companions.

"I had hardly expected this, since you have stolen his bounty," I said.

And then I told him for the first time, the story of the day on which I received his letter. If I had feared any coldness or jealousy, I was disappointed. There was a new warmth in his greeting, and a new tenderness in his voice, as they said their brief good-bye on the morrow. Henry must have forgotten his long sickness, or some clearer light must have shone upon his path of duty. I believe his congratulations to me were sincere. "We can go without bounties," he said, "when such men lead the way."

I think grandmother's conservatism followed the drift of Henry's. She bore it bravely, only asking me with a little triumph in her tone, "if I was ashamed of him now?"

So I became what Henry thought I "ought to be," though not married as I had predicted. Foremost where duty beckons goes my soldier, wedded first to his country's interest and honor. And ever at his side, sharing all his toils and perils, and reaping, I trust, the reward and peace of well-doing, stands my cousin Henry. God knows whether laurel or cypress shall be wreathed about their brows. May He guard them in danger, and from evils worse than death, that living or dying, they may be His, and their country's.

I would rather fall into the hands of a good-natured sinner, than of a sour, old saint.

Morality is but the vestibule of religion.

I MEANT IT WELL.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

I meant it well! How often that expression,
Uttered in mournful, deprecating tone,
Came with the low and faltering confession
Of some unwise or erring action done—
I meant it well!

Alas, the plea! How poor and unavailing,
Upon the cold and common ear it falls!
As well to pour the echo of our wailing
Upon the dead unsympathizing walls—
We meant it well!

I smile in bitterness to think that ever
I could have uttered an appeal so vain;
Above the erring frustrated endeavor,
Have breathed the cry, in sorrow and in
pain,
I meant it well!

Yet who that lingers where, in sad procession,
Life's evening shadows lengthen from the
West,
O'er many an error, folly, indiscretion,
Sighs not, in murmurs from the full heart
prest,
I meant it well!

I scan the far-receding path behind me—
And see it thick with fallacies beset,
With many a mournful landmark to remind me
Of erring judgment, wayward deed, and yet
I meant it well!

But for the years mispent, the fruitless dream-
ing,
The resolutions broken link by link,
The world, that looks not 'neath the outer
seeming,
How would it harshly judge me, nor once
think
I meant it well!

We are too prone, the gentlest and the kindest,
To doubt the motive of the unwise deed;
Remembering not the keen-eyed, like the blind-
est,
May sometimes sadly stray, yet truly plead,
I meant it well!

Did we but heed the golden rule, to render
Unto our brother the same judgment we
Would ask, how little oft, the poor offender,
Had need to urge the deprecating plea,
I meant it well!

We should believe it, waiting no assurance;
Our own experience would the lesson teach;
O'er error's wrecks, and folly's vain endur-
ance,
Our hearts would utter, as the meed of each,
He meant it well!

O, trust in others! As a ruined altar,
Whose fire is quenched, the trustless heart is
cold!
Give me the faith, when those around me falter,
To say, as lips have said from e'er of old,
They meant it well!

And for myself, when nought, save recollection,
Still keeps the pledges yielded to its trust;
Living in memory only, may affection,
Inscribe one single sentence o'er my dust—
She e'er meant well!

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

My theme is not a taking one; I am perfectly aware of that fact. In some minds it is associated with the flat, stale productions, styled compositions, irksome and absurd efforts of early school-days. With others, it is a ludicrous reminder of the "burning effusion" of some fledgling poet or romantic essayist. To such readers, I will give the comforting assurance that I do not design to treat my subject sentimentally, but analytically and practically.

The world at large is sceptical upon the subject of friendship. It is a bubble, beautiful indeed, in the morning sunshine of prosperity, but bursting at the first breath of disaster; it is a pretty toy for the amusement of the young and unoccupied; a fine word, very convenient for the novelist, being an ornament to his pages; in short, a pleasing delusion for the soft-hearted. But, notwithstanding the multitude of arguments which can be brought forward to sustain the negative of the question I unhesitatingly espouse the affirmative—Friendship is a verity.

I don't say *disinterested friendship*. Those words should never be associated together. The moment that friendship becomes disinterested, it ceases to be friendship, and is merged into mere good will, philanthropy, or charity. Genuine friendship implies such a blending of sympathy and feeling, that joys and griefs are mutual. So, to give a pleasure to your friend, is to taste a dear delight yourself; to save him from a pang, is to ward off a blow from your own breast.

Well, friendship is a curious thing! Love itself is not more inscrutable. In some souls, love germinates unconsciously and slowly grows, until the passion-flower is blooming in full luxuriance. Again, a look, a smile, a word, and the electric spark enkindles upon two cold hearts, an immortal flame. So it is with friendship in its highest development. Sometimes it

is the blossoming of long acquaintance and mutual esteem, but oftener far it is the unreasoning impulse of two natures irresistibly attracted towards each other. No one expects a lover to give a reason for his love. Can you give a reason for your friendship?

Think upon the friend whose presence fills you with the most exquisite delight.

Why is he so near to your soul? Is it because he is beautiful, wise, and good? No; he may be beautiful, wise and good, but you know a score possessing these same attributes, and they are nought to you. Then why is he your friend? Echo answers "why."

Don't confound friendship with friendly acquaintanceship; it is little short of sacrilege to do so. It is like giving the names of the gods to clay images. Real friends are not every-day gifts, and one may live to be old and not experience a single friendship as high and pure as he is capable of enjoying. Indeed, human friendships are never fully satisfactory. You may have weaknesses of which you would not have your dearest friend become cognizant, and surely you have sacred thoughts and precious hopes which you never breathed to mortal ear. Forever and vainly, is the soul yearning to be *fully understood* by some other soul, and strangely inconsistent with this universal desire, is the shrinking back from such a revelation.

Therefore, we are ever asking for something more. Even when life's sky is cloudless, and love is true, and friendship sweet and strong, there is still a vacant niche in the heart, and a voice from the innermost is calling for *one more friend*, wiser and more magnanimous than all the rest. The most harmonious friendship possible cannot silence that yearning voice. But when the restless heart is pointed to the Infinite and Universal Friend, we have the solution of our problem. God, and God only, can love and understand his children as they would be loved and understood.

Accepting this truth, we shall not be unreasonable in our estimate of the nature of friendship, nor expect of it more than is possible for us to receive.

There are friendships of the head, formed through intellectual sympathies and literary interests. These are often very ardent, and the source of the liveliest happiness, while they last. There are friendships of the heart, where the purest affection links soul to soul. And there are friendships of accident or circumstance, brought about merely by propinquity.

Friendship partakes of the nature of everything upon the terrestrial globe; it is often mutable; but because a friendship fades and vanishes away, it does not prove that it was not genuine. We have all lost friends. I do not refer to those who have gone before us to the beautiful, unknown land, they are more surely ours than any of the living; nor to those whom cruel misunderstanding or loss of respect wrenched from our heart's embrace, but to those we have lost through mutual changes of thought and feeling. We have *grown apart*, with a dreary sense of loss from those once inexpressibly dear.

It is a bitter moment when you first become conscious that your friend is less to you than he once was. He is just as noble as before, his voice is just as kind as ever, but there is an impalpable something between you, which neither can define. There is no more magnetism charging the heart of each, and speaking in touch, and voice, and glance; you are growing apart inevitably. Once, his smiles warmed you to your very heart's core; once his words stirred your inmost soul, but his smiles and words are no more to you than those of other men. You hate to give up this friend; it is a hard experience to lose what has been so precious; you try to reason away your vague impressions, and cling blindly to the vanishing joy, but vainly: for though your feet may tread the same paths, in outward ways, your souls are turning into different spiritual channels. Then at last you see the truth and yield yourself to necessity; but for a long time you are tender to the memory of the old affection.

Therefore never pride yourself upon the number of your friends, but occasionally add one to the list, if possible, that you may never be left alone.

But, after all, I do believe that some

friendships are eternal, and that they will add richness and beauty to the glory of heaven. Such friendships at the very beginning, must be harmonious, and have in them the elements of equality. Not that the parties must be alike in age, experience, nor position ! not necessarily alike in intellectual power and degree of culture ; but there must be equality in the highest sense. The texture of the soul must be similar, and the depth of heart and mind corresponding, and there must be a balancing of opposite characteristics. Friends drawn together under such circumstances must be friends forever.

In one's circle of acquaintances, there are always some standing very near the charmed boundary line of friendship, and a chance word, a trivial incident, or a sudden revelation of feeling, may send them with irresistible force into the circle of your love, and they are henceforth your friends.

Be wise in your election of friends, for your character as well as happiness is greatly affected by the nature of those so near to you. But after all, you cannot always be on your guard, and sometimes you are taken by storm. For the first time you behold the countenance of a stranger, and it wins upon you powerfully ; it may be the very face that has haunted your dreams for months. You take him by the hand, and there is magnetism in the touch. You converse, and there is a meaning for you in his tones. You look fully into his eyes, and your souls are *en rapport* at once.

You can't tell how it is done ; you can't help it, and wouldn't if you could ; perhaps the door of your heart was left unguarded, or this stranger possessed the talismanic word of admittance ; be that as it may, in the purple robes of a new-born friendship, with confident air and princely tread, he has entered the temple of your heart. He stops not in the vestibule, but pressing through crowds of common friends, seeks to penetrate, and finds a seat beside the tried and treasured friends of years.

It is a moment richly freighted ; you are thrilled with the joy of a new possession, and all at once tropical-like warmth

and sweetness bathes your inmost soul. It is pre-supposed that such a spontaneous recognition of spiritual kinship is always mutual, and most exquisite is it to believe yourself thus received into the heart of another.

But on earth every joy and blessing has its corresponding possibility of anguish and disaster. The dizzyest height overlooks the most fearful depth. So this exceeding joy may turn to very bitterness. But taking this circumstance in the most favorable light, admitting that this new friend is worthy of your ardent love and admiration, you are even then in a critical position. Reaction *must* follow. You have received this friend with his countenance dazzling you from the radiance which your imagination mantled about him like a halo. You have placed him too high, above the weaknesses of frail humanity. And just so have you gone to that friend.

I say re-action must come. You are both human, and must in time behold in each other the guise of the mortal. Ah, then a cold shadow falls upon your spirit, and you think that the light which has gladdened you was but a cheating *ignus fatuus* !

But here comes the test of mutual genuineness. If this friend is worthy, you will realize it even in your disappointment that he has not proved the angelic being you fancied, and if you are worthy, you will cling fast to him. Be patient, and your relations will harmoniously adjust themselves in good time ; the misty shadow will be all exhaled, and then you will behold your friend as he is, and be well content to love him in spite of some few faults. If you pass safely through these experiences to this healthy state of mind, you are happy indeed, and are then capable of enjoying true reciprocal friendship.

Some people, upon the grounds of intimate friendship, obtrude their advice unwisely, criticise the most trivial mistake, and even censure with the air of a wise mentor. I shiver at coming in contact with such people, and beg that they may not be among my friends.

If you brush the down from the butterfly's wing, it will no more bear him aloft,

through summer breezes. Shake rudely the morning dew from the petals of the rose, and its brightest grace has vanished. There is a delicate charm about friendship, without which it becomes a very coarse and common thing; it is so subtle and ethereal that I know not what to compare it to, but you have felt it and know its power. If you would have your friendship retain this charm, which is like fragrance to the flower, or bird music to a spring morn, treat it very tenderly. The more intimate your relations with another, the more delicate and considerate should be your conduct. Though the cold forms of etiquette may be dispensed with, the most refined courtesy should dictate every word and action.

Would I not advocate frankness and allow one friend to help another by advice or gentle reproof? Surely; and unselfish affection will dictate the true and delicate course to be taken.

In friendship as in everything else, the Golden Rule is the best one to follow; it will make you true, generous, and unexact, and be likely to win for you such friends as will follow you faithfully through sunshine and storm, and through every vicissitude of life, even unto the time of its sun-setting. Reader, when your last hour has come, when earth with its delusive dreams is passing away, may fond friends weep that you must leave them; and when you open your eyes in the morning land, may glad friends there welcome you to heaven.

—••—
SONNET.

BY LIZETTE.

A quenchless thirst is in my panting soul,
A strong desire for some acquireless thing.
An unquiet sense that will not heed control;
Yet striving vainly, like the unfledged wing
Of some wild bird, in the dim forest born;
That in its air-rocked nest catches faint gleams,
And strives to soar to meet the burnished morn;
But foiled and weary, drinks the song of
streams,

Whose soft, sweet music, luring it to lave,
Wakes effort new, but ineffectual still!
Or, as the home-bound counts each land-ward
wave,

With heart-throbs, though winds mock his
storm-tried skill,

Thus striving, hoping, reaching onward ever,
The immortal spirit strives, and resteth never.
Oldtown, October.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXV. •

Epitaphs — Keats and Shelley, their graves in the Protestant burial ground at Rome — Spring influences — Palace and gardens of the Quirinal — Palazzo Spada — Statue of Pompey — Mutilated statuary — Laocoon — Dying gladiator.

"Here lies one whose name was written in water!" Because Keats in a moment of morbid bitterness occasioned as much by physical disorder as by any unjust criticism, desired that these words (containing in themselves the very essence of a peevish invalid's complainings,) might be engraven upon his tomb-stone, should his request have been complied with, and the unhealthful sentiment so unjust to himself in his better moments, have been thus perpetuated? We trow not. If all the votaries of the tuneful muse, who, when attacked with a fit of the blues, (and from the very constitution of things it must be acknowledged no class is more prone to this sort of visitation,) make requests of similar character, were to have their morbid fancies chronicled upon sepulchral monuments, then, we say — heaven save the poets — and the people who believe in the divinity of their mission!

That this epitaph, inscribed upon the burial stone of Keats, in the English cemetery at Rome, has perpetuated a false impression, received, in regard to the cause of the sweet poet's death, is much to be regretted. It is not true that he died of a broken heart, in consequence of the cruel and unjust criticisms of those relentless "penny-a-liners;" — those vultures of the press, by whose talons many another noble poet, as well as Keats, has been barbarously torn. Though suffering keenly from this cause, aggravated by an unusually delicate sensitiveness which, at a time of physical prostration, wrung from him, upon the spur of the moment, this morbid sentiment; — no harshness of critical reviewers ever hastened his death, whom the White Angel had long before marked for his own. Of a disease of the heart the lamented bard certainly died, — and during its fatal progress, suffered all those bodily pains and distresses, with the mental anguish which is often an accompani-

ment of this insidious malady ; intensified in his case, by the natural fineness of his nervous organism.

In view of this baptism of suffering, through which his spirit was early called to pass, on its way to the upper temple, we may well say in the common mode of ejaculation, "Poor Keats!"—but not coupled with the idea of him as a martyr to the pen of a British reviewer, as is too frequently done.

It is but a sorry compliment to his genius, and an unjust appreciation of the common sense even, of one who possessed certainly some consciousness of his own inner strength in the realms of poesy,—to believe that he would allow himself to be killed by any random shafts of all the goose quills in the world, however malignantly pointed they may have been, and whatever biographers may say to the contrary.

Leigh Hunt, who was to the poet the same as an elder brother,—who kept him in the bosom of his family, during a portion of the time when he was suffering acutely in health, who, as editor of a London literary journal, wrote such delightful and appreciative criticisms upon his poems; he who knew the lamented poet as well as any other person could have done, declares the notion of Keats dying of a broken heart, entirely wrong. Upon this decision we rest our belief, glad that the author of that most exquisite poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," which, of all the sweet things he has ever written, always occurs to our memory in connexion with his name, is thus exculpated from the charge of so pitiable a weakness.

It was some satisfaction, however, while lamenting at the grave of Keats, that the objectionable inscription was recorded there, to find it engraved in such minute letters, as to require the use of artificial aid in reading it; for this purpose a pair of magnifying glasses were suspended upon the stone, for the use of visitors to this sacredly interesting spot.

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Thus sang Shelley, passionate worship-

per of the sea, and thus, as he yielded up his life in that element so much loved,—most fittingly is this sweet, weird melody,—so prophetic of his fate, carved upon the low slab which covers all that remains of the earthly form of him who, notwithstanding his avowed scepticism, was more spiritual in his nature, more pure and Christ-like in his habits and temper, than many a professed disciple of the Meek and Holy One, who condemns his character and influence, without stint, and without scruple, as all evil! Despite his bold revolt against time-honored opinions and institutions, and the reckless immorality which characterized his early effusions, the (latter of which, short as was his life, he lived long enough to regret), despite of his breaking away, in a measure,—according to his idea of right—from the restraints of law and order, while there is much to deplore, there is, we think, more to pity, to admire and love in his life, taken as a whole.

"*Cor, Cordium.*" "*The heart of hearts,*" inscribed upon his burial tablet, possesses a deeper meaning than that applied to the remarkable preservation of this part of his remains, during the process of burning them, in order to insure their removal, that they might rest by the side of those of his child, in this sacred enclosure, as also in accordance with a preference which he had expressed while living.

With the thought of this gifted child of genius—Shelley—arises his contemporary and friend, Byron. What a striking contrast do these two sons of song present! The really coarse nature of Byron, notwithstanding the polish of his writings, in contrast with the ethereal fineness of Shelley—the one a slave to public opinion even while loudly deriding it, the other, in his sincere loyalty to an inner ideal, perfectly unconscious of the speech of people, or indifferent to its tenor. Passing through the furnace of suffering had lifted the latter up into a higher, though not always a serene atmosphere, yet blest with glimpses of a brighter glory than the former ever saw in his loftiest poetic flights. Suffering, which goaded the one on to mad recklessness, was borne by the other with a patience as untiring as it was beau-

tiful ! Both living much in one short life — suffering much, — and both, we trust, risen to a better life than this feverish unrest which made up the sum of their earthly days.

"The Pyramid of Caius Cestius," on the boundary line of one side of this modern cemetery, looks down upon this enclosure in strange contrast to the sepulchral monuments of the present day. It is said to have formerly been sheathed in a coating of white marble, but now rises up dark and massive, at the termination of the old Aurilian wall, which forms a part of the boundary of this Protestant enclosure.

Still, in February — but spring, the beautiful, the glad-voiced spring, was looking forth smilingly from the hills of Rome ! The short, fresh grass was already spangled with daisies, (the day's eye ?) the pendant boughs of the weeping willows were beginning to look quite green with their feathery foliage, just peeping out from its sheltering sheaths. Birds were blithely carolling in the gardens, and the sunshine lay warm and bright upon the landscape ; while the soft airs blew balminly, reminding one of the latter May, or early June days, in our Northern home. 'Twas during this lovely weather that we were wandering among these green graves, the fresh awakening of nature from winter's repose, speaking eloquently of that immortal spring, for all God's human children. "If He so clothe the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you," O ! sleepers 'neath the verdant sod ? Aye, *hath he not, ere this*, given spiritual robes of beauty for perishing vestments, cast down into the earth-mould as no longer needed ?

'Twas on such a such a bright, rejoicing day, too, that we visited the palace and gardens of the Quirinal, where we strolled leisurely through the trim avenues, bordered, and even screened by the tall, dense growth of box kept so carefully clipped. Choice exotics, rare trees, and shrubbery — evergreen arches — shaded nooks and bright patches of shine ; statues, grottoes and fountains, made up the garden-show, which was, as a whole, stiff and formal.

From a wall close by the musical fountain, whose plashing water is made to do

rather poor duty as an instrumental player — good Stephano plucked us a coveted spray of delicate leaves for our book of mementoes. Quite a number of people were gathered around the musical wonder, apparently much entertained with the novelty of a water organ.

What a dreary, *dreary* thing it must be to be "His Holiness," thought we, as from salon to salon, we passed through the interior of the palace. Elevated too high above his fellow-mortals, by reason of the dignity of his office, to mingle familiarly with them in social, every day interchange of feeling and sentiment, and debarred from the sweets of family intercourse, surely that high ecclesiastical honor is gained at a painful cost !

Here is the room of audience where the Pope receives distinguished visitors : there is his sleeping-room : that other suite was occupied by the Emperor and Empress of Austria, at such a time ; this goblin tapestry was a present from Napoleon to His Holiness. In this salon His Holiness dines, *always alone*, (another instalment this, of the price of *superlative sanctity* ?)

But since the revolution of 1848, His Holiness has never slept in the Palace, and seldom occupies it at the present. The associations connected with it are not at all pleasant. He has not yet entirely recovered, we imagine, from the shock received in this palace, at that time, when assaulting cannon made it a most dangerous place of refuge.

Thus much learned we from the conductor, who showed us through the palace. We also saw some fine frescoes. In the principal salon of audience of the present Pope, is a frieze and bas relief by Thorwaldsen ; its scene is the entrance of Alexander into Babylon. Paintings of Raphael, Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, Domenichino, and other of the masters, adorn the galleries.

This same palace of the Quirinal bears another important feature in the Papal connections, besides that of being a place of summer residence, for the several successive popes during these long years past ; for here, is always held the sessions of that august body of Ecclesiastical Electors, upon whom devolves the responsibil-

ity of choosing a successor, when a vacancy occurs in the "Chair of St Peters."

From that balcony yonder, the announcement of the choice, is made to the waiting officials, and thence to the populace, who as a matter of course make a great jubilation over the event.

A visit to the *Plazzo Spada*, occupied another morning. This palace suffered considerably from the cannonade, during that last uprising. A large ball was shown us, and the fractures caused by its uncereemonious entrance into the building, at that time; happily however no irreparable damage was done, and the collection of Statues, Paintings, etc., is still open to the inspection of visitors. Among the former is the celebrated statue of Pompey, the authenticity of which has incited so much controversy. The fact being at last settled satisfactorily we believe, to those versed in the matter, that it is the veritable statue of Pompey, "*at whose base, great Cæsar fell.*" This is glory enough for one palace, and so long as it stands in its present position, the *Plazzo Spada*, will attract its thousands of visitors from the world's end.

A word here upon torseos and mutilated statuary in general,—"like you the contemplation of it?—art interested in examining such remains?" "Nay, dear madame Interrogation! On the contrary, these specimens, with which most of the old world collections are more or less plentifully interspersed, are always subjects of discomfort, sometimes of actual distress; giving one that shivery feeling experienced at sight of mutilated human beings." Proves the excellence, the very perfection, which those old Greeks attained in copying the 'living form?' "Ay, and grand studies too, have these same old broken marbles proved to hosts of moderns, who doubtless have received many a meed of praise for delineations, whose merit was in a great degree due to a faithful studying of these same antique piece-by-piece models!"

As for individual feeling, respecting these relics, we would never desire to look upon their like; but would prefer giving them a decent burial, instead of resurrecting them, as the appreciative art-world

has been happy to do. A poor compliment this, to these same, valuable relics? "Not so, friendly madam! but the very reverse if you please, it being a virtual acknowledgment of their superior excellence, the *perfect naturalness*, of their *human* resemblance."

Are we aware that this idea of putting out of sight imperfect statuary, would require the burial of the *Laocoon* in the soil of the Esquiline from whence it was exhumed, because forsooth, the father and both of his sons, lacked each a right arm? "Or the hiding away in the earth again the *Dying Gladiator*, found in the gardens of Sallust on account of the loss of an arm and being minus of toes?" "Ridiculous! thou knowest we never had such a thought! neither will we own to any such barbarous conclusion from our premise! These wonderful productions were *restorable*, not *hopelessly broken*; and it is only of *such* that we expressed that personal desire." True, Canova and others of good authority, claimed that the arm of the Father, and one of the sons of the *Laocoon*, were not restored in their original positions,—supporting this opinion with fair proof drawn from the group itself; but however this may be, it stands to the eye unbroken in its terrible reality, inciting the wondering admiration of appreciative beholders, and the horror of *one* foolish person at least, who was attracted *from*, rather than towards it.

Upon the *Dying Gladiator*, we could gaze with a continually intensified interest:—mournfully gaze, it is true, yet, the contemplation was elevating to ones human nature. Taken from actual "death, in life,"—from a real subject as we feel that it must have been. Unlike most other delineations of human suffering, this marvel of the sculptor's art, drew one spell-bound, without inciting those painful emotions inspired by other works of similiar character. The expression of patient endurance is deeply touching, while the fast receding life-tide, seen in the drooping head and relaxed muscles, gives one a feeling of glad relief, that the agony, borne so unflinchingly, is now deadened, and release from misery nearly won! Like the real presence of death its very nat-

uralness inspires awe in the beholder, and the utter isolation of the banned barbarian grappling with his fate alone, the victim of the haughty Romans cruel sport, is of itself a heroic poem, full of true grandeur, as well as touching pathos. M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Poets who sung of love, how they misjudged
Who mourned love's lavish bounty unto those
Requiting not its gifts. 'Tis not true,
By all the majesty of Love's completeness,
Wherein he moves a God, mid meaner forms.
By all the rainbows that his tears create,
The gems his sunshine kindles, 'tis not so.
Pales the deep purple of the starry halls,
Because last eve the hyacinthian shades
And dazzling sapphires lifted the rapt soul
Up, till it felt the heart beat of the stars.
And shall the clouds to-night be rift of crimson,
That flushed to carmine with the day-god's kiss,
When his good-night had flooded all the West?
Must love grow old with loving, as a flower
Dies with its sweetest heart-flush? Say
Is music circled by the waves of time;
Is beauty linked by Death-bonds to decay;
Must Glory run its cycle, and so end.
What shall the moonlight never more enchant,
Because it lit a Universe of bliss,
To one true heart, last midnight on the wave.
Nay, never tell me love has need of smiles,
And lover's tears and murmured words of
praise,

These make its sunsets and its mornings rich.
But, O! the sentiment ye title "love,"
Hath more of Heaven than Earthliness. And so
It lives right on amid the cruel drought,
The raging tempest, and the gentle rain,
Self-nurtured, self-sustaining and self-blessed.
It is so full of light, it fires the dark
Of this world's sorrow, as a ruby gleams
Even in the thickest blackness. As a star
Beams on a grave, or lights a dungeon floor.
As lilies on Death's bosom, as a word
Of simple kindness suns a furrowed face;
A tear-drop opes a fountain of remoree.
Oh, heart that struggles 'neath the tender
touch

That summons doubts to fling the magic off,
Saying the things that worldly wisdom chants,
Urging the arguments proud reason gives.
As—"Why yield I this worship unto one
Who may be half in earnest, or a cheat,
A painted evil or a changing lute,"
Giving sweet tones to any minstrel's hand;
And not the harp a monarch only sweeps,
That dies with his last touch. A bird
Of burnished plumage and delicious tones,
But finding refuge in the vilest breast;
I will be free. Love's flowery chains, alas,
Eat to your heart-strings. Tyrant, let me go
Back to the life I knew before I loved.
Ah me that world is desolate and cold,
Its sun eclipsed, its stars are pale and poor;
A sickly verdure on its dreary hills,
Its flowers are withered and the song birds dead.

Thus Love's revenge upon its rebel child,
Who thinks to wrong the loved one of a sigh,
Beggar him of a thought of tenderness,
Stint the full measure of the pure exchange
Of holy feeling, *wrongs their own poor heart*
Of so much angel rapture. See!
Love may not be exhausted, lessened, lost—
The heavenly spark goes never out in time;
That which is born of spirit may not die,
Or ever fade with blooming. Lo!
Ripening to glory, the love-freighted soul,
Lit from on high, no earthly gloom prevails
Against its radiance. True heir
To bliss, it yields the righteous claim
Not in all time or in eternity.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

The great elector, Frederick William I. of Brandenburg, was so very partial to tall men, that he was determined his body guard should be composed only of soldiers of extraordinary height. To compass this whim, he spared neither time nor expense. He kept recruiting officers constantly employed in nearly all the large cities of Germany, and gave them positive orders to secure every young man they should meet, who would measure over six feet.

From time to time a great number of persons disappeared. Mothers shuddered at the growth of their sons, while young brides mourned their lost husbands. Once a soldier and there was no longer a return to the home of his youth, or the beloved of his manhood. It was a fearful fate for those who loved peace better than war; the light of home better than the glory of the battle-field.

One day, these recruiters, while stationed at Dresden, met a man whom they were sure would measure over seven feet; in fact, he was a giant, one too of splendid proportions. Being disguised in the costume of citizens, as was usually the case, the easier to entrap their victims, they accosted him under some slight pretence and when he had answered them, they walked quietly beside him. Passing an inn, they invited him to stop and take a mug of beer. He acknowledged their civility, but declined, saying that he was a journeyman cabinet maker, and his master would discharge him if he was not in the shop punctually. As he passed on, one of them followed him at a distance and noted the shop at which he stopped.

A few days afterwards, the master of the shop received a call from a stranger of prepossessing appearance, who ordered a coffin of certain remarkable dimensions. They agreed upon the wood, the quality of the trimmings, the number of silver studs and the engravings for the plate, but there was considerable haggling about the price, the stranger declaring it an exorbitant one, while the undertaker assured, it was as low as he could possibly afford, considering the unusual size. There were some pretty hot words before they settled the matter, but they finally came to an amicable arrangement and one half the money was paid down, with the understanding that the coffin should be finished and sent home the next evening.

Accordingly at twilight of the following day, the gigantic coffin, draped with a heavy pall, was borne thither on the shoulders of four porters, the young journeyman preceding them, with the bill and screw-driver in his pocket. Arrived at the designated spot, they paused before the front door. It opened silently and a solemn looking servant, with dress as black as the cloth that shrouded the coffin, motioned them to go up a long, dim alley at the side of the mansion. Following his directions, they came at last to a small shadowy court, into which opened a rear door. Unseen hands drew it back, while a sepulchral voice whispered, "go forward." They obeyed, but the hearts of the porters, grim looking fellows as they were, quailed within them. A few steps, brought them to a pair of sliding doors. They vanished as by magic, and disclosed a spacious room, brilliantly lighted, but whose walls and windows were curtained with black. A dozen or so persons were assembled, all dressed as citizens, but in the deepest mourning, their faces hidden in their hands, as though their grief was too terrible to be borne. One of them, it was he who ordered the coffin, advanced from the circle and bade the porters place it on the floor in the centre of the room. He then remunerated them liberally and dismissed them from the house; the giant remaining alone with the mourners. They sat like statues, broken sobs only attesting their vitality. The chief one,

only he who had spoken to the porters, seemed able to command his feelings. He directed the pall to be removed, and then taking down a candle examined the casket with the utmost attention, a frown meanwhile distorting his forehead. Finally he spoke and angrily too: "This is not the coffin I ordered; it is neither broad enough or long enough; your master is a villain to attempt such a cheat; yes," seeing the giant color, "a villain and he shall either make me another within twelve hours or give me back my money."

The journeyman, who was proud of the honor of the shop, spoke up at last very firmly and declared that the coffin tallied, exactly with the directions given. "I am certain of it sir, for I made the measurement myself, remarking as I did so, to my master, that the corpse was exactly my own height, seven feet, two inches.

"Yes,—that's *his* height, and that's the measure I left, but *you*, you don't mean to say that you are seven feet, two, do you. If you dare to, you *lie* and I am not afraid to tell you so."

Stung to the quick by this bold language, the young man reiterated his assertion still more strongly, exclaiming at last, "I'll give you the evidence of your own eyes, sir, here," taking a pocket rule from his coat, "measure the coffin." The chief did so, it was seven feet, two inches. "Are you satisfied now, of my master's integrity," he demanded.

"Yes, yes, but you," and he swerved.

Without another word, the young man undid the screws, lifted the lid and stretched himself in the coffin, exclaiming as he dropped his head on the pillow, "see, see."

In a second, the recruiters were upon him, two of them guzzing his mouth, others binding his legs and arms, and others still boring air-holes in the sides of the coffin. Telling him to be quiet and fear nothing, for only glory awaited him, they screwed down the lid. Six vigorous men carried it immediately outside the gates of the city, where carriages, ordered beforehand were awaiting them. Depositing their burden in one of them, the horses were whipped up, and the coffin, with its living occupant, was soon borne safely to

the frontiers of Saxony, Arrived there, they halted, opened it, and dragged from it the poor young man, half suffocated, and nearly as white as a veritable corpse. They placed him between guards in another carriage, and when the rest returned to Dresden to practice their iniquity on some other unhappy wretch, the three proceeded rapidly to Berlin.

The Elector, overjoyed with this new acquisition, while he at once forced the young giant to enter his guard, took especial pains to render the service agreeable, and as he soon proved himself a fellow of spirit and courage, he rapidly advanced him. Unlike many other poor victims, this last one had no peculiar attachments to the city of his nativity, nothing, save a mere local love endeared it to him. An orphan, with neither brother or sister, there was none to mourn for him, none to be homesick for. The fair, blue-eyed girl who had stolen his heart from him, or rather to whom he had given his heart without a single love-look from her, he had seen pass out of the church door, a few Sabbaths before, in the dress of a bride. Why should he repine at the change in his lot. *Once* he made coffins! — *now* something to put into them. What mattered the name of the trade; since both filled up graves?

So reasoned our giant, and in time, he became as brave a young soldier as he had before been a steady mechanic. Nearer and nearer he came to the side and heart of his monarch, till at length he named him his squire; he should have said *Saviour*, for so he turned out. At the famous battle of Fehrbellin, the elector was mounted upon a snow white horse, a splendid mark for the Swiss, and many a bullet whizzed over and under him. The squire perceived it and under pretence that his master's horse was fractious under the heavy fire, persuaded him to exchange steeds. Alas, alas! Scarcely had the faithful domestic sprung upon the back of the noble white charger, ere a ball pierced his heart. Verily to the elector, it was life out of death.

The rebellion of atoms would be universal anarchy.

THE IMPATIENCE OF HOPE.

BY MAY OLIFFORD.

Come sweet new year!

We hear thy footsteps falling soft afar, ¹
And waiting Freedom holds the door ajar.

Come, sweet new year!

Beside thy portal, bowed and sad she stands,
Her blood-soiled banner in her drooping hands.

Come, sweet new year!

Thy crown of promise on her brow we see,—
Her hope, her strength, her life,—are all with thee!

Come, sweet new year!

And let thy gladness from a thousand bells,
Peal out the hope that in her bosom swells.

Come, sweet new year!

Grim War sits trembling in his banquet hall,
The dread hand-writing flames along the wall.

Come, sweet new year!

The long-bound captive lifts his fallen head,
Amazèl, expectant, listens for thy tread.

Come, sweet new year!

The mourning millions wait, with tear-wet eyes,
The blest fruition of their sacrifice.

Come, sweet new year!

The long, long ranks swept down in truth's ⁵
defence,
Await in thee their glorious recompense.

Come, sweet new year!

With snows of peace veil all the gory sod,
And bring the days acceptable to God.

—•••—
All natural results are spontaneous. The diamond sparkles without effort, and the flowers open impulsively beneath the summer rain. And true religion is a spontaneous thing, as natural as it is to weep, to love, or to rejoice. No stiff, cumbrous, artificial form can be substituted for it. The soul that possesses it breathes it out in good words and good deeds from a natural impulse. It rises to God in devotion, it flows out to man in kindness, as naturally as the dew-drop rises to the sun, or the river rushes to the sea. It acts not from mere interest or fear. It is seraphic exaltation of being, throbbing in harmony with the will of God, from which right action follows as a matter of course. As God does good because he is good, so does the truly religious soul.

THE RESURRECTION.

Is it Simultaneous or Individual?

NO. IV.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

Do the Scriptures distinctly assert the doctrine of a universal and simultaneous resurrection? A partial reply to this was made under the head of another inquiry. That was:—When, immediately after death, or at some future date, in a general resurrection, shall we enter the life immortal? Our conclusion was, immediately after death. The bearing of this conclusion on the inquiry touching a general resurrection is evident. If we live, and live forever, immediately when the transient darkness of death has dispersed, we cannot of course rise from the dead at any subsequent period; we cannot take part in any general resurrection; nor can there, in that case, be any such event among the arrangements of the future. In answering the one inquiry of our double question, we do likewise solve the other. But let us turn back upon another consideration which, we think, materially strengthens our position in regard to the New Testament teaching on this topic.

It is of considerable moment in satisfying us of the correctness of any opinion which we think we have deduced from the Scriptures, that large numbers of other minds have deduced from them the same opinion. We are quite aware of the danger of leaning too strongly on such a support. We do not forget that the Romanist points to the immense majority of Christendom, as endorsing the tenets of his church, and deems that majority an item of no small weight in his controversy with the Protestant; that the Trinitarian relies on the same consideration in his dispute with the Unitarian, and the Limitarian in his with the Universalist.

Yet though, as these instances evince, it is an argument which may be misapplied, and is but little reliable in questions of keen polemics where men's passions have been ranged angrily on opposite sides, that it is still an argument, and one of some strength, no student of human nature will deny, who reflects how naturally all men fall back upon it; how, when they are of

the party of the majority, they comfort themselves that it is in their favor, and how, when of the minority, how well satisfied soever of the truth of their own views,—they yet feel their want of it, and yearn for it, and by their lack of it are excited to frequent re-considerations of their position, to re-assure themselves that they are indeed in the right, notwithstanding the multitude of minds against them.

But when from questions of intellectual reasoning and debate, we come to those rather of perception and feeling than of thought, and when from articles of creeds, in whose defence or assault men are implicated by self-esteem and party spirit, we come to some quiet sentiment in men's bosoms underrunning their creeds, and perhaps, as in this case, running contrary to them, then the argument from the unanimity of a large number of minds, becomes one of very weighty force indeed.

Now, what is your impression as to his then condition, when you are standing beside the body of some friend from which he has just escaped? Nay, what is your expectation regarding the first step into eternity which you yourself shall take, when, from your dying bed, you disappear from the eyes of the tearful group about you? Is it that you sink into some long, dark slumber, in which you are to repose till the trumpet of the archangel shall awake you on some far-off future, resurrection morning? Or is it not, rather, with a very sure, though reverend confidence, that instantly you shall enter upon a state as conscious, and as full of life as this is?

Well, we think we do not hazard much in averring, that this is the individual confidence of the immense majority of Christian hearts. Great diversities of opinion there are as to the conditions, whether painful or pleasurable, guilty or holy, in which each of us shall assume our immortality. But even among those who deem the deeds of this life, or to speak more truly, the temporary disposition of the soul at death, decisive of our eternal fate, and moreover, who look forward to what they call a general judgment in the distance, there is yet, we opine, an almost unanimous coincidence in this, that good

or bad, happy or miserable after death, we shall begin at once to live again, and live forever. Exceptions there are, I know, but they are comparatively few.

Now this is no question of intellectual acumen and discussion, or where it has at times been made so, the dispute has had no effect in altering the convictions of the mass of Christian minds. It is too, less an article of creeds, than a quiet sentiment of the heart, which gleams it silently, almost unconsciously to itself, from the New Testament, without much heed to the sectarian formula which perhaps asserts, perhaps contradicts it. Now, we say that, on a topic of this kind, unanimity of opinion, unanimity of impression rather, as to what the doctrine of the Scriptures teaches, is of very great value to strengthen and encourage our own persuasion that they do teach an instant resumption of life after our escape from the body.

We are not unaware that it may be thought that this harmony of feeling is but a result of the innate and universal abhorrence of extinction; that we shrink from the thought of even a momentary oblivion, and that our desire easily blossoms into our belief. We wish to live again instantly, and so we persuade ourselves that we shall.

There is just enough of truth in this reflection to give it plausibility. We do so wish, and fain would believe it, no doubt. But that we therefore could, without the help of Scripture, is refuted by the case of Socrates, and thousands more, who have ardently longed, but who, without that help, have sorrowfully failed to believe. "It is time for us to depart," said he to his judges, as he left the tribunal which condemned him to death, "I to die, you to continue to live; but which of these is the better lot, is known only to the Divine Being." Listen by contrast to Paul. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5: 1. And that the unanimity of our desire to wake again to instant being would be sufficient to produce such a unanimity of faith as does obtain among Christian men on this point, were the Scriptures either

opposed, or mute on the subject, is disproved to every one who, on another topic, where our desires are even more unanimous and stronger, has heard the expression from the lips of devout men, "O, I do wish I could believe as you Universalists do, that all will at last be saved; but the Bible will not suffer me." Be sure, if that were not very generally felt to endorse the heart's wish for life immediate, as well as life immortal, there would be just as great diversity of view on this, as on a hundred other matters on which Christian opinion is divided. And that it does, is just another of the many correspondences, convictive of its divinity, between the word of God written in the book, and the word of God written in the heart. The one writing, that within us, reads, "I would not only live alway, but I would never cease to live." And the other, in consenting reply, "Thou never shalt; to die is gain; absence from the body, is presence with the Lord." And so plainly does it so speak, that almost all who deservy in their hearts the wish, find and understand in the Book, the promise and assurance which crowns the wish. And that they do, that so many do, is, as we have said, a consideration of no mean force, in convincing us of the correctness of our own impression that we do see such a promise there.

Secondly, on this point, and it is a very noteworthy consideration in evidence of the power with which the Scriptures impress us with the persuasion of an immediate resumption of existence at death—the separate passages in which they avowedly teach us this truth are few and unobtrusive. Yet, it is the inference which is most naturally taken up from them by the mind of almost every ordinary reader, which he bears away with him from their perusal, and carries about with him daily, in a firm assurance that the close of his mortal, is the beginning of his immortal being. And again, on the other hand, there are passages, which, if not so numerous, are certainly much more obtrusive, commanding the eye, and arresting the thought, and rousing the fancy into the highest realm of the sublime, which, in terms of richest rhetoric, depict to us a

general and simultaneous resurrection of mankind, for whose arrival — if we read these passages literally — it would seem that we must lie in the grave meanwhile, and wait perhaps for ages. Now what we would note, is this: that despite these descriptions, and their apparent meaning, and their effect upon us while reading them; they disturb only for a short while our ordinary impressions, and that speedily we subside into our customary conviction, — our conviction, so steadfast and uniform, that it seems an instinct, — that once dead, we are forever alive. And the fact that this feeling rules and holds us, notwithstanding our reverential confidence in the passages which seem to contravene it, and that in men of strong faith it is just as firm an expectancy of their spiritual thought, as it is of their earthly that the sun of to-morrow will spring directly out of the darkness of to-night, is surely very weighty proof of the force with which the general tone of Scripture lodges it within us.

When such men read xv. of 1st Cor., or the last paragraph of iv. of 1st Thess., they do so with devout deference for the truth of these chapters. That truth appears to be, the doctrine of a future, general resurrection, and, as a consequence, an intermediate abeyance of the life of individual souls. So most of them, perhaps, understand it. Well, what permanent effect has this impression on their expectation of an instant re-admission into conscious being, when the shadow of death passes, and eternity widens before them? None! They are momentarily puzzled, perhaps, to reconcile it with their usual style of thought. But they rise from their reading, their perplexity subsides, they have gathered from the apostle's words just what he designed they should, an additional confirmation of their assurance of immortality. But in reference to what he seems to teach of a previous sleep in death ere they enter upon it, ask one of them, "When you die, my brother, where do you expect to be!" And the substance, perhaps the very words of another verse of Paul's spring to his lips, "to die is gain, to depart is to be with Christ."

And they are right in so cleaving to a

truth everywhere insinuated throughout the New Testament, even though apparently opposed by two signal but highly figurative and scenical representations which seem to cumber and embarrass it.

Again: Christ lived no earthly life after he rose from the dead. He was a denizen then of eternity, though at intervals "he showed himself," "he appeared," — such are the expressions, — to the dwellers in time. From his first disclosure of himself to the Magdalene till his ascension at Bethany, his interviews with his disciples are no longer of the character of his mortal intercourse. Not as of old the meetings of daily life, they are manifestations, apparitions. So they felt, so we feel. We may not discern and recognize it, but we feel it. There is the air of the unseen about him, and a coming forth from its secessies, as we see him joining himself suddenly to the two going to Emmaus, "whose eyes are holden that they do not know him." It is no longer an earthly Jesus who comes silently among the twelve in the shut room on the evening of the first day of his recovered immortality. And so in every one of his recorded visits to them, he glides out upon them from the parting air. The form is familiar, but only in appearance earthly; in texture and substance heavenly, — the spiritual body, the glorious body.*

* In confirmation of this view, that Christ's appearances after his resurrection were apparitions, kythings, as the expressive Scottish words it, — the moon kythes, when she comes out and *shows herself* from behind a cloud — vide Mark xvi. 9. "He appeared first to Mary Magdalene." And 12th verse; "After that, he appeared in another form unto two of them." Luke xxiv. 31. "He vanished out of their sight." John xx. 19. "Came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst of them." John xxi. 1. "Jesus showed himself again to the disciples;" and all the ghost-like narrative that follows, to the 8th verse.

And that his aspect was different, more awe-inspiring, vide, that last passage, especially 7th verse. John whispers to Peter, "It is the Lord."

Then in the 12th verse: "And none of the disciples durst ask him, who art thou, knowing that it was the Lord."

They felt that it was he, yet something strange about him repressed them. Matt. xxviii. 9. "Jesus met them [the women] saying, All, hail! and they came, and held him by the feet, and worshipped. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid."

And 16th verse. "Then when they [the elev-

And as we look on, we feel that there is a meaning for us, one on which instinctively we repose, as the first and dearest of the many proofs Scripture gives us, that when like him we die, in him we shall also live again, that "to depart, is to be with Christ," that immortality springs very speedily out of mortality, that, in a word, when a man dies, and immediately after he dies, he lives again. And so strong and convincing are the persuasions from this and other utterances of the New Testament, in favor of an instant assumption of life immortal when death has dealt with us, that, as we have shown you, nearly all Christian believers, differing on a score of other dogmas, differing even as to the circumstances and characteristics of this, yet agree in the essential point, that, mortal being ended, immortal being is begun.

In the second place. If then, such be the Scripture doctrine in respect to the future life, what construction must we place on those passages which seem to assert the dogma of a yet future, and universal resurrection.

These, in the New Testament, are only two in number. We need scarcely say that in the Old there are none. For that in the xii of Daniel, where it is said that "*many* of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt," is a prediction, not of the resurrection of all, but of many men, and by all good critics, I believe, is now applied to the national and political recovery of the Jewish people from the terrible oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes. In the New Testament, the xv. of 1 Corinthians, and the last paragraph of the iv. chapter of 1st Thessalonians, include all the information given us in the Bible on the subject.

We propose no searching or extended examination of these passages. We shall offer only a few general observations in reference to the dogma they are supposed to teach, and to what we think they really do teach.

en] saw him, they worshipped him, but some doubted." He was the same, yet he seemed not quite the same, and they doubted, but they worshipped.

In the 1st place: in this much at least, all Christians will coincide; that by whatever dogma, whether that of a simultaneous or of an individual resurrection, the doctrine enforced in both passages is that of a future and immortal life. But what provoked the apostle to elaborate that truth at such length, and so vividly as he has done in these two instances? His allusions to it in his epistles to both churches, the Corinthians and the Thessalonians, are frequent and decided, and doubtless they were so also in his personal ministry among them. They could not have been ignorant that he believed and taught it as an essential of the gospel. Why then dwell upon it in the two letters so largely, and with such care and force?

The causes were very similar at Corinth and Thessalonica. Some of the members of the church of the former city, though believing the resurrection of Christ as a historic fact, too recent and well attested to be doubted, were devoid of an equally confident faith in the resurrection of men. "How say some among you that there is no resurrection from the dead?" (verse 12.) Where a part were found using language so unhesitating in its infidelity, the apostle might well feel alarm for the general soundness. And to stem the spread of an unbelief so fatal to the whole Christian faith, he writes the earnest, vehement, and pictorial xv chapter of his 1st epistle to them. Similarly in the church at Thessalonica, we find that some were mourning over their dead, as he intimates, like the heathen who had no hope. And to them does he address that equally picturesque sketch in the iv of 1st Thessalonians.

His object in both cases, you see, was, not to furnish us with details of the mode by which we shall enter upon the future being, but to convince *them* of the fact that there is such a state, that "those" who to us seem to "sleep, shall God bring with him in Jesus." Now how shall he accomplish this with the greatest certainty of success? How shall he quicken and possess their whole minds and hearts with an assurance of it, which shall never forsake them? He is a Jew, they Greeks and Jews; all with the bounding blood of

the Orient in their veins, vivid of fancy, and familiar with imagery. Can he, no so describe, but so depict it to the eye that as they read, the sky shall seem to kindle with the glory of the Lord, and the air grow populous with departed multitudes, while with a shout, "with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God," Christ shall sweep from heaven to catch them up to himself and to those already with him, once lost, still loved, and now their own again in the Lord, and with the Lord forever!

Jesus, while on earth, wishing to predict the overthrow of his foes, the deliverance of his friends, and the recompense to be bestowed on those among their countrymen who befriended them,—who ministered unto them when they were an hungered, or athirst, or sick, or in prison,—throws his prophecy into drama, and the Son of Man ascends the throne of his glory, surrounded by multitudes of his Father's angels, gathers all nations before him, separates them as a shepherd his sheep from his goats, setting the protectors and friends of his disciples on his right, their adversaries on his left hand, themselves before him, and makes their cause his own. Then, with the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me," promoting their Benefactors to the Kingdom of his Father,—thus realizing his promise that he who gave even a cup of cold water to a disciple, should have his reward,—he expels their Adversaries into an everlasting banishment from the Holy City, and the Temple where dwelt the Presence of the Lord, and to a torment which should burn like everlasting fire; and these go away into everlasting punishment, those into life eternal.

Now if his Master, under such hyperbolic images, could thus symbolize the ruin of the Jewish state and people, and the deliverance from its persecution of his own adherents, whether believers or the patrons of believers, if the throne of glory, and its attendant angels, and the "all nations" * assembled round it, and all the

pomp and majesty of such a scene, was designed simply to enforce the fact that the cause of his disciples would be vindicated by the establishment of the religion of which they were the ministers, and the utter overthrow of its adversaries, does Paul assume too large a liberty, when, either in xv Corinthians or iv Thessalonians, to enforce the far more glorious truth of our resurrection from death to an immortal being, he too dramatizes, and sounds the trump, and summons the dead to rise simultaneously from corruption to incorruption, from mortal to immortality, till, roused by the grandeurs he has conjured to a rapture of enthusiasm, he peals forth the shout, "Death henceforward, is swallowed up in victory; Oh Death, where now thy sting, where now, O hell, thy victory?"

There is another remarkable coincidence between these extracts from Paul, and that from Christ. Both, scenically crush into the lapse of at most a few hours, occurrences which actually pervade all time. The demolition of Judaism, and the secure establishment of Christianity, were only the initiatory incidents which signalized the assumption by Christ, of the moral and spiritual government of mankind. He then entered upon that kingdom which had been prepared for him and his followers from the foundation of the world, and these were the conspicuous intimations that he had begun to reign. Yet they only are specified and illustrated with all the wealth of the most transcendent imagery. But that reign of the Son of Man, to which he elsewhere alludes when he tells us that the Father hath "put all things into his hands," and "has given him authority to execute judgment, (exercise government) because he is the Son of Man"—extends over all time, claims us and all Christian peoples as its subjects now, and will find its consummation only in a universe reconciled to holiness and God,

Matthew,) where he speaks of the beginning of the sorrows to come on the apostles. "Ye shall be hated of all nations. Verse 9. And before that generation passed, and "the end" came, "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations." Verse 14. Not a thirtieth, nay, not a hundredth part of our all the world, had heard of the gospel at the time thus specified.

* For the loose sense in which this comprehensive phrase is used here by Christ, let the reader turn to the preceding (xxiv chapter of

whether in eternity or time. And all this is hinted in the first verse of the paragraph, which shows us the Son of Man for the first time, securely seated upon the throne of his glory, with all the holy angels for his ministers. There he mounts the seat from which he is to descend only when the whole creation is won back to God. "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, till death, the last foe, is vanquished, and God all in all."

Yet in the scene he shows us in the xxv of Matthew, he sums up, and comprises the events of thousands of years, in the visible transactions of a drama, which, if we take it literally, might be compressed into the interval of an hour. And so Paul, in one grand tableau, represents a series of ten thousand, it may be ten millions of years. Nearly nineteen hundred of them have elapsed since he painted it, and myriads of human, have become heavenly spirits during their passage. And, irrespective of his details, of the accompaniments and accessories of his representation, every one of these, we believe, dying in Adam has been made alive in Christ, every man in his own order, the order of his succession from death to immortality.

We think it quite likely that along with a conviction of the truth of a future life in heaven, the two churches he addressed, might also receive from his depiction, the impression that the entrance on that life was to be solemnized by some imposing manifestation to the world at large, of an opening heaven, and a descending Christ, begirt with heavenly legions, halting in mid air, and, first summoning to his side those who had already died in the interval between his death and his re-appearance, catching up next, together with them in the clouds, those still alive and remaining, that so all should be forever with the Lord.

They might, too,—nay, from 2 Thessalonians, we learn they did infer from his vivid sketch in 1st Thessalonians, that all was to take place speedily, in a very few years, perhaps a few months at farthest. Of this mistake as to the accompanying manifestations of the resurrection, and the precise term when their immortality should

begin, so he could but possess them with a vital faith in its reality, the apostle would reckon but little. When, indeed, their misconceptions on these points yeasted into a feverish impatience for the instant arrival of the coming of Christ, disturbing and unfitting them for their worldly duties, he admonishes them in his 2d Epistle, that they "be not soon shaken in mind, or troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word," nor by his own former epistle, with the anticipation "that the day of Christ is at hand;" and he beseeches the Lord to direct their hearts into "a *patient* waiting for Christ." (2 Thess. iii. 5.)

But, the main object of his communication, their earnest persuasion of the doctrine of their own and their friends' resurrection from the dead, accomplished, Paul cared but little, we suspect, what unessential misapprehensions they might mingle with it, as to the circumstances, or the exact period of its occurrence.

In regard to these, indeed, we are by no means certain how far he himself was enlightened by the Holy Ghost. The prophets of the Old Testament were inspired to foresee and to proclaim the coming, the life, the death, and the resurrection of a Christ. But *when* he should come, and what was to be the nature of the salvation he was to bestow, with a thousand other particulars connected with his mission—were withheld from them. Read their prophecies carefully, and of this one grand fact we think you will feel assured, that they foresaw and forespoke a Messiah of their own nation, who was to bring salvation to mankind. That fact they grasped with a firm and clear consciousness. But the details of time and mode, which they disposed around it, were obscure and uncertain. 1 Peter i. "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; *searching what, or what manner of time* the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand, the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." And I think it quite possible that Paul, similarly informed of the great truth of the resurrection of all men through Christ, and cherishing it as the most efficient motive of

his life, may yet similarly too, have been left to doubt as to the period of its accomplishment. "Of that day and hour," said Jesus, of the overthrow of Judaism, "knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father. (Mark xiii. 32.) That, hid from the Only Begotten, is it incredible that something may have been withheld from Paul, on a still more momentous topic?—that perhaps he looked for some startling demonstration of immortality to signalize the advent of that "day of the Lord," when the kingdom of his Master was to be delivered from the oppressions of Judaism, and liberated from its hampering connexion, by the overthrow of the Hebrew nation? Then "the Lord was to be revealed from heaven in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them who obeyed not the gospel of Christ." And with every allowance for the hyperbolic phraseology in which he predicts those occurrences, we do think we discern an expectation, now latent, and anon loudly uttered, of what he styles "a manifestation of the Sons of God" to the world. That he thought it quite likely that he himself might yet be alive when those events transpired, has always seemed to us the most natural interpretation of his expressions, and we are gratified to find it endorsed in the admirable Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by Howson and Conybeare. That some heavenly display,—perhaps some visible ascension of the saints, which, it might be, he might survive to share, would signalize the full establishment of his Master's church, when, the dawn past, the full bright day of the Lord began, that some such prospect as this fixed his thought, and even suggested some of his figures, is, to us, the easiest and the most natural explanation of many of his expressions. Let us read, as perhaps the most conspicuous passage which reflects this remark, 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you

by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Much of this is no doubt rhetorical and picturesque description, designed chiefly to carry the vital truth of the resurrection of the dead with such a vivid force into their hearts that it shall never be effaced; But under all the weight of imagery and illustration, we do think we detect in his mind, what elsewhere he calls "an earnest waiting for" some scene and transaction of which his sentences shall be, not a description, no, but yet a presage, and perhaps an indefinite sketch. Once already had a light shone round him from heaven, when, blinded with glory and bewildered, he cried at his conversion, "who art thou Lord? Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And, a heavenly manifestation, thus made for one man, should not a more affluent display of prodigy and splendor be accorded to the establishment of the church of Christ? That he should have thought so, is, I think, very natural; and that he did, is, I suspect, an idea which occurs often to the mind of every careful reader of numerous passages and allusions in his epistles.

Yet, assuming that he did so believe, it is not a universal and simultaneous resurrection at the close of all things earthly, but one partial and local. A signal event in the world's history! Yes: but one, which, passed, that history should flow on again with all its current of human activities and experiences as before, with this difference only, that each human soul as it departs from the body, becomes present with the Lord, that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ are all made alive, every man in his order." Whatever his expectations on the subject were, whether we are right or wrong in our conjecture con-

cerning them, this, at least, is clear, that they never for a moment disturbed his conviction that "to die is gain, to depart, and to be with Christ." If he were not alive and remaining when the Lord came, if previous to that event he died, why then "absent from the body, he should be present with the Lord." What can we make of expressions like these, but that, whatever expectations he might have of a demonstration of immortality of some kind possibly to be made at the coming of the Lord in the form of a partial resurrection, of this one thing he was very confident, that, prior or subsequent to any such occurrence, every human soul dismissed from earth by death, awake anew to life in Christ, and with Christ forever? This is the staple truth running under and running through all the argument and all the rhetoric of the xv of 1 Corinthians. And therefore, notwithstanding a verse or two apparently suggestive of a general resurrection, (and only two verses in the whole can be so construed,) very consistently and properly do we read that chapter as the burial service over all who die. For the cardinal truth it teaches, is, that dying in Adam, we are made alive in Christ, in the order in which we die.

Our conclusion is, that no doctrine of a general and universal resurrection of human souls is inculcated in Scripture; that a simultaneous resurrection can be believed consistently only by those who believe also in a general day of judgment at the close of all earthly affairs; that, as Prof. Stuart asserts, whatever geology may teach of the destruction of the world, Scripture is silent upon the subject; and so, that the only hope we ought to have of a future and immortal life, is linked, not to a universal and simultaneous rising from the dead, but to an individual and immediate resurrection of the soul from death, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. That is so manifestly the doctrine of the New Testament, that it is imperceptibly imbibed from it, even by those readers who think they also find there an assize of judgment, to which souls already adjudged to heaven and hell, are to be recalled and judged again. It is the doctrine inculcated by Paul even in those

dramatic passages where he represents to the eye, the transition of the spirit from earth to heaven, surrounding the scene with imagery of grandest splendor. And whatever may have been his anticipations of some unusual manifestation of the Sons of God at the coming of the Lord, it is still his doctrine, that before and after that event, all who die, leaving the body, are present with the Lord; that when we cease to bear the image of the earthy we begin forthwith to bear the image of the heavenly. The doctrine of a simultaneous resurrection is but an integrant part of that of a general judgment at the close of time. We have discarded the latter as unsanctioned by Scripture. Let the other follow for the same reason.

Death is another Life.

We bow our heads at going out, we think,
And enter straight,
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

Charlestown, 5th April, 1858.

"NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE."

BY REV. J. J. AUSTIN.

Hark! hear ye Humanity's wild wail of wo,
As the war-demon treads on her heart, torn
and gory!
See ye the gathered pomp, dazling and slow,
Whose cry is for battle, for conquest, and
glory!
List to the cannon's boom!—list to the rifle!
Hear the sharp ring of the sword and the
spear!
See the smoke lifting!—see the blood ripple!
See, the pale horse and his rider are near.
Thousands by thousands are stretched in their
gore;—
Ye widows and orphans, they ne'er may re-
turn!
Weep, shriek, scream to heaven! Your curse
evermore,
May it sound o'er the storm-voice in accents
that burn;
Great God! when shall War and its scourges
have flown
And Peace with her Olive-crowned glory come
down?

"Like as Noah's pigeon, which returned no
more,
Did show she footing found, for all the
flood;
So, when good souls, departed through death's
door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling
good."
Sir John Davies.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

BY E. A. MATHER.

Take me in your arms, dearest,
 And tell me once again,
 Love is not an idle dream,
 A phantom of the brain.
 Tell me Death shall not touch it,
 It lives in Paradise.
 Oh soothe me, oh give me rest,
 For weary brain and eyes,
 My brain is tired with thinking
 Of Death's dark mystery.
 My eyes are blind with weeping,
 That I soon must leave thee,
 For I know that I shall die
 Before the days of June.
 Listen to the wild March wind,
 How dirge-like is its tune,
 Ah, I should love to linger
 Until the month of May,
 When the fields and the gardens
 Are deck'd with blossoms gay;
 I should like my confined face
 Covered with apple-bloom;
 Its beauty and its fragrance
 Would hide Death's awful gloom.
 Oh, Love, you will not shudder
 At my poor sightless eyes,
 That so often you have said
 Were blue as June-dyed skies!
 And you will come and kiss me,
 Upon my death-sealed mouth,
 But you will not whisper then
 Of roses in the South.
 I have severed you a tress
 Of my warm, golden hair,
 When I am dust and ashes,
 It will be bright and fair,
 Oh, fold me closer—closer,
 There's darkness on my sight.
 Oh, dearest, can this be Death!
 Kiss me a long "Good night."

Pittsburg, Penn.

SCRAPS.

"Friendly persons," says the doctor, "always make friends, certainly among all right-hearted people; and as to the rest, we all have our little foibles, and for my part, I think I like a friendly-hearted man the better for having a foible or two—provided, of course, that they imply no meanness, nothing dishonorable, but rather spring from warmth of heart, simplicity, confiding frankness, and an unaffected love for some respectable, or harmless hobby."—*Dr. Oldham at Greystone.*

THE PURELY SPIRITUAL. — I know not when we shall hear pure Spiritualism preached by the authorized expounders of doctrine. These have suffered the grain

to mildew, while they have been wrangling about the husks of form; and the people have stood by, hungry and half-starved, too intent on the issue of the quarrel, to be conscious that they were trampling the forgotten and scattered bread of life in the mire. Thank Heaven, they may still pluck ripe ears of God's own planting and watering, in the fields!

J. B. R.

TO DEATH. — O, eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words,—*Hic Jacet.*—*Raleigh.*

The moment Christianity struck the earth it was evident that a new and astonishing force was in the world,—a force affecting the mass of humanity, and not merely a few individuals, a sect, or a nation. Yes, a new force it was, that burst, as it were, from the very core of the world, breaking the old order of things in pieces, dashing down its marble superstitions, injecting a distinct ~~peculiarity~~ among its granite customs, and leaving a chasm between ancient and modern history. That dividing line which no eye can miss, is the threshold whence the kingdom of God began its march through the earth. Since then it has been evident that a moral power is among men, accomplishing vast and blessed changes.

LOVE. — "We can never say why we love, but only that we love. The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong; but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine motives, and it can only look upward and be dumb."

"A solitude is never so lonely as when the wind sighs through it."

"A scourge is better upon our backs than in our hands."

Editor's Table.

The wild roaring of the wintry wind is making dreary music around my lowly dwelling, to-night. My little preparations are made for the pleasant labor of jotting down the rambling thoughts and fancies that have been gathering in battalions in my brain, ready to be put to paper, for your monthly entertainment, dear reader. Yet I hardly know whether my purpose will be fulfilled. The boisterous element, without, communicating something of its own unrest to me, urges me to physical activity rather than mental, and drives me from my seat beside the hearth.

I go to the window, and try to gaze out through the panes, against which the sleety snow every now and then comes swirling, and which, spite of the glowing fire shine through the huge stove's single eye of transparent mica, are still half covered with arabesques in frost-work. Without, the sky is black and moonless. Yet, through the columns of rosy light that fall perpendicularly from the windows, upon the great snow-shroud spread out over the earth, I see the snow-swaths sweeping over the lawn, and along the roadside, sifting through the horizontal bars of the fences, and piling up in huge drifts, under their lee.

It seems wild and solitary here to-night, and well it may, for I am alone in the house, and the house is far away from others. Not a thing that breathes is abroad, man and beast being alike driven to shelter, while the great wind goes wailing and moaning by, like a troubled ghost. Who is it — Gray, I think — that says "There is nothing in the wide-world so like the voice of a spirit." And how many and various are its tones, reminding us now, of those who are gone from us forever, now of lonely burial-places, and anon, of war-desolated plains.

"Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou
bearest a sound and sign;

A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with
mastery all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O, Wind! that gives
the answering tone.

"Thou hast been across red fields of war,
where shivered helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling notes of
a clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of
stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader
comes.

"Thou art come from forests dark and deep,
thou mighty, rushing wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons, in one full
swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hid-
den things and free,
Of the dim, old sounding wilderness, have lent
their soul to thee.

"Thou art come from cities lighted up, for the
conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of
haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings
in the hall,
The far off shouts of multitudes, are in thy rise
and fall.

"Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,
from ancient minsters vast,
Through the deep aisles of a thousand years,
thy lonely wing hath passed;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell,
the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief with sword, and shield, and helm,
to his place of slumber gone.

"Thou art come from long-forsaken homes,
wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices ling'ring there,
the loved, the kind, the true;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now
all changed and fled,
Be still, be still, and haunt me not, with music
from the dead!

"Are all these notes in thee, wild wind, these
many notes in thee?
Far in our own unfathomed souls their fount
must surely be;

Yes, buried, but unsleeping, *there* thought watches, memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are poured
through all earth's harmonies."

While I have been standing by the window looking out into the night, and in half dreamy tone chanting those beautiful, stately verses of the sweet English poetess, to myself, the storm has been busy and so have my thoughts. They have been hovering, semi-consciously, around the premises over which I have at present the felicity of being sovereign mistress, peering into the cattle stalls and stables, and inquiring vaguely into the comfort of their four-footed occupants; but just as the pleasant consciousness comes over me that everything that lives and breathes within the charmed circle of home is cozily sheltered from the fierce onslaught of the elements, a dreary cry reaches my ears. I instinctively understand it. But lest your sympathies, dear reader, should be too warmly interested for your peace, in its solution, I will not withhold it.

Certain birds, numbered among my possessions, of wilful natures, and withal arctic proclivities, that, persistently refusing to occupy the nicely sheltered roosts provided for them in the warm poultry house, have all winter long sought the highest, most exposed branches of the orchard trees for their nightly roosting places, at this very moment sit on their lofty perches, swaying in the wintry blast, clinging with desperate tenacity to the frozen branches, and every now and then, as a more furious squall than usual strikes them, uttering the dreary cries which just now startled me. Silly things! How like are they to some human creatures who, obstinately closing their eyes to their best good, cling frantically to some fatal folly, surrendering not their insane hold, even when the cruel blasts of danger, and sore disaster rave wildly around them! Who would think that brainless turkeys and human beings could so nearly resemble one another?

Apropos to this subject. I wonder what has become of the snow-birds that a few days since fluttered under the eaves and about the door? Beaten to death, perhaps, by the wings of the tempest, as were the robins a few years ago, when, led by some deceitful instinct, they sought their old northern haunts at too early a season. The wild storm came, as it has to-night, and raved and swept over the country for three long days, throwing down chimneys, tearing off shingles and clapboards, and otherwise disporting itself in frenzied and unfeeling fashion, as it does now. It was pitiful to

see the poor birds skirring away before it, screaming in their terror and distress, and seeking in vain for shelter from its cruel assaults. I thought of the nursery song I used to sing in my childhood:

The North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

But I had not wisdom enough to know how to teach them to adopt this sensible expedient, and so I went out and scattered crumbs, and spread pieces of soft, warm flannel for their poor little feet, in sheltered spots under the bushes, trusting that some instinct would guide them there. The little creatures seemed to understand it, and huddled together, nestling down upon the warm wool, but, alack! most of them, lay there dead when the storm was over.

And how is it with our gallant soldiers? for the snow-storms have extended far South this winter. and there has been much suffering in the Lilliputian shelter-tents, into which the drifting snows have slowly swept, weaving a coverlet over their sleeping inmates, white and beautiful as the tidiest housewife could desire, but, according to the attestation of correspondents, none the more comfortable for that. "Hundreds of soldiers," writes one, "were obliged, last night, to leave their one blanket, and shelter-tents, to huddle around the fire. The pride of the officers did not permit them to follow the example, and they lay and shivered until morning."

How gladly would the loyal women of the North give their blankets and other clothing to warm these poor soldiers! It is little to give these and our time and the work of our busy fingers for the war, and some men think that we "who sit at home at ease," sacrifice little enough. Ah, we do more than appears. "We empty heart and home," and sit down and wait, when waiting is ten thousand times more dreadful than acting. Well and beautifully does Mrs. Browning express this thought when she says of

LOYAL WOMEN,

Heroic males the country bears,
But daughters give up more than sons,
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares,
You flash your souls out with the guns,
And take your heaven at once.

But we, we empty heart and home
Of life's life long! we bear to think—
Your gone—to feel you may not come—
To hear the door-latch clink—
Yet no more you—nor sink.

What then? If love's delights must end,
At least we'll clean its truth from flaws,
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend—
Now take my dearest without pause,
To help the nation's cause.

But let me shut out the storm and sitting
down by my comfortable fire, address myself
to some more cheery subject.

"IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?"

Among the thoughts which I had intended to follow out to some extent this evening, was one prompted by an article I have been reading, with this most suggestive title—*Is marriage a lottery?*

It recalled a thousand remarks I have heard made by the thinking as well as the unthinking; but, as I believe, far more frequently the latter. It is the commonest, most at-hand answer to the question—"Why do you not marry?" "Oh, I don't know; I don't dare to, marriage is such a lottery." Or, worse still, if the one questioned belongs to the "barbarian sex," he sometimes adds—"There's no telling what a woman will turn out." If Fanny Fern were writing this article I have no doubt she would reverse the proposition, and with emphasis declare, "There's no telling what a man may turn out:" but while I admit the abstract truth of both assertions, I forbear to retaliate, holding, in this matter, as in many others, discretion to be "the better part of valor."

But, aside from its reason or unreason, has not the remark, "Marriage is but a lottery," passed into a proverb, so frequently has it been uttered? How it first originated is, I confess, a riddle, for it seems to me that nothing could be more false in fact, both in the letter and the spirit, and I truly believe it to be a gross libel on the divinest of earth's institutions. During a residence of a quarter of a century in the most populous city of the Union, and with an acquaintance, necessarily, by no means limited, I have seen nothing to justify it. On the contrary, of the many, many hundreds of husbands and wives with whom I have, during that long period of time, enjoyed an acquaintance more or less extended and intimate, I solemnly aver that I cannot now recollect a half-dozen instances wherein the union seemed not

to me tolerably happy, and in the great majority of cases, eminently so. By this I do not mean to be understood that life to the married has no drawbacks on its felicity, or that their pathway is all one colour de rose. Perfect happiness is not the normal condition of the race, and the world is full of people who would never be perfectly happy, anywhere—people who, possessing a natural obliquity of temper and disposition, see things often askew, as you see your face askew in an untrue mirror. But even such persons, I have often had reason to believe much happier wedded than they would have been single. "The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical strings in it," and those strings are awakened far more frequently and readily under the genial hand of wedlock than any other.

"Grant all this," says one, "but I cannot afford to marry. It costs too much to support a wife and family. It is all I can do to get on alone."

Very likely, young man, and it always will be all you can do to get on while you remain single. Single men as a general thing, are not the ones who make fortunes. The men who make fortunes, and occupy commanding positions in society, are the married men. The necessities of married life wake up the energies and intellect, inducing prudence and fore-cast, and teaching how to save as well as earn. It is a remark of no little suggestiveness that "It takes a wise man to save money—any fool can earn." Besides I am not giving you so little credit for good sense as to suppose that you are going to marry a doll. I am thinking of one of the sensible girls for your wife. Girls who do not consider the ends and aims of their existence all answered when they have dressed and danced themselves into the state of wedlock. But those sensible, right-hearted, right-minded ones, who have been so trained and educated as to be able to see that if a yoke is to work well and be easily worn, both ends must be held up. And that brings me to the question I wish to put to the girls.

Is it fair, think you, that one party in the partnership should do all the earning while the other does all the spending? This is a question which, for a great many years to come, may be of vital importance in this country. The order of things, unless signs are very deceptive, will be reversed, in a great degree, by the continuance of this calamitous struggle now going on in the land. The products of the country are being rapidly swept away, and

the producers are diminishing. Henceforth the necessities of the land will require that the spenders should *earn* as well as spend. Many men *choose* that their wives should be useless dolls, but is that any reason why a sensible girl should be satisfied to become one? Did the great and good Creator *make* you to lead the life of a butterfly, without care and without effort, think you? Why then did He give you a brain to calculate and plan, and hands to execute? Above all, why did He give you a *soul*, if He did not design it to lift you above that beautiful but useless insect? *That* may, without sin, sport its little life away, for it lives but a day, and calls upon no other to wear out body and soul to feed and clothe it; and all of its race live alike, without toil and care, and die when winter comes.

How many husbands have I known whose eighteen hours a day were spent in the little, dark counting-room of the close, narrow street whence they emerged at ten o'clock at night, haggard and pale and weary, to go home to their beautiful mansions up town, and sleep their six hours, and then return to the same weary counting-room again. No relaxation, no letting up for them; their only pleasure in thinking how nicely and luxuriously their wives and children were living. Who is in fault here? Both; for strangely enough custom has established this way of living, and both husband and wife are satisfied! He is slaving himself to death, that she may live like the "lilies of the field that toil not neither do they spin," and she—no I will not say it. She does not realize that he is dying by inches of an overtaxed brain, want of air and sunlight, and never-sleeping anxiety. No good woman—and the majority of them are such—*could* be satisfied to spend her days in dressing, and receiving, and promenading, if the reality came home to her that it was at the awful cost of her husband's health and life. The dreadful evil is, that she does *not* find it out till the thunder-clap awakes her, and he is suddenly out off from the land of the living, and often leaving her poor and helpless. Less labor at the one end of the yoke and less style and indolence at the other, and a longer and more truly happy life would, in nine cases out of ten, be the result.

I am making my Editor's Table a dull one, but it may be useful; and *this* being the order of the day, I will go back a moment to the proposition I am combatting, that *marriage* is a lottery; and, granting for a moment, that it

is true, I will say that it is generally our own fault, if our number does not come up a *prize*.

The marriage once consummated, whatever may be the faults and short-comings and ignorance on either side, the determination of both to make the best of everything, is generally sufficient among right-minded persons, to insure a reasonable degree of happiness. Small sacrifices, small duties will be found of daily necessity, and if they are yielded to with readiness and cheerfulness, each one will become a stepping-stone to new contentment, the very act of self-abnegation being itself a happiness.

Then marriage is a camera, that daguerreotypes the character and nature of the one upon the other; so that however unlike husband and wife may be at the outset, time and propinquity are ever silently at work, and every hour that passes assimilates them more and more to each other. Their minds, their dispositions, their manners, even their features, often acquire a mutual likeness.

Duty well performed, cheerfulness, and good temper on either side, a constant war against small selfishness, against "taking the prism out of the leg of mutton, the biggest egg at breakfast, or the nicest crust in the loaf," will soon establish the fact that marriage is no lottery. "Then," says a writer, "may we delight, like Ramsay, in his 'Gentle Shepherd,' in the good humor and white caps of the wife who wears them, as guards to her face to keep her husband's love," and she, the happy wife, may say with her of the "Portuguese Sonnets," "When our two souls stand up erect and strong, Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher, Until the lengthening wings break into fire, At either curved point—what bitter wrong Can the earth do us, that we should not long Be here contented?"

SENSATION NOTICE OF A SENSATION NOVEL.

Your humble correspondent can think of nothing but the new novel now passing through the press of the celebrated house of Biddlecome & Hazenburgh. It is not to be merely the book of the season, but the *great work of the nineteenth century!* No one has forgotten "*Homespun and Broadcloth*," of which one hundred thousand copies were sold in less than seven weeks, nor the overwhelming excitement concerning its unknown author, who had thus like a blazing comet, shot athwart the literary sky. O, it was so tantalizing! not even a *nom de plume*, to give the slightest idea as to the sex of the writer. Ah, but true genius is modest and loves to hide in a veil of obscurity!

Well, this author, man or woman, as the case may be, is coming out with a new book! I am not authorized to give the name as yet, and it is to be most ardently hoped that when it does appear, that the writer will make himself or herself known to the public. There is a fadeless wreath to crown the transcendent brow of genius.

Now, as a personal friend, I have been admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of Biddlecome & Hazenburgh, and the superlative privilege has been mine of reading the advance sheets of this magnificent novel. In this age of love and murder stories, when the public taste is continually nauseated with highfalutin poetry and bombastic prose, it is unspeakably refreshing to find something calm and pure and true to nature. And this novel is so true to life that, if possible, it is more perfect than nature herself.

My friends, the celebrated Biddlecome & Hazenburgh, have given permission for me to let you have a brief, delicious extract. I entreated for a longer one; in tears, almost on my knees, I besought for one chapter entire. But Biddlecome was as inexorable as a granite boulder, and Hazenburgh, heartless autocrat that he is, laughed at my passionate petition.

However, aside to you, reader, it is a piece of unprecedented good luck that you are to obtain this brief extract. It will put you on the tip-toe of expectation and keep you there until the book appears.

Here is the extract. Isn't the scene of the rescue thrilling and sublime? no poverty of invention is displayed here, no grouping of common-place characters and events. And then the reconciliation of the lovers—but read:

"O, how pitifully changed was the peerlessly beautiful Celestina! her heart was completely crushed by the avalanche of woe hurled upon her from the frowning height of her cruel father's tyranny. His stern, relentless mandate was, never more to behold her adored Alphonzo Orlandino.

"She wandered down by the river, which softly, sweetly, soothingly sighed, as it flowed through the silent vale. She called aloud the name of her beloved 'Alphonzo Orlandino!' but naught answered; not even a forest warbler twittered a musical reply to her plaintive call.

"This awful thought pierced her soul and wrought her to frenzy. Perhaps he had deserted her—perhaps he believed her willingly obedient to her cruel father's commands. She might never behold him more!

"She would die! She thought of the river for a resting-place for her broken heart, but shrank from disturbing its placid, pellucid waters. She recalled the heroic death of Cleopatra, but no venomous viper lurked in the velvet verdure beneath her fairy feet. O, how could she still this unendurable anguish, in the deep sleep of death? Through that quiet valley there ran the track of the mighty steam engine, and in that desperate moment she heard his fierce and furious snorting, and then his shriek, like that of a fiend let loose from Pandemonium, as he rushed toward her, faster than the lightning.

"How easy she might die! She could fling herself beneath the flying hoofs of the panting, palpitating iron horse, as the heathen victims fall before the car of Juggernaut. She stood upon the narrow track of leath, but, O, in that awful moment, the rescuer was near!

"Alphonzo Orlandino, while wandering disconsolately upon the brow of yonder hill, had heard the melting, mellow voice of her he loved, as she called his euphonious name, and on the wings of adoring love, he had flown to her side, just in time to save his heart's idol from death. He seized with one strong, supple, sinewy arm, the flying iron steed, and with the other, lifted the helpless, heart-broken maiden, unharmed, upon the dewy grass!

"As though frantic and enraged at the instant's delay, groaning and puffing wildly, the engine sped on, while the restored lovers fell into each other's arms in extatic transports. 'Alphonzo Orlandino,' murmured the maiden, 'I wished to die, because I feared you loved me no longer—forgive me, O, forgive me!'

"And Alphonzo Orlandino replied, 'By the brightness of yon cerulean vault above: by this flashing, flowing river; by the glory of the golden sun; by the immutability of my love, O, angelic Celestina, I forgive you!'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I wish to say a word to correspondents, on the subject of economy in paper. In these days of great scarcity and high prices of this article I would suggest to the writers for the Repository, to write on *both* sides of the sheet. It will save both paper and postage, and I am informed by the publishers, that in a monthly paper it is quite as well.—[Ed.

"There is no European language so rich in words that echo the sense and feeling, as the English." LOWELL.

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1863.

THE NAMELESS BABE.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

In its rosewood cradle, upon downy pillows, beneath a silken spread, the baby lay sleeping. The baby of all babies to the idolizing parents. To them it was a miracle of infant graces, an ever increasing delight, a perennial fountain of joy. And truly it was a child of rare loveliness. Its limbs were perfectly moulded, and its features exquisitely delicate. It lay sleeping in an attitude at once graceful and full of repose. One tiny, curled up hand, like the petals of a flower, was placed beneath one rounded cheek, and the other, palm downward, was spread upon the innocent breast. Around the pearly, blue veined brow, soft tendrils of golden hair clustered; the parted rosebud of a mouth, through which the pure breath flowed noiselessly, disclosed one milk white tooth, and over the whole face was the soft reflection of a smile, as though baby's dreams were of pleasant things.

The young mother glided into the nursery chamber, looped up the curtains and let in the light upon the luxury there, meet for the apartment of an infant princess. Then she turned to the cradle, and bent over the tiny sleeper.

"How beautiful! *how beautiful!*" she murmured, clasping her hands as if in adoration.

One could see by looking upon the mother from whom baby inherited its loveliness. And now her face seemed transfigured with ecstatic love. Her azure

eyes were wells of tenderness flowing out in streams of light upon her child. Her heart was throbbing with unutterable joy. She could have knelt, not in gratitude to the Giver of this treasure, but in blind homage to the child.

"How beautiful!" and she pressed her lips upon baby's brow. That touch broke the light chain of slumber, and the baby suddenly opened a pair of wondering blue eyes; they had a half surprised, half inquiring look, such as only the little innocents wear when they are thus quickly brought from angel-land, (which they must visit in slumber,) to this world of ours. The questioning blue eyes met the mother's smile, and gladly "accepting it for heaven itself," baby smiled back again, softly, sweetly, tranquilly, the smile of perfect innocence and confidence.

Mrs. Howard clasped her child in rapture to her bosom, baptising it with passionate kisses, and calling it every fond name in the mother's vocabulary.

"Always in the nursery. O, what a foolish mother!"

Mrs. Howard turned at the sound of her husband's voice, and as he advanced, held out the child, and imitating his half playful, half chiding tones, repeated, "Always in the nursery; O, what a foolish father!"

Mr. Howard took the child, crying, "Come, little blossom!" and little blossom leaped and cooed in her father's arms, and snatched at his watch-chain, and then thrust her fingers almost inextricably into his close, curling beard.

"Now, Edwin, isn't she the loveliest, cunningest baby you ever beheld?"

"Isn't she, Mary?" and the laughing father tossed the laughing baby high in air.

"She is six months old and not named yet. I think it is too bad for such a baby to go so long without a name!"

"Why, Mary, she has a hundred names at least: Pet, and Love, and Angel, and Blossom, and Bird of Paradise, and, and,—"

"Yes, of course, a hundred such names; but truly, now, Edwin, ought we not to decide upon a name? I dream about it almost every night, and puzzle my head continually, but can't find a name quite pretty enough for baby."

"I'd like to call her Mary; that name sounds well to me," said Mr. Howard.

Mrs. Howard smiled with heartfelt pleasure. She loved to hear her husband say, "Call the baby Mary;" still she could not quite consent. She wanted some rare, charming name for her child; something worthy of its matchless graces.

The subject of a name was of daily occurrence, but weeks passed away and it was still an open question, "What shall we name the baby?"

Mrs. Howard devoted herself exclusively to her child; it seemed to absorb every thought and energy of her mind, and she was easy and happy only in its presence. The intensity of her affection was such that it became almost morbid in its nature. Her husband urged her to leave it at times to the care of its excellent nurse, and seek rest and pleasure abroad, but she invariably assured him that her rest and pleasure was at home.

Her mother and sisters, all proud, fashionable women, remonstrated and chided in vain. They wanted to see Mary shine in society as a lady of her wealth and position might easily do.

But no one understood the young mother. In her childhood's home, while her body had surfeited in luxury, her heart had starved. Her worldly mother had no time to cultivate the acquaintance of the little girl, and her dashing sisters, seeing she was unlike them, snubbed her as an "odd little thing."

The "odd, little thing," the shy, shrinking maiden, grew up a beautiful woman and early won the love of Edwin Howard, a rich bachelor, whom the dashing sisters had vainly tilted at year after year in Love's mock tournament.

Even when the indulged wife of him she loved, and the mistress of a lordly up-town mansion, Mary's exacting heart was not quite satisfied. She asked for a great deal. Her husband was fond when at home, but he was a business man, and had little time for the society of her who loved him for himself alone.

A heavenly gift was granted to the young wife's yearning heart; a babe slept in her bosom. She found herself the object of redoubled tenderness on the part of her husband, and a sweet, ineffable gladness mantled her soul. She was a mother! there was nothing to repress the outpourings of love now—no sensitive fear of repulse; but a thousand springs of joy and tenderness, unsealed by the wand of this baby enchantress, sprang forth to the light, sparkling and musical, as chained fountains sleeping in the bosom of mother earth, leap upward in the sunshine, wildly gushing and gurgling, as if for very joy that winter's icy spell has passed.

She was a mother; every other love was dwarfed beside this new and blissful relationship; every old tie seemed weak compared to the silken cords which bound the child among her heart strings. She was a mother—*only a mother*, with every thought and feeling subordinate to this one consideration; a mother, pouring out her whole soul upon her child, with no higher love reserved for God, and loving her husband and friends as it were, in the child.

Mrs. Howard's health was delicate—her husband saw that the intensity of her motherly devotion wore upon her frail constitution, and strove to win her out into the gay world. But his efforts were fruitless, for the young mother's world was centred in the immortal bud expanding in beauty in her home. She had but vague ideas of her duties, in forming the mind and heart of her child, and contented herself in the love and delight she experienced in its presence.

She had been so fortunate as to obtain

an intelligent American woman for a nurse. Mrs. Simmons had had the experience of years and the discipline of trial and sorrow. She had a pleasing, serious countenance, a low, and gentle voice, and manners that would have well become one in a higher position in life.

Mrs. Howard greatly respected this woman, and as she became more acquainted with her, grew to regard her in the light of a friend instead of a servant. They were not unprofitable hours which she spent in the nursery, alternately prattling to her babe, and chatting with the nurse. Mrs. Simmons had a deeper insight into human life, higher motives, and larger sympathies than the vain, fashionable women. Mrs. Howard had hitherto called friends. She felt her superiority to the shallow-brained triflers flitting in pleasure's bower, and took greater pleasure in her society than she would have been willing to acknowledge to another.

Mrs. Simmons was a Christian, and through tears she had learned to discern the bow of promise; in the darkness of sorrow she had found her Father's supporting arm, and Faith had comforted her heart, only after despair had been fairly expelled. Sometimes, very gently and modestly as became her position, she would speak of spiritual things and Christian obligations. But Mary could not or would not understand her.

The young mother's love, so absorbing, so idolatrous in its manifestation, needed to be refined of its selfishness and exclusiveness; not that she should love her child the less, but the Infinite Father more; and that holy, filial affection coming in to take the rule of her heart, would have purified and ennobled the mother within her.

One day the precious baby was pale and its blue eyes were heavy. How quickly Mary Howard observed the change in her darling.

"Nurse, the baby is pale to-day; is she sick?"

"A slight cold affects her, but I think she is not really ill," was the nurse's reply.

"Ah! but she droops and I am frightened! What should I do should harm

come to my bird of Paradise?" and she clasped her to her bosom, as though her enfolding arms would keep it from all danger.

"Mrs. Howard, do not be alarmed; see, she is laughing, and her eyes are bright enough now."

"Bright enough, indeed; they beam like stars! O, my precious, my beautiful, my bird of Paradise!"

"She is truly a bird of Paradise." Mrs. Simmons smiled, but there was a meaning in her tones. The young mother looked at her earnestly.

"Yes," continued the nurse, "she came from heaven, she is pure as the dwellers there, and heaven is her native home."

A troubled, frightened look swept over Mary's face, like a cloud across the sunny sky. She strained her baby tighter to her breast, and cried out reproachfully, "Why do you remind me of that? I tremble at the thought; no, no, here is my darling's home, in my loving arms!"

"Its home while God is willing, but you know she is his gift and at his disposal."

"I know it, but try to forget it, for such thoughts remind me that He may recall his gift. No, no, my bird; here is your nest on mother's bosom. Oh, never, never fly from here!"

Tears trembled in Mary's eyes, and the baby, laughing, reached up and caught them in her lily fingers.

"Dear madam," said Mrs. Simmons, "it is the greatest comfort I can feel to believe that God holds all things at his pleasure, for his pleasure is to do his children good."

But the lady shook her head and waived the subject with a smile. Mrs. Simmons sighed only and took up her sewing with a sober mien. "Ah, poor heart," she thought, "how can she bear the sorrows that may come! dear God, lead her gently, very gently, until she finds thee!"

One day baby had a guest; a noble boy a few weeks older than herself. They sat upon the carpet surrounded with playthings, but they seemed most interested with looking at each other, and cooing and going in chorus.

Some unobservant people persist in saying that all babies look about alike. They are capable of seeing that some are dark and some are fair, that this one is pretty, and that one not so; but, on the whole, to them, a baby is an expressionless lump of humanity, destined to be something or nothing as the case may be. Now I know that babies don't look alike, and furthermore believe that points of resemblance may be greater when time and contact with the world has moulded them into men and women.

Mrs. Simmons was watching the infants with a smile of great satisfaction. Truly they were a beautiful sight. But the baby girl looked too fragile, like a spring flower or a stainless snow flake. Her blue eyes reminded one of heaven, so serene, so unfathomable was their expression, as though she looked upon things beyond mortal ken. If the girl was angelic, the boy was pure earthly, and of the noblest type of humanity. His fine head betokened a future character of intellectual force; no weak, poor spirit looked through those dark, beaming eyes, and the straight nose and proudly curved mouth, now quivering with laughter, each told a tale of themselves. He was plainly dressed in white cambric, with corals on his neck and arms, so plump and fair.

Mrs. Simmons heard the step of Mrs. Howard on the stairs and started in trepidation. She had not expected her return from a morning ride for another hour.

The door opened. "How is my bird?" cried a clear, gushing voice. And birdie plumed and fluttered as though to take flight to her mother's arms.

"O, who is this?" and Mrs. Howard stopped in surprise. "Whose babe have you here, nurse? He is a splendid fellow, isn't he? what beautiful eyes!" and she knelt before the children, looking admiringly from one to the other. "Who is he, nurse?"

Mrs. Simmons had risen to her feet in evident agitation, and she replied, confusedly, "He is nameless."

"Like my own precious baby?" asked Mrs. Howard; "can't they find a name good enough?"

"O, no, not like yours, madam; yours

has the good name of Howard, and there is no name sweet enough to go with it for such a child, but this poor child is homeless and nameless."

Puzzled and displeased, Mary Howard snatched up her child as if from some contamination. "What do you mean?" she demanded; "why do you bring such a child here? and what is he to you?"

Wounded and humbled, Mrs. Simmons stooped and took the boy in her arms, saying, "He is nameless, but innocent."

"Please explain this mystery," said Mrs. Howard, more gently, yet still maintaining an air of dignity.

The nurse looked down in thought a moment, then stroking the boy's curly head, began her explanation. This is the child of my dear cousin Emily; we were like sisters to each other when we were girls. We were married about the same time; I, to a poor shoemaker, she, to a wealthy manufacturer. My husband died, but hers lived and grew richer and prouder. Emily was an invalid much of the time and I lived with her and took care of the children. Of course I was only a poor relation and not worthy of much attention on the part of my cousin's husband; the two boys grew rude and unmannerly to me, and even Emily was changed at times, but I bore much for the sake of the little girl. O, I loved Anna better than any other human being! I took her right into my sad, lonely heart; poor, dear Anna!"

"Well," said Mrs. Howard, inquiringly, and with a touch of impatience.

"This baby is hers—my dear Anna's, and I love it for her sake. Cousin Emily died when Anna was about ten years old and I was no longer needed in that home. I came to this town my native place, and earned a good living by sewing. I never thought to go out to service again. I seldom heard from Emily's children for seven or eight years, but at last I learned that Anna was married to a travelling artist, and had gone to Europe. Her father and brothers had bitterly opposed the marriage and had declared that she should be a stranger to them henceforth. One stormy night a woman with a child begged at my door; I asked a few

questions, when the poor thing burst out crying, and asked if I didn't know little Anna. It was my dear child come to me to die, with her young baby in her arms."

Mrs. Simmon's voice was choked with emotion, and her tears dropped fast on the baby's brow.

Mrs. Howard was touched and interested, and drew nearer, saying, "How did she become so poor, and why did she go to you?"

Mrs. Simmons took a new tone of energy and indignation. Her husband proved a villain! He had a wife and children in England, and had deceived Anna for the sake of her father's money, but when he gave up all hopes of reconciling the old gentleman, he told her the truth, and set her adrift in the world."

"O, what a wretch!" cried Mrs. Howard.

"A wretch, indeed! and then her brothers, madam, were heartless and almost as wicked. She went to them humbled to the dust and broken-hearted, and they said 'we do not know you—we have no sister.'"

"Where was her father?"

"He had died a little time before, so Anna came to me."

"And you took her in?"

"I took her in and nursed her, but her heart was broken and she died."

"Poor young mother!" Mary Howard's face was subdued and pitiful; "and this is her child?"

"Yes; I asked Anna what name to give the child, and she said, 'It has no claim to an honorable name, and I pray God to let it follow me. It will soon die, so let the angels give it a name in heaven.' But the baby was hearty and did not look like dying, and I thought if I had him to clothe and educate, I must earn more money, so I found a poor woman who would take good care of him for a small sum, and came here to work."

"You have done nobly," said Mrs. Howard, "and God will bless you for it. Poor, nameless little one!" and she put her hand upon its head caressingly. "It is a fine child, and you may go and see it often, but I think it best not to bring it here."

Mrs. Simmons flushed proudly, while she said with an effort at composure, "I will not take him here again; of course you do not think him worthy to breathe the same atmosphere with your own child. It was very foolish in me to bring him here, very foolish, I know."

"O, no harm is done, good Mrs. Simmons; and on the whole I am glad, for now I can have the pleasure of helping you support this orphan child. I will hereafter pay the wages of its nurse."

"No, madam; I shall not permit it!"

"Now don't be hasty and refuse my help; I am sure you will think better of it to-morrow. These beautiful corals on his neck and arms—they look like my baby's."

"They are yours, Mrs. Howard," cried the nurse, very red and confused. "Pray excuse me; but I was so proud of him that I put them on him to see how beautiful he would look; it was very vain in me, but I meant no harm, I assure you." Here Mrs. Simmons hastily unclasped the necklace, and when it flashed before the baby's eyes, he seized it with his fat, dimpled hand, and baby Howard, thinking it fine play, sprang forward with a gush of silvery laughter, and immediately two more little hands were netted in the bright chain. Both little ones chirruped and laughed in infantine delight. Mrs. Simmons firmly unclasped the soft, pliant fingers of her child, and with a grave face, half humbly, half proudly, withdrew; but the boy turned back eagerly, as if loth to go, and the girl dropped the corals, watched her retreating guest, and when the door had closed upon him, hid her face on her mother's breast, sobbing and grieving. Much surprised, Mrs. Howard sought to soothe her with a gentle lullaby, but even after the silken fringed lids had curtained the eyes in slumber, long, trembling sighs agitated baby's pure bosom.

Mrs. Howard could not forget the beautiful nameless boy. The touching words of his dying mother came to her in her happiest hours, "He will soon die and let the angels give him a name in heaven." She felt more interest in him than she had thought it possible for her to experience for any child but her own. Still, if her

aristocratic prejudices had not influenced her, she could not have brought herself to consent that there should be any association between her own darling, so peerless and spotless, and an infant of so doubtful lineage.

However, she inquired after it so often and so kindly, that Mrs. Simmon's injured pride was conciliated, and her numerous gifts were accepted for the good of the orphan boy.

In autumn the destroyer came among the little children, in the form of scarlet fever. The death angel entered many homes, leaving broken hearted mothers sitting comfortless, by empty cradles, and tiny mounds were heaped thick in the village cemetery.

In the self-same hour the nameless babe and the idol of the mansion were stricken. Mrs. Howard held her darling when the first blight fell upon it. She marked the sudden fever flush and the film dimming the azure eyes. Little blossom drooped, and the mother saw it, not with that vague alarm with which she had watched every trifling change before, but with a thrill of pain which seemed to rend her heart.

Death set his seal upon the child from the first hour, and parents, nurse and physicians, vainly strove to win her back to life. She moaned and panted in her mother's arms, parched and scarlet, as though bathed in flame. And that mother, mute, tearless, and pale as marble, kept watch through the long, long hours. The father in his strong manhood, wept and wrung his hands, and called aloud to God for mercy. Mrs. Simmons calmly and sadly ministered to the child, and sometimes whispered a word of Christian consolation in the mother's ear.

A messenger came for the good nurse; the child of her adoption was ill — even dying, 'twas said. "Go," said Mr. Howard, "he has no mother."

So, with a divided heart, Mrs. Simmons left one post of duty for another still more imperative. Mrs. Howard made no objections; she understood as in a dream, but cared not; one thought engrossed every feeling. The parting words of the nurse, "Dear madam, take comfort, God loves the baby even more than you," fell upon deaf ears.

Through all that day and night, and until night again, Mrs. Howard hung over her child, unconscious of physical weariness. Now it lay quietly upon her lap, struggling no longer, and white as a frost-ed lily. So great had been its distress that this ominous repose brought a sense of relief to the aching hearts that watched it. And even "while there is life there is hope," God might be gracious unto them and the babe might live! Yes, all was in the hands of God, the Almighty. Not with confidence and comfort did Mary Howard dwell upon this thought, for not having made His acquaintance in sunshine, she feared him in the tempest.

Just at sunset Mrs. Simmons returned. She came into the room softly and resumed her place in silence. "How did you leave the little boy?" Mrs. Howard asked the question involuntarily; she had scarcely spoken before for hours

"We thought him dying for a long time, but he is better now, and I think will live. And your own sweet babe?"

"Has suffered more than I can tell."

"But is easy now, I see." Mrs. Simmons knelt and placed one hand tenderly on baby's brow, but the touch thrilled her and she looked up awe-stricken into the faces so pale with watching. "O, poor mother," she whispered, "she is easy, she will soon be at rest!"

"What, dying!" cried the father, hoarsely.

"Dying!" shrieked the mother, "it shall not be so! *my baby die and that nameless boy live!* Dying!"

"Hush, love, hush; look on our darling's face!"

The mother looked. There was a slight quivering of the angelic features, a little sigh parted the lips, then a soft smile overspread the whole face, and it was over.

The strange conflict there is in such a scene! perfect peace, blissful rest, bleeding, frenzied love, and rebellious woe.

The father lifted up his voice and wept. The mother yielded to the nurse the beautiful image which had enshrined her idol, and fell into convulsions. No word of comfort penetrated her dulled ear, no soothing calmed, and at length she became quiet only from the effect of a powerful opiate.

The morning sun shone into the nursery chamber, filling it with the mellow radiance of October. Order and quiet reigned, alas, too regular! too still were all things! The empty cradle was draped in white, and strewn with myrtle wreaths and stainless blossoms. The tiny form which had ever before reposed there, now lay in its burial robes upon a lounge near by. Flowers were wreathed about its head and nestled on the silent bosom; fair, sweet and frail, the flowers, and baby was fair, sweet and frail as they!

The bland sunshine awoke Mrs. Howard from her unnatural slumber; for a moment she was like one under the spell of a horrid nightmare, then she fully awoke, and the awful conflict was renewed. Her cries of anguish brought her husband to her side. He raised her from her couch and led her into the nursery, as though if comfort could be found, it must be there. Past the empty, flower strewn cradle, and to the couch where baby lay, they went. The bereaved father and mother looked upon their beautiful dead.

The sight of a dead babe dressed for the grave will stir even a stranger to tears, that so much loveliness must be laid in the cold, dark earth. And when the father and mother behold it, God and the bereaved heart only know how deep that sorrow is.

Weep, fond father. over your blighted blossom; weep, O, mother, for your bird, flown back to Paradise!

From the grave of her child, Mrs. Howard returned in the incipient stages of brain fever. A long and dangerous illness followed, and it was many weeks before she recognized the anxious friends watching by her side. In her delirium, every thought centred in her child. Sometimes she seemed to hold it in her arms, all bright and beautiful with health, but oftener she agonized over its inanimate clay. Her lamentations were heart-rending, and their intensity sometimes threatened to snap the brittle thread of life. She remembered that the orphan, nameless baby lived, she felt as though life had been a boon, wavering between him whom no one would have mourned, whose mother yearned for him in heaven, and her

own idolized child. She rebelled in frenzy against the decision of God; she charged him with injustice, and wildly called him to give back her dead.

When the fever cooled in her veins, and reason was restored, she lay passively upon her pillow, from utter weakness, the same thoughts surged in her mind, though she no longer gave utterance to them. The vision of her baby in the cold, dark grave, and the bright, beautiful boy, all glowing with health, was ever before her, and the ceaseless cry of her soul was, "Why did God permit the great reaper to choose *this* flower instead of *that*? to take *my darling* and leave a homeless orphan?"

Hard question this to answer, even for the Christian soul, for strong indeed must be the faith that can at all times say, "Let His will be done!"

Poor Mary Howard had put all her faith in earthly things, and now it was wrecked in this overthrow of her dearest hopes. She felt a consciousness of great sin, in this unreconciliation, of still deeper wrong, in her unreasoning hatred of the orphan baby, yet in very desperation, she cherished these feelings, and hugged them closer, though their sting was ten-fold sharper and crueller than the pang of separation itself.

She languished for many weeks, but at length health and strength slowly returned, and she was able to set in her easy-chair. But life had lost its charm, and she cared not to be well. Her heart responded not to her husband's kind attentions, and he was much cast down by her hopeless, joyless aspect.

Through all this sickness, Mrs. Simmons was the devoted nurse and faithful friend. One day she left her patient alone for a time, and the bereaved one grew restless with harrowing thought. She could not resist the longing to go to the deserted nursery, therefore she arose and with feeble steps tottered out into the passage and to the nursery door. Her hand was on the knob, she turned it and stood upon the threshold of the sacred chamber. An instant she was blind and giddy with the shock of strong emotions which seemed to meet her like a mountain wave dashing upon her breast. Then she

tremblingly advanced toward the cradle, (it stood in its old place) as a pilgrim towards a deserted shrine.

But *hush, hark!* what sound is that from the shaded corner, soft and low, like the breathing of a slumbering infant, yet more startling than the cannon's roar or the earthquake's shock! Look! is not the white spread rounded and undulating as though a babe slept there?

With a suppressed shriek Mary Howard sprang to the cradle side. Was she dreaming? *a babe was there!* not the golden-haired seraph of her love, but the beautiful, nameless boy whom she hated. Was it a vision, was she the victim of a phantasy? Had *he* died too, and had he come back to haunt her, to punish and torture her for her guilt?

She reached out one hand, and touched the rosy cheek and dewy brow — a living, breathing reality was there, but in her tumult of remorse and anguish, she refused to believe it.

She cried out in the very extremity of pain and horror, and fell upon her knees, clutching at the cradle for support. Mrs. Simmons heard the cry and, greatly frightened at the consequences of her indiscretion, hastened to her beloved young mistress.

She raised her from the floor and placed her in a chair, with incoherent expressions of sorrow and self-reproach.

"O, my dear Mrs. Howard, how came you here? Not for worlds would I have had you come here now! Be calm, and forgive me, or I cannot forgive myself!" Gasping and panting, Mrs. Howard pointed to the cradle. "Tell me," she whispered, "am I dreaming, or is there a baby there?"

Comprehending at once something of the nature of her agitation, Mrs. Simmons replied in a soothing tone, "You are not dreaming; don't you recognize my little adopted boy?"

"But how came he there?"

"I put him there a few minutes ago, little thinking to give you the shock of seeing him. His nurse is very sick, and I was obliged to take him away. I laid him in the cradle to sleep, and was about to ask permission to go out to find a place

where I could put him out to board. I am very sorry you have been so much distressed: try and be calm, and come into your own room."

But Mrs. Howard paid no heed to this suggestion; she bent over the cradle, and looked earnestly upon the little sleeper. She seemed to see upon the pillow beside it, a shadowy face, yet exquisitely fair. *That*, she knew was a reality, *this*, a vision, for never more, except in fancy, could she behold her baby now.

Her tears flowed in torrents, but they were relieving tears. Still she bent over the unconscious child against whom she had harbored such bitter thoughts, and studied its beautiful, innocent face. Where was her hatred now? all exchanged for pitying tenderness! She had sinned against it, and for atonement, it should sleep in her idol's cradle.

"Come away, come away," entreated Mrs. Simmons, deeply distressed. But Mary Howard replied, "No, no; let me stay—let me weep; I have not wept such tears before; it will do me good."

When she grew calmer, she sent Mrs. Simmons out to find a home for the baby, and sat by the cradle to weep and pray. Her husband came in and found her thus. His first agitation at beholding a babe in the cradle, immediately gave way to displeasure when he learned the circumstances. He blamed Mrs. Simmons severely, and was troubled for the effect it might have upon his wife.

But Mary excused her good nurse, and bade Mr. Howard look upon the noble babe. "See how innocent and lovely he is, and yet, my husband, I have sinned against him; his healthy, rosy face has been between me and God. I have been wicked and unreconciled; I have reproached God as though he were unjust. When I saw the baby here, it gave me an awful shock, then for a moment I felt like one going mad. I thought he had died, and had come back to haunt me. Then I saw how very wicked I had been." Weeping again, Mary Howard laid her head on her husband's shoulder and showed him all her heart. The shock had proved salutary and had brought her to herself; it was sweet to feel her husband's

arm about her, and to know that he loved her. He was much surprised at her revelation—she had suffered far more than he had realized. He caressed her and mingled his tears with hers, and when she called herself wicked and rebellious, he kissed her and called her the loveliest and best.

This confession comforted Mary, and her face wore a touchingly subdued look, as she said, "This poor child is nameless; his mother, in dying, said that the angels might give him a name in heaven. But our sweet one has gone there for angels to name, and this little friendless one is yet here. I am still blind; I cannot see *why* it is so: but God has done it, and I will strive to trust and believe that it is right."

"That is it, dear Mary, and God help us to see his hand in this dispensation, so strange and hard to us."

Baby's nap was over. His eyes opened like a flash, and smiling and dimpling, he started up as though he had a world of work before him.

It was too much for the father and mother; so much life and infant joy before them, and their own darling locked up in the darksome earth. Both burst into fresh tears and turned away unable to bear the sight.

That night Mary dreamed a beautiful dream. She saw her child, not cold and silent beneath the coffin lid, but in a cloud of light, an angel floated above her. She was awed and dazzled, and hid her eyes. The presence drew nearer,—she felt a strange thrill of pleasure, and looking up again, beheld her child. It was the same, yet not the same. The beauty which had delighted her eyes was spiritualized and glorified, and the serene, shining face wore an expression of holy joy for which human tongue has no language.

"My child, O, my child!" the mother cried, and in rapture reached out her arms to clasp her darling. But the spirit eluded her embrace, and smiling and beaming, vanished. As though drawn by some invisible influence, Mrs. Howard seemed, in her dream, to rise and go to the nursery. The dark-eyed baby boy lay asleep in the cradle as she had seen him a few hours before. Above him floated her an-

gel child. The baby smiled brightly in his sleep, and the angel, with a look of love, bent low, and left a kiss upon his brow.

The bright vision slowly faded, and she found herself upon her pillow. 'Twas only a dream, but its memory lingered, warm and cheering in her heart. She thought it had a meaning—she believed her child had visited her as she slept, and she was comforted.

Mrs. Simmons could not readily find any one to take charge of the baby, and Mrs. Howard said, "Let him remain here, then, until his nurse has recovered." So baby stayed, and occupied the beautiful nursery chamber.

It was painful to Mrs. Howard to have the nursery and its appurtenances thus used—it seemed almost like sacrilege to her; but she remembered her dream, and felt that her angel child approved, and she often said to herself, "It is thus I can atone for my sin against this little innocent."

She soon learned to love the child; her mother heart could not resist its infant wiles, and she found consolation in having it near her. And when, after five or six weeks, Mrs. Simmons announced her intention of taking him back to his old nurse, and expressed gratitude for all the kindness shown him, she was startled and pained at the thought of letting him go.

The little one sat in her lap at the time, and she drew her arms closely about him, saying, "I cannot give him up; he is my comfort. I am sure if my angel child could speak she would bid me love him and take care of him."

"What do you mean?" a new, glad thought was awakened in the mind of Mrs. Simmons.

"I talked with my husband this morning and he has given his hearty consent to my wishes. The dear baby has no home and no name, we will give him both. This shall be his home, and his name shall be Edwin Howard!"

Mrs. Simmons was silent with delighted astonishment, but her beaming face spoke volumes.

"Do you consent? of course we cannot do this unless you are willing."

"Do I consent? with my whole heart! God bless you for the noble deed!"

"I wonder at myself," said Mrs. Howard, and her tears fell thick upon baby's curly hair. "I wonder at myself, that my poor heart should find room in it for another child; I thought my own engrossed the whole."

"It did once, my dear madam, but sorrow has enlarged your heart."

"I believe it has; my treasure is in heaven, and so looking up for that I have found a heavenly Father, and since I have loved him and tried to be reconciled to his will, all the world has seemed nearer to me, as though all men and women were my brothers and sisters."

"And so you will adopt my baby and give him your husband's honorable name?"

"I will; indeed, I can hardly help it, for ever since he has been here, something has been saying in my heart, (and I think it is my darling whispering to her mother,) 'give the little one a home and a name.'"

A manly voice took up the thread of converse. "And something, I know not what, has often put the same thought in my head; and as this prompting is to good, let us obey." It was Mr. Howard, who had entered the room unperceived, until he stood by them.

Mrs. Howard looked up, smiling through her tears. "Edwin, then bless our little boy and give him his name."

He put his hand on baby's head, and in a tremulous voice, said, "*God bless thee, Edwin Howard!*"

The emotion of Mrs. Simmons could be restrained no longer. She snatched the child to her bosom, and weeping over it glad tears, cried, "Thank God, for my dear little one is a nameless babe no longer."

The moment a man says, "I will not believe so and so, for I must go with the majority," then he would be not a Presbyterian or a Roman Catholic, but a Buddhist; for I believe they have a majority among the religious believers in the world; and in the track of the majority he will go to any extreme, and believe in any error.

THE FATHER'S CHARGE.

BY DELIA F. MARSH.

Go forth, my son, in freedom's name,
And battle for the right;
Without a hope of earthly fame,
Go gird thee for the fight.

And bear a pitying heart, my son,
When every throb shall be
Rejoicing o'er a conquest won,
And flushed with victory.

And breathe low words of kindness,
Above the fallen foe,
He may have erred in blindness,
For aught that thou canst know.

But, if close pressed and bleeding,
Oh, turn not thou in flight,
It is thy country's needling,
Be strong to turn the fight.

And fold thy colors round thy breast,
When borne upon the plain,
'Tis thus a warrior should rest,
When numbered with the slain.

With banners proudly waving,
And gleaming swords in rest,
Thy followers are waiting
To move at thy behest.

Go then, and God be with thee,
And shield thee in the strife,
And may the blessings of the free,
Attend thy future life.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Continued from last number.

In a deep and narrow ravine almost inaccessible to the sunshine, and in one of the wildest solitudes of the Cumberland mountains stands a curious, dilapidated old mill. It is built half of logs and half of stone, and was once probably of some strength, but now crumbling and apparently unused. It occupies a table of strong granite projecting from the face of the perpendicular cliff, and is closely wedged at one end into the mountain itself. Over its half fallen roof waves and rustles the massive foliage of huge and ancient trees, whose gnarled and twisted roots, creeping like serpents over the out-cropping cedars, strike deep into the intervening soil, defying the might of storm and time, and sending up a never-failing fountain of sustenance to their giant tops.

He who had seen this old ruin for the

first time, would have marvelled much who had built it or why it had been placed where it could neither be reached nor needed. That it was a mill was plain, for there hung the ponderous, now motionless wheel, half its paddles rotted away, and the remainder fringed with long, green, slimy moss, the rank product of decaying wood and the ever-rising spray of the noisy stream which, issuing from some unseen gorge behind it, plunged down the steep ravine, a foamy sheet that was broken into a thousand snowy fragments ere it reached the bottom.

He who has never beheld the wonders of our grand primeval forests, can hardly form a conception of the tangled, confused and shapeless character of the surface of the soil which upbears them. Trees fallen in all directions and in every stage of decay, and covered with moss and accumulated soil, and the rank growth of weeds and shrubs, and young trees which feed their parasitic life on the mouldering and prostrate giants — it is a strange and most suggestive spectacle. Along the edges of the ravine I am trying to give you some idea of, the moulding debris of ages thus lay massed. Three or four fallen trees lay directly across the ravine, their tops securely resting upon one end of the ledge on which stood the mill, and at a few rods distance, while their roots still maintained a strong position in the soil on the other side. They were close together, and a casual observer might have deemed this accidental, but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that man's ingenuity, availing itself of the accident of nature, had added security and strength to the narrow and dizzy bridge thus formed by many a wedge and interwoven branch and cross piece of timber, but all so ingeniously merged as to seem but results of a fortuitous chance.

It was late in the night. The morning star still shone brightly down the wild ravine, but a dim gray streak in the East indicated the approach of dawn. The occasional fall of a dead branch, the steady and monotonous roar of falling water which came up from below, and the sighing of the night-wind through the pines, were all that broke the solemn stillness of

the hour. Mountains rising above mountains, crowned with eternal forests of pines and oaks and stately cedars, stretched dimly away into illimitable distances, but no sign of life appeared, to indicate that the scene was not as wild and untrodden as when the earth was made.

By-and-by a new sound became faintly audible. The distant tapping of hoofs upon naked rocks came up with the sound of water from below, and soon along a pathway on the side of the ravine, so narrow as scarcely to seem sufficient for a goat, the dark forms of two men loomed up in the uncertain twilight. Emerging from the ravine they stepped upon the comparatively level and safe foreground, holding by the bridle a little mule, which they carefully led over the narrow bridge spanning the gulf, and at once came upon the platform on which stood the ruined mill.

A clear whistle shrilly rose above the noise of the stream, and after a short pause, a second. A little shutter suddenly opened in the side of the mill and a head was thrust out.

"Is that you, Sol?" inquired a pleasant-toned, youthful female voice.

"Yes; unbolt the door," answered a dry, harsh, disagreeable voice, stamping the speaker a rude and rough man. "Is Aggie asleep?"

"O, yes: she is asleep at last, but she has been climbing about the cliffs almost all night. I thought she never would come in. She is always jiss so oneasy these bright, moonlight nights."

"Poor thing! well, we have got something to comfort her;" and the rude, harsh voice took a kindly tone, indicative of some feeling.

"Did you succeed?" inquired the young woman, in a tone in which anxiety and pain were plainly visible.

"Yes, we've got our booty;" answered the man harshly. "Lun has him on the mule."

"Thank heaven that you have returned safe—I have felt so dreadful oneasy about you—" and the head vanished from the window.

The next moment the sliding of a bolt was heard, a little door opened in the

wall, and the two men and the mule disappeared behind it.

For some time the sound of voices and footsteps, and opening and shutting doors, might have been heard; but gradually they ceased, and the old, death-like stillness prevailed. Mystery and night once more covered all things.

Morning at last came. The heavy shutters of the mill were opened. A woman appeared at one of the windows, fresh, and pretty, and entirely out of keeping with the wild scene around her; for as the light increased nothing could seem more desolate, lonely and inhospitable. The granite foundation of the mill loosened from their places, slid away in shapeless disorder; between the logs of the superstructure, gaped unequal chasms; and completely shaded from the sun, mould and moss covered the whole unwholesome place. Only one corner of the building could by any possible means have been made habitable, and the whole had evidently been long deserted, and was occupied now only as a necessity.

The principal door suddenly opened. Two boys of about four years stepped out upon the rocky platform; one of them fresh and vigorous in his appearance, the other pale and worn with weeping and terror. The first ran lightly along the terrace, disappearing behind the trees at the right of the mill, but immediately emerging on to a projecting table-rock somewhat like the one on which the mill stood, but a score or more feet higher up.

"Come Louis," he called down to the other lad who stood trembling and afraid to move.

"I shall fall down this dreadful place," he replied, shrinking back from the verge of the precipice. "I am afraid."

"Get up with you," morosely exclaimed the man who, with the young woman who had appeared at the window, had followed the two boys out, and he gave him a rude thrust.

"Let me!" said the young woman, taking him gently by the hand. "Here, Louis, this is the way up—you will be perfectly safe. Go up with Charley," and she put him gently in the path leading up to the spot where the stronger lad stood.

"The poor child is worn out and feels strange," said she, compassionately.

"He will soon get over that, I will swear to you," replied the man, with a malicious leer, his spiteful eyes gleaming almost ferociously. "He will soon forget his grand home, or I'll—" and he made a threatening gesture as if he would strike him.

"No! you shall not abuse him, Sol Hurd."

"Abuse him?" he sneered—"he will fare just like the other one. Neither of them shall be babied and petted. They shall learn to be fearless and bold, that they may be more and more alike."

"They certainly do look alike," musingly answered the young woman, after a pause, "only little Louis is pale, and has a scar under one eye."

"He will soon get over the paleness, and as for the scar, it will be easy to make one for Charley, or rather for Louis, for I am going to change their names at once, that they may get used to them. I shall call Louis Charley, and Charley Louis, and I shall make a scar under his eye like the other boy's."

The woman looked in his face with a frightened, anxious expression. "Make a scar!" said she, "what do you mean by that, Sol? you surely will not—"

"Hold your tongue, Kate! Do you think the boy will die of a pin's prick? I tell you I must make a scar like the other's."

"Poor boy!" expostulated she, with a trembling voice. "Just think if his mother should see him bleeding, what would—"

"His mother!" ah, his mother!" growled he, grinding his teeth. "Hasn't she bled in a thousand times worse way?" He paused awhile, a fierce expression crossing his face, but at length continued in a quieter tone—"I will spare her, but without the scar my plans would be good for nothing. So say no more, Kate! You know me, and need not waste words. But I promise you Aggie shall not know it. Besides, poor lunny!" she is worse than blind or dead; but by the living Maker, she shall be revenged, and so will I."

Kate sighed. Sol cast a scornful and angry glance at her, but she took no notice. A strange wailing sound came down from above, rousing the two speakers from a momentary abstraction.

"There she is, poor thing!" exclaimed Sol, with a soft and tender tone, altogether unlike the harsh manner in which he had carried on the conversation; and stepping out near the edge of the platform, he looked up over the mill. On the rocky terrace above him, projecting far out over the noisy stream, where the children had stood a few minutes before, sat a girl apparently not more than twenty years old, resting her head upon her hand, her drooping figure enveloped in a long, white robe, and with a magnificent head of jet black hair, whose wavy lengths fell down her shoulders and covered her like a veil. Her face which was pale and very sorrowful, was beautiful and fair, and had it not been for her large dark eyes, which, soft as a gazelle's, were gazing straight before her into the distance, she might have passed for a breathless statue.

"I am so afraid she will fall," said Kate, anxiously.

"No danger of that, now. She has got used to climbing these break-neck rocks. No, that danger is past. Look at her! poor thing!" But the soft expression left his face, and "by the Holy!" he continued, raising his clenched fist, and with the look of a demon—"if I don't get revenge on that cursed—. But it is begun—" and he laughed a laugh that made the blood curdle in the young wife's veins.

Meanwhile the little Louis, at first so terrified, had made his way up the path and through the wood with his companion, and his fear and sorrow forgotten, they were now playing with a large, old goat and her little kid under the trees.

The two soon became inseparable. The similarity between them increased every day, until they seemed like twin brothers, only that Charley who was now called Louis, was a few months older and much stronger. But Charley, now accustomed to his new name, every day improved. His cheeks grew dark and blooming, and he could clamber up the steepest paths like Louis or the goats who were their

constant companions. Kate watched them faithfully as a mother, never suffering them to go farther from the mill than her eyes and her voice could follow them. They were fond of each other, but like most boys, had occasional quarrels which, however, always ended amicably. Kate and the unfortunate Aggie who, in her gradually increasing lucid intervals, seemed puzzled that one boy had become two, were, with the exception of Luu, a negro, now almost the sole inhabitants of the mill. Sol often remained away for days and nights, sometimes returning with two companions for a few hours, but rarely remaining longer.

Louis' mother, poor Aggie, meanwhile, at times, seemed fond of both boys, when she would smooth their soft light ringlets, so perfectly alike, with her white hands, and coo over them like a dove; but generally she took little notice of them, sitting sometimes all day as we first saw her, upon the rock above the mill, and gazing across the ravine into the blue distance.

In this manner several months went by. Louis, now knowing himself only by his new name. Charley had grown bold and strong, the early delicacy of his appearance having entirely disappeared, while Charley, who answered to no name but Louis, became every day more like his little companion.

"Come Louis," said Sol, one morning, taking him by the hand, "you shall go and take a walk with me."

"Where are you going?" Kate anxiously inquired. "I hope not far—"

"It is none of your business," he angrily answered. "Come along, Louis."

"Let me go too," cried Charley, running after them.

"Stay where you are," said Sol, giving him a thrust, "and speak when you are spoken to."

The poor boy who had never lost his fear of Sol, shrank away from him, and sitting down on the rock, gazed after his little companion with a sorrowful face. They followed the woodpath up the mountain, appeared for a minute on the high table-rock, and then disappeared in the woods.

"Come in dear, and stay with me,"

said the kind Kate, "we will have something good to-day. I will make some cakes, so that Louis can have one when he gets back."

"Is he coming back to-day?"

"O, yes; I hope so," and the woman's face fell. "I think so."

Many a time during the day both Charley and Kate looked anxiously up the wood-path to see if the absent ones were coming, each time re-entering the house with a more anxious face. At length just at evening they appeared. A handkerchief stained with blood was bound about the head of Louis, and he seemed tired and feeble, and altogether unlike his usual self.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Kate, putting her arms about the child.

"Louis, dear, tell me what is it?"

"A snake bit my face while I was asleep," answered the child, his lip quivering and his pale cheek flushing.

"Gracious heaven! a snake? let me see the place?"

"Stop!" said Sol; "let the cloth be." And looking her steadily and significantly in the face, "you mustn't be alarmed. The snake wasn't poison. The bite will only leave a little scar behind, and that is all. Hush! you understand me! The deed is done of which you have been so much afraid."

Kate drew a deep breath, and looking at the child with a gentle and loving look, stroked his hair, and kissed his uncovered cheek.

"Poor Louis! come; Charley and I have got some cakes for you. Come in and eat them, and let me see if I can't find some figs. You and Charley shall eat them with your supper and then go to bed. You are very tired."

The poor boy had but little appetite, but looked wan and frightened. But he was very happy to be at home again with Charley and Kate, and after eating a cake and a few figs, the two boys went to bed.

As Sol had asserted, the wounded cheek soon healed, and in two weeks the handkerchief was removed, and only a deep purple spot remained, which gradually faded, leaving a scar in precisely the same place, and wonderfully resembling

that of Charley. The boy seemed to have entirely forgotten the circumstance of the wound, and whether he ever really knew how it was inflicted, it is impossible to tell, and so the matter faded out from the mind of all.

Winter approached, and after frequent consultations with his wife, Sol Hurd decided to try and make the old mill comfortable as might be, and spend it there.

"It will be better that they should remain together six months longer," said he. "They'll grow more alike in every way in that time. Next spring we must go on with our work."

"Will Rhoda undertake it, do you think? and she is a good woman?"

The man frowned. "Yes; my sister is a good woman, she will take good care of him."

"But will she do as you have planned?"

"She will do that and more still," he replied with a malicious smile. "Rhoda has not forgotten Aggie's wrongs, nor her own, if you have."

The tears came into Kate's eyes. "Forget it all. It will be a thousand times better. We are not safe here, and let us take the children and all go North, and who will ever guess that we are not white folks? See the two children! One is just as white and fair-haired as the other."

"I won't go North. I will stay here."

"But we could do well and live like other people there, and make money. We have both of us some education. You have a good trade, and are a good pedler."

"Revenge first and the North and money afterwards."

"O, Sol! take care what you do! God will see it all, and something dreadful will happen if you—"

"It's no use, I tell you, for you to talk, so you may just as well stop now as before I get in a rage with you."

Kate said no more.

The winter went by without suffering among the little family in the mill. Snow lay heavy and deep among the mountains, for three or four months, but Sol was a good hunter and there was no lack of venison in the larder. The little mule

had performed many journeys up and down the mountain, carrying venison to market and bringing back corn and other necessaries before winter set in, sufficient to last until the early spring should open a path down into the inhabited valleys. There was of course no lack of fuel, and the huge stone fireplace and chimney tightly plastered with mud, sent up all day a warm and cheerful blaze, that would delight the eyes of many a denizen of wealthy homes.

As in the summer, Sol was often absent, but Lun, the negro, a runaway slave, was always at home, and cut and brought in wood from the forest, and water from the stream. The poor crazed Aggie grew calmer and contented to remain in doors, though in pleasant days she still loved to sit on the rock and gaze out into the blue distance. The children had glorious frolics in the snow, and kept rosy and strong. Kate was generally cheerful, and on the whole it was a happy winter for all. Kate alone looked forward with dread to the coming spring—for then who could tell what might happen. And so the months rolled on.

To be continued.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

In autumn's gorgeous coloring the forests were arrayed,
And the winds of chill October 'mid their swaying branches played;
While the last faint rays of sunset their lengthened shadows threw,
In forms gigantic, o'er the mead, and shades of sombre hue.

'Twas in the verge of those dim aisles one grave was seen alone.
Unmarked, save by th' uprearing of a gray, unshapen stone;
The wren's nest in the briar, the weeds untrod-den near,
Told that no mourner o'er it bent to shed affection's tear.

But now a lonely wanderer, with faltering step and slow,
I saw approach the mossy bed and o'er it lowly bow.
Her brow was pale and care-worn, and I saw the tear-dimmed eye,
While her bosom heaved with sorrow, and the wildly swelling sigh.

I heard the low, soft gushing, of her voice in saddened wail,
As she breathed her soul's deep anguish to the cold, unheeding gale;

I would have turned me homeward, nor disturbed her lone retreat,
Nor listened to her moaning, but a something stayed my feet.

The zephyr caught her accents as it swiftly passed along,
And bore them to my ravished ear in melody and song—
"My mother! many years have passed since thy pure spirit fled,
And we bore the empty casket to the mansions of the dead.

Then we felt the fairest jewel from our household hearth was gone,
The light that shone the brightest, aye, we sadly felt alone!
We knew a mother's teachings and her chidings all were o'er,
Then we turned unto our father, and we loved him all the more;

We strove to soothe his anguish, we checked the rising tear,
But we wept when darkness veiled us for thee, our mother dear.—
Years passed away, we parted, in foreign lands to roam,
And the cot where once we sported became a stranger's home;

I've returned to see new faces as I pass the humble door,
And I sigh that I may enter there, my early home no more.
I have roamed through ancient Egypt, where the pyramids are seen,
Through Sahara's burning desert my pathway too, hath been;

Through Persian vales and Turkish wilds I've sped my onward way,
And the sweet Circassian maidens have trilled for me their lay:
I've scaled the distant pyrenees whose summits proudly rise,
And I've crossed the vine-clad valleys 'neath Italia's sunny skies;

In light Venitian gondolas, by Luna's mellow beams,
I've glided o'er the waters and gazed on beautiful scenes;
Rome's sculptors and proud artists have op'ed their doors to me,
And I've caught the sweetest accents of Athenian minstrelsy.

I've roamed through Switzer's mountain-glens where Alpine music swells,
I've traversed Obe's flowing stream, through Siber's frozen dells:
France, England and old Scotia's shores my wandering feet have prest,
And St. Helena's rocky isle has lured me to its breast.

I've climbed Parnassus slip'ry steep with firm, untiring zeal;
I've poured o'er ancient pages with a hope of coming weal;

I have gained the shining bauble, I have won
myself a name
That stands in burning characters upon the
scroll of fame.

A wreath of bay and amaranths hath bound
this throbbing brow,
And I've seen both lords and nobles to my
honors lowly bow;
The praises of the wandering world at first I
loved to hear,
But now they fall like icy drops upon my sated
ear.

This yearning soul hath ceased to love the hol-
low voice of fame,
But oh, for the sweet accents of my child-
hood's gladsome days,
When thy fond, caressing arms were entwined
around my form,
Ere I had felt the blighting of ambition's chill-
ing storm!

Affection's gentle breathing, in strains as soft
as thine,
Have never poured upon this ear the love that
then was mine;
Befriended, yet with none to love, I've wander-
ed far and wide,
No sympathizing voice I've known since thou,
my mother, died.

I bring my faded garlands now, far o'er the
ocean wave,
And with heart all torn and bleeding, I fling
them on thy grave;
I have wept for home and childhood in my
wand'rings far away,
I have wept for thee, my mother, when among
the light and gay;

Yes, to kneel upon thy lowly bed from eve till
morn advance,
Were sweeter, purer pleasure than the mirth-
ful song and dance;
I've cherished in my bosom, Yes, one hope I've
cherished long,
And have sighed and wept and prayed when
among the careless throng;

And now my prayer is answered, for ere life's
race is o'er,
I have shed affection's tear-drop on my moth-
er's grave once more."
Thus ceased her sad complaining, and then up-
rose in prayer,
A voice so low, so tremulous, it scarce disturb-
ed the air;

I felt it were a sacrilege to listen to her now,
And turned my footsteps homeward with a
shadow on my brow.
I heard the church bell tolling at early dawn
next morn,
Then I thought of the poor wanderer so lonely
and forlorn;

Soon I heard the rumor flying that a stranger
had been found,
With the death damps on her forehead, on that
lone, unlettered mound;

When I saw the pall removed, it revealed the
same fair face,
Though of last night's fearful suffering there
was left no dismal trace;

For a gentle hand had opened the "flower
wreathed gate of Heaven,"
And a mother's smile once more to the wan-
derer had been given;
Beside the loved she rested now, 'neath those
wild arches dim,
Where the moaning night wind o'er her a re-
quiem doth sing.

K.L.A.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXVI.

Cloaca Maxima—The Scala Santa at the church
of St. John Lateran—Profitable indulgences
—Belief in the genuineness of a sacred relic
—New Basilica of St. Paul's—A day among
modern artists—Farewell to Rome.

One of the most interesting of all the
ancient public works of Rome, is the *Clo-
aca Maxima*, or underground canal, built
one hundred and fifty years after the city
was founded, for the purpose of receiving
the drainage from the common sewer, and
conveying it into the Tiber. Fancy a
structure like this, put together with blocks
of stone, without the aid of cement, form-
ing a subterranean archway of eight hun-
dred feet in length, and still serving its
original purpose, after the lapse of twenty-
five hundred years!

"Formerly," said our guide, "a wag-
on load of hay could have passed through
the canal in some places:" but at pre-
sent the passage at the point of our obser-
vation could not have exceeded more than
the height of four or five feet, the gradual
rise of the bed of the Tiber having occa-
sioned this filling up of the channel, from
its original height of twelve feet or more.

Those old kings, even at that early day
of Rome's history, knew well how to build
substantial structures; and *Tarquinius
Priscus*, the fifth king of the then youth-
ful monarchy, immortalized his reign by
this peaceful work of utility, more than by
barbaric court-splendor, or military achieve-
ment.

Many of the blocks of the interior of
this sewer,—which are mostly of tufa,—
measure more than five feet in length, with
a thickness of nearly three feet, the pas-

sage being so constructed by its sloping grade and gradual contraction of size as to prevent it from becoming choked. Thus has it stood for all these long ages,—with a fair prospect of continuing for centuries to come as now, a most interesting and useful monument of the practical skill of those old Romans, nearly seven hundred years before our Christian era commenced.

There were numbers of devotees climbing the *Scala Santa*, upon their knees, in this spacious vestibule of *San Giovanni in Laterano*, at the time of our visit to this remarkable church. By a faithful counting of beads, and repeating of prayers assigned for this spiritual and bodily humiliation, a thousand years of indulgence was granted the performer. Who can wonder that an opportunity of purchasing an indulgence of such importance, upon such *reasonable* terms has always been eagerly sought and accepted by the disciples of the Roman mother-church; or that the sacred stairs daily present their numbers of crawling penitents, who would long ere this have literally worn out the original stone steps, had they not been well protected by a covering of stout plank, which, thick as it is, has to be renewed occasionally, by a fresh covering of the same material.

Imagine the buoyancy of those pilgrim-penitents from various parts of the world, after the topmost stair is gained, and that long thousand years of indulgence is secured! If in Yankee land the thing was satisfactorily consummated, we fancy it might be a little hazardous to have any special confidential dealings in a business way with the man thus situated;—possibly it might be like the case of Sir Walter's "Robin Hood," who, after settling up all his old scores of honor, (according to his ideas of just compensation,) woe to the next unwary traveller who might fall in with the green-clothed outlaw!

But if *one* ascent secured a thousand years indulgence, why not make a business of it, and where so much is granted for so small a recompense, by mounting the stairs a sufficient number of times, gain *fifty or one hundred thousand years?* which to any one of tolerable keenness in practical business transactions, would be

appreciated at one glance, as a prodigious return for so small a capital invested! However we are not sure that this wholesale mode of operation would be allowed, as we did not stop to thoroughly peruse the regulations in the little book handed us by a good-natured looking priest, whose station was in a sort of pulpit, or sentry-box near the door of the vestibule. These sacred stairs and the door-frame of stone, brought from Jerusalem by the mother of Constantine, were to us the most interesting Christian relics of Rome.

Whether the stairs were or were not the identical ones over which our Saviour passed at the time of his examination before Pilate, it is certain that they were transported from the Holy City by the Empress Helena, who, a fresh convert to the Christian faith,—filled with enthusiastic veneration for every inanimate object in anywise connected with the life of Christ in Jerusalem, especially anything bearing upon those last scenes, when that sublime sacrifice was completed, which gave to humanity a Saviour indeed, unto whom all the ends of the world might look and live; she, we believe, with her zeal, her wealth and power, would have left no means untried, of assuring herself of the authenticity of the stairs as actually belonging to the house of Pilate, which might have been identified among the ruins of Jerusalem. For, although in accordance with an ancient custom, a ploughshare was run over the city, as a symbol of destruction, by the conqueror,—we believe it has been proved that the destruction of the city was by no means so complete as to leave no trace of buildings, or to obliterate all the landmarks of particular places of interest so as to prevent them from being recognized.

Thus in the absence of decisive proof *against* the supposition, we came to the conclusion that a belief in the genuineness of the *Scala Santa*, was the best, as also the most agreeable mode of settling the question. At least we believe that they were truly brought from the Holy City by Helena—according to church history;—that there is no reason for supposing that they were *not* taken from the house of Pontius Pilate, though that does not

prove them to be the identical ones leading from the judgment hall, upon which Jesus ascended and descended. The same may be said of the two columns and door-frame: but it does not follow that our Saviour leaned against the former, or passed through the latter.

Aside from all the mummery which the Roman church has connected with these relics, they are objects of sacred interest to the Christian believer, from the fact of their forming some portion of that building, within which, the Master passed through those scenes of trial, the beginning of those more terrible sufferings which awaited him upon Calvary,—in the consummation of that stupendous sacrifice whose effects were to be felt throughout the whole earth and for all coming time.

This same church of St. John Lateran is one of the oldest Basilicas of Rome,—or rather *was*,—for since its erection by Constantine, in the fourth century, it has undergone so many changes, repairs, and additions, that probably very little of its original form is preserved. The facade, though elaborately adorned, is truly grand and imposing, the effect of it being heightened by the elevation upon which it stands, and by the wide, open space in front. Its entire aspect, standing out as it did upon the day of our visit,—against a background of clear azure—was at once grand and beautiful.

We were charmed with the magnificent columns and pilastres of the Basilica of St. Paul. Good Stephano could have desired no greater admiration expended upon this, his favorite kind of artistic productions! Those eighty columns of granite, with their Corinthian capitals stretching along the vista before you. The exquisite pillars of alabaster—the gift of Mahomet Ali:—the splendid specimens of malachite, from the Emperor of Russia, the porphyry and marbles, all of the richest description, presented a collection of material wealth and artistic skill, at once imposing and beautiful. medallion heads of the Popes, from the first down to *Pio Nono*, executed in mosaic, are intended to adorn the transept and nave—the former is already entirely hung around with them—and includes all of the

occupants of the papal chair, down to John IV. The work of making these medallions is still actively carried on at the manufactory of the Vatican, but whether the list of them will all be completed, including the present Pope, during his lifetime remains to be seen. Upon the ruins of the old St. Paul's, destroyed by fire in 1823, the present splendid structure is reared, and from present appearances, long years will pass ere the edifice, in all its rich adornments, will be completed.

The last day of our stay in Rome, was spent in visiting the studios of modern artists; a day full of rich and pleasant memories! The “Gabriel” and “Evangeline” of Shakespeare Wood, an English artist, were subjects so purely imaginative as to give the sculptor ample scope for his fancy and taste; and charming creations they are! The statue of “Nydia” at Rogers’ studio, we thought exquisite. The frail, delicate figure of the blind heroine,—who is represented while wandering forth in the storm,—the slightly bent posture,—the drapery floating in the wind,—the entire form, as it were instinct with the keenest sensitiveness, in the absence of sight, is wonderfully expressed; and we fancy that no one who has dwelt upon this interesting character of Bulwer’s romance of “The Last Days of Pompeii,” will fail to accord to the artist a tribute of just admiration for this admirable impersonation of the blind girl! Here too, we saw the model of the bronze doors of our Capitol at Washington, which were then being cast at Munich. What impressed us particularly in their design was the faithfulness with which even the smallest ornament was made to correspond with the idea of the main design. Columbus, with the monarchs at whose court he sought the needed aid to carry out his splendid project—heads of native chiefs of the newly discovered country,—tropical flowers and foliage, in every minute detail the hand of a master-spirit fully alive to the harmonies of his theme, was visible; in short, upon those doors we find portrayed the history of a people, a country, and an age.

Moziere’s statue of “Truth,” “Queen Esther,” or rather Esther, the wise and

beautiful, before she became a queen, and the deliverer of her people,—“The Wept-of-Wish-ton-Wish,” the beautiful wild creature, being here represented as just awakening to a vague consciousness of her childhood's days, faint memories of home and mother, floating around her as she listens dreamily to the soft lullaby sung by that fond mother, who, after long years of hopeless pining, has found her lost child—but as one so estranged that recognition seems almost impossible.

All these creations of beauty and many more filled the mind with a succession of delightful pictures, which are still retained, and continue their gentle office of ministering to the soul's love for the beautiful, though many months have passed since they first dawned upon our sight.

We regretted that Miss Hosmer's reception day did not occur so as to include a visit to her studio, in our plans, for besides the great treat to be enjoyed in seeing her “Beatrice,” and little “Puck,” we desired much to meet this brave countrywoman, who, knowing the power of her own genius, had not shrunk from following it out into the path which few of her sex have trod, and whose merited success, under the fostering help of Gibson, proved that her inner consciousness of talent and strength had not deceived her.

After taking an affectionate leave of our present travelling companions, Mr. and Mrs. L., with whom we had spent many agreeable hours, we retired to rest, and in the gray half-dawn of another morning were rolling out from the Eternal City, under the archway of the “Porta del Popolo,” while the heavy wheels of the lumbering diligence and the clatter of horses' hoofs awoke the only sounds that we heard, as we bade farewell to the still sleeping city.

M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

Perilous is the course of the man who goes out, amid the temptations of public life without prayerfulness,—without a sense of duty caught from communion with Christ. If in his own heart he has separated his politics from his religion, I know not from what else he may divorce them.

WHEN WILL THE SUMMER COME ?

BY E. A. MATHER.

When will the summer come ?
The gay, glad time of roses,
When the bees' busy hum,
With the daylight closes.

When the amber sunsets
Bloom in heav'nly fields;
And the honey clover
Richest nectar yields.

When the leafy tree-hands
Weave an emerald roof,
With golden threads of sunshine
Running thro' the woof.

When thro' the twilight
Flames the firefly lamp,
And all the air is musky
Round the red rose's camp,

When the days are jewels,
Strung on threads of time,
Or delicious poems
Set to sweetest rhyme.

When the nights are magical
In the month of June,
When strangest spells are woven
Beneath the mystic moon.

Roll round, oh! earth, and bring
The Summer in her prime;
Let not her footsteps linger
So long in the golden clime!

Ye winds, oh, haste her coming,
Tell her we pine, we die
For the music of her voice,
The light of her blue eye.

Pittsburg, Penn.

A man who is simply living by what we call a system of good habits, — a habit of temperance, a habit of chastity, a habit of economy, a habit of prudence, — has to steady them every time he goes down hill, for fear they will fall off, and push them every time he goes up hill. But when a man has a love of God, and Christ, and goodness, there is no more danger of these falling off and breaking, than of a man's organism falling to pieces. It becomes a vital element of his being, — a central spring, compact and consistent with the whole of his nature. And if occasionally such a man does break out, here and there, in a fault or in a folly, he has within him that which rallies him to act and overcome it.

MOLLIE'S IDEAL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
I'll leave her for a year or twa,
And she'll nae be so saucy yet."

"A little—just a very little, Mollie,—come, now, own that you love me a little," and the young man pressed his lips to the dainty pink finger nails of the tiny white hand that had lain for a while idly in his own.

"Not a bit, Frank; not the least bit in the world," and the young girl tossed her head in a way that reminded one of a queen refusing the suit of a commoner.

"But why, Mollie—why don't you—why can't you? I'm your equal every way, a man of—"

"A man! you don't call yourself a man I hope," and the blue eyes opened wide, as in amazement.

The young lover blushed, first on his cheeks, then on his temples, then on his forehead, and finally quite up to the roots of all that raven hair that made his head so glossy. He did not speak for some moments, then he said quietly, "I was twenty-one last month, don't that make a man of me?"

"In the eyes of the law, yes. But not in mine."

"Why?"

"O, you don't look like a man; at least not like my ideal of a man. O, Frank the man I give my love to, must be a splendid looking fellow, of full six feet. I won't have an inch off; he must have an olive skin, piercing black eyes, a splendid moustache, wear diamond studs in his bosom, sport a massive gold chain, a diamond ring must sparkle on his little finger, he must speak with pure accent all the languages of the Old World, he must waltz divinely, play the guitar like a master, sing—"

"A penitent corsair, a reformed pirate, a Christianized buccaneer—Mollie, who upon earth filled your little head full of such nonsense?"

"It may be *romance*, Mr. Leonard; but, pardon me, sir, it is you whose head is filled with nonsense; you, sir, who presume to address me."

"As my own darling, Mollie; my pet bird, my red rose, my white lily, my lady-love," and he clasped her struggling form in his arms, and covered her face with kisses.

"Come, be sensible, now, Mollie, for you have some sense in your head, yet, I know; cast aside those school-girl fancies of a lover, and plight your troth to me; me, whom you've known ever since you were a baby. See, Mollie, I've brought a ring and my miniature; put out your finger now, like a dear, good girl, and let me slip on"—

"I'm not a girl, sir," and the petite figure was drawn up proudly—"I'm a woman—"

"Of seventeen," and her lover laughed, but, midst his glee, strove to regain the little hand that had been drawn away.

She resisted him strongly, proudly, earnestly. He seemed to yield after a while to her resistance, and sat down quietly twirling the plain gold ring on his own little finger.

Finally he looked up and said in low, serious tones, "did you know, Mollie, that I have decided to go to California."

"You—California—" the young girl spoke as in a dream.

"Yes, Mollie. My uncle Frank, who went out there three years ago, when the country was only just heard of, has written to me that there is a fine chance for me to get rich there, if I come at once. It was a new idea to me, but I seized hold of it quickly, and—and—" his voice faltered a very little, "I sail in a week."

"A week—so soon?" she looked as if she would faint.

"Yes, Mollie, the sooner I'm off, the sooner I'm back again; back to home, friends, and—may I say it, Mollie?—to you."

She did not answer, but the paleness remained upon her cheek, her eyelids trembled, her lips quivered.

He drew near her again, he encircled her waist, and was about to draw her head to his heart, when she pushed him away, pushed him sternly.

"Mollie!" There was grief in the tone.

Meanwhile the color had come again to her face, her downcast eyes had opened, her trembling lips grown stiff.

"And you expect me, Frank Leonard,

to love you — you, who by your own confession, have no higher aim in life, than to make money—you who are going to waste your talents in search for gold—sell your soul for filthy lucre.”

The young man could not help smiling, badly as he had felt the moment before. The tragic did not become little Mollie Merton, though she would have been capital in a farce, her eyes were so arch, her mouth so roguish, her smile so provoking, her pout so delicious, her laugh so sparkling.

“Money is very convenient, Mollie; gold is a great help in a family; lucre makes lords out of peasants.”

“To think of you as a miner, Frank, with a tanned, freckled face, snarly hair, beard like a Jew—

“Or a pirate, Mollie—”

She did not heed him; “slouched hat, red flannel shirt, denim overalls, cowhide boots, horny hands—what in the world possesses you to go.”

“I want a cage to put my bird in.”

“Better first be sure you’ve got a bird, sir.”

“That’s what I want, Mollie. Come, now, a truce to any more bantering. Let’s talk like sensible people. Mollie Merton, I love you—love you with my whole heart. Will you take my love?”

“I—I—”

“Yes or no, Mollie.”

“I can’t say yes, and—”

“You won’t say no. Well, Mollie, I’ll give you three years to make up your mind, only promise me, you won’t marry or fall in love with any Don Whiskerando, in the time. Good morning, birdie,” and he drew on his gloves and began singing merrily,

“My love she’s but a lassie yet,
My love she’s but a lassie yet;
I’ll leave her for a year or twa,
And she’ll nae be so saucy yet.”

As the refrain of the last line echoed on her ears, the front door banged to after him, and the young girl was left alone.

She had not expected this. She had looked for more teasing, and—I’ll tell the truth—the truth that just then was flushing her face and neck and bosom, she had meant to say *yes*, at the last. And now he was gone, and the ring and miniature

too. And in a week he’d be gone for good,—gone for three years—gone so far. What if he never came back? what if the Atlantic should swallow him, or a Panama fever burn him up, or a Pacific wave drown him? What if he should be stabbed, or shot or hung—in innocent men were sometimes hung in that far-off land. O dear, dear! Little Mollie Merton went to her chamber and cried herself to sleep. Her spirits were better in the morning. Feeling, quite down to the bottom of her heart that Frank loved her, she was sure he would come again and renew his suit, and she, why she, after she had teased him enough, would falter out *yes*, and bury her head in his bosom, after the manner of all the heroines she had ever read or heard of, and then there would be the usual number of sweet kisses, tender caresses, pet names, and precious pledges; she would give him her miniature, and receive his, and he should, put that plain gold ring upon her finger, and—perhaps give up that terrible California voyage, and settle down at once to his profession. Young girls’ thoughts travel fast, and by the time Mollie had adjusted the last golden curl, and pinned on the snowy collar, she had quite decided on the wedding dress and veil.

But the day passed, and no Frank came. The evening waned, and she still sat alone in the parlor, her white face pressed closely to a window pane. The next day, and the next, and the next—six days, indeed, and he did not come. Poor Mollie. In all that time, she never once thought of her ideal lover, her Don Whiskerando. Nay, but as a sick child listens for its mother’s footsteps, so listened she for the well-known ring on the pavement of Frank Leonard’s boots. The poor lawyer, who hadn’t a sign of a moustache, whose skin was fair as a girl’s, who had neither diamond studs or diamond rings, who couldn’t waltz or sing—strange as it may seem, he was more to her now than all the pirate lovers, counts, lords, or earls, she had ever read or heard of.

He came at last. The evening of the seventh day brought him. “What is the matter, Mollie,” he asked kindly, as he took her offered hand, and led her to a *tete-a-tete*. “You look as though you’d

cried your eyes out. Can it be you are so sorry I'm going away; you, who declared a week ago, you didn't love me the least bit in the world."

Mollie was aching to feel his precious lips upon her hot eyelids and burning cheeks, but she wasn't going to be won so easily, not she; so she said archly, "sorry that you are going to get rich, Frank! No, no; I wish you joy of your prospective fortune. Please let go my hand; it isn't a nugget of gold, that you should hold it so tightly."

He did not mind her, but held it with a firmer clasp, looking into her eyes, till she was fain to turn away her face.

"You do love me, Mollie." He spoke as one does when he is assured of a fact. "You love me with your whole heart, and you will yet be my wife. You needn't try to wrench your hand away. It belongs to me, and I've a right to hold it. You love me, but you are a foolish girl and won't own up, because I'm fortunate enough to be an honest man instead of a bloody corsair, an American citizen, instead of an English earl, a French count, or a Spanish Don. But, mark my words, Mollie, the time will come when, with your own lips, you will tell me, that I, Frank Leonard, am more to you than any Whiskerando of a foreigner."

"We shall see, sir."

"Yes, Mollie, we shall. Don't pout, now, and burden your conscience with words that you know aren't true. Sit still and listen to me. To-morrow I sail. I shall not come back in three years. But when I do come, I shall ask you to be my wife. You won't refuse. Will own then that you have always loved me, and we shall be so happy." He kissed her fingers.

She wanted to tease him; she thought of a thousand bantering things to say, but as fast as they rose to her lips, she suppressed them. The one idea would force itself upon her that this might be their last meeting. O, she could not, could not let him go from her forever, with idle words for his last memory.

For an hour or more they sat there, side by side, in silence. Then Frank whispered, "you will let me write to you, Mollie; not a lover's letters, but such as a cousin or a brother might write."

"Yes."

"And you will answer them."

"Yes."

"And you will let me take your miniature, and you will let me give you mine?"

"Yes." And there was an exchange of pictured faces, but the ring, though it glistened on his little finger, was not offered.

Another hour passed on, a wordless hour. Then he whispered, "Good-bye, Mollie. For three years keep yourself free. If I come not then, think of me as dead." He strained her to his heart, pressed a long kiss on her lips, and without another syllable was gone.

The three years passed on, bringing as all years do, changes that are not always pleasant to be borne. They brought at first more clouds than sunshine to Mollie Merton, transforming her from a light-hearted girl to a reflective woman. Her father died within three months of Frank's departure, died and left them penniless. Her delicate mother sunk under the stroke and became a helpless invalid. Mollie had to be father and mother to her little sister and her two young brothers. She accepted her destiny, and day after day was seen traversing the streets with a roll of music in her hand, giving lessons in mansions where once she had been greeted as a belle and beauty. Two years of this dreary life passed on; not all dreary, either, for she won a fair reputation as a teacher, and supported her mother in comfort, if not splendor, and schooled the little fatherless trio. Not all dreary, for she had Frank's letters to cheer her; every steamer brought them; long letters, precious letters; letters that she put under her pillow at night, and carried next her heart through the day.

A change came at the close of the second year. An amateur concert was to "come off," and the *elite* of the city were in ecstasies over the programme. Three days before the time, the chief solo singer was taken ill—very ill; no hopes of her recovery. The concert must be postponed or some one found to fill her place. Who could it be? where in all that city was an amateur brilliant enough to succeed with those difficult parts.

Accidentally a child's voice was heard to say, "My music teacher can sing better than Miss Granger. I'd rather hear her any time."

People sometimes catch at straws, and they asked at once, "who is your music teacher?" and when told, they remembered quickly, that Mollie Merton did use to have a sweet voice, and they sought her out and in spite of her remonstrances, left the solos with her to practice on, and in the evening insisted on her joining them in a rehearsal.

She was a success, a complete success; and poor Miss Granger on her sick-bed, would have suffered more than she did, had she known that the amateurs were in their hearts, glad of her illness, since out of that darkness had risen a star—a star beneath which she paled as a glow-worm.

If she was a success at the rehearsals, what shall we say of her at the concert! She was nearly smothered with bouquets, while the applauses were so loud and long that the owners of the Music Hall began to fear the audience would literally bring the house down.

No more poverty, no more obscurity for our little heroine. Strangers flocked to see her; the most aristocratic mansions in the city were opened to her; she had at once more applications for lessons than she could have attended to, had the days been forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours long; she was offered an extravagant salary in an uptown church, as solo singer; she was urged to give concerts every week. It was a wonder indeed her little head wasn't quite turned with so much adulation.

But she steadily pursued the course she had marked out for herself, giving lessons through the day, and practicing at night; never going to parties, and only occasionally singing in public; but when she did sing there was always a rush of the *élite*: people who did not care how lavishly they spent their money, so that their taste was gratified, and as a consequence, the fair singer reaped each time a golden harvest.

Ten months of this busy, exciting life passed away, and then two objects gained, she allowed herself a little rest. In that time she had saved enough to allow her in-

valid mother to visit Europe in company with some old friends, and she was enabled also, to send her young sister and brothers to the best boarding-schools the country afforded. She took handsome rooms for herself now at a fashionable boarding-house, and now and then went out to an evening party.

She would have been perfectly happy at this time, but for one thing; her letters from Frank had suddenly ceased. She could not attribute his silence to coldness or neglect, for in his last letter he had called her his nightingale, and hinted that so sweet a bird should have a golden cage offered it before long. No, he must be sick or—she could not speak the other word.

With her feelings thus saddened, she accepted rather reluctantly an invitation to the great, brilliant party of the season. She was rather late, her dress-maker having kept her waiting, but the robe was so very beautiful when it did come, that she had found no fault. A murmur of admiration ran through the rooms as she entered. It reached the ears of a distinguished looking man who was closely examining a splendid painting. He turned around, and seemed transfixed at the fair vision, for vision she seemed in the lace robe which fluttered about her so daintily, a rose-bud here and there peeping out of the waves, you could hardly call them folds of her misty raiment. "Who is she?" he asked.

"Our star," was the brief reply.

"Angel, why do you not say? Has she a name, a home—"

"Aye, aye," was the host's reply, "she is mortal, as are you and I, and by-and-by I'll introduce you. A rare welcome she'll give you, too, I'll wager, for she has a leaning towards noblemen."

Meanwhile, our Mollie was making her way through the crowded rooms, greeting one and another as she passed. "Have you seen him?" asked a young girl of her, as she paused a moment.

"Who?"

"The new arrival; the guest of the evening; the young Spanish nobleman, Don Carlos, Heaven knows what, but he has another name. See, there he is now."

Mollie looked up. Her pulse went up to fever-heat; her heart leaped into her throat. There at last stood her ideal man—he of whom in the careless days of girlhood, she had dreamed so often. If he had been made to order, she could hardly have been better pleased. Tall, graceful, splendidly proportioned, he seemed a very prince in bearing. His skin was a clear olive, with the crimson burning through upon each cheek; his hair lay in thick masses, and was of that purple-black hue which you see on a raven's wing; his moustache was superb, soft, silky, dark, and with such an exquisite wave. Diamond studs sparkled on his bosom, a diamond cross flashed upon his neck, a diamond ring glistened on his little finger, while a massive gold chain reposed superbly on the white satin vest. He was perfect, all but his eyes; she was not quite sure of them, for he wore glasses, light, graceful things, but they shimmered so in the streams from the chandelier, that she could not decide whether they—the eyes—were black or hazel, mild or piercing.

A live nobleman! Would he seek an introduction? Yes; he was even now drawing near; another moment and the host had mentioned their names, and true to her American instincts, she had offered her hand. It was delicately taken, but, strange to tell, she felt that his fingers quivered like an aspen. His voice too, faltered, as he first addressed her. But he soon recovered himself and apologized for his involuntary emotion, by saying that she reminded him strongly of a dear friend in his native land. And then he quietly dropped the subject, and quite fascinated her with his brilliant conversation. In the midst of it, the band struck up a waltz. "Shall we join the dancers?" he asked. She assented, and they were soon whirling in the dizzy mazes of the graceful figures. He waltzed divinely, so everybody said, and the greatest prude of a mamma there, would have looked on with pleasure had her own fair girl been encircled by his arm.

The dance over, he led her to a draped alcove wherein stood a small Grecian harp, and pleaded for a song. She chose a simple old ballad, and touching the

chords gently, drew from them strains that hushed to muteness every noise in the vast rooms. And when, after the prelude, she joined words to the music, a spell seemed to have wrapped the listeners, for they stood with parted lips and hushed breathing, till the last note fluttered into silence. She would have risen then, but the count detained her, and pleaded for one more, a Spanish air, familiar to him, and grateful from associations. She complied, and when she heard his deep, rich bass coupling with her almost seraphic air, she felt that he lacked nothing.

It was a rare entertainment that, for the young music teacher, the salaried church singer, the amateur solo. As she laid her flushed cheek upon the pillow late at night, she said to herself, "I will go out oftener, hereafter. If I toil all the seven days, surely I may rest in the quiet night-time."

She did go; not every evening though, for they still remained her only time to practice. Very pleasant evenings those were, too, that she spent in society, constantly meeting with the young Spaniard, and receiving from him ever the most delicate attentions. That she was the chief object of attraction to him, was evident to all observers. He waltzed with no one else; he sang with no one else; he promenade only with her, talked only with her, that is, she was the only one to whom he ever really opened the treasures of his mind. He had gay repartees, brilliant witticisms, sparkling anecdotes for the other fair girls about him, but for her he reserved those choice intellectual treats which constant travel and close observation allow one to serve up. He sent her costly bouquets, rare music, new books and now and then one of his own pencil sketches. He prevailed on her a few times to accompany him in his early morning rides into the country, whose lanes were now growing beautiful and fragrant with the flowers of spring. Those lonely rides were dangerous pastimes for Mollie. The count had a splendid jet black steed, and he was a magnificent rider. Indeed, he appeared even better on horseback than in the ballroom. Then he was so devoted, too, at such times, not in words, but in gentle deeds of courtesy, checking his pace at

every fair view, dismounting to gather violets, and leaping dangerous ditches to break off boughs from the blossoming fruit trees. Once her horse seemed fractious, and she turned to him a beseeching look, her face the color of snow. He soothed and encouraged her, and his tender tones well-nigh made her heart as restive as her horse. But never once did he speak of love, and Mollie, when rallied by her companions, could answer truly, we are not engaged, we are not even lovers. Indeed, she could not for the life of her divine what his real feelings were towards her, he was so cool, so calm. She could not decline his attentions, for they were offered as a brother might have offered them to a pet sister; and why should she decline them, she asked herself, when it made her so happy to receive them. Of course she was not in love with him; no, her heart was away the other side of the continent, somewhere in the gold mines of California. And then she would draw up Frank's miniature from its nest against her heart, and look long and tenderly on the young, fresh face. Sometimes, though with a strange perverseness, she would even as she kissed it, say to herself, "I wish he were not quite so boyish-looking; I hope he will let his beard grow."

Meanwhile there came no tidings of him, and the three years rolled quite away. There was a brilliant party given that evening by one of Mollie's aristocratic friends, and she had looked forward to it with much elation. But when the dressing hour drew nigh, she found herself strangely depressed. A steamer had arrived that day, and not a word from Frank. She had somehow cherished the thought that he would come in person, at that time, but as the twilight deepened into night, and no one summoned her, she sat alone and wept.

A servant entered after a while and said, "A gentleman to see Miss Merton."

She mechanically reached out her hand for a card. "He did not give me one, nor send his name either."

"It must be Frank at last," she exclaimed; and bidding the girl turn on the gas, she hurried to change her dress, putting on not the white robe that lay upon

the bed, but a plain black silk which she had taken that morning from the bottom of a trunk, the same she had worn on the last evening she had spent with her lover. It became her well, heightening by contrast the whiteness of her beautiful neck and shoulders, and her softly rounded and dimpled arms.

Her heart fluttered wildly as she entered the parlor; her limbs trembled so she could scarcely support herself; the color came and went upon her cheeks.

"You are not well, Miss Merton—suffer me," and he led her to a sofa.

Who? the count.

Poor Mollie! She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Her visiter did not speak for some minutes. Then he said gently, "You are troubled, my little friend. Is it anything which I can drive away. Trust me, if it is."

"No, no," she murmured, plaintively; and then looking up, she smiled faintly through her tears, and continued, "I was expecting a dear friend this evening; a friend whom I have not seen for three long years; and—and—I was so disappointed when—when I saw it was you, not he."

The count did not answer her, but paced the room as if in much perturbation of spirit. Finally, he stopped just at the side of the carved arm on which she leaned, and bending his head towards her, asked in a quivering voice, "was it a *very* dear friend you were expecting, Miss Merton, somebody who, in time, will be more than a friend."

She knew—she felt then, that he loved her; he, this nobleman, this ideal of hers. She knew, felt, that rank, wealth, eclat, aye, and happiness, might be hers; happiness, for no woman could long resist such love as he would circle around her. Did she hesitate to answer? did she trifle with him now that his closely kept secret was bursting forth into full flower? No, no; a true woman, she answered almost at once, "it was a *very* dear friend, count—it was Frank Leonard, my lover."

"You are affianced, then."

"No, he left me free for three years."

"But if he came not back in that time, then—"

"I was to think of him as dead," and a fresh flood of tears ran down her cheeks.

Again the count paced the room, and again he came and leaned beside her. He spoke sadly, very sadly. "There is, then, no hope for me, Miss Merton."

She did not answer at once, she could not; her words must dash for a while, all joy out of his heart, and by the anguish of her own now, she knew what he would suffer.

"If he should never come back,"—he spoke tenderly.

"Never! O, count, do not, do not talk of such a thing. Never come back! my Frank, whom I have always loved with my whole heart, whom I have waited for so long; O, I respect, esteem you; you are much to me, but you can never, never take the place of Frank; he is more to me than all the world beside."

What ailed the count? Was he crazy with disappointment, or mad with love? One of the two, surely, for never before did a refused suitor catch up his darling in his arms and half smother her with kisses.

"Sir, sir, sir, I say;" and with indignant tones, Mollie strove to free herself. "Sir, I took you for a gentleman. Let me go."

"Never, never," he cried. "You are mine, now, mine for all time. Be quiet, little one—you quiver like a hurt bird; your nerves are all unstrung. Lie still there, and I'll sing to you; music is good to soothe excitement. Listen, darling."

"My love is but a lassie yet,
My love is but a lassie yet;
I'll leave her for a year or twa,
And she'll nae be so saucy yet."

"Are you—are you—who are you—in heaven's name, tell me," and the young girl burst from his arms, and stood before him with a bewildered look.

"The original of that miniature which nestles against your heart, Mollie; Frank Leonard, who, by your own confession, is more to you than any Don Whiskerando."

She did not faint—people don't often faint with joy; but, she must have felt herself growing weak, for she fairly threw herself into her lover's arms.

"But why Frank, this disguise; this assumed name? Only think," and she spoke reproachfully, "how much your two months's silence has made me suffer."

"I don't think you have suffered very much, darling. You forget that you have been all the while the object of a count's devotion. O, Mollie, Mollie, it has been very hard to preserve my incognito. But the temptation to test your love was too strong to be resisted. The change which three years of life in a foreign clime makes in a young fellow's looks, first begot the masquerade, and with a good address, a little brass, and a good deal of gold, it is the easiest thing in the world to impose upon our social circles. As Don Carlos Pedro St. Giovanni, I have had the entree of mansions whose doors would never have opened to Frank Leonard, the American lawyer. I made quite a respectable looking nobleman, too, didn't I, darling," and he led her to a mirror.

She looked up to him proudly, and then averting her eyes said softly, "I shall marry my ideal, after all."

"Plain Frank Leonard, who is neither pirate nor count—where is your romance gone, Mollie?"

She turned to him with the arch look of old, singing as she did so,

"Your love is not a lassie now,
Your love is not a lassie now;
Toil and trouble have worn her brow,—
Your love she is a woman now."

When I go with Christ to Calvary and hear his dying prayer, his mighty yielding up of the ghost, I am constrained to say, "Truly, this was the Son of God." And when I tread with him the rocky pavement of the sepulchre, and feel the thrill of his rising, and hear the rush of angels' wings go by me, and he stands upon his grave-clothes, not all the light that breaks through the unsealed tomb, can dissipate my awe. But when I pause with him before Jerusalem, and see his full, fast tears, and hear him weep by the grave of Lazarus, I feel that he was a tender, loving being, sympathizing with humanity, and know it is the "Son of Man" whom I am called to love.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

BY MRS. E. LOUISE MATHER.

In the stillness of the midnight,
When deep thought, like waves o'erflow
When the forms of the belov'd ones
Come from out the long-ago,—
Then my spirit riseth upward
On Love's pinions, swift and strong,
And my heart breaks forth in music,
Singing an immortal song.

Song, e'er chanted by the bright ones,
Dwellers in the land of light,
Stooping to this barren earth-shore,
Ministering to our delight;
Guiding us through sorrow's mazes
To the clime of endless day,
Watching us in joy's deep phases,
When we sleep and when we pray.

Oh! they ever lead us upward.
Mounts of faith so broad and high,
Where the sunlight e'er is shining,
In God's clear and banner'd sky!
And we feel the soul's ideal
Is no dream to mock us now,
But a surety, firm, and real,
Shedding warmth upon each brow.

And we joy to love and labor,
While the stormy path we tread,
As this bow of promise daily
Makes a halo round each head.
Oh! we all have angel watchers,
High and holy,* from the sky,
Giving us fond words of comfort,
While we live and when we die.
East Haddam, Conn.

MARGARET STUART.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

CHAPTER I.

"I am sure I do not know what to do."

It was in one of the palatial mansions of the Fifth Avenue. The speaker was a lady of middle age, still retaining some pretensions to youth and beauty. She was alone in the room in which she sat, an open letter lying on the carpet at her feet, where it had slipped from her hand in her reflections.

Without, a wild winter storm was raging, flake after flake settling down upon the already whitened pavements; within, her daughter's voice rose clear and sweet from the drawing-room below, the keys of her piano ringing to some popular song.

In the letter at Mrs. Stuart's feet, the tremulously pencilled lines stood out clear and distinct.

"Margaret, I am very poor. My child

*Daniel, iv. 18

is suffering for want of bread. Anything I could bear for myself, but not for her. I have toiled these last eight years since my husband's death with my needle, but my work and health are both failing. O Margaret, do not forget how we once shared one home, that we are still sisters, that no disparity of circumstances, no wrong, or anger, can break the tie of blood. For my child's sake, my little Frances, if not for mine, be pitiful and help us."

What was there but one answer to this? who could reject such a prayer? What, indeed! As Mrs. Stuart sat there in the waning winter light, a long vista of the past opened before her. She was a child again in her early home, which, though fitted with ease and comfort, had not the luxury of to-day. She remembered her mother distinctly, a stately, beautiful woman, whose tender kisses and words of endearment lingered to-night in her recollection.

There came dark days, a rush of anguish—hushed footfalls, tears, stillness; she was lifted up to the coffin to look on the white, still face, so like, and yet so unlike. How her father put her from him, stung by her baby questions; how the kind old nurse soothed pityingly her sobs and told her her mother had gone to a beautiful country where she would some day join her. There was no pain there, no sorrows, no parting, no tears.

Months went by, the child's grief was outwardly stilled, but it was not forgotten; children laugh and play but they do not so soon forget. Her father went away; he was gone for weeks, and months they seemed to the child; when he returned a beautiful lady came with him who, the servants told her with grave faces, was to take her last mother's place. Her little heart rebelled against it. How could this be? She would not be coaxed, she would not be won. Mateline had not the patience to persevere; the wilful, wayward temper of the child who had been so long left to the neglect of servants vexed her. She was thankful when a home opened for her new charge with a kind aunt, and overruled her husband's faint remonstrances and regrets.

Thus Margaret grew up, with bitter and haughty memories in her heart, disdaining her young step-mother who had stolen

into her dead mother's place ; looking with doubt and envy, on the daughter who soon came to rival her in her father's love, the little that was left to herself.

In her aunt's home her childhood and girlhood passed. On the dawn of womanhood a great sorrow met her, the death of this kind friend, and she went back to the home where she could anticipate no very tender greetings. Years had passed since she had met them, for which the long distance lying between, and then the difficulties of travel had been a sufficient excuse. She found her sister in her ripe girlhood, a beautiful creature, the first glance upon whose face, she knew not why, thrilled her with pain. Her father met her kindly, her step-mother with courtesy, and she took up her old place and tried to accustom herself to her surroundings.

There was one thought which had consoled her on her journey. Her stay here would not be for long. She loved and was beloved. At least she believed so. Henry Armond had shown her every attention short of a plain avowal, and her aunt had favored his evident suit. This mutual attachment had taken the sting even in the first hours from her bereavement. Armond was coming to H—— in a few weeks, he had said to her at parting. No doubt he would then avow himself, and entreat her father's consent. The future was very beautiful to her. There was no room now in her heart for envy. Love glorified everything.

He came. Ah, it was not pleasant to look back to-night, here, sitting in this home of wealth and prosperity, bearing the name of a merchant prince, mother to two dearly-beloved children—no, though years lay between. Those weeks which followed were such as come only once in a life time.

Her sister loved Armond. Poor Elanour, was she so very wrong? Margaret thought so. Yet between you and I reader, until the marriage preparations were completed, the very day fixed, she never once dreamed that she was Margaret's rival. He had never spoken, why should Margaret say he was her lover? it was not her nature to do so, least of all these. Business took him to F——, so Elanour thought, and what

more natural than that he should call on an old friend? Margaret received him in their presence with the same stately courtesy which she extended to others. Elanour, foolish girl, lost her heart almost at their first meeting. He saw his conquest. Why, or on what grounds he acted, Margaret never knew. She gave him up, silently, haughtily, she could do no otherwise, but her faith in human nature died out. A strong bitter hatred of her beautiful, prosperous sister seized upon her. She grew too wretched to keep her secret, and when the day at last drew near for Elanour's marriage she knew all. It was too late now for any change. Elanour showed no triumph, she said nothing, but her face revealed in that one startled moment that she understood all.

Mrs. Stuart's face dropped in her hands. She turned from the picture of the second wooing, where she bartered her hand for gold. Her husband was twice her years, sordid, ignorant, cold, but he was a Crusus, that was enough.

Since the day of Eleanour's marriage, which her own quickly followed, she had not looked upon her half-sister's face. When her step-mother died she had sent a trifling excuse for her failure to be present at the funeral, and when her father's decease followed, an actual attack of illness had prevented her presence. These two had stood from that day as if the existence of the one, was forgotten by the other, and now to-night this letter had come to Mrs. Stuart's hands. Armond was dead, and his wife and child begged for charity.

There was a step on the stairs. Mrs. Stuart knew her husband's tread, deadened as his footfall was in the soft carpets. She looked up as he entered. "You are early to-night, Mr. Stuart," she said, quietly stooping to rescue her letter from the floor. A second thought seized her and she extended it toward him.

He took it, though with an air hardly of curiosity. There was a weary, jaded look about him, as he flung himself into the chair by his wife's side.

"From Eleanour," said Margaret, introducingly, "she has written me, and I do not know how to answer her."

She did not say what gave strength to the struggle within.

"Poor relations," muttered Mr. Stuart, running it over "My dear, what did Mrs. Armond do with the very handsome portion your father left her? twice the amount of yours I remember."

It was a circumstance which Mr. Stuart had from that time laid up against the younger sister, whose impoverished circumstances had drawn this preference from his father-in-law.

"Mr. Armond wasted it in speculations," said Margaret, shortly.

"And we are bound to provide for his widow? I don't know."

Margaret was silent, she knew well the direction to which her husband's thoughts were tending.

"A few dollars," he resumed, reflectively, "would be no loss, though our expenses are enormous, but it might have the effect of encouraging her to fresh applications."

Margaret shut her lips tightly, a voice within pleaded for her unfortunate sister, but she crushed it down.

The tea bell rang, Mr. Stuart put down the letter, and they went down stairs.

CHAPTER II.

Day after day Mrs. Armond waited for the letter which should come, the visitor whose well recalled step should press with its firm imperious tread upon those rickety trembling stairs up to her lonely attic, but letter or visitor never came. Haggard wan stared her in the face, the last penny was gone from her purse, one by one the humble articles of furniture were sold, the last dear relic of happy days surrendered to the pawn-broker's shop.

It was a cold bitter day, no fuel, no food, her daughter, a bright intelligent child of eleven years, sat cowering over the decaying embers of the hearth, wrapped in her faded woollen shawl.

Mrs. Armond put on her bonnet, tying the strings with trembling fingers. She was going out to ask for charity; a glance at her child's wan face had nerved her resolution.

Who would have dreamed of this in the old bridal days.

"I shall be back soon, Frances," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "you had better lie down, love, and cover yourself with the quilts," turning to the bed with its wretched coverings, "the fire is quite out, and it is very cold."

She turned away quickly from the question on the child's lips and hurried out.

Was it a providence which directed her steps? She believed so all her life. It is true that God directs our ways always, but there are moments when the veil seems to be parted, and this truth stands forth.

The winter air was chill and piercing, as it crept through her thin garments, but with the recollection of the desolate room behind her, and the pale little waiting face, Mrs. Armond pressed on. Twilight had fallen; the dusk of the short December day, and the lights were gleaming along the streets. The pavements were still thronged with the busy stream of life pouring to their homes from their daily tasks. By an involuntary impulse she drew her veil more closely over her face as she hurried on. In all the multitude there was no pitying glance or heart for her. She came soon upon a quiet street where stately buildings showed the presence of wealth and pretension. With a fluttering heart she ascended the steps of the second and rang. The servant who answered her summons, contemplated her with a gruff stare, and hardly pausing to hear her errand, closed the door in her face, with a half muttered exclamation, "another beggar." Mrs. Armond descended, and tremblingly tried the next. Here her reception was more civil, a buxom looking Irish girl made her appearance, who told her the mistress was engaged with company, and could see no one, it would be as much as her place would be worth, to disturb her. Elanour might have remonstrated, but the girl closed the door and she had no choice but to turn away. Should she go on? Her heart sunk within her, but the mother's love triumphed. She went on slowly up the street. At the corner she came upon a mansion of less pretentious appearance than the rest, but which wore somehow a more inviting as-

pect. From its windows a cheerful flood of light poured out, and as she paused at the steps an indistinct murmur of cheerful voices reached her. She stood irresolute for two or three moments, and then pulled the bell. A cheerful looking woman answered. "I will ask mistress," she said to Elanour's appeal, "will you step into the hall, marm?"

From the door of the opposite parlor which stood ajar, a figure stepped out. The lady, for such she seemed, stopped at the sight of the humble visitor. As she stood in the strong light of the astral, attired in a becoming evening dress, her face beaming with benevolence and goodness, there was something about her which struck Mrs. Armond as strangely familiar.

"A woman who wants to beg something warm," said the servant girl, half aside.

"Take her down to the kitchen, Jane," said Mrs. Lawson, glancing at her thin shawl and faded dress, "and give her something to eat. I will be down in a moment."

"Maria!" Mrs. Armond smothered the cry, her first impulse was to escape back into the street, her second thought led her to follow the servant.

Mrs. Lawson had caught the exclamation, her own name; how strange from a beggar; the voice, too, had struck her as one she had heard before.

She lingered for a moment in the hall, and then without re-entering the room she had quitted, went down into the basement.

Her visitor was seated before the glowing range, warming her chilled hands over the heat. She paid no attention to her entrance, but the slight tremor which passed over her, showed that it was not unobserved. Mrs. Lawson stopped opposite. Her visitor's veil still partially covered her face, the light was not strong enough under this shadow to expose its outlines.

"It is very cold out in the street," she observed, with a view of drawing her into conversation.

"Very."

Certainly the voice was familiar. Where had she heard it?

Jane came in from the pantry bearing a plate which held the remnants of the

noon's joint of meat, and another with some slices of bread.

"Get a basket," said her mistress, motioning her to place them on the table, "I will send Willie to carry it." She wished to find herself alone for a moment with the stranger. A suspicion, a presentiment, was growing upon her.

The maid went out.

"Will you tell me your story," she said, taking a chair opposite, and speaking very kindly, "perhaps I can assist you."

"I have been very unfortunate," said Elanour, faintly, "I was born in very different circumstances, my husband failed, and died."

"His name?" inquired Mrs. Lawson, hurriedly. "I cannot see your face fully, but your voice is so familiar we have certainly met before."

"Armond."

"What Elanour Armond! Is it possible?" Mrs. Lawson rose up from her seat. "My poor friend! why did you not come to me before? To think of this!"

"I did not know your address," said Elanour. "I came to-night by accident—my child's wants forced me out—I could not see her starve; but if I had known you were here I could not have hoped"—she stopped.

Mrs. Lawson's eyes filled with tears. Both were silent for a moment.

Was this the pretty Elanour Morton, the beautiful Mrs. Armond, whose bridesmaid she had been? They had been chosen friends in girlhood, each had been the repository of the other's girlish secrets; marriage had separated them, and in Armond's frequent changes of place they had finally lost sight of each other. No wonder the emotion was mutual.

Mrs. Lawson was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Stuart—Margaret? You have not seen her? it is not possible that she knows?"

Elanour averted her face. The mute gesture was a sufficient reply.

The maid re-entered with her basket, followed by the errand boy.

Mrs. Lawson went to the side closet and poured out a glass of wine. Elanour drain-

ed part of it; it seemed to revive her energy and strength.

"Give me your address," said her friend, "I will come and see you to-morrow."

Elanour gave it and rose to go.

What a changed aspect the streets wore as she stepped out now into the keen air. A hurried walk brought her again to the rickety tenement she had quitted an hour before, with such different emotions. Taking the basket from the boy she dismissed him, and glided up the creaking stairs to her narrow attic.

She pushed open the door and entered. The moonbeams which struggled in through the uncurtained window, revealed the child lying in an uneasy slumber, on the tattered bed, a slumber broken and restless, with the gnawings of hunger.

Taking one of the candles which Mrs. Lawson's care had provided, from the basket, Elanour soon kindled a light, and looked on while Frances roused from her sleep, gazed on the food spread before her, hardly able to persuade herself that she was not still in a dream.

"It is a reality, Frances," said her mother, reassuring her. "Come, my love, eat. A kind lady gave me all this, a kind friend, and she will help us. Our dark days are over."

It was true; the early morrow brought Fanny Lawson, full of plans and schemes which had visited her pillow through the wakeful night, and Elanour listened gratefully, and felt that the better days for which she had prayed so long were indeed at hand. They were to take two rooms in a neat tenement, on a quiet street. Mrs. Lawson had a large circle of acquaintance and she would see that her old friend was fully provided with employment at remunerative prices. The change must take place at once. Fanny shivered in her velvet and furs as she threw a glance round the bleak attic. Mr. Lawson would engage the rooms, and their removal should take place on the morrow.

Ah, if Margaret had possessed but a spark of this kindness, happy, prosperous Margaret. Elanour thought of it through her tears.

It was a happy change to these new rooms; Mrs. Lawson furnished them with cheap and simple furniture, telling her friend she would accept her pay by and by, and at the last, sent in a little flower stand with a plant, a rose bush, in bud, to her little name sake, whose delight, could she have looked on, would have been pleasant to witness. Certainly Mrs. Lawson was happy in her benevolence.

CHAPTER III.

How was it with Margaret? It was useless for her to say to herself, "This woman was my bitterest enemy; she rivaled me in the only heart that loved me; she took from me all faith in human truth; she changed my world from a garden of Eden, to a desert; did all this wilfully, unpityingly," still her conscience would plead and urge, "give her of your abundance."

She yielded to the struggle at last, and enclosed three five dollar notes, in an empty envelope. She sent them by a servant, for some strange anxiety withheld her from trusting her gift to the post. The man came back. There was no Mrs. Armond there. Was she dead? were her aims too late? Mrs. Stuart grew faint at the suggestion. But what was it to her? She had fulfilled her duty, she had relented, that was enough. Somehow a change seemed to come over her from that hour. The dark eye began to grow restless, the smooth brow to wrinkle. "How Mrs. Stuart changes," said one friend to another, "she is actually growing old."

Year after year went by. They left the outward circumstances uninvaded, an unbroken home, health, wealth, honors. The daughter came to woman-hood and married. The son contracted a low choice, and to break him off from this connection, his mother urged his father's consent to his making the tour of Europe. It was given. Another six months went by. Mr. Stuart died suddenly, after a short illness, and Margaret was left a widow. Was it an affliction? The world said, yes; she hardly knew. Her daughter's death, suddenly following, aroused her. Now for the first time in these long years, she felt what bereavement was. There was one mournful

comfort. Her son's return. She had sent him from her, and she chose rather to bear her loneliness, than recall him. More than a year must pass before the time fixed upon for his return.

He came, and her mother's heart overflowed with joy to receive him, yet even in their first greeting she felt a change. The boy had been full of generous impulses and feelings, which though unlike herself she had loved; they had reminded her of her own better youth. The man came back with the lines of dissipation on his brow; they were written there, and a mist came before her sight as she looked.

A few weeks were sufficient to develop her worst fears. Henry, her son, was a gambler, and a drunkard. Did she wish now that he had married the poor seamstress? No, better his death than this degradation. But these are sorrows bitterer, more terrible than death. His patrimony was slipping away under his constant dissipations. She acted then as any prudent mother would, she appealed to the courts for a guardian, for her reckless son. Furious at this step he quitted his home, with a fierce threat never again to enter it. Margaret sat down and wept amidst her lonely splendor. She had no friend to whom she could turn for comfort. Perhaps the image of her rejected sister, rose up before her in that hour, and she saw what she had never allowed herself to see before, that Elanour's offences against her, had been innocently committed. But if regrets came they came too late.

Weeks deepened into months, and then in a paper she was one day perusing, a paragraph accidentally struck her. It told of the arrest of a gambler, in one of our Western cities charged with the murder of a comrade, which had taken place in a drunken brawl. The name was a strange one, but the description was added, and Mrs. Stuart's heart told her that the criminal was her son. She had been prepared for something like this, and met it with no weak outcries. The morning saw her on her way to St. Louis. It might not be her son after all; she hoped against hope, and this prayer strengthened as she neared the close of her journey. Her wealth, her

appearance, procured respect, and she found no difficulty in obtaining admission to the prison.

"Leave us alone," she said, to the turnkey, as the man halted in the long passage before the door of the cell, and yielding to the commanding voice, and perhaps more to the pressure of the shining gold upon his palm, the man drew out his rusty key from the lock and flinging wide the door stepped respectfully back.

Margaret entered. The prisoner lay extended upon his pallet, his face buried in the coarse matting. Yes, those matted brown locks were the same shining curls which she had caressed in his boyhood — O how changed!

He roused himself at the unbidden entrance of a visitor. A gloomy scowl came upon his face as he looked up. There was no softening or tenderness in his eyes at the recognition. "Mother, what has brought you here! I owe all this to you. Have you come to see your work?"

The unhappy woman sat down in the chair beside his pallet. He turned moodily from her anguish. "Yes, you have but to thank yourself," he resumed, bitterly. "If I had married Frances Armond, if I had never gone abroad, all this would not have been. And now you come here to curse me! It is all your work."

Frances Armond! For the first time Mrs. Stuart knew that the poor seamstress she had rejected for her son's wife was no other than her sister's daughter. Did he know the relationship. Well, if the knowledge had come earlier it would have made no difference, but it struck her now in a strange light.

"I have come to help you, Henry," she said, her stern voice softening to mildness.

Her son made no answer. He turned away his head with a stifled sigh. Days and weeks had passed since the fumes of the inebriating cup had deadened his brain to his condition. He knew his hands were stained in blood. He knew that the phantom presence of his victim would go with him through the world. The gallows or the prison it did not matter much, he muttered something of the kind, and he felt so.

The scene was too painful. Margaret rose, she threw a shuddering glance around the bare cell. This wretchedness for him who had been lapped in such luxury! She dared not trust herself with a second glance at her son, but only saying, "I shall send you a lawyer to-morrow, Henry," went out.

She heard the key grate dismally behind her in the lock.

At the end of the passage she paused, and held a few moments' conversation with the turnkey. She took out her purse again, a dozen pieces of gold glittered in her hand. "Do what you can to make the cell more habitable," she said; "get whatever he orders for his comfort, and provide palatable fare,—only—" and her voice faltered a little, "no wines or brandy, you understand."

The man bowed. Mrs. Stuart's wealth procured her implicit obedience.

Margaret's first step was to find a lawyer, the trial was now to come on in a few days; her second, when she had reached her room at the hotel, to sit down and write an advertisement desiring information of one Elanour Armond, who in the year 18—, was residing in New York, and any one who would acquaint her with particulars leading to her discovery, or, in case of her decease, with the present address of her daughter, Frances Armond, should be liberally rewarded. She added the name of her son's lawyer, to whom the communication was to be forwarded.

It was a great struggle to Margaret's pride, even at this late day, thus to extend the hand of forgiveness to her sister, but her mother's love triumphed. "It is the hand of God," she murmured, laying down her pen; "nothing but care and sorrow have followed me, since the day I rejected her appeal."

Would even this concession save her son? Margaret thought so and felt so, but here she was mistaken.

She rose with a sigh to ring for a servant. Her note to her lawyer was written. This advertisement must be re-copied and sent to all the popular papers of the Northern States.

CHAPTER IV.

"In the sitting room of a cottage in the suburbs of New York, a family group are assembled at the twilight hour. It was an autumn twilight, long, rich and golden. The dwelling was small, the furnishings of the room were of the plainest kind, but a sweet content sat on the face of the young mistress, as she laid the snowy cloth for the evening meal, and lingered in every line of the mother's placid countenance, as she bent over her sewing. Plants in flower stood on the little stand in the window, a flaring scarlet geranium, a rose bush, a pot of mignonette, and a glistening amaryllis, while the side table was strewn with books and papers, and one or two handsome engravings.

The mother laid by her needle and took up the yesterday's paper, while the daughter, her household arrangements completed, passed to the window to gaze out with the eyes of one who is watching for an expected arrival on the quiet street.

"Frances!" the mother's voice had a tone of surprise as she passed over a hitherto unnoticed column of the paper, "here is an advertisement for us."

The daughter turned round wondering. "What can it be, mamma?"

Mrs. Armond read it aloud. "I should believe it to be from your aunt Margaret," she said, "only for the distance. It is impossible that she can have reached there."

Frances made no direct reply; perhaps there was a reason why she did not, but she had caught sight of her husband down the street, and the bride of six months hastened to the door to receive him. Her mother's eyes followed her with a tender look. She had grieved over her daughter's disappointment, two years before, a girlish fancy indulged, against her warnings, she had been grateful to find what time had proved, that it was indeed a fancy, and nothing more, not one of those strong deep passions which last through life. Frances was happy in her marriage, happier perhaps, than she could have been with Henry Stuart, with all his wealth. Well, God had overruled Margaret's resentment; it had blessed rather than crushed them. If this should be from her!

Somehow, as we grow older, such alienations are more lamented; Elanour felt to-night if she could be reconciled to her long estranged sister, her last prayer would be granted. She would answer the advertisement at all events.

Week after week went by and no letter arrived. Elanour began to wonder and despair, and the circumstance had almost passed from Frances' thoughts.

It was on a chill winter day, not very unlike that far off December when foodless and fireless, Elanour, for her child's sake, had begged bread, that a carriage drew up at their door and the coachman springing down from his seat assisted a lady to alight. Frances answered the bell. The lady was a stranger, and on asking for Mrs. Armond, was shown into the sitting-room.

Eleanour was seated at her work. She rose at the appearance of the visitor, and on the second glance, an involuntary exclamation escaped her. Many as were the years which had passed since they met, and great as were the changes they had wrought, she recognized Margaret, more perhaps by that family likeness, which, in some families stands out so distinct, than by her resemblance to the haughty girl who had bidden her such a cold farewell on the morning of her shadowed marriage.

Margaret was affected, her sister's emotion was so genuine and real. She had not expected such a greeting.

"My daughter, Frances—Mrs. Staunton—Margaret," said Elanour, recovering herself.

Here was an unexpected shock. Mrs. Stuart felt very faint. A mist seemed to pass before her sight—she tried to recollect herself. Her errand then, was in vain. A mother's love could do nothing more.

She looked on her sister, on her gentle and duteous child, the neatly ordered and cheerful room, and an emotion of envy, perhaps for the last time, stirred in her bosom.

Well, she had spoken the words of reconciliation, and they could not be taken back, neither did she now desire it. Poor Henry! she had felt confident that her wealth and influence would soon change

his sentence of imprisonment for a term of years into release; but what a dreary world to welcome him to.

Could Margaret have foreseen all, perhaps she would have left her son to his lot and the merciful rigors of the law. No gratitude for her unwearied services could be discovered in the wretched man's heart. Stung with the presence of his crime and lost condition, he plunged afresh into his dissipations, and when three years after, the tidings of his death reached her, she could exclaim from her wrung heart, "Now I am comforted!"

In these dark hours, it was the voice of the once rejected sister which consoled her—which brought her back to a sense of what she still owed in life. Many and many a time in the peaceful years which dawned for her at last, when she had found peace and consolation for her sorrows, when her hands liberally dispensed the wealth that had hitherto flowed in such narrow channels, bringing back the incense of grateful prayers, did her heart exclaim, "God has not forgotten to mingle mercy with judgment; it was a happy day which recorded our reconciliation."

DIMPLED CHEEKS.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Chide me not, dear, nor say I flatter thee,
To tell thee in thy cheeks the dimples rest,
Like wells of sweetness in a rose's breast.

For see the bees come hovering close, as if
To suck the honey that each cell encloses:—
Do not *they* think thy dimpled cheeks are roses?

If I, my darling, were myself a bee,
I'd leave all flowers the garden bed disclose,
To draw my life from thy cheeks' dimpled roses.

While the secret of a leaf is not known; while no man can penetrate the mystery of existence; while revelations of a higher truth continually break in upon us,—shall we, in the poverty of our knowledge, say what cannot be? Shall we deny those great spiritual laws which throb in our own consciousness? Shall we reject those affirmations of miracle and of immortal life to which our best capacities and desires respond, because they contradict our pre-conceived theories, our systematic methods?

A TRAMP ON THE MER DE GLACE.

BY H. H. D.

The thriving village of Chamouni, in a valley of the same name, lies at the base of Mt. Blanc, nestled in the very shadow of that hoary "monarch of mountains." By the side of the village rushes the river Arve, a stream fresh from the icy bosom of the mountains; while on every side rise the grand old Alps in solemn majesty, down whose rocky sides the glaciers stretch like frozen rivers, into the green fields of the valley below. One of these masses of ice has received, on account of its great size, the name of the *Mer de Glace*, or the Sea of Ice, although, I think, it might much more appropriately be called the River of Ice. Our party of pedestrians had arrived at this place in the evening, and we determined to make a journey the next day over the ice, to that famous little spot, high up among the glaciers, called the "Jardin," or the "Garden," where nature, weary of those grand scenes of desolation which appear on every side, has warmed this little nook, and covered it with green and flowers.

Accordingly about four o'clock the next morning we were summoned by our guide to prepare for our expedition. Our party consisted of seven persons, three of us on mules, one a-foot, two guides and a mule-teen; and after we had partaken of an early breakfast provided for us, we started at daybreak, for the Hospice de Montauvert, some six miles distant, on the borders of the glacier, and several thousand feet above the valley.

On leaving the village our way lay over a plain until we came to the foot of the mountain wall, which lies along the side of the valley; we now began to ascend a zig-zag path of the worst description, which was very steep, and covered with rocks and loose stones. After going on in this way for some distance, the path took a more direct course along the side of the mountain, which was very steep. On our right the rocky ground rose abruptly to the summit, and on our left it slanted down so steep that a large stone would roll over a thousand feet, down to the valley below. The path was but three or

four feet wide, and the mules seemed to take great delight in going on the outer edge of it. This part of the path lay across the bed of a torrent, where in spring the water from the melting snow rushes down like an avalanche, so that in this place there is no vegetation from summit to base.

Excepting where these torrent beds occur, the lower part of the mountain is covered with pine and yew trees, which become more scarce, short and yellow, as the snow line is approached. We continued our interesting ride until we began to near the glacier, when, after a journey of two hours, we reached the Hospice and alighted. This is a little building affording limited accommodation to those who wish to spend the night, or find shelter from the mountain storm; it is something more than six thousand feet above the sea level, and is kept by an old guide. After warming ourselves at a blazing fire, and looking at a fine lot of stones and crystals which the old man had for sale, we started out at about eight o'clock for the "Jardin."

We were now on the edge of the Mer De Glace and some hundred feet above it. Beneath us lay this frozen river covered with its icy waves or hummocks, and broken up with immense crevices, while on either side rose innumerable sharp, rocky peaks called "needles," from their peculiar shape. As we looked down, we could see the glacier to the left descending into the valley of Chamouni, and to the right it stretched away for miles, until lost among the snowy fastnesses of Mt. Blanc.

To form an idea of a glacier, one may imagine a large river like our Hudson, coming down the mountains, through a large valley several miles wide, and, while tossed into high waves, frozen solid in that state. It has been ascertained that as the ice is melted at the foot of the glacier, which, as before remarked, is often among green fields and villages, the whole mass moves slowly along, at the rate of about one foot a day. New ice is continually supplied from above, so that there is no apparent motion, but there are ample proofs of it on every hand. On each side of the glacier is a high hill, or "moraine,"

composed of rocks, stones and sand, heaped up sometimes as high as a hundred feet. This is caused by the silent ploughing of the glacier, as it moves along with tremendous force, grinding the solid granite to fragments, and piling up the rocks and sand as a ploughshare turns a furrow. There are several such "moraines" in the middle of the Mer De Glace, which have been thrown upon the ice at the juncture of two branches of the glacier.

But to return to our path: our way first lay along the edge of the ice over rocks and stones, and gradually descending, neared the level of the glacier. After proceeding for some time we arrived at a place called "Les Ponts," or "The Bridges." Here the only passage is by way of a very narrow ledge cut in the face of a slanting precipice of slaty rock; there were foot-steps cut the size of a foot, and we had to lean against the face of the rock on one side and steady ourselves on the other side with our iron-pointed poles. We crossed two such "bridges," each of which was of considerable length, and when we had gone on a mile or two further, turned aside on to the ice.

While at Montauvert we had provided ourselves with little steel points which were screwed into the soles of our boots to prevent our slipping on the ice, but when the pure ice was reached, after crossing the "moraine," we found that it was not nearly as slippery as we had anticipated, but the surface was more like frozen snow. When once upon the glacier, our course was very indirect, and we had to change our direction continually, to avoid the numerous crevices in the ice. These crevices or splits in the glacier are caused by the downward motion of the mass over the uneven surface of the valley through which it glides. They are from one to twenty feet wide, and vary in depth with the thickness of the ice, sometimes being as much as two hundred feet deep. The ice is so tough that when a rent occurs there are often splinters extending diagonally across from one side to the other. We avoided these crevices as much as possible, but were sometimes compelled to cross them on these airy ice-bridges, or, as we have before called them, ice-splinters.

The manner of crossing was not altogether without danger, and was quite novel; one of the guides first made the surface of the ice-bridge, which was but a few feet wide, as nearly even as he could with the iron point of his pole, and then after crossing himself, reached back his pole to help one of us across. Grasping this with one hand and the pole of the guide who remained behind, with the other hand, we were thus safely conducted over the yawning chasm. The color of the icy sides of these crevices is a beautiful deep blue. As I crossed one of these bridges, I struck my Alpin-stock into the ice, and as the chamoise horn flew from the end of it down the crevice, we could hear it strike against the sides until it reached the bottom far below. Of course there is no path upon the ice, since the glacier is continually changing in form as it advances, so the guide piled up stones at intervals as we went along, to mark our way. There are innumerable little streams of water flowing over the surface of the glacier; they usually pour down the sides of the crevices or other holes, making cascades, in some places over a hundred feet in height, which send up a hollow rushing sound that may be heard at a distance. These streams flow on under the ice to the foot of the glacier, where they unite to form a stream of chalky whiteness, which is always found issuing from a large glacier, and is often of considerable size.

As we continued our course, we occasionally found crystals which had been brought down with the ice, and saw rocks covered with them. The sun was quite warm, and we were frequently tempted to quench our thirst with the ice-water which was so abundant, but our lips were sore from the effects of it for days after. At length we came to where three large glaciers unite to form the Mer de Glace. It was a glorious sight, and one which I shall never forget. In front of us this sea of ice stretched miles away, until lost in a wilderness of snow-clad peaks and icy summits; on our right, at a distance, rose the rounded summit of old Mt. Blanc, crowned with the hoary snow of ages, the highest point in Europe! Down his rugged sides, the old giant sends his icy le-

gions; huge avalanches, mighty, though unheard by reason of their distance, rush down to join this frozen sea, as it moves on with resistless force, to overwhelm the valleys in ruin and desolation, but even as the Assyrian host vanished at the blast of the Angel of Death, so does this mighty mass melt away beneath the sunbeams, and bring fertility and blessing to the valleys far away.

On our left a shapeless mass of ice-hills and hummocks seems to tumble down from above like a frozen waterfall. This is the outlet of the glacier Talefre, which, from our stand-point, is invisible. Up above us, on the bosom of this icy lake, lies the "Jardin," the object of our search. All around were signs of tremendous power; heaps of rock ground into stone and sand, ice piled heap on heap, and on every hand cold desolation and grandeur; not a tree, or the slightest sign of any living creature, except our party, was visible. Amidst such marks of the strength and power of the Almighty, how could one fear? The ice on our left was so broken up by its descent that it was impossible to find a way upon it, so we took our path up the rocky base of the Aiguille du Talefre, one of those pointed "needles" which distinguish the scenery of this region. The path is very steep indeed, and we had to use our hands as well as feet, and even then the youngest of our party was obliged to receive assistance from the guides. Huge boulders seemed ready to slide down upon us and crush us, as we crept beneath their overhanging crests; now and then we were obliged to crawl along a rocky ledge, carefully steadying ourselves with our poles, and, after stopping very frequently to rest, reached a place more level, about half way up, and here halted to recover our strength; after taking a bite of bread and meat, and a sip of brandy, the sweetest morsels I ever tasted, strengthened and refreshed, we resumed the slight trace of a path which, if possible, became more and more difficult, until at last, after the hardest climb I had ever had, we came in sight of the "Jardin."

We descended a little over a mass of rocks, to a glacier covered with fresh snow; it was an inclined plane, and it

seemed as if we might easily slip, and roll to the bottom, where it meets the Mer de Glace. During the walk across the side hill, which was nearly a mile, the youngest of the party nearly fainted from fatigue, but we had fortunately brought along some brandy and that restored him. At length we climbed a high "moraine," descended the other side, and were at our journey's end.

The "Jardin" is a triangular piece of rock-bound soil of about seven acres extent, slanting with the glacier, and surrounded by the high walls of earth and rocks, formed by the moving ice. The lower end is over nine thousand feet above the sea level, and the upper end or restex of the triangle is considerably higher. The view is shut in on three sides, by huge snow-covered peaks and sharp rocky, "needles," which form a sort of amphitheatre, with the arena paved with ice many a fathom thick, fit scene for the struggle of the ancient Titans! Here in the midst of all this lonely waste, where man but seldom comes, and no tree or shrub finds sustenance, lies, like an oasis in a desert, this garden of the Alps.

Although October had already come, and the fairer flowers had faded, still the little slopes of earth were carpeted with grass, and daisies opened their great eyes as if in wonder at the strange sights about them. A little brook, too, of clear, sweet water, bounded merrily down from the rocks above, halting in a hollow basin now and then, as if regretting to leave so soon this verdant little spot, and then with a leap rushed on to the icy channels beneath the glacier. Having spread our shawls upon the grass, we reclined like ancient Romans, to our feast of cold provisions, which the guides had brought in their knapsacks from Montauvert. The sun was rather too warm for comfort while we were in motion, but the temperature here was very pleasant, and we sat for a while, enjoying a panorama of mountain peaks draped in snow, vast fields of ice glittering in the sun, and far above all, surpassing all in silent grandeur, the rounded summit of Mt. Blanc,—a spectacle worthy of the gods.

We met a young Englishman and guide

on the "Jardin;" quite a romantic spot to form acquaintances! We found a broken bottle half filled with the cards of former visitors to this drawing-room of Dame Nature, concealed in a hole, and having placed our names on record, and gathered a handful of daisies, we prepared to take our departure. It was now two o'clock; we had spent an hour here,—an hour gazing on Mt. Blanc,—and never may it be forgotten.

"O dread and silent mount! I gaze upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone."

We followed the same path, and after resting many times, reached the Mer de Glace, in safety. The youngest of our party was so much fatigued that the two guides took hold of the ends of their poles, and he walked between, holding the middle of the poles in his hands; he was thus enabled to proceed with less difficulty. We retraced our steps by means of the little piles of stones which our guides had made in the morning, and, without adventure or accident, reached the Hospice de Montauvert, at a quarter past six in the evening. We gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity here offered to warm ourselves and recruit our strength a little, before commencing the descent, in the dark, to Chamouni. In half an hour we mounted our mules, and, as it was now dark, one man took each animal by the bridle, and down we started on our rugged way. This ride was "the most unkindest cut of all," for the mules would sometimes jump down the rocks that lay in the road, forcing us to drop the reins and hold fast to the saddle before and behind. It was exceedingly dark and gloomy in the pine woods, and at a difficult part of the road a girl ran out of a hut with a lantern, and led the way.

It is truly wonderful how sure-footed these mules are, for during the whole descent, the one I rode did not stumble once, while the man who led him caught his foot, and rolled over among the pine trees. We arrived at our hotel in Chamouni, at half-past eight o'clock, after spending a most interesting as well as fatiguing day, and soon retired, with hearts grateful for the kind protection extended to us during the day.

LOTTIE LEE.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

Sweet Lottie Lee, I am dreaming, dear,
Of the lost by-gone and thee;
Of the words thou darling, blushed to hear,
Under the maple tree;
Of the tiny foot as white and soft
As the violets it thrilled,
The bird-song stealing from the croft,
Because my Lottie trilled.

Ah, Lottie Lee, no mantle bright,
With jewelled foldings prest,
The dimpled shoulder, saintly white,
Above thy gentle breast;
No snowy plumes or jewels deck
Thy forehead too divine,
Nor moonlight pearls around thy neck,
In softened splendor shine.

My Lottie Lee, the meadow lark
That sang to us that day,
Oft paused amid his notes to mark
Thy laughter sweet and gay;
And e'en the clover in its bed,
Blushed deeper when my kisses
Upon thy cheek a glory spread,
And wrapt my heart in bliss.

Ah, Lottie, and that little brook,
That never seemed to rest,—
Thy precious image slyly took,
And hugged it to its breast;
Even lilies sleeping on their arms,
Waxed paler but to see
A rival sister's peerless charms
O, fairest Lottie Lee.

Ah, Lottie, we'll thy logic prove
That angels leave their heaven,
To soothe and bless their well-beloved,
Else why to me was given
A day so rich, it bankrupt made
All days that come and go—
Love taught me 'neath that maple's shade,
Immortal joy and woe.

Lost Lottie Lee, thy sun of life
Sank with earth's sun from sight,—
"Dear love, I cannot be thy wife—
One kiss, and then good night;
And when the angels come and lay
Their lilies on my breast,
Then best beloved kneel and say
"My Lottie hath her rest!"

Blest Lottie Lee, when once again
White lilies oped to view,
The little brook and grassy plain,
And violets wet with dew,
I dropt amid her sunny hair
Their bells that tolled to see
How still, and cold, and heavenly fair
Lay my own Lottie Lee,

A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

Beautiful is the sleep of death ! How seldom does the face which we have watched during its time of suffering and of agony, reveal, after the spirit has fled, and the body lays silent before us, any traces of its past suffering. It is as if the soul, ere it had left its tenement had stamped its own future peace upon the features before us. Very calm and still lies that form with the hands folded upon the pulseless breast ; very quiet rests the blue-veined lids upon the eyes closed for ever, and placid the brow no longer distressed by pain. Death is sometimes very beautiful and always intensely solemn and awful.

But the living, the ever present sorrow which we every day see around us — the hearts which drag on a weary life with this sorrow ever before them ! The sun which should dispel the gloom is cast behind them, and nought but the ever present, gigantic shadow is before them.

Very hard is it sometimes to bow down resignedly to these living sorrows.

I sat within the room of an artist one day and learned a lesson never to be forgotten. A mother came with a child, beautiful almost as an angel. Locks of paly gold fell in ringlets down her round, white shoulders ; soft, brown eyes with long lashes, looked from beneath a full forehead, her mouth was like a rosebud, and her complexion of faultless purity.

She was the picture of health and loveliness :— and O, how proud and happy was the mother when the artist praised the child's beauty and grace. This was the first visit, the first sitting for a picture, of the fair creature, and another day was appointed ere it would be finished.

There came another mother with a child of the same age, but pale and sickly. Her eyes were heavy and lacking intelligence. She was not interesting to the stranger, but the mother loved her poor, sickly child, for not long did she think she would be spared to her, for a dreadful disease was upon her, and death would indeed be a mercy.

This was her last sitting, the picture was finished and was indeed very like

her. And O, it showed the deep love of the mother to wish to retain the image of that poor child, after she should be laid in the silent tomb. But love hallows all things, and as the mother took her child by the hand, her poor unfortunate one, upon whom already the stamp of idiocy seemed placed. I thanked God for the deep, the never swerving love of the mother.

A few days passed, and the artist was at work upon the picture of the first child. The time appointed for the second visit, had arrived, the hour passed by, she came not ! Ah she never came again ; she lay within the home of her bereaved parents, silent in death ! The angel had done his work, the fair being was dead. The mother laid her beautiful curls about her face to make her look like life ; she held her little hands within her own, and put her ear to the still, quiet mouth, for the hundredth time and felt there was no breath.

She never met the eye of the artist again ; the picture was finished from memory, and the fair child was laid in the grave, and the snows of winter fell on her early resting place.

But she lived in the hearts of those who had loved her like a holy, blessed memory. They felt they were better even for her short life, and thanks were given to God, for this favor, that she had been spared to them so long.

But ah, the other picture, there was grief hard indeed to be borne. Year after year passed and the pale, sickly child grew in stature, grew to girlhood, even to womanhood, but there was no intelligence in her face, no soul looking from her vacant eyes, she was a hopeless idiot !

Was it not sad for that mother to watch her poor, helpless daughter. True in a measure we get used to such things or appear to, but there was ever that vacant face, that living hopeless sorrow.

How strange, how mysterious are the ways of Providence. The bright, the intelligent and healthy child, was taken away suddenly, when she seemed to promise to be such a blessing ;— and the poor, sickly creature, with no light of intellect

of reason, seeming every day to play upon the very verge of the grave, lived on year after year on ever present sorrow. It seems as if such a fate were worse than death. It is hard to meet death, and we know the mother loves her child, whatever it may be, and for that reason it seems as it were easier to lay it in its little grave, and cover the fresh green sods upon its bosom, than gaze upon its growth, and see no intellect, no beaming health, no soul in its features.

Yet both these destinies are equally the dispensations of God, and to each of them we must bow submissively, if it should be our lot; but when we look upon a living sorrow like this, we say surely, there is a sorrow worse even than death.

REQUISITES FOR WOMEN OF THE TIMES.

BY O. E. M.

The Bible in the unfoldings of its sacred truths, present to the mind the unmistakable design of God in the creation of woman. We are taught that man was ordained to become the provider, the protector and lawgiver, and woman the preserver and the inspirer, or *teacher*. We see that her mission is one of the noblest, and most sacred on earth. Having no place in the struggle for dominion in the world, she is left to *refine* the human affections, to elevate the moral faculties, and to cultivate the sweet charities of home, and all those tender spiritual affections, which strengthen the silver chord of life, and bring the soul into harmony with its Maker.

The sculptor who spends years in chiselling the dull piece of marble into a life-like form, works on dead matter; but woman, with her patient influence, works upon the living elements of human nature. She creates her form of beauty in the soul. Obedience, Truth, Love and Piety are her materials, and with these she may work out powerful results for good.

From this brief outline of woman's mission—the one for which we believe her designed by her Creator—we are led to notice some of the requisites which she should possess, that she may answer the great end of her existence.

The most mighty agent in the universe, is the least known. The sun is brilliant and gives light and heat to our planetary system; all eyes may behold and all nature bask in his beams, but the mightier, unseen influence of gravitation binds Orion and the Wasa Major with our planet, controls the whole material world, and reaches perchance to the throne of God. Thus it is in the moral world. The mere forms of religion and the laws of the land which are made and administered by man with pomp and state, may influence the conduct of a people; but how feeble are they to touch and improve the character of a nation, compared with that unseen spiritual influence possessed by the Christian mother. Consider the mother of Washington, who may well be said to claim the noblest distinction a woman can gain; that of training her gifted son in the path of rectitude, and inspiring him by her example, to make the way of *goodness* his path to glory. True, it may be said, he possessed the germ of greatness; but had it not been carefully nurtured and guided by the hand of a mother, whose own character was admirably adapted to form and develop those noble virtues and high moral principles which will be precious to the world in all succeeding ages, he might have been added to that number of master-spirits whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused, and the crimes they have perpetrated.

Principles less firm and just, an affection less regulated by discretion, might have changed the character of the son, and with it the destinies of a nation. If we wish a still broader field of usefulness and activity for woman, let us look to the missionary enterprise, which opens to the Christian woman the opportunity of cheering the souls and dispelling the clouds of ignorance from the benighted minds of the heathen. What an example of Christian fortitude and perseverance do we see in the three Mrs. Judsons, who braved appalling dangers and even death in its most unwelcome forms, in a foreign land, in the service of their Master.

But these are only a few of many instances which history furnishes of her efforts as a moral instructor. But from these we are enabled to mark those noble

traits of mind and soul, which should be possessed by every true *American woman*. If she is called upon to repair the ravages, and beautify the waste places that sin has made in the heart, she should do it faithfully, but with humility. If she would impress upon the mind, those Christian virtues and great moral truths taught in the Bible, she must first take them into her own heart.

Should we expect the waters of a rivulet pure and transparent, to issue from a turbid fountain? If we find the crystal stream, in tracing it to its source, we are sure to find it a fount of purity. And so with the mind of woman; if it is nurtured in high moral truths, it will, like a pure fountain, send forth those streams which, mingling their bright waters with the turbid waves of society, will *clear and purify the whole*.

—•••—
STANZAS.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

The voice of summer's minstrelsy,
The zephyr's song, the humming bee,
The bleating flocks, o'er hill and plain,
The rustling of the moving grain,
The murmur of the rippling stream,
The anthems of the forest green;
All, all diffuse their melody,
And yet no joy they bring to me.

The whippoorwill, at close of day,
The evening star with peerless ray,
The rising moon's soft brilliancy,
Now smiling o'er the world and me,
The dew-drop trembling on the flower,
The holy calm of twilight hour,
All, all are fair and beautiful,
And yet my soul is sorrowful.

No more will summer's genial voice
As in the past, my soul rejoice,
Nor azure sky, nor blooming flowers,
Can cheer me as in by-gone hours;
A mournful pleasure they impart,
For lo! a void is in my heart;
Forever hushed is one glad voice,—
O! how can I again rejoice?

Webster, Mich.

—•••—
Nature takes a higher aspect from places where good and memorable deeds have been done, and it lends to them a deeper charm. It is enriched with rarer sanctity, it sheds more blessed dew upon the spot where the hero struggled, or the martyr perished, or the righteous sleep. Palestine will always be a "Holy Land."

TALES OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY AN OLD FRIEND.

"Do tell us all about that time," said I; "it is storming outside and pleasant within, and just the right time for a story."

"I never shall forget," said my friend, smiling, "what a good time there was around the old family table, one bright evening in early winter. The winter school had begun. I had been to school for the first time in my life, and nothing in memory reaches so distinctly beyond that memorable day, as the momentous events of that grand epoch in a child's life. It was a full mile and a half to the old school house, and the time occupied in walking there with brother and sister, was employed in sight seeing, and some very grave thoughts upon the probable appearance of the school, and the *how* I should appear and feel, which latter I cannot describe to the understanding of the uninitiated. Those who have been to school for the first time, will need no description, so I will briefly pass in review the transactions of the day, and hasten home to gather around the inviting board—so very cheerful to children at school, tired and hungry and bursting with news.

"We arrived at the school-house in season, my good mother always made it a point to send her children early to school—and were met at the entrance by a numerous group of Wide Awakes, who seemed in a great hurry to get in. For my part I had some anxious forebodings, and home longings, but 'the rubicon was past;' already in the entry,—a small room at the end of the school-house, where wood was thrown in, and mantles, blankets, hats, caps and baskets piled on. I had no time to demur against the rites of initiation, and passed in. Struck with consternation at nothing remarkable, as I have often been since, at the threshold of less important places, I suffered the ceremonies to proceed without interruption, and took a proffered seat upon a low bench with some other boys of the same age,—four years,—and sat bolt upright against the hard back all the day, save the noon-ing—the play spell in middle of forenoon and afternoon, when 'the boys went out,' and the awful 'calling up to read,' by the

master, whose tall, majestic form, piercing black eyes and searching voice, made me shrink from his presence, and wonder if I should ever get home again. I tell you, that little unfinished house, with homely surroundings was more than airy castle to me, that first day of school—and when, that night, I crept into bed under its rafters, that almost touched my head, no monarch was ever half so satisfied with his couch, or so thankful for shelter. And didn't I sleep and dream over again the perils of the day, and fancy I was never to see home again, till the flashing eye of the school-master, seemingly directed to me, broke my slumbers and relieved my fears. O! how glad to find myself in bed at home, in the dear old chamber with brothers and sisters near.

"But I am getting way ahead of my story. Well, as I was about to say, we were called up to read,—the other little four year olds and myself—twice in the forenoon and twice in the afternoon, which duty was duly executed in the presence of the whole school, in a creditable manner, as I judged by the praises of the master, who began to assume less formidable dimensions. At four o'clock the school was dismissed, and we went noiselessly out, if such a thing be possible. But the scene in the old entry beggars all description.

"As before stated, this was the receptacle of surplus clothing and dinner baskets. If there had been indiscriminately deposited, minus the labels, there was now an indiscriminate attack, by an indiscriminate company of boys and girls, each eager for the desired article, and none knowing just where to look. As usual, the larger ones were first served and helped the younger ones, so that soon the whole school rushed out pell mell, like a flock of sheep, only for the noise, that made it more like a flock of geese. How we all got started in the right direction is more than I can tell. For one I depended entirely upon an elder brother, who escorted me home a wiser and happier child than I went. I had learned to say my A B C after the teacher, and escaped alive. Henceforth the road was open to me—the road of science. A road that has had many obstacles in it,

but none so formidable as those of this day.

"At home, supper dispatched with a greediness that none but school-children have, the supper dishes washed, wiped and laid away, we gather around the oblong table to recount the events of the day, and listen to the tales of the neighborhood, one of which I will now relate." So saying, my friend narrated the following story of

BLACK HARRY.

"On the way from school the children had met Black Harry whose appearance always made the little folks scamper, if away from home, and sometimes the big boys were glad to run at the sight of this son of Africa, and for good reasons, as will presently appear. On this occasion, I shared the general fright, and thought myself very lucky in escaping this last peril of the day, and was quite happy to find myself at home, and quite loquacious in recounting the wonders of the day. Among these, black Harry was the gravest and the darkest. As I had before seen him, and paled in his awful presence, with feelings akin to those kindled by infantile imagination, when a blacker than black Harry was supposed to be prowling around in quest of naughty children, I resolved to ease my aching heart by asking who this negro was, and why he was so much dreaded by children? Halfsuspecting and half fearing that he might be some way connected with the Prince of darkness himself—a prince then verily thought to be veritable with hoof and horns, and potent for evil; but since discovered to have been a bug-bear, for weak parents to frighten weaker children into obedience with, I timidly inquired of my mother about Harry. 'Who is he?' 'What made him black?' and why are all the children so afraid of him?"

"My mother readily complied, and she had an attentive audience, for all the children were deeply interested to hear some thing of one whose presence cast such a shade over them, and whose near home rendered it probable that he might be seen frequently.

"'Black Harry,' said she, 'is called a negro, because he is of African descent

and is black. He is a poor but harmless man, living in an old house out on the Plains, near the road as you go to S—, and has a family as black as he is.'

"How funny a black child must look! and a black woman! how I should like to see one!" exclaimed several voices. 'Don't you think Harry would hurt us if we should go to see his little black baby?'

"O, no! Harry is very harmless, as I told you, and would be pleased to have you call to see him and his baby, for he is just as fond of his babe as any father, and his wife would feel as proud to have people come in and praise her darling child, as any mother in the land; but I am sorry that but few ever do go in to see these poor colored people, and I have heard that they are very poor and destitute.'

"But what is the reason that people do not go to see them if they are harmless, and would like to have them come? why are the boys so afraid of him?" 'As to the boys, I can only say that it is very bad boys that are afraid of Harry—boys who have misused him. You have heard some of them call him a nigger, or old black Harry, or a thief. This provokes Harry, and he runs after the boys as if he would hurt them, and the guilty fellows are afraid that he will. But I have never heard of his hurting any one, though he has to bear a great deal from others.'

"But why do the boys call Harry bad names and misuse him?"

"Indeed I can give you no good reason. I know of none except that he is despised on account of his color, which is a very sorry reason, I am sure. Yet it is the case that the colored man is ill-treated on account of his color, which he can no more help than we can ours, and which is no more disgraceful.'

"Who made Harry black, mother?"

"The same good God who made you white, my child."

"Then is it not wicked to ridicule him?" 'Certainly it is, and I hope you will never do so, but always treat him kindly.' 'That I will, and I shall not be afraid of him, now; but I wonder why he does not go to Africa, where all the people are black, and no whites to despise them. I am sure I would not stay here

all alone.' 'Doubtless Harry would be glad to go where his own people live, who would treat him well so far as his color is concerned, but then he would be subjected to a great many troubles, as his people are very ignorant savages, and very cruel to each other when engaged in war, which is often the case, besides it is a great way to Africa, and would cost a great deal of money to get there, which poor Harry has not.'

"Is Harry a savage too, mother, and so ignorant?"

"He is very ignorant, but not very savage, as I told you; he never hurt any of the bad boys who misuse him, and act much less like a Christian than Harry, who can neither read nor write."

"But why does Harry not learn to read and write, mother?"

"Ah! it is painful to tell you that the same prejudice that keeps people from going to his house, and makes the boys call him hard names, and throw stones at his windows, also prevents his learning to read and write; for nobody will teach him nor allow his child in school."

"And we are Christians?" 'Not if we do wrong.' 'Well, it is wrong to use poor Harry in this way. I am glad there are no more colored people here to be used so.' 'It would indeed be better if he were in some better place.' 'Mother, are there any more colored people in this country?'

"Yes, there are a great many in some parts of the country."

"Then let us advise Harry to go and live with them. I am sure they would use him well."

"I think they would if they had the liberty of doing it."

"And why have they not?"

"It is a long story, my child, but I will tell you about it some other time. It is time for you to go to bed. Good night, good night."

"First pure and then peaceable." That is the great order of things; for there is no peace without purity; and a man cannot effectually make peace in the world unless he is at peace in himself; and he cannot be at peace in himself unless he is pure and right within.

Editor's Table.

"It was written for me," said my friend, as she looked up from a long and silent pondering of a little paper which she held in her hand. "It was written for me;" and a sublime expression, such as I have not often seen, stole over her pale, pure features.

"What was written for you?" I inquired.

"These lines by one of Earth's great ones. They were written before I was born; in an age just gone by, in a foreign language, and among a foreign people who are in many and important things unlike ourselves, yet nevertheless they were written for me."

I did not for a moment deem this language enigmatical. Something of the magnetism of her enthusiasm penetrated my own spirit, and whatever the lines might be or by whomsoever penned, I knew as well as she that they were written for her.

"They are by Goethe," she continued—"and these alone, if he had written no other, would have entitled him to the appellation of 'great.'"

"I know it by your face," said I,—I am sure of it." Yet read them.

The same sublime passion that rested on her face was in her low voice as she read aloud the lines which follow:—

"Without haste! without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell—
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and DARE before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not—conflict past
God shall crown thy work at last!

"My duty is here marked out," said she, as she ended. "It is difficult, but oh, how beautiful! Never to hasten and never to rest! To fill up every moment of my waking life hereafter each with its appropriate duty. Never to tire and never to stop; as the swimmer that swims for his life, to put behind me one wave after another, with calm determination to keep on, and keep on—To wait, 'calmly wait,' when I must,—and life has often no more difficult problem than waiting; it is hard to wait, and with my eyes on my 'polar guide,' to push bravely on when I may, this is my duty hereafter,—

'Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might.'"

"It is such a spirit as this," said I, "that makes heroes and demi-gods. Being a woman you will become neither the one nor the other, though there is the stuff in you for both. But shall I tell you what I see? I see a hue of light before you, and your shadow following steadily along it. Your breast-plate is well secured, and its legend is undimmed. High up in the arch above and before you, beams the polar-guide and your serene eyes are fastened steadily upon it. You hasten not—you rest not—you look not to the false meteors that flit here and there on either hand; you stoop not to gather the flowers that blossom at your feet; the sweet voices, more potent than all, which would lure you from your path, so straight, so narrow, are powerless to stay you: but shall I tell still what I see?"

"Tell me."

"I see a soft sadness in your eyes as the tremulous echo of one voice, dearer, more pervading, more transfixive than the rest, dies faintly, quivering away in the distance, and the steady foot for a moment falters and seems

uncertain. A yearning beauty transfigures your features, such, perhaps, as clothed the aspect of our first mother as she turned her last, lingering look on Eden, ere her soul accepted its destiny, and she went forth on that path so like yet unlike yours. Like yours, for God had marked it out, and her polar-guide was the same. Unlike yours, for her hand was held by another who would strengthen her on the way. Unlike yours, for the star of her destiny shone on two, while like the flaming sword at the gate, the star which shines before you flashes sternly between you and the Eden to which the sweet, alluring voice invites you."

My friend covered her face with her hands, and a soft tremor thrilled her form.

A doubt filled me. "Shall I proceed?"

"Proceed."

The yearning beauty of her face had in the short moment become sublime abnegation.

"Proceed."

"I see you, the alluring voice no longer heard, calm and beautiful and serene, treading your path of light, but not now alone. Crowds of young forms whose eyes are turned, now on you, and now on the polar-guide, are walking with you, and their faces have a glory which they have caught from yours. Their souls are filled with the beauty and purity which rests upon your features, and which your teaching and example have brought there. You, who are of all others the best fitted for this mortal life, because of the beauty and joyousness of your nature, are most wisely and lovingly leading these young beings that cluster around you, a fair and beautiful tiara numbering its many hundreds! unfolding in their spirits a gentleness, intelligence, beauty and goodness that shall make each one of them a centre from which shall hereafter radiate light and purity and goodness to many others. You are teaching them how to *think*. You are teaching them how to *create* time, by awakening an intelligence that can imbibe in a moment knowledge and ideas that can only be acquired in years by the dull and ignorant. You bid them not be satisfied to remain on the poor level whereon so many of our sex contentedly dwell, knowing not the divine duty which requires each generation to lend its strength to the beautiful task of lifting the next generation to a higher place than its own. You teach them that it is possible even here to reach a place where all selfishness shall be unknown, virtues never sullied, goodness ever active and happiness universal.

Ah, my friend! from the hereafter I already

hear you called "blessed art thou among women" inasmuch as, thus unselfishly devoted, from you shall radiate a circle of wisdom, purity and happiness, that shall widen and still widen when your feet have vanished from their path on earth, and gone to tread those of that world whose atmosphere is round you even here.

Do you accept the vision?

The expression of divine abnegation and devotion which transfigured her features, and the prayer in her eyes was the answer of my friend.

HOW STRANGE.

Another friend and subscriber has sent us a little poem for the "Table," which is suggestive of many thoughts, some of them sad ones. The carelessness manifested towards each other by many married persons, even whose love for one another is true and unabated, is a melancholy and most unwise thing. It rusts the brightness of home delights, and scatters dust and ashes on the hearts that should still be young and green. I deny, however, the proposition that it is "what all lovers become." On the contrary, the very hand that penned the lines, committed foul treason against its own by the deed, for she is a living witness that I hold up in the face of the world to prove how warm, and bright, and fresh and unfading wedded love and wedded happiness may, through a quarter of a century, be kept. But many will read it, undoubtedly with a pang, that "That strangest of strange things under the sun," a wilful permitting of so sweet a thing as wedded love to die a natural death, is sometimes seen. And I hope many also will read it, who, on the threshold of carelessness, may be led to draw back into the warmth and genial sunlight of that happy life, which is fed by daily manifestations of interest, and those little attentions which, costing nothing, are yet all the world to wedded affection.

Without being aware of it, how many really happy husbands and wives, by a carelessness of manner towards one another, give an impression to others that they are not happy. Do they ever think what a treason they are committing against those lookers on who may be absolutely led to abjure marriage altogether, by witnessing the seemingly indifferent state of feeling existing between them? I have at this moment no doubt that many a heart now shut up in itself and many a life now wearing away alone, its wealth of capacities unappre-

priated and unsuspected, that it would, had it not been for the spectacle of some seemingly cold and careless married life, which chilled their desires for that state, now be themselves living witnesses of the happiness of wedlock.

It is the careless married men and women who do much to form the idea that was in my last Editor's Table, contending that "Marriage is a Lottery." Let them think of these things, then, and reform, and the careless little ditty that follows shall have performed no unimportant mission.

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be love—how strange when we two

Shall be what all lovers become.
You frigid and faithless, I cold and untrue;
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you,
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do;

Loves bright web unravelled and rent and worn through,

And life's room left empty—ah hum!

Ah me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when this witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day—

When your thought of me loses its *coulour de rose*;

When every day serves some new fault to disclose,

And you find I've odd eyes and an every-day nose,

And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the common-place way—

Ah me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be love—how strange when we meet

With just a chill touch of the hand;
When my pulses no longer delightfully beat
At the sound of your coming, the sound of your feet,

When I watch not your going far down the long street;

When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,

Grows harsh in reproach or command.

Ah me!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay
Divided the dreary day through!

Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent with nothing to say,
Or coldly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old-married sort of a way—
I shrink from the picture, don't you?

Ah me!
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,

As so many others have done:
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold,

If we dim our life's diamonds and tarnish its gold;

If we choose to live wretched, and die unconsolated,

'Twill be strangest of all things that ever was told

As happening under the sun!

Ah me!
How strange it will be!

By a curious coincidence, the following contribution to the Editor's Table from our Western Associate, came to hand after the above cogitations on Married life were completed, and is inserted as an agreeable pendant.

CONJUGAL.

Overhearing a young lady remark, that she hoped when *she* came to be married, the ceremony would be so short, she wouldn't have time to be frightened; we were reminded of an incident that occurred in Boston, some thirty years ago. A young couple went into the study of a Judge of the Supreme Court, who by virtue of a commission as Justice of the Peace, was authorized to solemnize marriages, and desired him to marry them. "Very well," said his honor, whom they found writing, "pass me your certificate and you may go." The man handed a certificate that the banns were published, but remained. The Judge continued his employment, until the impatient bridegroom again announced the intention of his visit. "Very well," said the Judge and again pursued his task. After some further delay, the neglected applicants once more reminded His Honor of their desire to be married. "Why go home," said the magistrate, "you have been married this half hour." And it was true. The law then, we know not what it is now, only required an acknowledgment of present intention before a Justice of the Peace and a recognition of that intention by the Justice in his official capacity. There was no form of words necessary to the purpose, nor any ceremony, other than a simple declaration, which the Judge did not permit, for a moment to disturb his meditations. We imagine that law must have been made to accommodate bashful lovers.

Equally brief, but without the painful suspense, was a wedding ceremony performed by a distant connection of mine, an old Squire residing in one of the central counties of New York. He had just got comfortably snuggled down in bed, one dreary November night, when all at once there came a thundering rap at the kitchen door. He slept in a recess, divided from the room only by a curtain. Leaping out of bed, for he thought some one of his

married children must be in their death-throes, he caught up his nether-garments and hurried to the door. Stopping there a half moment, he thrust one leg into his trousers and opening the door on a crack, exclaimed nervously, "what do you want?" We want to be married," was the reply. "Go home and go to bed; you're married enough," and dashing the door in the faces of somebody, whether white, black or red, he did not know, he drew his leg out of its hastily assumed covering and bounded into bed again. "But did they really consider themselves married," I asked. "I reckon they did, *Carline*; less than a year arter-ward, they stopped here one day and showed me a bouncing great boy, whom they had named Andrew, arter me, they said, — paid me a silver dollar too, which the man said he had in his pocket that night, but didn't stop to hand me, 'cause I seemed in such a tarnation hurry to get back to bed. "I giv him a *stiffice* then and the last I knew of 'em they'd a houseful of young uns. Married! I guess they was," and the old man filled his pipe.

At another time, this same Squire had started out early one morning, with his cradle on his shoulder for the wheat field. Just as he had reached it, a clattering of hoofs caused him to turn around. Close beside him, on foaming horses, were a young man and woman with faces as red as them *pinates*. Reining in their steeds, the man cried out, "be you Squire J—?"

"I am."

"Wall, we've been up to your housen, and your old woman told us you'd gone down this road, and said she thought we'd catch you, if we tried hard. You see, sir, Sallie, here, and I, wants to get married and we're in sumthin' of a hurry, 'cause we want to go to Syracuse, and get home afore night."

"Very well," said the old man, "turn back to the house, and I'll be there soon."

"Couldn't you do it jest as well out here? you see we're in sumthin' of a hurry."

"Yes, I suppose I can. Get off and I'll make you one in less than no time."

"Won't it be jest as strong on horseback? you see we're in sumthin' of a hurry."

"I reckon it will; just hitch up to Sallie and get hold her right hand."

The young man did so, and then and there, the old 'Squire, with his cradle on his shoulder, the stump of his pipe in one hand, his whetstone in the other, clad in homespun overalls and frock, performed the ceremony.

"Could ye change a five dollar bill?" asked the bridegroom.

"Why, no; my pocket-book's tu hum."

"Well, then, I'll stop and pay ye when we come back; we'll come back this way and afore night, too; 'cause we'll be in sumthin' of a hurry," and they rode off.

"And did they stop and pay you?"

"I reckon they did; *Carline*, and I reckon they was married, too, jest as strong as it I'd gone hum and put on my Sunday-go-tu-meet-in' clothes."

By some curious train of association, the above incidents recall the following instances of conjugal affection. During the reign of the feudal system among the Highlanders, the Laird of Grant had condemned one of his vassals to be hanged. When Donald came to the gallows, accompanied by Janet, his faithful wife, he seemed very reluctant to mount the ladder, and stood a long time before the fatal tree, shrugging his shoulders.

"Hoot away, Donald," said Janet, clapping her dear spouse's cheek; "gang up like a mon, and *plaise the Laird*."

It was the most powerful motive to obedience the poor woman could suggest, and Donald could resist no longer, but went up and was hanged, as she said afterwards, *like a mon*! We know not which to admire most, the affection which could urge such a powerful motive, or the counter affection which spurred on to implicit obedience.

I have given you the ludicrous—now let me show you the sublime. Pietro della Valle, an enterprising Italian traveller, who lived in the seventeenth century, and wrote an interesting account of many regions of the East, rarely visited by Europeans, married, when in Assyria, a beautiful girl of Christian parentage, and a native of Mesopotamia. Though very young and delicate, the fair Giserada accompanied the wandering Italian wherever he went, and was with him even in battle, when he fought as an officer of the Persian king. A premature death separated her from the husband of her choice, as he was preparing to carry her to India — her body he did carry; he had it enclosed in a coffin and placed on board of ship, in the cabin where he slept. For four years it was the inseparable companion of his long and perilous journeys by sea and by land; and at the end of that period, he deposited it, with great pomp, in the tomb of his noble ancestors at Rome, pronouncing himself the funeral oration, which contained an account of her extraordinary life.

C. A. S.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

It is long since an extract from army correspondence had its place in the Editor's Table. Meanwhile no day passes that does not furnish material to stir and touch every heart which feels an interest in the army and its brave Northern men and boys, and I wish to say a word for them. How much these need the letters and prayers of loyal and good women, and how much good may be affected by these letters and prayers, we may never know, till the Day when all things are revealed; but we may be sure that we cannot write too much. I have spoken of this more than once before, and now again try to impress upon you all, dear readers, that if you would do good in the world, write to your friends in the army, making your letters and prayers a link between them and virtue. How many you may save from ruin if you only will! While there they are fighting to save our beloved country, do you what you can, and if possible, save them from the temptations and snares which surround them.

A friend, who has from the commencement of the war been Commissary in one of our largest general hospitals in Baltimore, writes me thus:

"Were I competent to portray the many sad scenes which I witness here, I could fill a volume. Many young men whom I knew at the North, have been in hospitals here, and all of them are very much changed by camp life. Some who were temperate at home, have become complete sots."

This is sad, and we should try and change this thing, as we may and can to a considerable extent. I know a lady who writes to a number of young men who are in the army, and I have seen their replies. They tell her with deep gratitude what safeguards her letters are to them, and what influence for good they have had on their comrades when read aloud to them. It is not too much to say that she has saved many from the ruin that falls on so many others. Do not think that book-papers and tracts can take the place of letters, though these are good. A letter warm from the heart is *individual*, and strikes home to the one who receives it. Do not shrink from this duty because some say, "so strange," "so improper," but remember that you may "save a soul from death." And our soldiers deserve so much at our hands. O, think of their dangers and sufferings and death, and, the proud-

est, most exclusive among you, be not guilty of the passive sin of suffering one to go down, whom a kind word from you could save. Let me move you by another extract from the letter from which I just quoted. The writer says:

"There are altogether ten government hospitals in town, with an aggregate capacity for 4000 patients. Ours, the largest, will accommodate 800. We are near the railroad depot, and receive all dangerous cases, while the more favorable ones are sent to other hospitals. I think, out of the six hundred men now with us, one-third have lost limbs; one half are disabled for life, and three fourths are subjects for discharges either on account of bullet wound: or diseases contracted in camp.

"Some of the saddest scenes in the whole panorama of the war are enacted here. Parents, brothers and sisters arrive daily; some to learn that the loved one has been consigned to the grave, others to find them crippled, and others still to be disappointed by meeting some other of the same name as the one they are seeking. A mother came last week from Ohio, just in time to witness the death of her son, who was wounded at Malvern Hill. This was the *fourth* son she has lost during the war. One was killed at Shiloh; one at Newbern; one at Vicksburg, and this last received his death-wound, as I have said, at Malvern Hill. She has two others still living, one of whom is in the army."

Do you, who robing yourselves in your gay silks and velvets, trail the costly garments through the streets, in reality ever think of your brothers and sisters thus stricken in this war? It seems hardly possible to believe it. Is there one of you, then, who will lay by the adornments so unbecoming now, and give yourself to the good work I have spoken of above? Some brother, or cousin, or friend, who may be dying, or worse than that, while you are dressing, have you not the heart to try and save him even at the expense of the great self-denial of foregoing the vain admiration of others as thoughtless as yourself? I am sure you have, for you are loyal at heart, and vanity cannot make the loyal heart a stone. Cheer up and encourage some one who is in the army; bid him be a true and faithful man, a valiant hero in battle, and an unspotted patriot, who shall be honored and beloved on his return.

I could write all day on this subject for I feel it, but I have said enough for now.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

M A Y , 1 8 6 3 .

THE SABBATH DAY CAPTURE.

A LEGEND OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Going out, Abigail," and farmer Moreton paused a moment in his monotonous tramp over the sanded kitchen floor.

"Yes, sir," answered the young girl, as she took down a white sun-bonnet from a hook and tied it over her fair curls.

"Where?"

"Down to the oak spring, sir. I want to hunt some wild violets to press in my Bible. Maybe there'll be none at our new home."

Her cheeks flushed as she spoke, and her heart quickened its throbs, for she had told her father but a part of the truth, and she feared he would guess it all, and peremptorily command her to stay at home and sit down to her reading.

Ordinarily the old man would, for his was one of those stern natures that rule their household with an iron rod; but there was a soft spot in his heart, as there is in all men, though so hidden sometimes, that only the hand of the Omnipotent can roll the rock away; a well-spring of tenderness that bubbles over at times, in spite of will and custom. His soul was laved in those tides of memory just then, for memory with its angel hand had troubled the deep waters. On the morrow, he was to leave forever that moss-covered cottage which had been his home for thirty years; the home to which, when a hale young man, he had brought the fair girl

who had forsaken father and mother, and all, to cleave unto him; the home in which six times the hymn of birth had been so sweetly sung, and in which too, six times the dirge of death had been so sadly chanted. Wife and mother slept in the village grave-yard, and in a row beside her, five little ones.

That old, low kitchen was strangely haunted at that sunset hour. The brown, curling heads of three little boys shimmered to and fro, in every flash which the bright fire-light darted into nooks and corners, and at still bo-peep with them, played the baby faces of two fairy girls, while all about the room, now like a soft shadow, and then a quivering shape, glided a form which took strange semblance to the bride of early years.

With these "forms of the departed" all about him, the old man had no heart to forbid his sole surviving child, she who for years now, had been his only tie to life, to go once more to the old oak spring, though he well knew it was not so much to gather the blue violets as to look once more into the blue eyes of a lover; so he said only, "mind and be home again before it is dark. We must be early to bed to-night, for the sunrise must find us on our way."

"I'll not be gone long, father," and she glided out of the door, taking with her, it seemed to the old man, all that was left of the sunshine.

Through the garden, tangled with last summer's flowers and weeds, across a meadow verdant with April showers, over

a bit of marshy land that trembled even under her light footstep, and the young girl is on the edge of the forest, and in another moment at the foot of the old oak, beside whose snake-like roots rippled a clear, cool spring. No need to gather violets, for a dozen clusters of them, tied together with barken strings, floated in the soft ripples.

Her cheeks took a deeper carmine and her eyes had a richer glow, as she watched the fragrant bunches rise and fall with the gentle swell of the water. Then her lips parted and a strain of music floated from them. Did the old woods echo it? Ah, no; those deep, low bass notes can only fall from bearded lips. There is a tread like that of a deer, the boughs are parted from a thicket, and a young man leaps forward and clasps the farmer's daughter in his arms. For a while no audible words were uttered, but there were murmured words of endearment and sweet caresses. Then the young man spoke up, saying, "and have you no faith, Abbie, that your father will ever revoke his cruel answer to me?"

"None, Joshua; unless you resign your captaincy and settle down on a farm. He thinks soldiering is an idle, easy kind of life, and one not befitting so strong and healthy a young man as you—"

"Idle, easy," interrupted her lover. I would to heaven he could once live it for three months—live it as I've lived it, in the depths of a wilderness, with wild animals and wild Indians tracking every step he took; no shelter but the heavens, no bed but the earth; nothing to eat but what his musket each day brought down,—he'd—"

"Hush, Joshua," and a little hand was pressed to his lips; "remember he is an old man, and old men always have their—"

"I'll remember he is your father, Abbie, and say nothing more about him, but I will still hope. O, I must still hope, darling, that he will yet relent. I cannot give you up; you whom I have loved since I was old enough to lead by the hand, to and from the old school-house," and he strained her passionately to his heart.

They lingered beside the spring till the shadows grew dark about them, and then lifting the flowers from the water, Abbie gathered them up in her apron, and turned her steps homeward, the young man attending her. At the threshold he turned to depart, then suddenly changing his mind; entered the kitchen with her, and went straight up to the old man.

"Good evening, father Moreton," he said respectfully; "I came in to bid you good-bye, and—and—sir, to ask you once more if I may not hope to have Abbie for my wife, some day."

The old man did not frown, nor answer angrily, but with unruffled brow, he looked upon the lover and said calmly, "when you have proved to me, Joshua, that your soldiering life is anything but a waste of time, that you are an abler, better man, for all your drilling, then you may hope to woo my daughter. Till then, she stays with me." He stretched out his hand; the young man shook it, and then turning away, went to the table beside which his beloved one stood, seeming to be busy with her violets, but in reality doing nothing but weep and shiver, folded her again to his heart, kissed her and departed.

As the door clashed after him, Mr. Moreton said quietly, "bring the stand and the Bible, Abigail. We will have prayers and go to bed."

He read and prayed—read with a faltering voice, and prayed in broken words, while the young girl beside him sobbed aloud. Some memories, sad and tender, no doubt, were bleeding in her heart, but I think that parting with the dear young captain had more to do with her deep grief than even these.

The next sunrise found them on their way to their new home, in the infant village of Rumford, now known as Concord, the capital of the State. It was not without many misgivings that the farmer's young daughter settled down in the rude habitation which greeted her sight, as they turned off from the main road into a narrow lane that had been cut out of the thick forest, a primitive log cabin, consisting of two large rooms, connected by an open porch, with a rough shed attached to one of them. She had heard so many

stories of the "Pennacooks," the tribe of Indians who formerly owned not only the beautiful site of the town, but the region for many square miles around, that she shuddered as she leaped from the wagon. Who knew but on that very spot, a wigwam once had stood, and who knew but the owner of it yet loitered in the forest, a dusky shadow through the day, but a fierce reality in the weird hours of night. Who knew how soon his war-whoop might echo all about them?

"Father, father, let us go back," she said, convulsively.

"Go back, girl! for what? to see Captain Joshua Gorham? No, indeed; go to work, instead, and remember that hereafter it is your business to keep house for your father, and not waste your time a-dreaming of epaulettes," and the old man out of whose heart all the tenderness seemed driven, set himself at work at once, in unloading and carrying into the cabin, the necessaries they had brought with them.

Meekly did Abbie obey, and busy herself with arranging the furniture and getting supper, after which she milked the gentle cows, which she had raised herself, fed the cosset lambs, and shut them and the fowls up, lest a stray wolf or sly fox should carry them off before morning. Calmly and quietly then did she take up her knitting, but no song as usual trilled from her lips as she seamed and narrowed, but many a low dirge did her poor aching heart chant sadly on that dismal evening.

But Abbie was a sensible girl, and with her hands crowded now with spring work, she found no leisure to indulge in fears or fancies. There was wool to card and spin and weave for next winter's clothing, and there was flax to be made into sheets, pillow-cases, table cloths and towels; there was butter to churn and cheese to make; there were eggs to hunt and chickens to raise; there were pepper and beet and onion beds to weed; there was washing and ironing and baking and scrubbing to do, and a hearty meal to cook three times a day. All these things, with keeping the cabin as neat as wax, kept Abbie busy enough, though she ever rose with the

sun, and never went to her bed till the owls were dooting.

Only on Sabbath mornings and evenings did she have leisure to brood over her two great troubles, her fear of the "Pennacooks," and her separation from Joshua; and as the spring and summer days rolled by and no war-whoop ever sounded in her ear, and no dusky face ever caught her eye, she almost ceased to think of the Indian as a foe, and came to regard him as a myth of troubled fancy. So fearless, indeed, did she become, that she often after the early Sabbath tea was over, rambled out into the dim old forest, plucking the wild berries that grew there in rich luxuriance, and gathering the wild flowers that nestled at the foot of every tree. Twice she started a young fawn from its bed, and once a brood of young partridges whizzed away from almost beneath her feet, but other living thing she never saw, or ever heard anything more fearful than the moaning of the wind, or the twittering of a bird.

Little thought she though, that her every step was trailed by a young Indian, the chief of the remnant of the tribe. At first it was with thoughts of vengeance, that he followed her, and it was hardly to be wondered at, for that very farm which her father now claimed as his, had once been the camping ground of his own father. He could have pointed to the very spot where once the council fire had burned; where the calumet had been smoked; where the feast of the Indian corn had been held, and where the warriors had danced the war-dance after a victorious battle.

Nay, it was not to be wondered at, that the Indian loved the home of his fathers, and gave it up with reluctance to the pale-faced stranger; not to be wondered at if he muttered to himself, as the white man crossed his hunting path, "take heed to thy steps, the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt

sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes ; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife ; thou shalt build and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian perish from the land."

But the heart of the War-Eagle warmed in spite of himself, towards the fair young white girl, warmed till a passion was kindled there, which only possession could satisfy and quiet ; and while she through week-days labored in her father's cabin, he wrought at a wigwam, hidden far up among the mountains, fashioning it so that the wind should never blow through it or the rain and snow drive into it ; and adorning it with all that his ingenuity could devise, making indeed, a wild, but beautiful home for the pale-faced bride whom he meant one day to carry thither.

Such was the state of affairs in the early autumn of 1746. At this time the remnants of the "Pennacooks" leagued themselves with the "Abenakis" of Maine, in a determination to wrest the beautiful lands of the Merrimac from its usurpers, and become again its inheritors. Rumford was to be the first point of attack ; but thanks to a friendly Indian, the villagers were informed of it in season to make preparations for a resistance. A small fort was hastily erected ; the able-bodied men were enlisted into service and daily drilled ; a guard was set at night, while a messenger was sent post-haste to Boston, to solicit aid both of men, arms and ammunition from the General Court.

These things troubled farmer Moreton ; a hard-working, money-making man, he grudged to spend a day or an hour even, in labor that brought not back a return in dollars and cents, and he hesitated not to express himself thus to his daughter, as they sat beside the hearthstone one Saturday evening.

"No danger at all — an old woman's story — do to frighten bad children — all done to get money out of honest men's pockets — if I had my say, I'd send them soldiering fellows back again to their homes before ever they had cocked a musket. Better be putting in winter wheat than loitering round that stockade." He grumbled out the words, for he was un-

usually tired and cross, having hauled two loads of logs that day, for defences to the village, and drilled an hour beside just at nightfall.

His daughter knew his mood too well to venture a reply, although her heart was in her throat at every unusual noise that flitted about the cabin. She was glad, therefore when he bade her a crusty "good night" and strode across the porch to his bed, in the opposite room. She waited till she was assured he must be asleep, and then with noiseless step approached the door and barred it. Then she went to the window,—there was but one—and raising it softly, put out her hand to reach the slab shutter. As she did so, something started up from the flower-bed underneath. She drew in her hand, with a cold sweat bursting out of every pore, for the form was that of an Indian chief in complete war-costume. Nearly lifeless, she dropped upon the floor, and it was many minutes before she ventured to rise again and look out. The full moon lighted up everything with a glow almost like daylight ; but nothing animate was in sight. Almost spell-bound, she stood there till she saw the guard, who went now in squads of half a dozen, come around. Re-assured by their vicinity, she again put forth her arm, closed the shutter, and threw herself undressed upon her bed, wishing that what she had heard that day might indeed prove true, and that the morrow might find her brave Joshua and his company stationed in the village. As the night passed on, and no sound broke the intense silence, save now and then the voices of the patrol as they shouted "All's well," she finally concluded that the red man was but a vision of her fancy, disordered and wrought up by the tales which an old settler had that day rehearsed to her : and saying her prayers, for she was a pious little Puritan, she fell asleep.

The village was astir early the next morning ; a bright, beautiful September morning it was too ; all the glory of the summer-time upon its dawning, yet with a cool, bracing breeze, that was refreshing enough after the sultry August weather of the preceding week. Gravely and silently the villagers left their homes and

gathered on the green before the fort to witness the morning parade of the soldiers. As the drums beat, the little band marched out, and though an English officer might have laughed at their quaint uniform, he would have felt as he gazed into their eyes, that the hearts of brave men beat under those blue homespun coats. While the roll was being called, there was heard in the distance the sound of another drum, and by the time the guards were relieved, a flag hove in sight, and a low murmur of satisfaction went around the spectators, for they knew then that the promised relief had been sent, and that Captain Joshua Gorham and his brave Haverhill boys had come to their assistance.

When the salutes between the two companies were over, the eyes of the young captain turned impatiently to the little crowd of maidens. The color came brighter into his face as he saw there the form of his beloved, of his Abbie, whom instead of ceasing to love, he had yearned after through the whole long summer. And she, her little heart beat so loudly that she crowded her hand upon it lest those beside her should hear its noisy pulses.

The soldiers filed into the church, whose primitive architecture would have doubtless so shocked a modern professor, that he could not have said his prayers in comfort. But it was a hallowed spot to those emigrant men and women who followed, and they said their prayers there more earnestly than ever on that morning, for they knew not but before another Sabbath the tomahawk of the Indian would have sent many to their last home.

The sermon was a strange mixture of war and peace, bullets and psalm-singing, powder and prayer. But it reached the hearts of the hearers, and they went out of the church, strong in the faith of their muskets, and firm in their trust in God.

There was the usual short intermission between services, when the congregation were wont to disperse here and there, eat up their seed-cakes and dough-nuts, quench their thirst from somebody's well, and rehearse the news of the week. The home-guard filed off into the fort, but the visiting company repaired to the banks of the

river, whence they were followed by nearly all the congregation, most of whom bore baskets heavily laden with provisions for the guests.

Farmer Moreton and his daughter went with the rest, but Abbie did not care to meet the young captain under her father's gaze, and so, as soon as they came in sight of the camp, she wandered off down the river bank. She knew the quick eyes of her lover would discern her, and well she knew that his quick steps would follow her. On she went, little dreaming that an Indian warrior lay in ambush for her, the same who had scared her so the night before, the same who had watched her all that long summer time. As she descended into a little dell, he darted upon her, and as a wild beast seizes his prey, so caught he the fainting girl. He stopped not to bring her out of her swoon, but clasping her tightly in his arms, he strode on mile after mile, resting not till he came to the spot where smoldered the yet warm ashes of his last night's camp. Placing his yet unconscious captive on the bed of beech leaves, he brought water from a spring and sprinkled her white face. She came too, but when she saw closely beside her, the brawny form of the Indian chief, she shrieked aloud in a terror that can never be imagined.

"White Flower is not hurt," said he, in broken English. "The War-Eagle is her friend. He has known her long. He loves her. He watches over her. She shall go with him to the mountains and live in his wigwam forever. Pale-faces will die back there, White Flower live."

Calming herself by a terrible effort, Abbie said to him, "Let the War-Eagle seek a wife among his own nation; there are fair squaws among the Pennacooks; let him join his heart to one of them, and let the Great Spirit bless their union."

"The War-Eagle loves none of the squaws of his own tribe; he loves the White Flower, whom the pale-faced brave brought up the river to live on his father's lands. He will marry her."

Abbie did not answer. Indeed she knew not what to say, and, fearful of irritating him, concluded that silence was her safest course.

"The White Flower does not speak. Perhaps," and his eyes glared fiercely, "she loves one of her own braves — perhaps she has no heart to give to the War-Eagle."

A blush flitted for an instant over the white face of the captive. It was a silent but eloquent answer.

"It is so; it is so," he said, haughtily. "They steal our lands, our rivers, our all, and when we ask only in return, the heart of one of their squaws, they have stolen that too. But the War-Eagle will have his revenge. He will have the heart of the White Flower, her red heart; he will have the scalp of the White Flower, too; the heart he will lay on his dead father's grave, the scalp he will hang at his belt. Then he will go back to the river and hunt the scalp of the pale-faced brave who brought the White Flower, and the scalp of him, too, who stole her heart from the War-Eagle."

As the last word of his impassioned speech fell from his lips, he seized the long black hair of the girl, and lifted his scalping-knife. As it flashed in the sunlight, a bullet whizzed through the air, and the strong right arm fell powerless. With glaring eyes the Indian turned; as he did so, another bullet pierced his heart, and with a single bound, he sprang forward a few steps, and dropped dead, his hot blood spirting over the green grass.

Gorham, for it was he, paused not to look at the distorted face of the slain, but hurried to the bed of leaves, whereon lay Abbie, white as snow, and to all appearance dead as her captor.

"Heavens! am I too late?" he cried, as he lifted her gently and rushed to the spring. No, no; she revives; she opens her eyes; they rest upon her lover; she breathes, and her breath meets his warm kisses. Judge of their joy. No words can tell its depth.

Shortly after, her father with Gorham's company came up. A little boy, it seemed, who had followed her from curiosity, to see what she was going down the river for, had witnessed the capture and given the alarm. The captain was on the point of following her, for he had, as she supposed, noticed her wandering steps.

Grasping his musket, he darted off like a deer, and, accustomed to Indian ways, he had trailed them without trouble, and come up happily in time to save the life of his beloved one.

Farmer Moreton did not speak at once, when he saw his daughter, for his old heart was quite too full; the spring had once more bubbled over; but he pressed his lips to her white face, and wet it with silent tears.

When his emotion was somewhat spent, he turned to the young captain, and in a voice that vainly strove to be calm, he said to him, "I told you once, Joshua, that when you had proved to me your soldiering was anything but a waste of time, that you were an abler, better man for all your drilling, then you might hope to woo my daughter. Joshua, you — you — O, my boy, you have saved her to me. Take her. She is yours forever." And he joined their hands in the midst of the assembled people, and I doubt not the young captain would have insisted upon the minister performing the nuptial ceremony on the spot, but that the law obliged a publishing of banns.

As soon, however, as Abbie recovered from the low, nervous fever consequent upon her fright, the banns were published and the twain, on the evening of the same day, made one. And as time rolled on, "my son-in-law, the captain," became quite as dear to the heart of farmer Moreton, as was "my daughter, the captain's wife."

O solitary heart! O darkened, troubled soul! when you want to know who is dealing with you, do not take the telescope and try to find him by piercing the blank immensity of space; do not go to philosophy, spun from poor human conceits, that may bewilder and lead astray. Turn over the leaves of the Evangelists,—old leaves, wet by a million tears, and consecrated by a million prayers,—over which struggling hearts have breathed with hope and trust; come to these pages; take the delineation of Jesus there. They will tell you what God is, who is dealing with you in the strange, mysterious passages of life. And if you want to know what man should be, there it is.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

BY MAY OLIFTON.

DARKNESS.

The wind is sobbing drearily,
 The earth with snow is white,
 And in the sky nor moon nor stars
 Illumes the gazer's sight.
 Hoarse whispers murmur thro' the pines,
 In yonder forest lone,
 That wildly toss their arms aloft,
 And make perpetual moan.

Oh! blacker than the starless night,
 And colder than the snow,
 And drearier than the winter winds
 Which from the cold North blow,
 Are now those budding loves and hopes,
 Which made my heart so glad,
 And in their stead a mournful wail,
 Keeps rising low and sad.
 Vainly I seek for peace and rest,
 There ever hovers near,
 A dark, and shadowy, nameless dread,
 Filling my soul with fear,
 Oh, save me, or I perish, Lord,
 Amid this darkness drear.

LIGHT.

The sun is shining gloriously,
 The earth is bright and fair,
 And music from unnumbered birds
 Is filling all the air;
 Soft zephyrs fan the whispering woods,
 The brooklets onward bound,
 Through meadows spangled o'er with flowers,
 With a low, rippling sound.

O, brighter than the morning sun,
 And fairer than the flowers,
 And sweeter than the birdling's song,
 At early morning hours,
 Are these bright hopes that fill my soul,
 And make my heart so gay,
 And where thick darkness erst had power,
 Is now perpetual day.
 No longer now I seek for peace,
 Within my heart it lies—
 A blessed and immortal hope
 Of heaven beyond the skies;
 Lord, 'tis thy smile that makes this earth
 Seem bright as Paradise.

To say that because of wild fanaticisms and absurdities the whole mechanism of religion is all superstition, would be to say that the white mist at Niagara indicates only a mist, instead of bearing witness to the awful depth of the torrent-sweeps that are below. So out of the soul of man comes the mists of superstition; but, instead of proving that the whole is superstition, they prove the awful depth, the legitimate flow of the great God-given, God kindled love that is in the heart of man.

INEQUALITIES OF LIFE.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

CHAPTER I.

"Each one has her share of trials, Frances. If we could penetrate into each others' hearts, we should see much less of the great disparities in life which strike us on the surface."

"I cannot think so, Jane; there is Laura Elden, what sorrow has she ever known? rich, beautiful, prosperous, idolized by her father, indulged by her step-mother, she has never known a want."

"I do not know Frances, but I believe the general truth I have mentioned holds good in her individual case as in others."

What shadows were there in the prosperous lot of Miss Elden to whose unusual gifts of fortune these young friends reverted? Let us see, even if our researches finally carry us out of the present into a point in the not very distant future.

Laura lost her mother when she was an infant, too young, her nurse said, to realize her loss. I do not think so. Children's feelings are strong, and their memories retentive, beyond what we are disposed to allow, and the vision of her beautiful, patient mother, with her love and watchfulness, was nearly as distinct to her girlhood as in her tender childhood. Her father had married again. The step-mother who came to preside over her home was indulgent and kind; she had little motive to be otherwise to the obedient child, but for her little charge she had nothing of the real love of a parent. Laura's quick eyes saw that her father's fondness for herself secretly annoyed her step-mother, and she soon grew to shrink from its exhibition in her presence.

Years went by, she approached womanhood, and took her place in the circles which her father's wealth and position opened to her. Here a second secret grief hid itself under outward splendor and happiness. She saw herself in her step-mother's eyes again a rival. Flattering words, admiring homage, these detracted from the still beautiful woman at her side. A wife's ambition should centre itself in her home, in diffusing happiness there. Elanour's did not. Laura's instincts were too noble not

to be pained, by the contrast. Outwardly all was kindness, but the serpent lay coiled beneath.

On this morning while the conversation we have quoted was going on a few streets beyond, Laura sat in her chamber, her head reclining dejectedly on her hand. An open letter lay before her. It was a respectful avowal of attachment, closing with an offer of marriage. The lover was rich, still young, of a graceful exterior; but, judged by those fine instincts which some women possess, Laura knew him to be wholly unsuited for her choice. She could not think of such a marriage; discordant as her home was to her in some respects, nothing remained but a quiet refusal. Her step-mother came in. What event of her daily life ever escaped those watchful eyes? She had anticipated the offer, and perhaps the reflection. Laura had no alternative, but to take her into her confidence. She would gladly have avoided it, but the open letter, the merry banter, were not to be put aside. "My dear," said Mrs. Elden, with an air of surprise, which she wore in an extremely natural manner, "I am sure you will reconsider this decision. Mr. Crawford is immensely wealthy, a flattering conquest, too; he has been so long blind to all attractions, your father, as well as myself, will be proud of your good fortune."

"I do not love him, mamma," said Laura quietly.

"My love, how long is it since you left boarding school? three years? But not to speak of any such nonsense, what is there disagreeable in Mr Crawford? his address is charming, his exterior by no means plain."

"I know, mamma, but I have no preference for him. He is just the same to me as any other man."

"Give him an opportunity to try, there is no reason why you should not. A few months hence you can tell better about your feelings."

"No, mamma, I shall not change. I feel rather a repugnance to Mr. Crawford than an attraction. It would be wrong to encourage him."

Mrs. Elden's lips compressed with a sudden tightness, but she did not at once

abandon her ground. "You will think better of it, Laura," she said, blandly, "with your strong common sense Don't answer this letter at once, take time to think it over," and she rose to go out.

"It is hard, very hard," mused the young girl, as the door closed upon her. "I cannot marry Mr. Crawford; it would be wrong for me to do so. If dear mamma had lived—" she broke off with a sigh, and went to her writing desk. Perhaps she feared the effects of fresh arguments upon her resolution, and acted prudently what she saw was right; but however this may be, the letter went into Mr. Crawford's hands on that very day.

Mrs. Elden frowned as she encountered her step-daughter on the stairs on her way down with her letter to the post, and quite forgot her usual graciousness in their *te-a-tete* afternoon drive, but Laura felt that she had acted for the best, and that consciousness was her sufficient reward.

Certainly Laura Elden's life was not without its trials.

Months went by, the same outward seeming, the same hidden thorns, but now a new emotion dawned upon her; she loved and was beloved.

Here again were discordant elements at work. Her lover was poor; rich in all the noble attributes of manhood, but penniless in stores or lands. He was a distant relative of her mother's, a cousin, and to this relationship, slight as it was, she owed their acquaintance in the circles to which as a poor clerk, he was seldom admitted. It was Mrs. Elden's hour now to retaliate the resentment, she had long smothered at her step-daughter's disregard of her former counsel. Such a marriage was not to be thought of; it was simply preposterous; the acquaintance must be at once broken off. She did more in this instance than remonstrate. She wrote to the young man coolly avowing her knowledge of his partiality, and assuring him with affected kindness of its hopelessness.

"Laura may have her school dream, she wrote, "of love in a cottage, and its *et ceteras*," but she has had no experience of the kind. Her father will never con-

sent to such a mis-alliance between wealth and poverty ; his decision is unalterable. By the sincerity of your love, then, which I do not question, reflect before you involve her in a wretchedness, which will be sure to lead to mutual regrets and dissatisfactions."

Francis Harland was proud ; it would seem as if some knowledge of his character must have guided Mrs. Elden in penning this note, though they had met but once, on which occasion she had received him coolly on his appearance at her house as her daughter's acquaintance. His immediate act on receiving it, was to re-infold it in an envelope, and forward it to Laura's address, with a few lines accepting his rejection, declaring to his lady-love that he would not stand in the way of her prospects, and that he relinquished his rash claims to her hand, at least until the day should arrive when her own family might acknowledge him her equal. Perhaps he was hasty. He thought so himself when the letter was gone, but it was then too late to recall it. Laura shed a few silent tears over the sheet ; he might have written more kindly, she thought ; she, at least, had no part in the offence ; but she took up her step-mother's note again, and confessed that he had some excuse for anger.

I think quiet natures take all sorrows of this kind more keenly than those which are gay and susceptible to excitement. Laura uttered no complaints ; she treated her step-mother with her usual respect and complaisance, but somehow the light was gone out from her face, and the elasticity from her step. People thought Miss Elden had changed, yet they could not tell why, or in what the change consisted. Her father proposed a trip to the seashore ; it was in the sultry summer months. Mrs. Elden eagerly seconded the proposition, and went with her. It was useless to hope that change of scene would work wonders. Laura was unhappy, and she found it very difficult to reconcile herself to her position. She came back pale and languid, looking as if years, rather than a few weeks, her father thought, had passed in their short separation. He suggested to his wife that they had been harsh,

but she answered no ; Laura would soon come to herself, and at no distant day thank them for the part they had acted.

Months went by ; three years. Mr. Elden was suddenly attacked by apoplexy and died after a few hours' sickness. It was a great shock to the widow and daughter. Mrs. Elden passed from one fainting fit to another ; Laura aroused herself to meet it with more composure. She sat by her step-mother's couch, whose excited nerves shrank from the stillness and gloom ; she gave directions for the funeral ; the servants looked to her for orders ; only in the few hours snatched in the solitude of her own chamber did she give way to tears.

On examination of Mr. Elden's affairs, a few weeks after his demise, it was found to the astonishment of all, that his large property had crumbled into comparatively nothing. The great losses he had sustained, with the entangled condition of his affairs, had no doubt preyed upon his mind and hastened his death.

"How very sorrowful ! how sudden !" was the general exclamation. "What will Mrs. Elden do ? what a change for Laura !" Perhaps there was little sympathy breathed in the last remark ; the happy and prosperous are often objects of envy.

Laura's straightforward good sense now came into use. Mrs. Elden submitted despairingly to the sale of the house and rich furniture, which indeed, they were powerless to retain, and Laura took two rooms in a quiet street, and endeavored to obtain pupils for music lessons, among her old friends. Here to her disappointment, she was entirely unsuccessful. Perhaps her applications were made in wrong quarters, but she was amazed at the coldness which had suddenly succeeded to the warmest professions. The plan of a day-school was more successful, though it necessitated more labor, and no small inconvenience. Mrs. Elden felt the change in their condition even more keenly than Laura. It was a bitter thing, too, to find herself dependent on the noble exertions of her step-daughter.

CHAPTER II.

Admired, envied Laura Elden no longer. What a fall! said the world. Poor girl, how unfortunate! The nine days' talk ceased; Mr. Crawford, by this time a bridegroom, purchased and fitted up the handsome mansion of the Eldens, and the ruined merchant and his beggared widow and orphan were forgotten.

Was Laura as unhappy as the world judged? Did she repent now her refusal of the rich Mr. Crawford, a refusal which had lingered very bitterly in that gentleman's recollection, and with which her mother in this wreck of their circumstances, sternly reproached her? It would not seem so. The look of care had deepened upon her face, yet under this there was a new light, and her wearied step had put on a sudden elasticity. She had less time now to brood over regrets, and though the changed manners of her late companions must have deeply wounded her pride, they could hardly be said to wound her affections. She had known something of the worth of such things when she had been in the world,—she had seen the slights distributed to others, and though she could not anticipate them for herself, she could not be said, after the first shock, to have been wholly unprepared. One recollection certainly came up with bitterness, in these hours. If her step-mother's voice had been silent she would now have had a friend to assist and counsel her; perhaps have been happy in a humble home of her own.

She had not met Harland since the day when his parting letter arrived. She had learned accidentally a few weeks after that he had resigned his place in the store in which he was employed, and had quitted New York. They would never meet again—she felt so to herself. It was true the last clause in his letter held out a fragment of hope, but she understood the general course of the world too well to build upon it. Fortunes were not laid in a day; it was the tortuous course of years which was required to build up from such slender fabrics; long ere that his constancy would die out, and he would wed some more fortunate bride, or accident, or death

would intervene. She still shed some secret tears over her father's death, but a ray of light penetrated through that darkness. The change for him was clearly for the best. Had he survived his misfortunes his mind would probably have succumbed to them. He could not have gone out in his approaching age to build up a new fortune, and how agonizing the sorrow of setting down hopelessly to such circumstances.

Mrs. Elden was the most serious subject of pity. These bitter misfortunes came upon her with an overwhelming shock. She could not conform herself to the small room—the other littered through the day with troops of children, with their noisy buzz; the coarse fare, the isolation from society, the utter forgetfulness to which she was consigned. She had no religion, no philosophy to meet it. Here within these four walls was the hardest trial of Laura's days, to listen to the querulous complainings, or meet the sullenness of mood, and the profound despair.

If her mother had loved her, if she had been indeed her daughter, perhaps she might have won some influence over her, but, as we have already shown, this was hopeless. At least it seemed so to Laura. The poor girl bore up bravely under her heavy burdens, and the total absence of sympathy.

There came a change, however, but one which, in the beginning, seemed only to usher in a more intense darkness. Mrs. Elden was taken dangerously ill. A slow nervous fever, no doubt the result of constant repinings. Laura was compelled to dismiss her pupils, there was no help for it, and to take her place as a nurse by the sick bed.

Weeks passed before Mrs. Elden was able to quit her couch, and then Laura saw that the prospect of resuming her school was hopeless. Her place was already filled in this long interval, and she resigned herself to the disappointment. She had now no resource but to take up her needle, at which barely a livelihood could be obtained. Her step-mother's sickness had made a sad inroad upon their little store, the scanty remnant they had received from the wreck, and her thoughts

turned for the first time, anxiously toward the long, bleak winter that was at hand. One consolation dawned in this dreary hour. Her mother rose up from her sick bed with an awakening consciousness of her daughter's kindness. This, in itself, was worth all her labors.

December came on. Laura plied steadily her needle, but the late hours began to tell upon her strength and spirits. She knew that she now needed more relaxation than the hurried evening walk to the store from which she obtained her employment. On one of these occasions she encountered Mr. Crawford, who glanced at her coarse shawl, and the unfashionable package she held, as he favored her with his most courteous bow. The incident, trifling as it was, discomposed her for the evening. She blamed herself for her folly. She had no regrets for the past; she could never have married Mr. Crawford, yet the encounter awoke a keen sense of mortification and humiliation. Mrs. Elden, still feeble from sickness, slept softly on her pillow, and Laura, bending lower over her work, went off for the hundredth time in one of those pleasant day-dreams which might and should have been realized.

Winter to the poor! Whoever dreams what it can be, in the home of plenty? how the white drifting snows, the chill north winds, the glittering tracery of ice, come with a dismal chill, where the eye sees only the naked hearth and the scanty board.

Day and night Laura worked on, now actually nerved to keep want from the door. Mrs. Elden's complainings grew less, and her eyes took in uneasily her daughter's wan appearance. Pride and the consciousness of necessity were beginning to struggle in her bosom, but the latter conquered.

"Among your father's many friends," she said one day to Laura, "there must be some one who would assist us."

Laura shook her head. "I do not think so, mamma," she said gently.

"You have never made the attempt, my dear. There is Mr. Hawly, he was a great friend of your father."

A rich old bachelor. Laura wondered

what had led her mother to single him out. "It would be of no use," she said thoughtfully, "and I could not have the assurance to go."

"To go? why a note will do. Let me see; what is Mr. Hawly's address?"

Laura still shrank from the proposition. Mrs. Elden was not to be put off. "At all events it can do no harm," she urged. "we do not ask his charity, only his services. I wonder the idea has not occurred to me before."

Laura repressed an undutiful wish that it had never made its appearance, and slowly took out pen and paper from her drawer.

"What shall I write?" she asked, sitting down to her task.

"Tell him how we are circumstanced, and beg him to procure you a situation as music teacher, governess, or anything of the kind which will enable you to procure a subsistence."

"O, mamma! I cannot;" she laid down the pen, an uneasy glow mantling her face.

"Then I will make the attempt," and Mrs. Elden drew the sheet towards her.

"My Dear Sir,"—she began, with a hand still tremulous from weakness, "your friendship for my late husband encourages me to write you to beg your assistance for my daughter. I cannot see her stitching her life away day after day, and remain silent. At first she obtained a small school, but the care she was obliged to bestow upon me in a late long and severe illness, lost her this situation, and she is thrown entirely upon her needle. If you could recommend her to some available employment, such as she is fitted for by her education and circumstances, you would confer upon us a great favor, and earn our deepest thanks."

Mrs. Elden folded the note without submitting it to her daughter's perusal. "This goes out by to-morrow's post," she said, resolutely.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Hawly answered the note. He answered it in person. Perhaps Mrs. Elden would have thrank from the interview in these impoverished circumstances; cer-

tainly she had a vivid idea throughout of the homely furniture — scanty at that — and her unbecoming evening dress, but the visitor said everything that was kind. No doubt he was shocked by the transformation he saw before him, the change from the gay wife and admired daughter of the rich merchant to the pale widow and the wan seamstress, and this shock opened the best feelings of his nature.

Laura held with reluctance, the little crowded portemonaie which he pressed into her hand as he took it at parting. It was not before Mrs. Elden, but in the hall where she had followed to show him out.

"It is only a loan," said the old gentleman, kindly; "I will make no objection to a repayment at some time. In a few months, at most, I have no doubt I can hear of a situation which will prove advantageous to you."

Laura looked at the portemonaie — she thought of the scanty store of coal, the empty larder, her own overtasked nerves; never had she longed for rest so much as in the last few days; she tried to speak, but her voice stopped.

Mr. Hawly saw her emotion, and without waiting for thanks, hurried away.

It was a comforting lesson in human nature, and it came to Laura when she needed it sorely. After all there was goodness and truth in the world; she had been very unhappy or she would not have listened to such doubts.

Spring opened. April came and passed. With the dawn of May a letter was received from Mr. Hawly. It was dated from a distant Western city, and announced his discovery of a vacancy in a large school, which situation, if agreeable, he would at once endeavor to procure for Laura. There was no objection to be offered. Mrs. Elden secretly welcomed the idea of a removal from a place now invested to her with so many memories of mortifications and griefs, and Laura wrote promptly her thanks and acceptance. Another letter came and they prepared to set out.

It was a long and tedious journey. Mrs. Elden's feeble health relapsed under its fatigues, and when they reached their destination she was again seriously ill.

They went at once to the hotel where they took lodgings for a few weeks, until Mrs. Elden grew better, and Laura could find a little time to look around for rooms. Her school proved pleasant, and she enjoyed the change from the monotonous scenes which had been fraught to her with recollections hardly less painful than those of her step-mother. Mrs. Elden's spirits began to revive; she exerted herself in the homely labors of housekeeping, and in the end grew really cheerful.

A year passed, when an event came round which agitated not a little the new even tenor of Laura's life. It was an offer of marriage. The proposal came from a gentleman with whom they had formed a slight acquaintance at the hotel in which they had stopped on their first arrival, and he had found the opportunity of offering the strangers many simple but kind attentions in the months which had succeeded. There was no objection to be made to Mr. Herkimer, at least, so far as his character and prospects were concerned, and Laura may be pardoned that, for a moment, her resolution wavered. Here was a home for her mother, ease and comfort for herself, and a lonely path outside, stretched away in the distance. On the other hand, her regard for Mr. Harland was still unchanged; with all the force of absence, and his ungenerous conduct, it had never been put aside.

Marriages, under such circumstances, may often take place, but they contain few elements of happiness. Laura knew that she could prove to Mr. Herkimer a faithful and kind wife, but she felt that in marrying him, she would be doing injustice to herself. Her step-mother said little — no doubt a recollection of the old days, withheld her from urging what she must have sincerely desired. Laura felt herself obliged again to frame a rejection; she did so kindly but firmly; she held nothing back, and she softened the mortification she was compelled to inflict, by frankly avowing the truth. Herkimer was touched by her generosity; he knew in his own heart that he had received little encouragement to his suit, and they parted with mutual good feelings. Perhaps he did not quite give up hope; certainly his visits to

the widow and her daughter were not wholly relinquished.

Months went on—Laura had settled to her position, and certainly was much happier than she had been in her once brilliant life. Slowly, in the course of time, Mr. Herkimer renewed his offer. Mrs. Elden now joined her persuasions.

"You can no longer urge that such a marriage would be a deception, Laura," she said, "since Mr. Herkimer knows all, and is ready to overlook your indifference. It is your last prospect of marriage; if you refuse, you resign yourself to a lonely and an unappreciated life."

"You are wrong, mamma," said Laura, "marriage is not the only opening of usefulness to a woman. How many women have I known in our old life who, in discordant or uncongenial homes, would gladly take up my present situation."

"But unmarried women are so little thought of."

"I don't know, mamma; I never could see that; wealth and position are always thought of; poverty is poverty under any circumstances."

"But Mr. Herkimer is unexceptionable."

"To any woman who loves him. But I do not and never shall. Under such a consciousness, marriage would be a mockery."

"Are you very sure, Laura? His regard is strong enough for you to judge by its persistence. Are you very sure it could never win a return?"

"Do you know, mamma, objects out of our reach sometimes double in value, from that very fact. I have sometimes thought this the case with Mr. Herkimer. Not that I question his sincerity. He would make any woman a most kind husband. But I have never believed in the permanent existence of a love without return."

What could Mrs. Elden urge further? she was silenced.

A long period again went by, and now one of those incidents which we believe take place rarely in life, came round. Francis Harland made his appearance. It was an accidental meeting. Business connected with the firm of which he was clerk,

had taken him to C——, and he encountered Laura, by a happy fortune, in the street. He had heard of her father's misfortunes and death, had written her in the same hour, but owing to her almost immediate removal from her old home, had received no answer. When, in a few weeks, despairing of a reply, he had contrived to obtain leave of absence for a sufficient time to visit New York, he found himself unable to discover any trace of her, and was compelled shortly to give up his researches in despair.

It was a happy meeting; Laura felt richly rewarded for all her patience and trust. Mrs. Elden received her prospective son-in-law with no little embarrassment, yet her congratulations to her daughter, were not really insincere.

"To think it should have come round so, mamma," said Laura, smiling, through her tears. "If I *had* married Mr. Herkimer!"

"My dear, such an event does not occur once in a thousand lives."

"How I pity Laura Elden," said one of her old friends, laying down the paper which contained the announcement of this marriage; "poor girl! she has married that clerk who used to be at Haughton's. She must have repented a hundred times, her refusal of Mr. Crawford; why, Audly told me, only last night, that he is one of our millionaires now. Poor Laura!"

What does the reader say to the verdict?

—•••—

We give such a theological sense to our words that even the holiest precepts ring like counterfeit coin. But if we really knew that to love Jesus Christ is like loving anything else,—if theological or religious love would only mean natural love, as it ought to mean,—how many would say, "I love Jesus Christ!" Infidels and sceptics, carping at miracles, and cutting out one half of the New Testament, if they could see such a character as that, exemplified in such a beautiful life, standing in the gloriousness of its meekness and the majesty of its holiness, would come to it as if drawn by the law of attraction.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Come to my side, my gentle child,
 For fading is the light,
 And I will hold thee here awhile
 Till the moon grows large and bright.
 How like a golden queen she shines,
 Above yon drifts of snow,
 As fair as o'er the budding rose,
 A few short months ago.

Close to my heart, my gentle child,
 Thy little form I hold,
 And even now that heart is wild,
 Thy father may be cold;
 Thy father may be famishing,
 In this chill, wintry air,
 While we, (thank God for every gift,)
 Have bread enough to spare.

Hark! how the blast so bitter blows,
 Adown the vale and hill,
 The pines within the cold moonshine,
 Stand dumb and dark and still;
 Within the hearth-light redly gleams
 And makes the shadows bright,
 I wonder if thy father dreams
 Of thee and me to-night.

I would not lack a patriot's blood,
 I would not cause him shame,
 I would not ever have him wear,
 For us a traitor's name;
 And yet my heart grows strangely wild,
 The peril and the grave,
 They loom before thy father, child,
 And I—I cannot save.

You know his hero blood sprang up,
 When in this quiet glen,
 They told the poison in the cup,
 Prepared by treacherous men;
 I well remember how he went,
 With purpose stern and deep,
 He put me gently from his breast,
 And kissed you in your sleep.

His grandsire fought in earlier days,
 And fell, unknown to fame,
 Years have swept o'er his gory grave,
 And still we wear his name:
 His valor lives—to do and dare,
 To suffer and be strong,
 Thy father 'mid the freemen there,
 Faces the foe's red arm.

Close to my heart, my gentle child,
 I wonder what will be,
 If orphanage and widowhood
 Await for thee and me,
 'Mid scorning foes and friends grown cold,
 One treasure we can claim,
 A prouder heritage than gold,
 Thy father's honest name.

Kneel by my side, my little child,
 Lift up your voice and pray,
 For you are one of Jesus' lambs,
 And God hears such as they;
 Pray for your father on the field,
 Amid the bloody fight,
 Pray for the mourning, stricken ones,
 Who fill our land to-night.

And ask of Him who guides the world,
 And hears the sparrow's cry,
 To be the Helper, Friend and Guide,
 Of all like you and I;
 And if upon the battle-field
 Thy father's grave must be,
 O, pray his soul from yonder heaven,
 May watch o'er thee and me!

ELEANOR WARE'S MANUSCRIPT.

BY DELL A. CAULKINS.

The revelations of an inner life are seldom made, yet every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and in its secret recesses hang faded wreaths of hopes once dazzling in the brightness of their beauty, pale, scentless garlands, reminding the possessor of some fair, long-passed 'May-day of the heart,' when all its inharmonious chords were tuned to melody only less sweet than angel hymnings. The soul shrinks from revealing its hidden life, and as the imprisoned bird folds its wings, and sends forth upon the air its sweetest notes of song, so the deepest emotions of the human heart, held captive in its secret cell, lie hidden from the outer world's rude comments, while smiles wreath the lips that dare not give utterance to grief, and eyes beam brightly that fain would quench their light in tears. God pity hearts like these—hearts whose sorrows lie too deep for words,—that put aside the robes of mourning, and wrap themselves in festal garments of airy lightness, symbolizing the joyous hopes forever faded.

Yet, at times, have been given to our view, glimpses of a deeply shaded avenue, leading by many a winding way, to a sanctuary where bitter memories lie heaped, like lifeless forms washed shoreward in some disastrous storm. And like the low, sad notes of a solemn chant above the shrouded dead, come to us the utterances of a soul's bitter anguish, while with bowed heads, we humbly whisper—"O, God! give to Thy sorrowing ones, Thine all-protecting grace, to guard them in life's dark-

ened ways, till at last, triumphant over earthborn ills, crowned with the crown of immortal life, and bearing in their hands palm branches, they shall joyfully wave them at the golden gates of the New Jerusalem.

Thoughts like these floated through my mind after reading a mass of manuscript that had been placed in my hands a few hours previous. I was not unprepared for the announcement that came with it, yet it saddened me deeply, and still, with tear-filled eyes, I inwardly exclaimed—

“Well done of God! to halve the lot,
To give her all the sweetness!
To us, the empty room, and cot,
To her, the heaven's completeness.”

And then my mind wandered slowly backward through the sunny fields of the past where, along the bright horizon, hung the gold and purple clouds of my girlhood's early morning. And one roamed with me who was the fair ideal of all that poet's sing or painter's love to trace. To say I loved this friend, would but feebly express the feeling that held possession of my heart. I revered her! My soul bowed humbly in homage at the shrine of her loveliness, for I worshipped beauty. Oh! they on whom this precious gift has been bestowed, should wear exultant hearts in sinless bosoms, giving earnest, and fervent thanksgivings for the divine talisman, to Him who is divinely good.

Like a dream of heaven comes to me now the memory of Eleanor Ware's sweet face, as it beamed upon me in our sunny childhood's days. Eleanor's was not alone the beauty of artistic lines, and graceful curves, such as win a sculptor fame, and place an unfading wreath of glory on his brow; but, giving brightness to this harmony of features, was the inner, purer light of loveliness, emanating from the soul; the beauty living when the rose-flush fades, and the white brow wears the rare lines of life's added years.

From childhood we had been school-mates, and warm and earnest friends, though differing widely in mental as well as physical endowments, and greatly dissimilar in temperament. Ardent in her attachments, and eminently social in her

nature, Eleanor formed many friendships that were lasting and sincere, and yet, on the unblotted records of her heart, I had every reason for believing that my own name was written in characters distinct and clear, however unworthy the place assigned it.

Before she had quite completed her sixteenth year, Eleanor left her village home and school to finish her education in a distant city, whose institutions of learning were supposed to possess advantages superior to our own. We corresponded regularly, during her absence, and the days on which her letters came were the brightest that greeted me. But, when the long vacation came, my happiness was complete, for then we were seldom separated, and many a long day we wiled away with books, or work, or talking, as girls will, eagerly, of present pleasures, or those in anticipation. And as three years passed rapidly away, and we had each finished the education commenced in our village academy, when I wore my hair in braids, tied with blue ribbons, and Eleanor's hung in smooth and glossy curls, over a neck of pearly whiteness, and caressed lovingly, cheeks

“Bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's nodding plumes.”

O, those brief years, that flitted so swiftly “down the ringing grooves of time,” were years of many joys, yet even they were not without some shadows, and the memory of them brings me both smiles and tears, as I recall their varied scenes of joy or sadness!

Soon after Eleanor left school she accepted an invitation from a near relative to spend with her the coming winter in the gaieties that a city home offer to the votaries of pleasure. Thus were we again parted, and while I passed the time in home duties and simple pleasures, I learned from frequent letters that Eleanor was having “a splendid time,” seeing “everything,” going “to parties and balls innumerable,” and, in brief, spending “a very gay winter.” I was pleased that Eleanor was enjoying herself so well; yet I felt no envy in my heart, for, if stern necessity had not compelled me to a different

mode of life my tastes would have inclined me to the pleasures of home pursuits, rather than those that Eleanor made choice of. And yet at times I fancied a tone of sadness in her letters, implying that her heart sought joys higher than any yet attained, and though she strove to disguise it from me, there evidently was a feeling of "vague unrest," underlying all her seeming gaiety, that she strove vainly to conceal.

Before that winter ended the still current of my life was stirred by angel wings, and over the tiny, rippling waves flashed the sunlight of my girlhood's brightest dream. But the white wings flitted slowly past, the shining waves were darkened by many a lowering cloud, while the fair dream faded, leaving on my heart shadows deeper than those that hide the sunlight from the water,—deeper, far deeper than any it had known before. And these shadows on my life were all the angel presence left me, save a few sweet memories,—a vivid contrast to the gloom in which they were encased. I recall this dream at times, yet it is nothing now but "a memory and a name." Alas! for all dreamers, are they not laying up in the vast storehouse of earthly being that which shall leave no space for the true and the tangible, the real good that should be garnered and cherished, yet which is so often overlooked in the outreaching for the ideal? And then, when the awakening comes, how sadly do they gather, one by one, the sweet flowers of hope, and lay them away, pale and withered, beside the fair forget-me-nots of memory, to be gazed upon only when the overburdened heart would rest, and dream again, amid the treasured joys that only memory's key unlocks.

Eleanor Ware returned late in the spring. We felt instinctively that each withheld some portion of confidence from the other, yet neither questioned the depth or strength of the friendship of her who quietly and silently maintained the right of giving or withholding an entrance to the heart's most sacred chambers. And so it chanced. I did not know till long years after how the even tenor of her life had changed since, as school girls, we sat

underneath the broad shadow of the elm tree at the foot of my grandfather's garden and talked of life and beauty, joy and love, terms synonymous then, for the chill fingers of disappointment had not yet rested on our life's sweetest flowers, blighting their beauty and scattering their fragrance forever.

That spring and the succeeding summer months were the last that Eleanor Ware and I ever spent together. When the autumn winds came whispering low words that flushed the maple leaves with beauty, I bade her a sad good bye, and with heart made sorrowful by past memories, and the present parting, I went forth alone, to make myself a home in a far Western State, where destiny had given me a niche as an humble village teacher. We corresponded regularly for two years, then Eleanor's letters were few and far between, and one day the mass of manuscript was placed in my hands, and a last, brief note. I read the few sweet words of farewell from my early friend, and knew the hand that penned them was resting forever on a pulseless heart, in the little graveyard near her early home and mine. I put the note aside, and laying my weary head upon my folded arms gave way to the bitterness of the hour.

The life that is rounded into beauty by the fulness of love, grieves most deeply, when one dearly loved, is missed from the familiar paths of earth, but only they who have parted with each and every treasure that the heart held dear, can realize the silent anguish of that soul who sees its last dear one follow the white angel down to the silent home of death! Were it not for the sustaining arm of One mighty to save, how could frail mortality, at times like these, walk with unflinching step, over the surging waves of darkness, where no light beams save the one faint ray from the far-off shores of the eternal world of glory!

The manuscript accompanying the note, proved the key to the cipher in Eleanor Ware's history, that had been so carefully guarded during her life. And thus it was unlocked to me in the silence of my lonely room, in the quiet of an autumn evening.

"ELM HILL, OCTOBER, 18—.

"I know not why it is, dear Esther, I am impelled to make these revelations to you, only that I may in some degree lighten the weight that is resting heavily upon my spirit. We have been dear friends from childhood, yet, in those last summer days we spent together, though I would gladly have opened my heart to you, my lips were sealed. And yet I needed counsel — I needed, O, how sadly! strengthening words of hope, such as you, my friend, could have given me. But, with strange sensitiveness, I feared to have you read my heart; yet I must speak to you now as nothing would have tempted me to then, for the forms of this world are fast losing their hold upon me, Esther, and I feel that I am drifting slowly outward from the shores of time to that un-sounded sea from which no mortal sail returns.

"What I shall tell you relates to that winter spent in B——, at the home of my aunt, Edith Wharton. I have talked over with you many of the acquaintances formed while there, yet, of one or two I spoke but briefly.

"Ellery Vaughn was a constant, almost a daily visitor at my aunt's, being distantly related to her, and I soon learned to know his step solely from its frequency, as it came rapidly and lightly through the hall, halting only when it gained my side. He was not young, this Ellery Vaughn, but life with him seemed to have passed into a rich September fulness of glory, making him wholly different from the younger and more showy men who were in the habit of visiting at my aunt Edith's. Ellery Vaughn was not handsome, and yet his eyes were the finest that ever looked into mine, and his forehead was high, and white, and beautiful in shape and polish. Neither was this man intellectual, strictly speaking, still, there was an influence in his presence that never failed to make the hours pass pleasantly to those in his society. I soon learned to wait his coming with a certain degree of interest I scarcely dared acknowledge to myself, and shall I tell you why, Esther? I found that this man, so much older than I, and standing high in the esteem of men, had yielded

me his heart, while I, Esther, still retained my own.

"In our little village circle I had scorned the arts of coquetry, as you well know, yet here, where I had a wider range, and had learned to know my power, I lost sight, for a time of those higher and holier principles that should stand as watchful sentinels at the door of woman's heart. I had cared nothing for the conquest of village beaux, but now I was placed in a circle where men, for the entertainment of an idle hour, deemed it no ill to breathe into willing ears an oft-repeated tale, and women listened blushing, and then turned smilingly away to receive yet other avowals, profaning love's pure and holy name. The warm blood burns my cheek as I acknowledge that I learned to love this "oft-told story," while I secretly triumphed in the beauty that I well knew brought me homage.

"Coolly and deliberately then I watched Ellery Vaughn, waiting for each manifestation of feeling, analyzing every expression of countenance, each changing tone. Gradually my reward came. Aye! it came! God and his angels know the nature of that reward. God and his angels knew its justice, too! And my own heart's throbs attest it, even in this hour of waiting, this hour before the promised dawn.

"When the knowledge came that the love of Ellery Vaughn was mine, I triumphed in my power; my conscience did not reproach me then, for the sin of coquetry; I had not sought his love; it was by no arts such as are employed by the heartless and designing, that I had obtained it. Why then, should I reproach myself for what he chose to bestow? It was pleasant to me to see his fine eyes light with joy when they rested on mine—it was pleasant to know his glance followed all my movements in his presence, and pleasant, too, when I spoke words ever so few or trivial, to know he listened earnestly and intently to all I uttered; pleasanter than all, it was, to note the softened intonation of his voice, at all times, when he spoke with me. Why should I reproach myself for these things? I was not deceiving him! I gave him no cause to be-

lieve I loved him. I simply received what he freely and unconditionally offered me—the homage of his heart! Thus I reasoned and quieted the conscience that forced me at times to listen to its faint rebukes. I can see the reproach in your sad blue eyes, Esther, but spare, I entreat you, the friend who nevermore will vindicate her acts, and who has already received their merited reward. Yet before I speak of this, let me turn to another page in this chapter of my life.

“One evening there appeared in my aunt’s parlor, a gentleman whom a mutual friend introduced to us as Paul Clayton, an artist, who designed tarrying in our city until he should have completed several sketches on which he was then engaged.

“To say that I was favorably impressed with Paul Clayton’s personal appearance is but just. And yet there was something in his eye that at first repelled me. I did not question, then, what it might be, but when I came to know him better, the singular look was made plain to me, though it no longer affected me as at first. We were thrown much together, and it not unfrequently happened that we spent the long winter evenings in conversation, my aunt leaving me to attend the opera, I could not conscientiously say I admired, owing, probably, to my want of appreciation of the harmony of discord. In these pleasant evening hours, after his labors of the day were ended, were first unfolded to me the rich stores of a mind whose high intellectual culture far surpassed that of any with which I had ever been brought in contact.

“I might place before you a pencil sketch of the outer man—the physical graces of this artist friend of mine; I might tell you of the lambent light of his deep, unfathomable eyes, the stamp of genius on his high, white brow, around which the brown hair lay in bright, shining waves; I might tell you of features perfect in their classic outline, and yet, when I had said all this, though I succeeded in bringing before your imagination the outward, tangible embodiment of manly beauty, I should be able but faintly to portray the union of symmetrically devel-

oped faculties, demanding and receiving the mind’s royal homage. Girded as he was with the panoply of intellect, he seemed to me, then, destined to tread with conscious power, not only unscathed, but victoriously triumphant, through the world’s great battle-fields. I believe that in the broad arcana of science he must yet reap unnumbered golden sheaves, while in the bright and beautiful paths of art, hung fair wreaths of beauty waiting only to find their resting-place upon his brow. When Paul Clayton talked with me, I usually took the part of listener, having a painful consciousness of my own inability to follow him in all the involutions of the subjects that he often chose for what he once smilingly termed his ‘lectures.’ One evening I ventured to intimate to him my appreciation of his great mental acquirements. Never shall I forget the words he uttered that night, nor the strange look that came into his eyes as he talked with me; the same look that had attracted my attention the first time we met. He was singularly undemonstrative in manner, even when most eloquent, and that evening, I well remember, he stood leaning against the mantle, his arms folded, his head bent slightly forward, while his eyes were intently fixed upon the woven flowers at his feet, except at times when I felt their deep, yet far-away gaze fixed on mine so steadfastly that I gladly dropped my lids to avoid their unconscious scrutiny.

“In answer to my somewhat awkwardly conveyed compliment he replied,

“‘You are sincere, I know, in your recognition of what you are pleased to term great gifts, yet, did you ever happen to realize that the acquisition of knowledge brought pain as well as pleasure?’

“I looked inquiringly, and he proceeded in low, even tones:

“‘The aspiring mind may circle the universe in its ambitious flights, grasping with finite power, an infinity of truth, still must it return at times, to walk among the shadows in life’s low valleys, mourning the yet unattained, the higher and greater good hoped for when the upward flight was first essayed. And though the earnest seeker may slowly ascend the spiral stairway of apparent truth, vainly believ-

ing it leads from crypts of darkness to the upper, everlasting light, before the summit is fully gained, he will find himself wrapped in gloom deeper than mortal thought can pierce !

"I did not fully comprehend his meaning, and still groping for it I said,—

" 'Yet a gifted mind must exult in its consciousness of great attainments.'

" 'True ; but this brief triumph is but a poor substitute for the longed-for good the soul vainly asks.'

" 'I can imagine no greater good than that the intellect is capable of attaining.'

" 'Can the intellect, mighty though it may be, banish from the soul the memory of joys soon faded, and strewn thickly along the pathway of life ? Can it meet its inner needs, its silent, secret cravings ? What if the heart thirst for living fountains of peace, and reaching outward in its yearning hope, finds only summer dust ?'

"I answered quickly, while I gazed at him in some surprise, his steady glance seeming to read my soul,—

" 'Then, of course, you should turn to the Fountain of all peace !'

" 'But, if Faith and Trust have sadly folded their white wings in the bitterness of despair ?'

" 'This is sad ! I cannot realize it — you are not—you cannot be—'

" 'Yes ; sad though it may seem to you, and bitter as the acknowledgment is, I am an unbeliever, or, in other words, what the wise world calls—an infidel !'

"I was shocked, stupified with amazement ! This man whom I had looked up to almost with reverence, as one of the great God's masterpieces, and in whom I had so profoundly recognized the supremacy of mind, believing it allied to corresponding spiritual strength and beauty, this man was lost,—O, how fearfully lost, in the winding, bewildering mazes of doubt, the wild, fierce whirlpool of despair ! I broke away from the silence that held me.

" 'O, it is—it must be terrible !'

" 'Yes, he slowly and sadly replied, 'only they who are bound in its Promethean chains know with what a vulture beak the clinging horror fastens on the soul ! I cannot shake it off though I have

endeavored—perseveringly endeavored to free myself from its thralldom. With all my unwearied searching after truth, reason points me only to the fact that life is an unfathomed mystery, death an unending sleep. Aimless, hopeless, despairing, I walk through the tangled mazes of earth, believing that 'here we have no continuing city,' yet without faith in the revelation pointing to a higher and better life to come. While others sing with radiant brows lifted heavenward, of 'the golden city shining far away,' my eyes are gazing downward, where, underneath the roses and violets of summer, underneath the brown and crimson leaves of autumn, lie the silent homes appointed finally, for all of earth ; and though my soul rebels that death should thus triumph over life, and love, and beauty, I cannot put aside the truth that strikes home to my heart with unerring aim.'

" 'Then surely, the knowledge you may have acquired is valueless, if from it all you sum up this misery !'

" 'Now you can fully understand my first remark, and this is the substance of my creed—that life is but a succession of dark shadows, with here and there a gleam of sunlight breaking up its gloom, while death is only another shadow darker than all that have preceded it. And yet, though these apparent truths impress me, I would willingly resign all I have yet attained, for the living hope that should prove sure and steadfast.'

"I made no reply to this. What could I say ? I had given this serious subject but little thought, even in my most serious moods, and even if I had, how could I talk with him who was so much more learned than I ? O, if I could only bid him hope ! I glanced up at him, our eyes met, and then, for the first time, I read their strange expression aright. It was the look seen always in the eye of atheist or infidel, denoting the extinction of faith and hope. We talked but little more that night, and when he left me I felt a strange heaviness at my heart, that I could not put aside.

"After this conversation with Paul Clayton I had many more of a similar nature, till at length I slowly began to ac-

knowledge to myself that the seed sown in the uncultivated soil of my heart was slowly but surely springing up, and would ere long bear its bitter fruits. Then I felt in my soul an intense wish, an earnest longing for a stronger and firmer hope than any which had hitherto sufficed me. If he, with his finely cultivated intellect, his perfect insight of all forms of religious faith, his subtle powers of analysis, his clear, deductive reasoning—if he, with all the energies of a mighty mind, found—like the swift-winged messenger bird, in the world's early day—no mount of promise whereon to rest, could I, weak and faltering in my upward flight, hope to see the piled up waters of controverted theories subsiding at my approach, as with wavering faith and diminished trust I essayed to grasp the living branch betokening the great Jehovah's remembrance? If he doubted, why should I have faith? Upon what foundation of hope had I, all my life-time been building? Had I a clearer perception of divine things than he? By what power of logic greater than his had I brought my mind to grasp what had seemed to me eternal truths? What were the 'eternal truths' in which my soul had hitherto found its rest? I carefully scanned them.

"First, was that around which all others circled—a great sustaining Cause; this was the corner stone of the Christian faith; on this great fundamental truth was reared the vast system of a world's great hope; this was the keystone of that stupendous arch through which had marched triumphantly a vast army of saints and martyrs, believing in one God, the Father of all. Should I doubt this truth? Paul Clayton doubted it.

"In the first pure teachings of my childish years, I had learned of Bethlehem's manger child, the Emmanuel of promise. My young heart filled with unquestioning faith, I had reverently listened to that simple story of an humble birth, while in imagination I painted those Magician pilgrims, as they journeyed beneath the guiding star that was God's revelation and acknowledgment of his Only Begotten. As I had believed the story of his birth, so also, had I believed the story of

his pure and holy life, his martyr death, his risen glory. I had received all this as inspired truth; should I doubt it now? Paul Clayton doubted it!

"At my mother's knee—the holy altar of childhood—I had learned in half-formed words to say—'Our Father who art in heaven.' From that mother's loving lips I had heard, in the low, sweet words of a beautiful trust, of that home beyond the river of death, the spirit's home of unfading beauty and undying love; and through all the after years of youth I had believed death to be 'a flower-wreathed gateway,' opening into a life that should be everlasting—a life purer in its love, higher in its aspirations, and more enduring in its joys than this. Should I deny the sweet truth of these lessons learned in my sinless childhood? And the only answer that came from my aching heart was—Paul Clayton casts these truths, that others receive as holy, to the earth, and with haughty tread spurns them beneath his feet! Then, on my bended knees, I prayed in agony of supplication, 'Father Almighty! save me from this living death! O, leave me not to grope in darkness of the soul's night, struggling ever towards the eternal light, yet with darkened understanding, wandering far away on those dim shores where many have essayed to stand in conscious superiority of intellectual power, yet have floated far off on the unfathomed oceans of doubt and despair. O! leave me not to this great darkness, but give me the light my soul needs—the light of an abiding faith!'

"The three weeks of Paul Clayton's intended stay lengthened to as many months, and during that time a change had gradually come over Ellery Vaughn. In the first weeks of my acquaintance with this artist friend, I had watched with quiet yet persistent interest, the manner of Ellery Vaughn, studying silently and intently his different moods, as one studies a subject not intricate really, yet requiring some little concentration of thought. As in the first of our acquaintance I found myself daily analysing his varied moods, and the problem I solved at length was this, Ellery Vaughn fancied in Paul Clayton a rival.

"I have watched the shadows lengthening as the day faded slowly away, leaving with it the pleasant hours of a happy childhood, and marvelled at the dimness that usurped the place of the golden light, then smiling, turned away and said—'Let the shadows fall, the sunlight will come again to-morrow!' And now, as I saw the shadow of a disappointed hope settle on the brow of my self-deluded friend, I said, 'Time will disperse them,' and the artist and I still held our long conversations, though never, even when most interested, did I give up the study I had so perseveringly undertaken. I did not endeavor to undeceive him. I did not love Paul Clayton, nor yet did I love Ellery Vaughn. Why, then, should I strive to prevent his jealousy? Esther, I encouraged it! When he came and found me in earnest conversation with Paul Clayton—as he frequently came—my cold manner and brief words indicated but too plainly that his presence was an interruption to the conversation I was apparently absorbed in; and then he would soon withdraw, his manner cold and chilling as my own.

"One evening aunt Edith and I were dressing for a reception at General Vane's, of whom you have heard me speak. I had nearly completed my toilet and was only waiting for aunt Edith to fasten some japonicas—Ellery Vaughn's favorite flower—in my hair, when a servant came up, saying Mr. Vaughn waited in the parlor for the ladies. 'Eleanor, let me fasten the flowers and you can go down; Ellery has probably come to attend us to the General's; I will follow you soon.' And aunt Edith hurried me away, while she resumed her own preparations.

"I wore that evening a black lace robe over a rose colored silk, and was fully conscious that I was looking well; this thought, doubtless, flushed my cheek—lent a sparkle of triumph to my eye, and, as I entered the room, Ellery Vaughn advanced quickly towards me with one of those glad smiles that had of late greeted me but rarely; then, bethinking himself, the bright light left his eye, while his face again wore its look of cold indifference, and he stood motionless as a rock. I made

him a sweeping curtsey and laughed mockingly, as I said—

"'I am waiting for compliments, sir!'

"'You will undoubtedly receive all your vanity craves,' was the haughty reply; then was added, somewhat hurriedly—'I came to say good bye, Miss Ware,'—he usually called me Eleanor, and the change gave me a strange feeling that I could not divine—'I leave in the next train for the West; shall I see your aunt?'

"'Presently,' was my brief answer, and to my infinite relief aunt Edith entered. She had not time to speak before he said, 'I am about leaving for C—, cousin Edith, and have only time to say good-bye.'

"'Why, Ellery! what does this sudden leave-taking mean?' and aunt Edith cast a hasty glance at me, as if expecting I alone could give the desired explanation, while, with smiling indifference, I turned to the mirror, and adjusted the japonica I wore on my bosom.

"'Well, cousin Edith, to satisfy your anxiety, I must plead a man's usual excuse—business,' was Ellery Vaughn's reply to the question I could but would not answer, yet I detected in the gay voice its minor tone of sadness, as he continued hurriedly.

"'I would like to go with you to General Vane's, this evening, but you have my excuse, and now I must leave you, or I shall miss the train.'

"After his farewell to aunt Edith, he came to me. I gave him my hand, chilling in its coldness, and smilingly said, 'Good-bye, Mr. Vaughn,' and then turned once more to the mirror. He looked at me earnestly, took a step toward me, then turned away and was gone.

"Aunt Edith wondered and questioned me closely; yet I was disposed to give her no satisfaction, and she came to the conclusion that Ellery and I had quarreled, but would make up when he came back.

"That evening I was the gayest of the apparently happy ones gathered in the brilliant rooms of General Vane, but the next morning came the inevitable reaction.

"I endeavored to shake off the unaccountable oppression. I seated myself at

the piano and played quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, in rapid succession; but while my fingers flew along the keys my thoughts went as rapidly over the events of the past three months, and a series of pictures, memory-painted, passed before me; some were softly colored, as with the tints of violets and roses, or lighted with the amber hues that lend their beauty to the summer sunset. Then the sombre lines prevailed, and like storm-brooding clouds, gathered in darkness above the unsheltered traveler, came the remembrance of the past few stormy weeks, and overcome by the depression that rested with added weight, upon my heart, as I remembered the mockery of my last night's farewell, I closed the piano, and, hurrying to my own room, sought in its privacy, what all women seek when heavy-hearted — relief in tears.

"That evening Paul Clayton was more than usually interesting in conversation, yet I took but little part in it, excusing myself on the plea of a severe headache — a natural consequence of the morning indulgence in tears. Mr. Clayton gave me sympathy and suggested camphor. For the first I was duly grateful; to the second not favorably inclined. Later in the evening the Leightons called, and I exerted myself to be agreeable. Before they left, Audrey remarked the absence of Ellery Vaughn, and turning abruptly to me, said — 'You should have had more compassion, Miss Ware; I am sure such devotion deserved it.'

"'One cannot always assume what is not felt,' was my careless answer. Paul Clayton eyed me narrowly. I felt my cheek burn, and turning toward a table where lay a late publication, I hastened to change the conversation by calling attention to it.

"A week passed amid a gay round of pleasures, during which time I saw but little of Paul Clayton. He never accompanied us into society, freely acknowledging his distaste for it. Then I began to grow weary of the life I was leading. I longed for quiet evenings — the sound of footsteps that never came — I missed the light of a loving eye; Esther, I missed Ellery Vaughn. I strove to put away the

thought, but slowly the conviction came to me, and gradually settled with tenacious hold upon my heart. Weeks came and went, and he did not return, neither did we hear from him. I endeavored to force my thoughts from one constantly recurring theme; to believe that the sense of loss I felt, was caused, wholly, by the absence of those slight, yet constant attentions, every woman learns to prize, when coming from one who gives with them his heart's deep devotion. Then it was, Esther, I suffered bitterer regrets than I had ever before endured; yet, to God and my own heart alone, was the anguish known. We do not parade our feelings before the world at times like these, but send them, masked, into the gayest throng, and mingling with others, masked and decked in showy garments, like themselves, they play their part in the great carnival of life.

"Aunt Edith ceased to question me, and if Paul Clayton held the key to my locked sorrow, he was too thoroughly kind to intimate its possession by word or sign. Days and weeks passed, and still brain and heart were on the rack. As often as I talked, with partial faith, with Paul Clayton, I felt my hold on all that I had once deemed truth and holy beauty, fast loosening; and I dreaded, more than you can ever know, Esther, the terrible darkness that seemed waiting to fold me in its stifling mantle of despair.

"That winter was the saddest portion of my life, though I have suffered bitter sorrow since. The pleasant little room that was mine at aunt Edith's, was the scene of many a struggle known only to the All-seeing eye of Him against whose truths my weak soul was at war.

"When the spring drew near, Paul Clayton spoke of leaving, and though I had spent many pleasant hours with him, and gladly listened to the low, even tones that breathed only eloquence, whatever might be the theme, I felt that my future peace would be the forfeit of his continued presence. It was very pleasant to me to hear him talk of his beautiful art, and, if no doubt of beautiful truths had ever been suffered to pass the portal of his thoughts, I at least, should not so have mourned the

crumbling away of the fair temple my faith had unquestioningly builded. But even while he talked to me of art, had not love as well as faith taken a sad and silent leave! Could I grieve, then, to have this man leave me who had caused all else that was dear to forsake me?

"Art is much, but Love is more. * * *

Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God."

And when, one bright spring morning, Paul Clayton silently pressed my hand, and left me, I said—"It is best."

"Soon after this, I too, left aunt Edith's for my own home. You well remember our meeting, and the summer days we spent together, the last of our earthly companionship. You partially read my heart then, as I nearly read your own. Would it not have been better for both if we had confided in each other? Might not the burden have been lighter if shared together? Yet, you had a stronger support than I; the cross you bore was wreathed with the flowers of unfading hope and abiding faith; and though you walked through the dark waters, you had strength to lift it above the waves, while your eyes were gazing heavenward. And I, oh, Esther, my hands were weak, and I folded them in doubt and despair.

"It was late in the fall when I received a letter from aunt Edith, informing me she had heard from Ellery Vaughn, who had been for many weeks suffering under severe illness, but it had left him now, though too much enfeebled to allow of his attending to his business as before, and his physician advised his immediate return home, where, by tenderer care, his exhausted energies might sooner be recruited.

"But one thought filled my mind; Ellery Vaughn was coming home, would be at aunt Edith's, and I should not be there to see him. And his feet had been near to the valley of the shadow of death, and might even now be hastening towards its darkness! A wild, irrepressible longing seized me. O, if I could only see him, it would in part do away the memory of our last parting. I could speak a few kind words to him, and then — then I could leave him forever. Days passed, and this

yearning wish grew stronger. At length another letter came, informing me of Ellery Vaughn's arrival, and inviting me again to spend the winter with aunt Edith. But I could not leave home; my mother's health was poor, and she needed me. Letters came occasionally, from aunt Edith, telling me of Ellery Vaughn. At first his health seemed improving, then he suffered a relapse, and his life was depaired of for many weeks, and all this time I was not permitted to see him. As the spring returned my mother's health was restored; then I determined nothing should prevent the carrying out my most earnest wish. The heaviest weight upon my heart was removed, ere the preparations for my journey were completed, by a letter, telling me there was hope of Ellery Vaughn's recovery.

"It was a cheerless day in March, when I once more stood, waiting admittance at aunt Edith's door. It was opened for me, yet before I had time to frame the question that trembled on my lips, the servant turned hastily away, saying she would call my aunt, if I would remain in the back parlor. I entered the room and sat down near the folding doors, and took off my hat and shawl, that I might be in readiness to see Ellery Vaughn as soon as aunt Edith came to me. I waited a weary time, and dread forebodings filled my heart. What if he were dead! What if I were never again to hear that voice that had been wont to breathe my name in earnest tones? Never again to meet the eyes that had given me their brightest glances? The thought was anguish. With clasped hands whose palms turned outward, that sure indication of intense agony, I waited. Would my aunt never come? A half hour passed before my suspense was relieved; then aunt Edith entered, greeting me cordially, cheerfully. 'She had been taking her afternoon nap, and the servant had carelessly neglected asking me to her dressing-room, for which she had just been reproving her. Ellery was better, much better; in fact, nearly well. He would be down in the parlor in the evening, in honor of my arrival.'

"My aching heart was relieved. Ellery was living — was almost well! I

breathed humble thanksgivings. O, had I not even yet learned there is a bitterness far worse than the agony of death? I had a long while yet to wait before I heard his familiar step, slow and feeble, it is true, yet I knew it. My heart throbbed painfully. He entered. I gave him my hand silently, for I dared not trust my traitor voice with words. He held my hand lightly an instant, then dropping it, said with cold courtesy—

“It is a long while since we have met, Miss Ware.”

“The answer I made has no place in my memory, yet his tones linger there still, for they chilled me like the bitterest blast of December. Intuitively, I saw the gulf between us that was deeper than death, darker than the grave. And my own hands had made it, Esther; a chasm never to be bridged, for that first interview was a type of all the rest, while Ellery Vaughn remained. Courteous he was at all times, yet never more than coldly polite; never once referring by word or sign to our past acquaintance; never giving me the slightest reason to believe that he remembered or cared for the love that was lost forever.

“In a week from the time of my arrival at aunt Edith's, he left once more, for the West. He despised me, Esther, as every woman deserves to be despised, who trifles with the heart's holiest emotions. A woman possessed of pure and generous impulses, whose standard of principle is elevated, will never become a thoroughly versed coquette. She may blindly wander from the path her fine instincts have marked out as right, but once perceiving her error, will hasten to retrace her steps, towards the holier ways of womanly grace and goodness. Those who have taken their degree in the school of coquetry, may carelessly assert—‘It is the only means we have of guarding ourselves against those who may meet us with our own weapons. We have been compelled to act in self-defence.’ But their sophistry is worse than folly, it is sin; and even they, at times, will be compelled to know their error, aye, and suffer the bitter consequences; for, in the soul's silent reaches after beauty, the chains of selfishness,

that have fettered it so firmly, must prevent, at last, the attainment of what it forever asks in vain.

“I remained but a short time with aunt Edith, and then returned home. You can realize all that I suffered then, Esther, for you too, have mourned over an idol lost. Do not shrink because I refer to it now, as I never dared before, but remember, as one among the dead, I reach out to you the tender hand of pity, and beckon you from over the dark river to the peaceful shores of the better land. But you, Esther, in your trial, rested in hope, as a wanderer rests ‘in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ And it was the strong arm of death that swept away your joy, while it was the evil in my own heart that made the bitterness of my anguish.

“As the months passed on I became aware the conflict would not be long, for in the hectic flush upon my cheek I read the story that so many of my family had already learned, and quietly and steadfastly I strove to ‘put my house in order,’ before I should go hence. Diligently then, I endeavored to gather up one by one, the broken links in the chain of faith that was mine once. If love had left me, I would yet clasp hands with hope and trust, and in time, peace might place upon my lips its holy kiss, the seal of reconciliation, that my spirit needed.

“There was one more drop to be added to my cup, and it came in the announcement of Ellery Vaughn's marriage. I had hoped it might be spared me—the confirmation of the knowledge that I was wholly forgotten; but I had earned the bitterness and bowed humbly as I drained the cup. A year of trial and struggle passed, and then I felt that I had triumphed, that I had found the rest that my soul needed—the hope that clings only to the cross. With enlarged faith and broader views of divine love than I had ever known before, I sat down in peaceful rest, quietly waiting the approach of the white-winged Azrael, whose summons I felt to be near at hand, even at my window, and ere you trace with tearful eyes, perchance, these pages, I shall be resting beside the River of Life, in the eternal world of glory.”

THE HAUNTED DELL.

BY MRS. HELEN M. RICH.

I met to-day, in the road that winds
 Like a frozen snake, thro' the ghostly wood,
 Where the lily in summer the river finds,
 And the tale is told of a deed of blood,
 Proud Lina Walton face to face;
 She did not start, even pale or bluish,
 Though the song she warbled with childish
 grace,
 Found a death most sweet in a sighing gush.
 Not a plume of the little violet hat
 Gave tremor faint to my eyes that said,
 "The world (were it mine) would I give if that
 Could droop with loving her royal head."
 Only the hand that I sought stole out,
 Sly and white, from her sable muff,
 And a little tremble (with cold no doubt,)
 Made my heart sing bravely, "enough,
 enough."
 And I took it prisoner—timid thing—
 So coward white—and I locked it fast,
 And my soul met hers as becomes a king,
 Knowing the rebel is caught at last.
 Oh, it was worthy a hundred years,
 To behold the war of the roses there,
 Fire flashing out from amid the tears,
 Swift blushes that hid in her gleaming hair,
 That rippled away from the classic brow,
 In waves of sunshine, bearing away
 Hearts to destruction; but, Lina, now,
 Strange lights in thy regal eyes have play.
 We stood, who had met in a world of hate,
 Foot to foot in the lonely glen;
 She in her pride crying out on fate,
 I in my love's reaching angels then,
 Oh! joy to witness the blossoming sweet
 Of maiden love, in her hazel eyes!
 How her rich heart wavered betwixt retreat,
 And soft, outshining, the glad surprise,
 As it poised (bird-like) upon life's fair brink;
 The red lip quivered—Love's blissful goal—
 Athirst, yet scorning to meekly drink.
 Ah! Lina Walton, thy sun-bright soul
 Flutters and pants for its free white wings!
 There is heaven to soar in—if thy will,
 Queenly and cruel, coldly brings
 Fetters of honor and gold, they kill!
 Ah, heart that died and that lived that hour—
 Not a word o'er my lip like a marble wall;
 But I knew my prize, and I felt the power,
 God-like, that dares, if it loses all;
 And I only said to my heart, look forth,
 This beautiful vision veiled in pride,
 Is thine; but thine as the starry north,
 Is lost in Aurora's rainbow dyed!
 Then love shone out in a tearful mist,
 Meeting and melting his fair domain.
 Fond lips then met and divinely kissed,
 Their dew, the lethe for earthy pain.
 You will say, perhaps, 'twas an omen ill,
 Our two lives mingled in haunted wood,
 But the radiant calm of my bosom still
 Singeth a psalm that is wise and good.
 "And who turned back," do you question sly?
 I know no more of that charmed trance,
 Till arous'd at her door with a soft 'good-bye,'
 A gentle clasp, and a loving glance.
 And thus from the golden hills of life,
 Proud Lina Walton will tread with me,
 Hand clasped in hand as my own true wife,
 The pathway down to the shoreless sea.

A LADY'S MAN

BY J. KENRICK FISHER.

One evening in a café in Venice, I sat admiring a remarkably handsome young gentleman, who was reading a newspaper, and brushing his glossy black hair with a small pocket brush, when my friend recalled my attention to himself by asking if I was pursuing my artistic studies. I was forced to confess that I had fallen into that impropriety. He readily excused me on the ground that the young gentleman was not only an exquisite, but really beautiful; and thereby hung a tale of much interest to the gossips about town. He was a Slavonian, and a sort of relative of a dashing countess; but what sort of a relative, was a question.

While he was explaining, the young beauty put on his hat, got up, saw my friend, saluted him, walked up to him, and changed compliments. My friend looked inquiringly at me, as if he wished to know whether, after what he had insinuated, I would like to be acquainted with the questionable gentleman; I looked affirmatively, as if I cared more for amusement, and artistic interests, than for the graver interests which men at home must attend to; so he introduced us.

To look at, he was the most interesting gentleman I ever saw; an artist could not resist him, without violence to taste. And on acquaintance he became interesting as a curiosity, and as a super-refined and rather helpless person;—altogether charming, but as incapable of doing aught for himself, as a young lady of fortune usually is.

His father, an officer of high rank in the Russian army, had been killed in the campaign against the Turks, in 1823; and his mother had received a liberal pension for life, which she spent upon herself and her only darling, in the luxuries and amusements of the Russian capital, varied by occasional visits to the capitals of other countries. No child was more exquisitely dressed, more admired by his mother's friends, more cherished and caressed, more beautiful, gentle, amiable and idolized,—but not spoiled. Unlike most children, the more he was petted the better his disposition grew. No youth was so much the

pride and delight of his mother ; and the theatres and opera houses echoed the sighs of other mothers, whose sons had not his inclination to be dutiful and devoted companions. Even at twenty-four he was as constantly as ever her companion ; and none of the young nobles was more constant at the carriage drives, or more devoted to his wife, or even to his mistress, than was this good son to his happy mother. They lived together in the height of human enjoyment ; loved each other as they loved themselves, never spoke an unkind word, nor parted morning or evening without a kiss.

Among the friends of his mother was a countess Riprenski, or some such name. She had no son, and had lost her daughter, and given away her parrots, poodles, and other objects of tenderness ; " how could I endure them, dear Pauloon, when I daily see your charming companion ? Oh ! had I such a son, I should be happy as you are,—and not mind the common-place attentions of my husband ! "

Count Riprenski died. His widow mourned some time. Her grief was gently restrained by her friend Pauloon, with whom her intimacy increased, after her bereavement. They and our Adonis had their drives together, and he was as much commended for respectful devotion to his mother's friend as he always had been for loving assiduity in anticipating the wants and caprices of his mother herself.

But, as all pious people know, this world is not made for happiness. Pauloon died. Her son was almost paralyzed—smitten down with unutterable woe ; the only companion of his whole life suddenly lost, he seemed only waiting to die, and utterly indifferent to all that life could offer. The countess, with the faithfulness of a mother's friend, and the kindness of a real mother, did all that was possible to reconcile him to the temporal bereavement and turn his thoughts to what must be the fond desire of his absent mother, that is, to his own happiness. She solemnly adjured him to believe that the loving spirit of his mother watched over him, and would be unhappy if he did not strive to resign himself to the will of God, and to enjoy the blessings still left to him.

Such reasoning, aided by time, had its wonted effect. But what was to be done ? there was no money laid up ; and the pension was only for the life of the mother. At this difficulty, the wealthy countess Riprenski laughed excessively, and completely overcame it by adopting him as her son.

But he remained melancholy. To remedy this, and also to alleviate traces of her own affliction, she proposed travel. He aroused himself, and set about preparation, as he had done when about to travel with his mother. The exertion made him animated, and a grateful regard for the feelings of his benefactress, put away the unhappy mood that had settled upon him. The countess and her son politely restrained their private griefs, within the limits due to the memory of the illustrious count Riprenski ; and cordially entered into the gaieties of the cities they visited ; and our Adonis was everywhere admired, as much as ever, for the devotion he paid his mother ; and she was envied on his account, as his original mother had been, when she displayed him at the opera, at the public drive, and in the salons of her friends.

But counterfeits, though they deceive the world, do not satisfy their authors, and the countess had a jealous disposition, not that she in the least doubted his perfect desire to be to her all that he had been to his own mother ; but she feared, or surmised, or fancied, that he did not, perhaps could not love her as she desired. She was discontented and sometimes vexed,—she could not see why ;—nevertheless something was unsatisfactory ; and she was naturally tempestuous. Although their distinguished friends had no suspicion of such discords, the gossips around the palace of the countess told of china broken ; and bruises were seen on the handsome forehead of the young gentleman. In the words of my informant, " the de'il was to pay ; he was driven out o' the house in his night clothes. And the furious old vixen led him sic a life that he was unco' lucky to get out o' her clutches."

In fact, he awakened my friend at midnight, and asked for shelter and clothing. All he would say was that the countess had been greatly afflicted, and her mind

was so affected that she had fits of violence against even those whom she usually treated with the utmost kindness. But my friend was a man of shrewdness and, right or wrong, had listened to reports that indicated a relationship different from the one generally understood to exist. And he felt bound to protect the poor bairn. So he took up the case as a lawyer, as he was,—but also as a friend, and not for fees.

On inquiry he found that the young gentleman had hired the palace, and bought the furniture and stores; and, when asked the name of the purchaser, had, in all cases, given his own card, having on it his adopted name. The home and property were therefore his own, in a legal sense. "Hoot, my bairn, you shall not be adrift without your breeches, if ye'll follow my advice. Will ye follow it?"

Passive in all things, he promised to obey his protector.

"Well, then, just put on these clothes. They are noe sae prod as those ye sport in the grand salons, but they'll serve the occasion. Now, go home to her, and make up with her, if you can. I don't speer into your secrets; it's not the business of a gentleman to do so; but it is gossiped all around that a certain dissolute marchioness has, for some time, been determined to captivate you, and some go so far as to say that she never fails in such a design. I suspect that this scandal is at the bottom of this hubbub. You best know how much reason there is for the suspicion; and you must judge for yourself how to act upon it. And if you can't make up, come direct back to me, and I'll determine what further is to be done."

The fallen favorite got his head seriously damaged, and his borrowed clothes besmear'd with the fragments of a breakfast, and was driven out of the house, and ordered to disappear forever, like an ungrateful beggar, as he was. He returned to my friend, who said:

"Noo, my bairn, ye shall have a home wi' me, until ye can get something better. But this lodging is not commodious for us loth; so, for a few days, you may have it to yourself, and I'll take another. I'll hire one in the palace of the countess."

"But she hires the whole of it."

"I didn't exactly mean the palace of the countess. I mean your palace. I'll draw up a contract that no lawyer in Venice can pick a flaw in. You will sign it, and I'll go and take possession. Noo, don't be terrified, and don't remonstrate."

The contract was signed, witnessed, sealed, etc., etc., and my friend went with a sort of official boldness, and took possession. His servant soon brought in his luggage. The servants of the countess thought the gentleman had mistaken the house. He showed by the contract that there could be no mistake. The servants went to the countess, who came in, and, with intense indignation ordered the intruder out of the house; threatened to send for the police; stormed like the West Indies; and made a row, the like o' which my friend never saw in all Scotland. But he coolly showed her the contract, and explained the nature of the tenure by which the palace and its contents were held.

"Madame, I speak bad French, and I have heard you speak excellent English; I therefore would like, if you are willing, to use English for what further discourse we may have."

"Sir, you are very cool."

"I try to keep cool. I suppose that is correct."

"Quite correct, sir; and in that you have thus far had an advantage over me. In what remains to be said, I shall not allow you such advantage. What more have you to say, to convince me that I am not mistress of my own house?"

"I suggest that the less said upon this subject, the better for all concerned; and that, if your son has offended beyond hope of pardon, and you are resolved to annul the relationship, you had better not turn him away penniless. There are sinister reports in circulation, which would be confirmed by an open rupture."

"I admire your imperturbability, and the clearness of your judgment. I think you must be a lawyer by profession."

"Yes, Madam."

"And so, this vile parasite has hired a prostitute lawyer to extort from me what his misbehavior has constrained my charity to deny?"

"No, Madam; he has not *hired* a lawyer."

"Your coolness is admirable. Allow me to withdraw the expression, I have just uttered."

"Certainly, Madam."

"And you suggest that I should provide for this—young gentleman? and that for the sake of *all concerned*? will you explain whom you mean?"

"I mean the young gentleman and yourself, and the friends with whom you have associated in several cities, and especially here in Venice."

"You do not name yourself."

"On my honor, I act solely from sympathy, a qualified friendship, and a love of justice."

"You have spoken of sinister reports. Will you undertake to speak of them in the love of justice, and with as little bias from sympathy as possible?"

"I will; if you request it."

"Then, sir, I request you to lay before me the purport of these sinister reports, and to explain how it is for my advantage to act in respect to them."

"I will do so. The reports, so far as I know, or have heard, have arisen from mere appearances; there is no evidence to sustain them; they are like other reports that arise from appearances, whenever there is no real knowledge of facts; and, I solemnly declare to you, I, for one, discredited them, until the rupture which brought this youth to appeal to my friendship for relief, in a case which you see was one of extreme need. I do not even now allow myself to credit them; and, as a point of honor, deem myself bound to avoid any expression which can convey an impression that I believe them. Their general purport is, that this young gentleman is not your son, but a favorite of widely different relationship. And an unexplained dismissal of him would be disadvantageous to you, in that it would confirm this view of the relationship."

The haughty countess turned pale, and required support, but soon recovered, and again complimented my friend on his coolness of manner and judgment, but made no reply, and waited in silence for further explanation.

"You ought to be informed that this youth, who seems to me little capable of directing himself, has been directed by me, since he came to me late the night before last. I have, in a certain sense, forced him to make this contract. He has not uttered a complaint against you, but has ascribed your violence to temporary aberration of mind caused by affliction. Nothing that he has said has in the least tended to confirm the reports I have referred to. I believe he is not blameable in the way you suppose."

"I suppose! what know you of my suppositions?"

"That you can judge of and consider, without allowing me to know whether I rightly or wrongly believe that you are angry with him because you suspect him of intimacy with the Marchioness of ——. As a mother you *might* be violent on such a cause; as a mistress you *would* be, in the natural course of such affairs."

"It is an unpleasant situation. Can you imagine a more favorable solution than either?"

"Yes, Madam! But I am not a man of much imagination."

"Then I hope you have much discretion."

"I hope you will always rest assured that I have a fair endowment of discretion—at least enough to keep me from foolishly babbling matters that might bring my honor into doubt."

"Sir, I thank you for your candor, and I wish to ask a favor of you."

"Ask it freely, Madam."

"It is, that you will not now take possession of the rooms specified in your contract, and will tell your young protégé that I would like to see him."

My friend granted the request. The countess was suddenly called away from Venice. Her son remained in charge of the palace, and being short of remittances, got a moderate living by letting apartments. He expects her to return soon; in fact, for several years he has been anxiously looking for her, and will not let his apartments for long terms. But he is no longer distinguished since he has no lady to wait upon.

Those who affect to be knowing think it

unaccountable that some lady of great motherly kindness does not invite him to an occasional visit to the opera, or other place of amusement; he would be a most charming companion.

MUSINGS.

BY REV. G. T. FLANDERS.

Come, Silence, let the curtain down,
Shut out the noise, and guard the door;
To-night my soul would backward turn,
And look on by-gone scenes once more.

I see again the mountain-tops,
With skiey outline cold and grey,
With towering peak and scathed side,
Melt in the distance far away.

The landscape, too, so fair and green,
Where hill and vale commingling lie,
With golden fields of corn and grain,
And crystal waters gliding by.

And far adown the wooded glen,
I hear the brooklet's drowsy hum;
I angle for the speckled trout,
'Neath shade that veils the noonday sun.

Again I play beside the rill,
Construct the dam and build the wheels;
And, busy with my earnest sport,
The pride of manhood o'er me steals.

Along the scented grass I lie,
And pluck the berries ripe and red;
Or, seated 'neath the basky shade,
List to the warblers overhead.

Once more I coast along the steep,
With speed that challenges the car;
And, O! once more, with pleased ear,
I hear the school-boy's shout afar.

The old familiar home unbars
Its pleasant halls. I stand once more
With those dear friends whose feet, long since,
Trod outward from this mortal shore.

The broken ruin lives again;
The broken heart is free from pain:
The wasted form resumes its youth,
And all appears unhurt, unstained.

And, best of all, my day-dreams live,
In all their radiant beauty clad—
The temple fane—palatial piles—
That made my youthful spirit glad:

They live and burn before me now—
Surpassing sweet! surpassing sweet!
Dear dreams, ye soothed the troubled brow,
And smoothed the path for tender feet.

I linger long in musing mood;
The fire burns low upon the hearth;

A solemn whisper thrills my soul—
"No more of earth! No more of earth!"

But faith unbars the golden gates,
That close upon the sun's decline;
Sure, there are lands that lie beyond,
Where home shall build again her shrine.

Age bows its head before the bar,
And lays its shrivelled burden down;
The day-dream ripens into fruit,
And youth returns with radiant crown.

O, purpose good! O, plan complete!
Love rules supreme in every part;
And God, with ceaseless order, builds
The wasted ruins of the heart!

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Continued from last number.

It was near the close of autumn, three or four years after the event narrated in our last chapter. The Venetian blinds of the plantation house to which we first introduced our readers, were closed, and the verandah was tenanted only by a large gray cat, which lay purring in the cool shadow, stretched for her afternoon nap, occasionally moving her long, taper tail, in a half-dreamy sort of way. Apparently the inhabitants of the dwelling were all asleep, for the sound of negro voices, chattering and laughing together, according to their wont, was unheard, and no footstep or closing door disturbed the unusual quiet.

A middle-aged woman, clad in the neat but homely costume peculiar to the mountaineers of Tennessee, and leading a little boy of seven or eight years by the hand, walked with a lingering and uncertain step up the garden walk, and entering the verandah, turned and gazed about her, and over the wide landscape, which lay in all the hazy loveliness of the late October before her. The broad expanse of the Tennessee river, sparkling in the smoky light, like a band of pearls, swept quietly on its everlasting journey toward the far-off gulf, scarcely disturbing the shadows cast by the thick-growing trees that lined its shores. Now and then a large bird sailed slowly over the scene, or a solitary crow perched on the top of some high tree, uttered an abrupt call, as if to awaken her attention. The cattle stood lovingly by one another,

and comfortably chewed their cud, or lazily whisked their deep red sides, slowly winking in the softened light. But all these attractions seemed to make little impression on the woman. She was absorbed in her own thoughts, which were apparently not of the most soothing nature, for with an anxious frown she at length approached the door several times, extended her hand towards the bell-pull, but as often hesitatingly drew it back.

"No; I will wait and think more of it," she at length murmured — "at any rate, until some one comes." And quietly seating herself on the oaken settee, which occupied a side of the verandah, she placed the boy by her side, seeming determined to take matters as they came. While she waits we will take the liberty of entering the house before her.

In a large and handsomely furnished chamber whose windows overlooked the river, sat the mistress of the mansion, a lady some thirty years old, and of a sweet and gentle appearance. Her face was beautiful and fair, but marked by a sad expression which, from its fixed character, must have been habitual. She was languidly leaning in a large arm-chair, her nicely slipped feet reposing on an embroidered cushion, and the fine linen robe dotted with a delicate pink, which enveloped her figure, and fell in soft folds to the floor, revealing the fact that she was soon to become a mother.

"Rosy," said she, after a long silence, to the delicate looking girl who stood behind her, carefully braiding her long hair, "did you know that this is the anniversary of the day on which Louis was lost?"

"Is it, missis? how strange I shouldn't fort on it afore! and he such a dear, little fellow!" and the tears came in the girl's soft black eyes.

"Yes; it is just four years to-day since his mysterious disappearance, and no clue to him yet. Everybody tries to persuade me that he is dead, but I am sure that he is alive. I never dream of him except as a beautiful bright boy that is coming back to me some day. I cannot think him dead."

"No, missis; nor I nuther," said the girl, with her never-failing crumb of com-

fort. "He no dead, I sure; he come back again some day when we no 'spect him. Some bright day, missis, you see him again, I believe."

"I hope so, Rosy; but I have been disappointed a great many times. It is so strange that in all these years we never heard anything either of him or the pedler that was here that afternoon. I sometimes feel as if he could tell us something about him."

"Lor' bress you, missis! that's jis the way I've felt, fore now; and I says to uncle Jo, says I, uncle Jo, I b'lieve dat ar ped'ler man no better dan he ought to be. Ef he honest pedler, why don't he come here again? But uncle Jo, he ollis sniffs me, and says, you fool, Rosy. You better hole your tongue. You only get youself in trouble if you don't."

"Ah, well! there is little hope but in God. The pedler may come this way, some time, but who knows? it is a poor dependence. There is little hope but in God." And the lady sank languidly back in her chair.

Rosy stood waiting to finish dressing the long, fair locks upon whose rich waves she admiringly gazed as she held them in her hand, when a knock came upon the chamber door, and a servant entered with a sealed package, which she presented to her mistress. Scarcely had the latter broken the seal when she turned as pale as death.

"Great Father! what do I see? where did this come from, Dinah? See Rosy," hand and voice trembling like a frightened child, as she held up a little girdle—"this is Louis' belt. It is the very one he had on the day he was lost. Here is his name, 'Louis,' which I had put on the clasp. O, tell me, where was it found? who brought it here?"

"A woman, missis, who says she lives in de mountains, some war. She down on de verander, and she want to see you, missis."

"Then why do you wait? Bring her up instantly, Dinah! Quick, girl!"

The lady sat trembling, her eyes fixed upon the door, and her whole aspect betokening the most intense eagerness and doubt.

"I hear her on the stairs. Set a chair, Roay. How slow she is! She never lost a child, or she would hurry!"

The steps drew nearer. Mrs. Mordant was ready to faint, but gave a quick gasp as the woman entered.

There was something striking in her appearance. Her tall figure was erect and unyielding, and her homely guise worn with a certain dignity and grace not to be expected in one of her apparent rank. The indecision manifested in her manner when she stood under the piazza, had entirely disappeared, and her look into the lady's face was calm and steady.

"Where did you get this belt? tell me at once, I beseech you."

"Pardon me, madam," replied the woman, "it is a long story."

"Well, make it as short as possible, for God's sake! You cannot imagine the agitation and hope which are shaking me. Tell me quickly."

"Three years ago," the woman began, quite unmoved by the nervous agitation of her listener, "one stormy evening in November, I heard a low knocking at the door of my cabin, for you must know I live down at the foot of the mountains where they don't build such houses as this; I was just going to bed, and was a good deal startled, my husband being dead, and I a lone widow, but I opened the door, and what should I see stand before me but a little boy about five or six years old, with light curly hair and pretty blue eyes. He was dressed very poorly, and was wet through with the rain, and trembled with the cold."

"Poor child!" exclaimed the listening lady, the tears starting to her eyes.

"I took him in, asked what he wanted, and how he came there. The little fellow was crying and could not speak, so I took the little bundle he had in his hand, and which I found to contain some shirts and a few other pieces of clothing, and told him to sit down by the fire, and get warm and dry, and that he might stay all night. I gave him a bowl of bread and milk which he ate as if he was hungry as a bear. After he got a little quiet, and feeling-at-home-like, I asked him some more questions, but he gave very mixed up answers,

sometimes talking about a lady who was his mother, and lived in a great, fine house, and sometimes talking about an old woman who lived in a place where there was a great many houses close together, and who had made him walk a great ways. I made out at last that this woman had left him at my door, and that he did not knock until he was half dead with hunger and cold.

"I forgot to tell you that there was a little note in the bundle; but I could not read it, so I went to Father Elsie, and he read it for me. It said, 'Whoever will keep this child, will not only perform a deed of mercy, but will be richly rewarded.' I thought then I'd keep him myself."

"You have him then! O, tell me where he is. I must see him."

"If you will wait patiently until I finish my story," said the woman, quietly. "Last evening about the same hour as when the child was left with me, three years ago, there came a knock at my door. I opened it, and a woman in a long black cloak with a hood that hid her face, gave me the package that I sent up to you, and this note," and she reached a small folded paper to the lady, who, with a beating heart, read the following directions: "You are to go to Mr. Mordant's, who owns a large plantation near —, by the river side, and give him this sealed package, which will procure you an entrance into his house. Then wait what will come."

"You have brought the child," exclaimed Mrs. Mordant, trembling now from head to foot. "O, where is he? if he should be my son!"

The woman quietly rose, and opening the door, called down the stairs,

"Louis!"

"Louis! my Louis!" cried Mrs. Mordant, when she heard this name, and rushed as if beside herself, toward the door.

The boy entered shy and awkward, and scarcely venturing to advance a step.

"It is he! it is my Louis! my son! my lost child! Come to your mother, my darling boy!" and she held out her yearning arms towards the child, who clung to the hand of his foster mother;

But the lady drew him to her breast, passionately kissing him, and stroking his fair locks with her soft hand, while with streaming tears she kept murmuring, "Ah, he does not know me any longer! He has forgotten his mother! but it is he! yes, it is he! Here are his dear features, even to the scar under his eye! My child! my child! After three bitter, bitter years!" and she pressed him again and again to her heart, so earnestly, he struggled to release himself from her arms. "O, my God!" she groaned, "that the mother only should have a heart for her child, but not the child for the mother!" and laying her head on the shoulder of the boy, she wept with the abandonment of a child.

"Let me go! I want to go!" cried the boy.

"The lady is now your mother, Louis! kiss her and love her!"

The boy obeyed, though with visible reluctance.

"Everything is strange to him, now," said the foster mother; "he will soon become wonted."

"Yes, yes, to be sure," said the lady; "how could anything else be expected! The poor boy—he has been away so long;" and she kissed him anew. Darling, do you not know me again? Don't you remember this room where you used to play, and the pretty pictures on the walls? Don't you know them? You used to live here, darling. O! if Crissie only were alive! he would have remembered her."

An involuntary shudder shook the lady, as she uttered the last words, and that name was never uttered without a feeling of terror. For the unfortunate nurse to whose care the little Louis was entrusted, on the day of his loss, died of sorrow and the inhuman treatment of her master, soon after. "But the rest of you—you, Rosy—run and call Pete, and Hector, and old uncle Joe—perhaps the child will recognize them, or they him."

Rosy flew out, and the chamber was soon filled with all the servants of the household. All were full of joy and astonishment, most of them recognizing the boy at the first glance; but he—alas! he remembered no one!

"Well, I must become his mother anew," said Mrs. Mordant, with swimming eyes; "since God has blotted out my image, and that of every other one from his mind. What will Mr. Mordant say?" and a sudden paleness overspread her cheeks; "O, he will know his son—how can I doubt it?"

Overcome by the excitement and conflict of her feelings, Mrs. Mordant was exhausted. They laid her on the couch, and she drew the little boy to her side. "And how shall I express my thanks to you," said she, turning to the foster-mother; "I do not even know your name."

"My name is Anna Wilson."

"You have brought up my boy to be good and truthful, dear Anna?"

"O, yes, lady; I have taken him to church every Sunday, and though a little wilful, he has always been obedient and kind-hearted."

"O, thank you; thank you; come here, Rosy!" and whispering a few words in the girl's ear, the latter opened a bureau drawer, and taking out a heavy purse, brought it to her mistress. Taking a diamond ring of great value from her finger, she handed it with the purse, to Anna. "The ring for the belt which you brought me, Anna. The purse for the expense you have incurred for my boy; the love and care I can never repay!"

"O, you reward me far too richly, madam," said the woman; "far too richly. Take back the gold—it is too much." Mrs. Mordant turned away her head with a smile.

"Ah, then I cannot venture to ask a favor of you," said the woman.

"A favor? ask it at once, and freely!"

"I know," said the woman in a timid tone, "that you will soon be in need of a nurse. I have a daughter who has been six months a widow, and for three weeks the mother of a little daughter, who has been baptized Ellen. If you would only allow her to nurse your babe!"

"Certainly, certainly, Mrs. Wilson," cried the lady, "she shall be nurse to the child for whose birth I am hoping."

"O, thank you, thank you, madam; may God bless you for your kindness. I shall go home with a glad heart."

"Go ; but bring your daughter as soon
as you can—to-morrow, if possible."

And the two women parted.

To be continued.

THE HOME IN THE VALLEY.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Do you think of our home in the valley, dear
love,

Where the woodbines used to cling,
And the blue birds built in the apple tree,
In the dawn of every spring;
Where the brook went rilling sweetly down,
'Mid the banks of meadow grass,
And the bobolinks were swinging round,
And mocking it as it passed.

Do you think of our garden bed, dear love,

Where the crimson pinks used to grow,
Of the rose tree that over the window sill,
Scattered its leaves like snow;
Where the sunrise poured its golden wine,
In the cups of the tulips tall,
And around the tendrils of the vine
That clung to the ruined wall.

Do you think of our home in the valley, dear
love,

Of the nook where the green lichen grew,
Where we wove together a rustic seat,
And the hare-bell bloomed 'neath the dew;
There we sat as the moon's soft shimmery beam
Played through the boughs of the tree,
'Twas there that we braided our glowing
dreams,
And there thou didst sing to me.

Alas! for our home in the valley, dear love,
The woodbines yet cling to the door,
The flowers are there in the haunts where we
roved,

But we shall go back nevermore;
And the forms and the faces of dear ones have
gone,

Their grave-beds are grassy and low,
And the ivy is spread o'er the stone at the head,
With the names that we used to know.

We are out on life's ocean dark and wild,
We are drenched with the chill sea foam,
But drifting on to the Happy Isles,
To our brighter and better home;
Round the shrine of the valley, shadows rest,
That may be lifted, ah, never!
But the light of love, in the land of the blest,
Will brighten for us forever!

There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things,
And through their lowly guise;
And feel that by the lights and clouds
Through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike,
We are training for the skies.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXVIII.

En route for Milano—Lady from Constantinople—Effects of life in the Orient—Cherubio and Satanic—Sights and scenes in Milano—Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper"—The Cathedral—at Turino—Preparation for festivities—Contrast from past to present—Inauguration of the new parliament—Pursuit under difficulty, with result thereof.

Our journey from Bologna to Milan was rendered quite interesting by the politeness of a Bolognese lady, who gave us each useful information respecting that part of the country through which we were passing.

The day was bright but cool, the air increasing in chilliness as we proceeded northward, and the scenery bare and monotonous across the plains of Lombardy ; still there was much of attraction and enjoyment in the consciousness that we were now in a land of liberality and progress ; and also in the thought that, from the very natural course of things, this tide of advancement so healthfully flowing under the reign of "Vittore Emmanuel," would not be likely to ebb until its purifying and invigorating waters might sweep through the heart of Rome ! The fact that the people of Romagna had come out so bravely in favor of civil and religious freedom, in their overwhelming majority of votes, for annexation to Victor's dominions, spoke volumes of encouragement for future improvement in Italy.

Meanwhile we were rolling rapidly on to Milan, interested in the sensible talk of our lady of Bologna, and amused with the lively gestures, handsome face, and air of complete *abandon* belonging to a young Italian woman just out of Constantinople. The latter was a person of plump, round figure, whose entire disregard of that tidiness usually considered by the civilized, as somewhat necessary in matters of the toilette, plainly indicated that the atmosphere of the Orient was perfectly *salubrious* in more than one sense, to her ladyship. She was quite enthusiastic in her praise of the feminine accomplishment of smoking, and expressing by eloquent gesticulations as well as words, her intense longing for the means of gratifying this appetite at that time. Coupled with this

unbounded praise of the *weed*, was expressed in equally strong terms, her detestation of children, whom she declared were nothing better than so many nuisances. Her own child, a boy of five or six summers, with a head fit for a model of one of Raphael's cherubs, (save for the lurking devil in his splendid black eyes), one would have supposed might tend to reconcile a person to the possession of such a nuisance — but even then the handsome little Turk was giving proof of the existence of the satanic element, by amusing himself with adroitly stealing a coral ornament from the watch-chain of Ludovico, the courier, who happened to be seated near the youthful rogue! So much for the moral influence of his pleasure-loving mamma! The courier, however, was quick enough to detect the theft, and quietly regaining possession of the abstracted article, the self-indulgent woman is probably not aware to this day, of that *practical commentary* upon her training, thus furnished by her boy!

At Alessandria we change cars, and again onward! Over the vast plains where desperate battles have been fought, and men, made in God's image, slain by thousands, and flung promiscuously into deep trenches, like so many carcases of wild beasts, lie mouldering! Onward — over the vast plains of Lombardy, we rattle along until, weary and somewhat dispirited, we gladly find ourselves released from the whirl of locomotion and quietly settled in the spacious and comfortable *Hotel della Gran Bretagna*, at Milan. Here we meet at breakfast an agreeable gentleman and lady, from a sister city, in a neighboring State—and here, too, we rejoin the friendly professor, our former *compagnon du voyage*, with whom we make a circuit of the notables of the city. Now riding from section to section, and anon, taking an evening promenade, or a morning stroll. Thus we visit churches and shops; the immense amphitheatre of ancient origin, but still used upon public occasions, into which we are admitted by a pleasant-looking matron, who acts as portress. From one of the grassy terraced seats we enjoy a quiet survey of the space before us, capable of accommodating a

vast assemblage. Upon a spacious plain outside the town, companies of military are practicing artillery drill, the large horses attached to the ordnance wagons performing their evolutions with great celerity and precision.

Into the refectory of the Dominican church and convent we go, to look upon that wonderful masterpiece, so much admired and so much abused, Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper." Through what vicissitudes has it passed, and yet how remarkable a production still! At one time, the central figure of the Saviour cut off at the lower extremities, to make space for a doorway, for more convenient access to and from the cook-room! Again, the splendid array of figures sadly defaced, when in the chaos of military invasion, the refectory was used as a barrack for soldiery; and yet, despite of all this cruel usage and defacement, (now partially repaired) we find sufficient of the original beauty and grandeur remaining, to enchain the delighted attention, and fill the soul with reverent admiration for the master artist who, in the spirit of love, wrought out so nobly *his* ideal of the incomparable Jesus and his chosen disciples.

Imposing to the stranger is this old city of the Gauls, this modern *Milano*, with its ten stately gates, its immense hospital, where everything connected with it, is conducted upon a mammoth scale; with its magnificent theatres, (Le Scala, &c.) its many palaces, churches and other public edifices; with its long lines of stores, displaying such an array of rich and costly fabrics and jewelry as we have found in no other city since leaving Paris; and, above all, crowning and glorifying the whole—that world-renowned CATHEDRAL, whose elaborate decorations and wonderfully wrought roof can never be fully appreciated without ascending to the top. This ascent we reserve until the last afternoon of our stay—and under a clear blue sky, and in the sun-lighted air, pass hours in wandering among its groves of marble spires, with all their elaborate fret-work, their interlacings of foliage and flowers, and surmounted with the thousands of statues, (a large army of martyrs and saints,) looking down upon one from their

pinnacles, or forth from their niches; making the otherwise solitary heights a peopled region, full of eloquent teachings, companioned with the presence of holy men and women, once on earth, but now composing a beatific throng, and the whole redolent with an atmosphere of sanctity and adoration!

The interior we find grand in proportions, yet gloomy; exciting amazement at the patient skill and the immense amount of expense which has been employed for long ages in working out this stupendous result which, indeed, is not yet completed, nor in all probability will be, for many years to come. We were not surprised to learn that the church property, which is enormous, comprises also an entire marble quarry, which is continually being worked, adding much to church revenue, and affording ample material for the lavish use of these wonderful embellishments, which make it one of the most splendid edifices in the world. In the sacristy we are shown a variety of massive gold vessels, candelabras, &c., which contain quite a mine of wealth, in their intrinsic metallic value, and the precious stones with which they are studded.

Not much of the picturesque has Milan to show, seated in the midst of a monotonous, though fertile plain; but imposing in its air of wealth and thrift; in its being the centre of an enlightened civilization, of large enterprises, and a constant advancement in broad and liberal ideas.

The toilette of the Milanese ladies is exceedingly rich, after approved French modes, and we saw some fine specimens of beauty among them. The women from the country, whom one meets frequently in the streets, presented noble specimens of a healthful physical development—strongly built, with broad shoulders and full busts—many of them quite tall—they stride on with a kind of half masculine air, not wholly void of grace, while their black bodices, gay skirts, and the numerous large silver pins stuck around their dark braided hair, set off to advantage their bright eyes and sun-brown faces—faces that have never since the primitive days, been hidden from the sunshine by any modern innovation, in the shape of artificial bonnets.

Of an evening we drop into a cafe, for the purpose of getting a glimpse of this phase of Milanese life, and while sipping an ice, take observation of the buzzing throng around. After amusing ourselves with the gay scene for a time, and throwing a few pence to the musician, who, as usual with his class, attracted by the appearance of a stranger-party, (and none can detect this class of people more readily than these itinerant players), had been performing his sweetest, outside the window near where we were sitting, we left the brilliantly-lighted scene, contrasting in our mind the perfect propriety and comfort of this place of resort, compared with similar ones in our own country, where, to say the least, it would not be a desirable, if indeed a reputable resort for a female visitor.

Bidding adieu to Milano, we retraced a part of our previous route by rail, and then passed on to Turin. It was towards the close of Saturday, just before the session of the new Italian parliament, when we arrived in this city. Greatly to our annoyance, we found the hotels to which we had been recommended, too full to accommodate us; directed to another, and still another, we were met by the same reply—all crowded. It was growing late, and we began to be alarmed, as we had not a friend in the city, and the prospect of trying the open air for a lodging-place, was not particularly cheering in our present state of weariness. At last, after some delay, we secured an indifferent room at the *Pension Suisse*; the next day, however, we were settled in more comfortable quarters, and were, on the whole, so well pleased with the house and its mode of operations, that we did not regret this disarrangement of our original plans.

Though Sunday, the city presented a scene of gay festivity and busy labor. Great preparations were going forward for the due celebration of the grand inaugural occasion of the morrow. Triumphant arches, banners, garlands, impromptu fountains, and gas burners; temples and platforms filled with flowers,—in short, everything that could be done to make the city a gala scene, was being rapidly pushed to completion. Every one on the streets wore a happy, holiday expression; in fact,

Turin and its people were just then enjoying the well earned triumph of their beloved king! Sardinia, Piedmont, part of Lombardy, Romagna, Parma, Modena, Tuscany,—all united to one crown,—all by this concentration of interests, helping to swell the tide of future greatness, now plainly discernible for long-oppressed Italy. What a contrast is this scene of festivity and the present aspect of the Italian States, to that sad, disastrous time, when *Carlo Alberto*, father of the present king, wearied, weak, disheartened, after his last defeat by the veteran *Radetzky*, sought the privacy of a cloister, and there, in penance and prayers, endeavored to forget the world in which he had acted so conspicuous—and perhaps not always a creditable part. Here he spent the brief, broken remnant of his days in preparation for another and higher life, bequeathing to his son, Victor Emmanuel, the unenviable legacy of an almost broken sceptre, over a small, impoverished kingdom! Poor Carlo! nobly has his son redeemed the vow made upon the grave of his father! The ill fortune and dimmed reputation of the sire has been gloriously retrieved by his then youthful heir! It has proved a blessing to Italy, that this son, possessing all the best qualities of his father without any of his vacillation or weakness, has used his noble faculties on the side of right and liberal principles, daring to do what Charles Albert did not dare to do, and animated by a sacred motive—to save his father's memory from dishonor, has indeed proved the benefactor of his people, who can now point with pride to him as their deliverer and protector.

Turin is too compact and uniform, too modern in appearance, to impress the stranger strongly either with admiration or dislike. It looks like a thrifty American city, the streets laid out regularly, at right angles, and filled with the usual style of solid brick buildings: block after block being so similar that one was often puzzled to make one's way back from a starting point.

The king's palace and the parliament house are fine structures, and the square around them is spacious and well laid out.

On Monday the excitement of the city

was immense. Such a display of military—the waving of banners, firing of guns, and sound of martial music! Such crowds of spectators—such rattling of vehicles and prancing of noble steeds! The king and his ministers and members of parliament were conducted in triumph, to the hall of legislation; and thus was the new Italian parliament of the confederate kingdom inaugurated.

F. who was nearly beside himself in his intense longings to get a glimpse of this august body—(this representative force of a new spirit of reform and freedom in Italy)—resolved to undertake the difficult task of seeking an entrance into the house. The attempt seemed hopeless, as the building was jammed with people, and many who would willingly have paid largely for an entrance, were obliged to forego the privilege.

But thanks to his *Yankee perseverance*, as well as *Yankee origin*, he actually succeeded in his undertaking, and two hours after, returned to the hotel with the triumphant announcement of his complete success. Though heated and weary, nothing could exceed his complaisancy in relating his difficult "*passage at arms*," which landed him with scant standing room, in one of the galleries overlooking the scene of deliberation below. It seemed that the good-natured guard, (everybody was feeling happy at this time, as we before said,) after telling him it was *non possible* to get into the house—finding him a "live Yankee," and so *dreadfully* anxious to see their idols, — *Victor and Cavour*, — put their shoulders to the wheel, and after sundry shovings and pushings, and signaling to others of their band farther up the stair-way, he reached the goal of his wishes, and returned without loss of limb! The magic word *Americano*, and his slight knowledge of the language, had proved the "open sesame," for which he does not cease to felicitate himself to this day. Of course he was overwhelmed with questions, such as "how did the king appear? what did he do? did you get a clear view of his expression? And *Cavour*, — what part did he take? is his head really so fine? how looks his eye? has he a fine voice? were most of the members young?

how was the voting conducted?" &c., &c., to all of which the besieged man answered to the best of his ability, and our individual edification. M. C. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

THE LITTLE NOTE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

My Lady sent this little note to me,
Writ with a feather from a raven's wing,
And with this motto — "*Time the cure will bring!*"

A tremor shook me as I broke the seal;
My eyes grew moist, and tears a-sudden slid
Over their sight, and trembled on each lid.

I dried them straight, the fatal scroll to see,
When through the lingering mist I read this line,
Traced tenderly, "*Yes, love, I will be thine!*"

ROMANCE.

BY M. LOUISA MATHER.

God is the author of romance; so says Mrs. H. B. Stowe. But how often do we hear people condemning as romantic and silly everything beyond the beaten, dusty, every-day routine of existence; everything that is not connected with dollars and cents, with eating and drinking and dressing; in short, everything that is not practical and useful, and tending to gain. They cannot be made to see the beauty, as well as utility of this daily round of labor; they do not consider that in these daily revolutions of the wheel within wheel of industry, there is embedded a deep strata of romance — that, while the hands are busy, the spirit goes forth into green fields of thought, plucking amaranthine clusters, and harvesting rich blossoms and fruitage from the boughs of knowledge and experience. Is it not living out romance divinely, to toil serenely and steadily, striving to live up to our purest and best ideals, while we minister to the comfort of those who compose our household; of the one, to whom, perchance, in life's early day, we pledged endearing vows of truth and constancy; who, as age silvers the hair, seems glorified, transfigured by that very romance, which has gone along through life, hand in hand with labor, care, trial, suffering and death? Is it not romance, born

of God himself, when, with the care of a little child, comes a nearness to Him, a diviner sense of His presence, as its faculties develop in the sunlight of knowledge, as its little cheek is pressed to ours in loving confidence, and its musical accents charm us to tears? There is true romance overlying all our paths, from the time we are laid in our mother's arms, until we leave the door of our childhood's home to go forth into the world, and take a stirring part in its loves, cares and duties; there is a divine pathos and romance in the exigencies and emergencies of life; when arms of flesh seem to fail us, and the walls of time and sense fall away, and we have clear, shining visions of Infinite Love. Never does it forsake us, this God-like element of our being, in the birth chamber, by the bedside of the dying, by the open grave. We feel its power, as stepping from the abodes of men, we go forth reverently to worship its Author in the forest haunts, and listen to nature's joyous and refreshing chantings; we feel it in the presence of a soul that has suffered and struggled, and come off victorious; we feel it in the company of old age, with wrinkled brows, yet serene and trusting hearts, awaiting the spirit's change to a home of peace and joy inexpressible. *There*, in the summer land, shall romance become an enduring reality, the tender thoughts, the cherished ideals, the glorious dreams of earth shall find celestial realization.

No more shall coldness mock our fervent aspirations, nor indifference and apathy repulse us rudely. The golden-hued hopes that floated in the blue horizon of youth, shall be turned to fruition. The mother's love, the father's care, yea, all the familiar links of the past, we shall find unbroken. Devotion, faith, patience, tenderness and trust, friendship freed from selfishness, and love indestructible, shall meet there. Let us, then, cherish true romance as an angel guest, to lighten our cares, to brighten our hearth-fires, to bind us to each other and to humanity; and the vanished past, as we gaze at it, all its struggles and sufferings shall be bathed in light, and we shall look to God, our dear heavenly Father, with a filial love and rev-

erence, thank Him truly for life and its trials, and for the earnest of our heavenly home, in the immortal land of Love and Romance.

East Haddam, Conn.

AGNES STANHOPE: A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE. By Miss M. REMICK. Boston: J. M. Usher.

A party of us (emigrants) were discussing, a while ago, the comparative merits of the East and West, as a permanent residence. As an almost necessary consequence of that subject, the question came up as to what we each missed the most, in the new, strange home, to which we had removed. We were all agreed upon one point—the sound of “the church-going bell,” and the religious privileges of which its sweet psalm-tones are the blest synonym. But it was amusing to notice what came afterwards, and a close observer would not have failed to see how much of character there was in the remarks that followed.

One dear little child-wife, with a good deal more heart than head, said, “If she could only have her grand-parents, her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, and a favorite uncle and aunt, with their household of pet cousins, all located within walking distance of her, she should be perfectly satisfied here.” A trim little housekeeper, who, with a host of good qualities, has yet failed to perceive that housekeeping is only a means and not an end, thought “if she could only have such a comfortable house as she had in New England, with a well and cistern-pump, and sink in the kitchen, *she* should be satisfied.” An accomplished little Philadelphian, whose white hands never went into the dish-pan until she came here, observed, “if she could only have a piano to sit down to when she was tired, she could put up with log-cabin life very well, but it was dreadful to have nothing to harp on but a cooking-stove and a zinc wash-board.” A dear, good-natured easy sort of a soul said, if she could only have plenty of money, she’d as lief live here as elsewhere; all she wanted in this world was enough to eat, drink, and wear, and she’d as soon have her wants supplied in

Iowa as New York.” A lover of the good things of this life, (i. e., such as tempt the palate), remarked that “if it wasn’t for the fruit and sea-food, he’d be pretty well contented.” “Time will give us the first, and the railroad bring us the second,” joined in an elderly man, one who deals only in realities; “all we want is a railroad, and, thank heaven, that is now within fifty miles of us.” And a telegraph and a daily mail,” exclaimed a bustling little fellow, who deals in news, “then hurrah for the West; and you,” turning to me, who had sat a silent but amused listener, “what do you miss most?” “The opportunity to see and read new books,” I replied promptly. He clapped his hands. “That’s just like you—just exactly,” said the first speaker; “she puts books before relations.” I shook my head and said sadly, “you forget that I have not the home attachments to the East which you have. My relatives, with one exception, lie in the burying ground, and I am as near them here as there. A log-cabin on the prairie is as close to heaven as a four story brick house in the city of Albany. I could not be happy back again in the place of my nativity—of all spots in the world it is the most lonely and sad.”

“But,” said the little housekeeper, “do you mean to say that you don’t miss the comforts of a nice house?”

“O, no; I do miss them very much; but not so much as I miss the advantages which would accrue to me, were I in the possession of all the new books I covet. With a fascinating volume in my hand, I should hardly know or care whether a slate or a slab roof was over my head—”

“Or,” interrupted my musical friend, “whether you were sitting on a sofa or a wash-boiler turned upside down—”

“Or,” said the easy woman, “whether you had a Turkey carpet or a bare puncheon under your feet—”

“Or,” said the epicure, “whether you were going to have bacon and corn dodgers, or lobster and peaches for supper.”

“Or,” but I quietly withdrew, just then, and left them to comment on my oddity without the restraint of a personal presence.

What I said to my Western friends, I would say now to my Eastern ones; I miss nothing so much, in my emigrant life, as the opportunity to see and read new books. True, I was never so situated at the East as to be able to purchase many, but somehow, if a book came out which I really set my heart on reading, I always did contrive, one way or another, to read it. If I couldn't buy it, I could borrow it; if I couldn't borrow it, I could beg it; if I couldn't beg it, I could earn it—write a notice for some weary editor, and receive his copy in return; or, at worst I could lounge into a book-store, and under pretence of buying it, scan its title page and table of contents, and dip here and there into a chapter, and thus by the aid of the review in my daily Tribune, manage to get the cream of it. But away out here, miles and miles from a book-store, or an editor, or a literary friend, what can a "pau bodie" do—except do without. As to emigrants *buying* books and having them sent by mail, in these hard times, that's entirely out of the question! Taxes and the necessities of life, (cotton cloth is fifty cents a yard here!) consume every cent.

But O, it is so tantalizing to take up my Atlantic, every month, and read Ticknor & Fields' advertisements of new books in press, or just out, and know that every one of them must be for years, perhaps forever, sealed volumes to us. It is so tantalizing to take up my neighbor's "Continental" and see notice after notice of fresh publications, and know that we might as well be in Africa as Iowa, for all the good they'll ever do us. It is so tantalizing to take up our denominational papers and see the editorial notices of new books and feel, that that is all we shall probably ever know about them. Only think, my friends, of being two years and five months without a new book, or even a glimpse at the cover of one! Blessings on the dear friends, who, when I left Boston in the October of 1860, filled my hands and every spare place in my trunk, with the freshest volumes of the day. I turn fondly to the rough shelves that hold my library, and look at them, my latest treasures, and tears, thick and fast, fall

down my cheeks as I remember that should Providence ever again lead me to that Mecca of my heart, they who then so generously supplied my mental wants, will not be there to meet me. "E. R. P.," sweet soul-sister, and A. T., my guiding star,—both gone.

"I have friends yet, who remember me," I exclaimed, as I took a bundle from the pocket of the mail-carrier. "Just what I was wishing for," and I read the title, "Agnes Stanhope," by Miss M. Remick. "I met the authoress once," turning to a neighbor; "it was in Brother Whittemore's office. She had called to see him, and I happened in at the same moment. It was the last time I was in Boston. I knew her then as a poetess. She has written for our denominational papers a long while. I am glad to see she has turned her attention to story-writing, for whatever her pen touches always receives graceful strokes. Now, let me see; I must make this book last me a fortnight. No, that's too long; a week. I'll dip into it a little every day, and finish it Saturday."

So I read a chapter that (Monday) evening. I read two the next evening. Wednesday night I finished it. Read till the fire went out and the candle too, and then groped my way to bed in the cold and dark, and lay awake till dawning, thinking of poor Agnes, who, that night was as real a personage to me, as my nearest neighbor.

To say that the volume interested us deeply would only be telling half the truth. It excited us intensely; the intricacies of the plot holding us in trembling suspense till almost the last chapter. If it were not for the fear of being misunderstood, we should call it a sensation novel; but that term, as usually applied, refers to works which merely excite the emotional, without a single revelation of the subtle causes which influence the formation of character; mere surface books, without other end, than to fascinate for the time, superficial readers. Agnes Stanhope is sensational in its incidents, but those incidents are only introduced as necessary to the development of the heroine's charac-

ter The authoress had a higher object in view than merely to interest for the time ; she wrote with a moral in her heart ; the consequences of a single false step in life and the necessity of strength as a permanent element in the character of woman ; strength not only to resist temptation, but to do what the soul feels should be done.

Agnes lacks strength — she is weak — weak when she consents to become the wife of Maitland, weak when she consents to become the bride of De Lacy, and weaker still, when, with that terrible cloud brooding over her sunshine, she consents to return to England. She tries to be strong, and thrice does she rise up and make herself superior to circumstances. After the lonely burial of her first love, that fatal first love, we read :

“ As the gray dawn came on, Agnes rose calm and serene from her mournful vigils. The rosy daylight extinguishing the glare of the lamp, brought back her thoughts to the duties before her. She must rouse herself from the luxury of grief. She must turn her attention to some means of procuring her daily bread. Her present expensive establishment must be broken up, and the servants dismissed. * * * She went down to the breakfast at the usual hour, and forced herself to partake of a cup of chocolate and a slice of toast. This over, the housekeeper presented herself to learn her orders for the day, and to gather from her mistress, if possible, without direct inquiry, something of her purposes for the future. These Agnes promptly imparted, so far as they related to the breaking up of the household, and her desire that her servants would at once seek to provide themselves with other situations. In a week at farthest, they must be prepared to accept dismissal ; sooner, if circumstances permitted them to enter into service elsewhere.”

No thought of applying to Bertha or the Colonel, once seems to have entered her head, but meekly accepting her fate, she prepares to go out alone into the world, and earn a subsistence.

She is strong, too, as she sits in her chamber in the Roman inn, and while her heart “ pulsates with a quick, tremulous terror,” yet resolves to fly, and not only puts that resolve into execution, but writes that tepid warning to Mrs. Trevannion. She is strong too, when in Vienna, she labors day after day for her daily bread, studying “ in her intervals of leisure, to perfect her knowledge of German,” and refraining from any communication with her sister.

But weakness is the great defect in her character, yet we cannot help loving her ; her trials appeal so directly to our sympathies. We pity her first ; pity her from the depths of our heart, as standing beside the fountain in the banker's garden, she puts her hand in Maitland's, and acquiesces in that “ strange and sad betrothal.” We pity her then, more than we do Bertha, for we feel that the latter will, after a while, rise above her sorrow ; we have no fears that *her* heart will break ; her heart might have broken had she wedded Maitland ; women's hearts do break sometimes when unhappily wedded, but we do not believe a true woman's ever broke, because a false lover forswore his engagement. We pity Agnes afterwards, all through her married life, so full of care and trouble and temptation ; we pity her in her lonely widowhood ; in the rough awakening from her grief, as standing in the prisoner's box, she is arraigned for murder. Who, indeed, can read without weeping, these paragraphs ?

“ Where is your counsel, madam ? ” said the gray-headed Judge, bending a stern look on the wild young face uplifted to the bench.

“ I have none, sir.”

The Judge stooped to speak for a moment with the officer who had conducted the arrest, and who now forced his way up to his side.

“ The Court will grant you a sufficient interval to procure counsel,” he said, raising his head, and attentively regarding the prisoner.

“ I thank your Honor,” said Agnes, faintly, “ I have no means and no friends.”

We pity her through all the weary days of her trial, and the yet more weary days of her prison life, when, the suspense over, she awaits the execution of her sentence. We pity her in her lonely voyage, as freed from the dungeon, but with a felon's stain upon her name, she wends her lonely way to other lands. We pity her in Rome, when her fancied security is broken up by the advent of Lawrence, who seems born to be her evil genius ; in Vienna, when she yields to De Lacy, and withholds her confession ; when Lawrence again meets her ; when she consents to return to the land of her birth ; when in London, she is recognized by Leslie ; and O, how every nerve thrills within us, as we see the “ steady look of Judge Rathburn bent upon her, not with the rudeness of a pro-

longed stare, but with a puzzled struggle of memory, a recollection which, under her agitation, was plainly beginning to dawn." We pity her too, when at last, the dreaded revelation is made known to De Lacy, when "she feels her heart die within her, as she thinks of the first look upon his face."

But out of that pity grows a strong, fervent love for the poor young thing so sorely tried, and we rejoice from the bottom of our heart, when at last the hour comes around, in which she can again hold up her head without fear of cell or gallows, restored to her sister's confidence, and able to look her husband in the eye without a momentary quailing.

Miss Remick has shown great power in this, her first novel, not only in artistic plotting, but in exquisite character-painting. Bertha, with her clear, quick perceptions of duty; Colonel Maitland with his large heart and liberal hand; Howard with his unbridled passions; Mrs. Moreton with her narrow prejudices; Helen De Lacy so "morally crazed with her misery;" Lawrence with his "hard selfishness" and deep villainies; Judge Rathburn so cold and stern on the bench, yet with such a tender memory hidden far down in the depths of his heart; all these rise up before us in marked individuality, and we feel that if not drawn from life, they are yet true to life—to life as we find it, not as we would make it.

There are descriptive passages, too, of great power, as when Helen offers the fatal glass to Lawrence, and sees it passed over to Maitland; the scene in the courtroom, when the prosecuting attorney closes his argument, and the interviews between Judge Rathburn and the real murderess. The authoress excels, too, in touching narrative. No one can read without tearful eyes, the story of Helen De Lacy, as told by Mrs. Hanley, to Agnes, while standing together in the picture gallery of the old Devonshire home. Indeed, the whole volume is replete with power, and as we closed it, we could not but wonder why so much talent had been allowed to sleep so long, why our Repository had not only been graced by the poems but the prose of Miss Remick. Surely, one who can sus-

tain herself so admirably, in a work like Agnes Stanhope, can both interest and instruct in those briefer tales which our pages so earnestly solicit. C. A. S.

SCRAPS.

"If women fulfilled truly their divine errand, there would be no need of reforming societies. The memory of the eyes that hung over a man in infancy and childhood will haunt him through all his after life. If they were good and holy, they will cheer and encourage him in every noble deed, and shame him out of every meanness and compromise.

J. R. LOWELL.

"The sternest of all touchstones of the genuineness of our better feelings, is the fashion in which they stand the wear of years."

COUNTRY PARSON.

In this old world, battle-scarred, sin-stained, brutalized as it is, there was something that Christ could not despise,—even the pure Christ. There was something in it that he so loved that he gave his blood for it. And I know, poor, sceptical, canting philosopher, that the world and humanity are not the mean things you say, because I measure them by the attitude and expression of Christ's spirit toward them.

Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, shows how this valley of Baca, bright with angels' wings, surrounded with a great crowd of witnesses, is a great race-course and field of noble effort, in which men press forward to the highest attainment; not a ball of dust and ashes, not a theatre of sensual action, but a noble field, glorified, lifted up, and lighted with God's light,—full of glorious influences, the moment the inward eyes are unsealed.

It would astonish a man sometimes to take the torch of introspection, and go down through his own heart, and see how many different faces will look out upon him from its chambers, each one himself, in some phase of possibility, that lurks in his own nature.

LOTTIE LEE.

Sweet Lottie Lee, I'm dreaming, dear,
Of the far "bygone and thee,
Of the words thou, darling, blushed to hear,
Under the maple tree;
Of a tiny foot as white and soft,
As the violets it thrilled,
And the bird-song stealing from the croft,
Because my Lottie willed.

Ah, Lottie Lee! no mantle bright,
With jewell'd foldings pressed,
The dimpled shoulders saintly white,
Above thy gentle breast;
No snowy plumes or gems bedight
A forehead so divine,
Or earthly crowns of care and blight,
For saddened touch of thine.

My Lottie Lee! the meadow lark
That sang to us that day,
Would pause amid his notes to hark
Thy words and laughter gay.
And e'en the clover in its bed,
Flushed deeper when my kiss,
Upon thy cheek a glory shed,
That angels know in bliss.

And Lottie Lee, the little brook,
That ran so fast and clear,
A precious image slyly took,
Of thee, my Lottie, dear;
E'en lilies sleeping on thy arms,
Waxed paler but to see,
A rival sister's peerless charms,
O, fairest Lottie Lee.

Well, Lottie Lee, thy logic proved,
"That angels leave their heaven,
To soothe and bless their own beloved,"
Else why to me was given,
A day so rich it bankrupt made
All days that come and go;
Love taught me 'neath that maple shade,
Immortal joy and woe.

Lost Lottie Lee, my sun of life
Sank with the sun of earth;
"I go to be Mamella's wife,
Seek one of prouder birth;
And when the angels come and lay
Their lilies on my breast,
O, best beloved kneel and say,
My Lottie hath her rest."

Poor Lottie Lee, then all adown,
Dropt ivy crown and pale,
With tears upon her rustic gown,
As the lilies of the vale;
She trembled like the star that rose,
Above the new made grave
Of hope, that saw its earthly close
In that last kiss she gave.

Blest Lottie Lee, when once again,
While lilies oped to view,
The little brook and grassy plain
The violets and dew,

I dropt amid her sunny hair,
Their bells that tolled to see,
How still, and cold, and heavenly fair,
Lay my own Lottie Lee.

TO A PORTRAIT.

Beautiful image of beauty at rest,
Darling, alas! is it thus that we meet?
Years upon years have I longed for thy breast,
Whereon to repose for one hour to weep.

Never to see thee, and never to twine
The long glossy locks of thy sunny brown
hair;
Never to crown with my kisses, the crown
Of womanly sweetness, thou ever must wear.

Eyes of love's magical midnight, again,
Never to brighten with love or delight:
Poor blind eyes, now free from all sorrow and
pain,
Gone out in death's pitiless, morningless
night.

O, love not of earth, if returning to heaven.
What marvel but there it shall crown every
bliss,
At last to my heart, wilt thou Lottie be given,
In that hour he lost the keen anguish of this.

"Let no man value at a little price,
A virtuous woman's counsel: her winged spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words:
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure,
The weaker body, still the stronger soul."

CHAPMAN.

In every step we take, that admonition
of an unfinished work speaks to us.
Whence comes this restlessness within us?
What is the purpose of this unquenched
desire within the soul? We secure one
end, but still seek for another. We heap
up so much wealth, but ask for more.
We increase in knowledge, and yet there
is a void. We rise in reputation, but we
are not satisfied. No; we cannot be sat-
isfied with anything short of the true end
of our being. We cannot be satisfied un-
til Christ is formed in us.

What comes out of nature now, is relig-
ion. The front of sceptical investigation
is passing away. The portentous genii is-
suing from the chemist's crucible, the neb-
ulous suggestions of the doubtful astron-
omer, and the like, are all merging into
Christian truth, and faith, and knowledge,
and we involuntarily cry out, "How mar-
vellous are thy works, O Lord!"

Editor's Table.

SPRING.

Who comes coyly up this way
With her lithe form clad in green?
Creeping through the dells to-day—
On the hills to-morrow seen?
Hanging tassels on the birch,
Goldening the willow glade,
Mantling the ruined church
With the ivy's solemn shade?

Gentle Spring—
Graceful, winning, lovely Spring!

Who comes dancing up the North,
With her young feet decked with flowers?
Summoning the violets forth
By the tinkle of her showers?
Carpeting each forest nook
With a verdant web of moss;
Planting crocuses in the brook
For the little ones to toss?

Merry Spring—
Tricksome, frolic-laughing Spring!

Who comes singing from the Zones,
Where the winter snows ne'er win,
Waking with her seraph tones
Joy around and hope within?
Calling echoes of delight
From the orchard and the grove,
Filling earth from morn till night
With the thrilling notes of love?

Gladsome Spring—
Songful, sweet, melodious Spring!

Aye, 'tis Spring! the fairest, best
Of the Year's majestic train—
Welcome, then, the stranger guest
With a loyal, glad refrain,
Aid her in her grand campaign—
Trench the soil and sow the seed,
Train the vine and nurse the grain,
Following e'er where she shall lead—

Wondrous Spring,
Wondrous, sweet, entrancing Spring!

When your eye meets this page, good reader,
we shall be in the midst of that lovely season,
whose advent is thus feebly celebrated in the
foregoing verses.

That season

—“as fair as is the bright to-morrow,
That healeth sick folk of the night's long
sorrow.”

Spring after Winter—it is life after death—and who does not feel its ethereal essence coursing through his veins and delight to leave the stagnant air of the close chamber and breathe the odor of fresh woods, and hear the melody of birds and running streams? Those who have no time for forest-rambles, or whose boundaries of brick and mortar are too wide and close-locked to render excursions to wooded scenery a practicable thing, I hope, at least, that you will have this compensation—that the good Fairy will have woven a green carpet for your door-yard and bordered it with a golden band of crocuses and daffodils. That “small farm” of a few ells square has a charm that city dwellers know how to delight in—it is, figuratively speaking, their “one ewe lamb,” and I have seen it fostered and petted as you would foster a pet child, and well they may nurture it; it is the little link between them and God's green country, and is an evidence that the artificial has not wholly triumphed over the natural. It is a deeper pleasure than they themselves are aware.

You who can tread the groves and climb the hillsides can have a fuller pleasure—you can fill your hands with the Spring's first floral offerings, those children of the wood, the pink, and white, and purple, and blue anemones, the delicate moss-cups, the modest snow drops and fragrant violets. You can breathe in health with the spicy odor of hemlocks and balm of gileads, and can enchant your ear with the delicate murmur of purling streams and singing birds. Yet Spring, in sooth, is coy this year. She has given us thus far, but sly glances of her blue eyes, “does not waste the weight of a sad violet in excess.” Like a coquette, she would make her smiles prized more for their rarity than their frequency, and doubtless intends to take our hearts captive at last by some bold and sudden *coup-de-main*. It is sometimes her wont in this “North country” to seem dull and cold, and frowning for a time, scattering only a flower

here, a bit of green moss there, and a tiny ribbon of young grass by the little rills. Then by and by suddenly to burst forth in all the glory and brilliancy of green trees and snow-white orchard blossoms, and broad green meadows studded with those golden stars, the cowslips and dandelions, and amid all, and above all, the exstic melody of ten thousand birds, singing, twittering, carolling, almost laughing, in their joy. The sudden change and growth of things is then most melodious. You can see the buds unfolding, the leaves enlarging from hour to hour, and what to-day is but a naked skeleton on which the buds can but be discerned, is to-morrow or the next day, a glorious green tree. Nature yields as many compensations, and her magnificent "opening days," as the milliners phrase it, are, after a tardy coming, not the least among them.

Of all the seasons Spring has won the highest prizes from the poets. How quaintly and charmingly Ford, the old dramatist, praises her generosity.

—"What dowry can you bring me?

"*Spring*.—Dowry?

Is it come to this? am I held poor and base?
A girdle make, whose buckles stretched their length,
Shall reach from the Arctic to the Antarctic pole;

What ground so'er thou canst enclose
I'll give thee freely; *not a lark that calls*
The morning up, shall build on my turf,
But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,
And for her rent shall pay thee in change of songs."

THE RIB.

It was a gallant and graceful answer which a Surgeon made to a young lady who asked him why woman was made from the rib of a man rather than any other bone, when he said, "She was not taken from the hand, lest she should rule over him; nor from his foot lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; and from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her."

I do not know why the above pretty anecdote should remind me of a touching little poem that I lately read, but it must be from the associations produced by the last reason given by the gallant surgeon, why woman was created from the rib. Here it is, and is entitled

OLD FOLKS.

"Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
Don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray,
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go,
Wherever he leads the way.

Aye, God of the night my darling,
Of the night of death, so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.

Nothing could be more tender and touching than this, unless it be that well known lyric of transcendent sweetness, *John Anderson, my Jo*, which, as every one knows it, I shall not quote. The Scotch are remarkable for tender snatches of poetry, not because they are more gentle and loving than others, but rather perhaps because their life essentially is a home life. Their bleak northern Island offers too little inducement for out door amusements, and the homestead, be it only a shealing, is the sweetest spot on earth to them, and it is in the home that the kindly, home affections are nourished. The farther South a nation is found, the less binding and true is the tie between husband and wife. Witness Italy, and even France, where domestic life is but a name. The colder regions are more conducive to home happiness.

LACK OF REVERENCE.

Chancing upon an essay by Rev. Starr King, on "the religious training of children," I was struck by a peculiarity he mentions which has often occurred to me before—the lack of reverence in the American character. This is a grave fault, and whatever its cause, whether it be as he supposes, that the pendulum has swung from Puritanism too far to the other side, or from some other difficulty, it has great need of a remedy. There is certainly, not that reverence for superiors among American youth that is found in other countries.

A friend lately returned from a visit to England, mentioned the fact that in a family where she visited, the children, even daughters twenty years of age, on entering the room where her

parents were, never sat down until invited to do so by her mother; this may seem to us somewhat ultra, but ultraism on the side of reverence is better than that of irreverence.

Mr. King doubts that the name of God is not mentioned always with the tone of reverence calculated to inspire that feeling in the mind of children towards the Holy and Great Being to whom we owe our existence, and who watches over and cares for us, which they should be taught to feel.

This matter is worthy of more thought than it has had, and it is recommended to the readers of this magazine, for their careful and prayerful consideration.

POETRY IN THE CAMP.

It is pleasant to think that our soldiers have time and inclination to read or think. Their reading matter is not always the most useful or perhaps safe, but we will hope that there is, after all, more wheat than tares in their literary field. There is often truly religious thought and feeling among them, an evidence of which may be found in the following verses written by one of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, and given me by Rev. Mr. Francis, Chaplain of the Regiment, to which the writer belongs.

This earnest, Christian Chaplain, administered the Communion service regularly to a large number of communicants in his regiment, and this was written for one of those sacred occasions. It is entitled,

"THOUGHTS AT THE COMMUNION TABLE IN CAMP."

What strange conflicting thoughts arise
While thus I sit before this board,
And mark the type of sacrifice
Once offered by my risen Lord.
Am I invited—I, the least
Of all His children saved by grace,
Is there, with others, at that feast
Of wine and bread, for me a place?

Does Jesus bid me join the throng,
Of those who eat the Christian's part,
Of those, whose faith and love is strong;
Who bear His cross in life and heart?
I come, unworthy though I am;
I eat the bread, I drink the wine;
In sweet remembrance, Lord, of Thee,
I wait Thy gracious love divine

CORPORAL VAN BUSKIRK.

These lines have real merit, but they derive tenfold interest from their associations. In another vein is the following, but it will interest the readers of the 'Table.' It was picked up in the camp of the same regiment to which the other writer belonged.

TO JULIA, MY WIFE.

Dear Julia, when at silent eve
Thy heart is bowed in prayer,
I'd fain be one whose memory,
With others nestles there;
And when thy thoughts, like incense sweet,
To heaven shall wend their way,
Among the near and dear ones
Forget me not I pray?

O pray, while angels keep thee, love,
From guile and danger free.
For prayer must have deep influence
From one so pure as thee.
So ever in thy vesper song
Let me but crave one thought;
'Twill shed around me happiness
With hallowed pleasure fraught.

THOMAS.

On Picket, Jan. 5th, 1863.

It may be safely believed that the authors of these little effusions are neither of them addicted to the vices of the camp. We can imagine them on their dark and lonely beat, their thoughts hovering around the table of the Lord, or the fireside at home, where those they love are waiting and praying for them. Who can tell what thousands of lonely hours are thus sweetened by such memories? God help those poor soldiers who have no Saviour to look to, and no home to remember!

By a curious coincidence just as I have written thus far, a friend put into my hand the following

EXTRACTS FROM A SOLDIER'S JOURNAL.

I am sure they will be read with interest and pleasure by all the readers of the Table.

"Those who live true life will love true love."

"The man most man, works best for men."

"Who knows most, him loss of time most grieves."

"Human agency is bounded by God's love"

Feb. 11th.—Have been sick all day. My mind has been roving North, mostly to the good time at ——. All last night when on my post I thought of my dear friends there, and of the kind words of admonition and encouragement spoken to me during my first days of trying to serve God in my humble, simple manner. Blessed be His name forever, for throwing in my way such kind and gentle guiding hands to help me to overcome the many temptations in the road to life everlasting.

Many and various are the means which our heavenly Father employs to bring about his plans.

"Man proposes, God disposes. His ways are unknown and his paths secret. The book

of the future is wisely concealed from the eyes of mortals, that they may not see the happiness or misery which is in store for them. I will close my journal to-night by commending my soul to the Father who gave it. I pray that he will stretch his all-protecting hand over me and keep me from harm, and give me decision of mind to overcome all temptation, and to serve him in my humble way.

Feb. 12.—The weather is foggy and damp, with north east wind. There is no drilling. All we have to do is to lie in our tents and take a retrospective glance of life. We find much pleasure in looking at the bright spots, but grief and sorrow at the dark pictures strewn along our path from infancy.

All the dear friends of the past rise up before us, reproving us in kindness for the naughty deeds we have committed, while they have pleasant, cheering words for all our good resolutions and actions. How thankful we ought to be to our Maker for bestowing upon us the faculty of memory, which so often beguiles the lonely hours of solitude, and makes the longest hours of night glide quickly by, and affords, at all times, the highest imaginable pleasure.

I received a barrel of good things from home to-day, which relieve the soldier's palate from the monotonous taste of pork and coffee from the capacious larder of Uncle Sam.

I hope, sometime not very distant, to return to those hallowed associations of the past; I hope once more to pursue my studies in halls made sacred in memory by thoughts of dear friends who therein abide.

Feb. 14th.—Again at this late hour, eleven o'clock, I take my pen to write a few lines in my journal. All in camp are quietly sleeping. No one is stirring except the trusty sentinel, who walks his hard tread beat during the long, lonely hours of darkness. It is then he gives the reins to thought; his mind roams undisturbed over many pleasant remembrances of the past, and he builds wondrous air castles for the future. Familiar faces of loved ones left behind rise before him. He hears their parting words, "Be of good cheer"—"There is a silver lining to every cloud"—"There is no road so long but it has a turn"—"Be a good soldier in every sense of the word—a good one for the Union, to battle against the unholy rebellion let loose upon the extent of our beautiful country; and a more than good—a noble, brave and faithful soldier of the Lord, to battle against the many rebellious thoughts and conceptions of evil which beset the pathway of mortals.

"The chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever;" and for the attainment of this end, we should exert all our energies, and use every good and holy means in our power.

God placed man upon the earth a weak, dependent creature; and that he might prove himself worthy, his Maker's love and protection, stumbling blocks were put in his way in the shape of worldly temptations, gross appetites, sensual pleasures. These he must avoid or overcome if he would pursue the road to true happiness, else they will entice him on in the way of darkness, and keep him a slave forever.

I received to-day, a dear letter from E., containing the following:

"It is easy to love when eye meets eye,
And the glance reveals the heart;
When the flush on the cheek the soul bespeaks,
And the lips in gladness part.
There's a thrilling bliss in a loving kiss,
And a spell in a kindly tone,
And the spirit hath chains of tenderness,
To bind and fetter its own.

Though we gaze not now on the lovely brow,
That felt for us the thorn;
Though afar from home we pilgrims roam,
And our feet with toil are worn,
We have felt him near for many a year,
When at eve we bent the knee,
That mercy's breath, that glorious faith,
Dear Saviour, came from thee;
When we stood beside the dying bed,
And watched the loved ones go,
In the darkening hour we felt his power,
As it stilled the waves of woe.

And still, as we climb the hills of time,
And the lamps of earth grow dim,
We are hastening on from faith to sight,
We are pressing near to him.
And away from idols of earthly mold,
Enraptured we gaze above,
And long to be where his arms unfold.
'Whom not having seen we love!'

A monument has been recently erected in England, called

THE MARTYR'S MONUMENT.

The little French paper, *Le Lien* has the following notice of it:

"During the reign of the Bloody Mary, a young man by the name of William Hunter, was put to death on account of his religious opinions. A monument has recently been erected to his memory near Brentwood, his native village, bearing the following inscription:—

'To the memory of William Hunter, who, for maintaining his right to study the Scriptures and teach them for his only rule of faith

and practice, was condemned to death at the age of nineteen years by Bishop Bonner, under the reign of Queen Mary, and was buried near this place on the 20th of March, 1555. He gave his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God; Christian reader, appreciate your privilege of being able to open the Bible, and maintain it carefully! Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life."

One Bishop suggests another and a curious text from which he preached. The circumstance is related in the Dean of Chichester's "History of the Archbishops of Canterbury," lately published in England. The prelate in question was Bishop Lanston, who in the year 1200 preached from a popular dancing song of the day. The words of the text were as follow:—

"Fair Alice rose up in the morning
Her body she clothed and adorned;
Into a garden she entered,
And five little flowers she found.
And there, too, of roses the fairest,
A chaplet she made,
'Now all you who love me not leave me,
In God's name,' she said."

How the subject was managed, we are not told, but I have no doubt the good Bishop produced a rousing effect upon his hearers.

There is so much vital truth and sound judgment in the following little article that we recommend it to all the young, particularly to that most meagre class who are waiting to be worth a hundred thousand dollars before they begin to make a becoming marriage, and living by his own fireside.

HOME.

Were we required to give the best worldly advice to a young American in three words, it would be, "HAVE A HOME!"

The nomadic Bedouin carries his home with him, packed upon his camels. He cannot be confined to one spot. He is compelled to move by the necessities of pasture and plunder; but he never leaves his native desert. So the Tartar hordes roam over the Steppes of Central Asia, moving villages—perambulating homes. But the American is ready, at five minutes notice, to emigrate anywhere, and all the home he asks is a moderate sized carpet-bag.

In all our cities and villages there are thousands of young men—and we do not like to

think of the number of young women—who are utterly homeless. For an hotel is not a home—a boarding-house is not a home; still less is it home-like to lodge in one forlorn place, and sleep in another—a stranger in both.

Have a home. Let it be ever so small—ever so poor; still let it have the permanency, and some of the comforts of a home. If it be only a farm of four acres, with a log-house, or a clearing in the wilderness, or a fisherman's hut by the sea-side—it is better than far more spacious and sumptuous places, without the home feeling.

When a man has a home, and some of the relations which make home happy, he is like a tree planted in the ground. He is not an air-plant, or a parasite. He can work outwardly; spread forth his branches and enlarge himself. Without such a hold upon the earth, he is a vagabond. He may be a rich one or a poor one—but still a vagabond, a homeless wanderer over the face of the earth.

Once settled in a home, every year may add to its goods and graces. The trees are growing—new ones may be planted; the soil, with careful culture, grows ever more productive. New furniture, pictures, books, etc., are added imperceptibly, and the home grows like a shell. It becomes a part of its inhabitant. Wherever he goes, he carries it about with—not only in his memory and his love, but in his air and manners.

The man with a home does not act, or talk or seem like a homeless vagabond. Home is imprinted upon his face. Home is in the set of his clothes. There is home in the tones of his voice, and the whole man is redolent of the joys, and responsibilities, and respectabilities of Home.

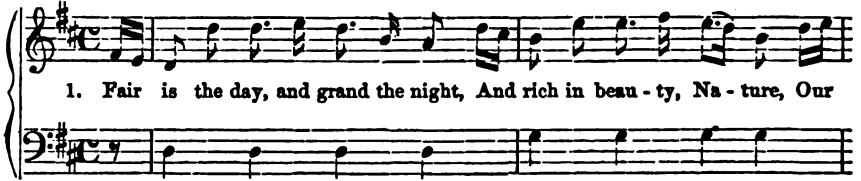
"God is possessed of infinite knowledge, and sees what is in the hearts of all men. He knows, therefore, the actual condition of every soul, and the exact amount of punishment needed in every instance for the correction of the evil. So much he inflicts and no more, being governed entirely by the moral need of the transgressor. If one needs ten stripes, they are given; if another, for the same offence, is subdued into repentance by five stripes, only five are inflicted. The same end is gained in both cases, though the amount of punishment differs."

TRAYER.

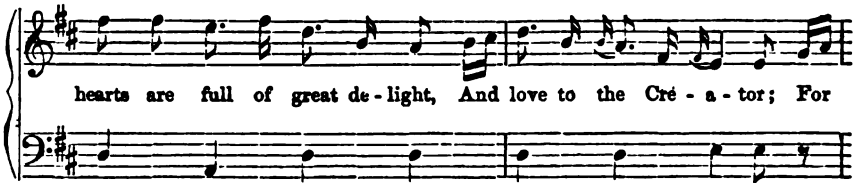
GOD IN NATURE.

OLD SCOTTISH AIR.

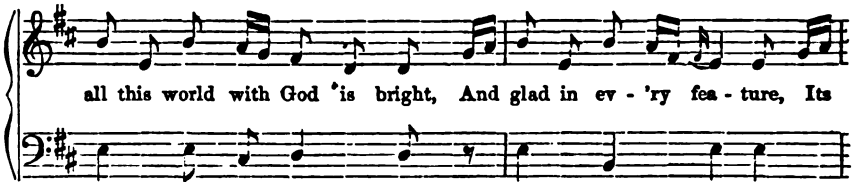
Words by Rev. A. G. LAURIE.



1. Fair is the day, and grand the night, And rich in beau - ty, Na - ture, Our



hearts are full of great de - light, And love to the Cré - a - tor; For



all this world with God 'is bright, And glad in ev - 'ry fea - ture, Its



seas, its plains, each mountain height, And ev - 'ry hap - py crea - ture.

2.

The winds, like songs of seraphim,
The sea, His organ glorious,
And murmuring winds, sound out their hymn,
Creation swells harmonious.
Take up, our lips, the exultant theme,
And catch, our souls, the chorus;
And fill your trumpets, ye cherubim,
And sound the anthem o'er us.

3.

And while, O Lord, our strain we raise,—
To make it dear before thee,
Let not our lips alone give praise,
But all our hearts adore thee:
For fairer still our future place,—
So reads our Savior's story,—
This earth is but the world of grace,
But Heaven, the world of glory.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1863.

THE SILENT MAIDEN.

BY MINNIE S. DAVIS.

At nightfall, two little girls of five and six years old, were sporting joyously before the door of a pretty country house. The glad laugh of the younger often sounded on the air, but her sister, though she smiled, and seemed happy in her play, did not speak, or echo her ringing laugh. Presently a young woman, with a delicate, spiritual face, appeared at the door; she smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in her mien, as she watched her children. — How lovely they were in her eyes! how her heart went out to them with a gush of unutterable love! The younger, so full of health and active intelligence, she rejoiced in with fond pride — but her silent child, who could never hear her voice of love, called forth the deepest tenderness of her nature.

Little Anna had been deaf from her birth. The language of affliction was nothingness to her, and music and the melody of birds never thrilled her soul with rapture. All the thoughts that crowded her infant mind, and the eager curiosity with which she looked upon her surroundings, found no utterance. She could only answer smile for smile.

"Come, little Fannie," called the mother, while she beckoned to Anna, and both bounded to her at once. She took each by the hand and led them into the nursery, where she exchanged their play-soiled garments for the snowy night-dresses. Then the children knelt by her knee, and

Fannie lisped her evening prayer, while Annie looked from one to the other, with a bright, inquiring smile. When they lay upon their little bed, the mother bent over them, and pressed kisses on their sinless brows, and her soul went up to God in a voiceless petition for blessings on them.

The door was open into an adjoining room, and an old man, sitting there, had observed all that passed within. His brow was knit as though with troubled thought, — something in his mind was not in harmony with the little scene.

"You are right, daughter Ruth, he said," as the lady passed into the room — "You are right in teaching Annie to kneel with Fannie, though it may do no good, for she cannot understand it; and without knowledge how can she have faith, and without faith who can be saved?"

Ruth Miller flushed painfully, and a shadow darkened the blue of her eye. "Father," she said, and her voice was plaintive in its tones, — "Do not mourn about Anna; if she is unfortunate in some things, in others, is she not favored? It seems to me that she is angel-guarded; she can never hear or speak a word of guile. She is all innocence, and ever will be, I trust. And then if she can never know of God, will not the Almighty heed my ceaseless prayers for her?"

Deacon Wilder shook his head sententiously. "You forget original sin; her misfortune cannot exempt her from that. And, Ruth, what are your prayers but mockery? God hears only the Christian's prayer."

Mrs. Miller grew suddenly pale, and without speaking, she sat down by the open window, leaning her head upon her hand.

The old man continued solemnly—"A great responsibility rests upon you; you have two children—their father is a sceptic, and you, who have been brought up so religiously, are yet wavering, and will not profess Christ."

The bowed head drooped still more humbly, but there was no reply to this severe reproof. Ruth's heart was tremblingly alive to all that her father's words implied. O, the immortal destiny of her husband and children might depend on her, yet she dared not call herself a Christian. She possessed a deeply religious nature, and from early childhood her father had wrought upon that element of her character, and striven to imbue her mind with the tenets of his stern Calvinistic creed. Her brothers and sisters all knelt at the communion-table, with their parents, but Ruth, the youngest and best beloved, the gentlest, the most obedient, only wept, and said she was unworthy, when entreated to join the church. When Mrs. Wilder died, the old deacon took up his abode with Ruth, and now his aim in life seemed to be to turn this wayward child of his love to the fold of Christ.

Ah, little did he know the heart of his child! in its humility, its distrust of self, its deep tenderness,—it was nearer Jesus than ever he had been with all his devotion to outward ceremony.

Ruth Miller possessed a highly poetic temperament, too finely tuned to bear contact with the harsh realities of life. The dread mystery of sin and sorrow weighed ever on her soul, and the gift of existence seemed too awful to be a boon. Smiling and cheerful she went about her daily duties, yet beneath the placid exterior was an under-current of sadness, and her spirit's ear ever listened to the murmur of the waves of trouble and doubt, flowing over her inmost being.

She needed the comfort and strength of religion, more than stronger and more self-reliant natures; yet, it was presented to her in a form so repulsive, that she instinctively refused it. She did not ques-

tion or reason on the subject; she accepted all that was told her as truth, and in her lowliness felt herself as outcast from God's favor. She was commanded to love the Infinite Judge supremely, but she shrank and trembled before his awful presence. The Son of God she adored and loved profoundly, but dared not take his name while so unreconciled to the will of the Almighty.

James Miller was the very opposite of his wife—he was full of high animal spirits, enjoying the present, and untroubled about the future. He worshipped only the God of nature, distrusting all revelation. The beloved tenets of his father-in-law were but fables and foolish legends to him, and all the old man's grave lectures he parried with playful banter. His firm, quick step now sounded on the threshold, and Ruth raised her head and tried to smile, but the trace of deep emotion was visible on her face.

"Are you grieving, Ruth?" asked the husband, tenderly, as one might speak to a weeping child, "then perhaps you have heard the sad news?"

"What news? we have heard none," said Deacon Wilder, turning towards the young man.

"John Harris' son was drowned in the mill-pond this afternoon."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" exclaimed the deacon.

With white lips, Ruth pressed her hand over her heart, saying, "O, his poor mother!"

"He was just seventeen, and an only child," said Mr. Miller; "it is very sad."

"Very sad, very sad, indeed!" reiterated Deacon Wilder. "He was a wild youth; never showed no signs of repentance, as I know on," and he shook his head with a long-drawn sigh.

"He was not a bad boy, by any means, Deacon; pray, don't make him out wicked, now he is dead."

"O, no; he wasn't actually wicked, but it matters little, now, for he has gone to eternity without making his peace with God. What a warning to the unconverted!" Tears filled the old man's eyes, for his heart was kind, though his creed was stern.

Ruth felt the shaft aimed at her, with a heart almost bursting with horror and grief. "Do not speak so harshly, father," she said, imploringly; "John was a pleasant, kind-hearted boy. O, do not cast a doubt over his future—it is too dreadful!"

"Take the awful lesson to heart, my daughter."

"I do! O, father, I do!" and the soft blue eyes grew wild in their light, and the little fair hands were clasped convulsively. But perhaps—O, *perhaps* he did repent! God could read his heart."

"Yes, that is true; and perhaps some one—his father or mother, heard him say something that would give hope that he met a change of heart. I'll go and talk with his folks."

Ruth brought her father's hat as he arose and took his staff. "Now, father, do comfort them; how can they bear a doubt?"

Deacon Wilder brushed his eye with the back of his hand. "God knows I would not add a single pang to their great woe! But, daughter, do not be misled; God don't turn out of his course, here and there, for special cases. His justice is eternal."

Ruth stood a moment, gazing after her father's retreating form, then turned and threw herself into her husband's arms. He held her tightly to his breast, with fond, soothing words, for he was half frightened at the pallor of her face, and her distended, horror-stricken eyes.

"Ruth, dear Ruth! be calm, I beseech you!"

"I will try; but O, it is so dreadful!"

"But don't you know that you said that God could read the poor, lost boy's heart? He may be a great deal better than many who make loud professions. If he lives again, try and think of him as happy."

"If he lives again!" Ruth sat up with sudden, unnatural composure. —

"Tell me truly, James; do you doubt the doctrine of immortality?"

"My dear wife, I do seriously doubt it; and if eternity for weal or woe hangs on the slender thread of mortal life, I would not believe it if I could."

Ruth sat silently looking at her husband, and he was startled by the expression of her face.

"Do I frighten you my dear? do I seem vrey wicked?"

"O, no; it is I who am so wicked. I have been brought up righteously, and have no excuse. I should have faith, and should be so firm a Christian that you would believe, too; then we could instruct our children rightly. I try to love God, but I can only worship and fear Him, and all the time my heart is full of rebellion to his will. Even this awful warning, which my father bids me take to heart, casts me down deeper into darkness and doubt."

"My own Ruth, do not feel thus; it grieves me to the heart!" and Mr. Miller kissed the pale, sorrowing face, and drew it to a resting-place upon his breast. "If, to be a Christian, is to be full of charity and good works—to be patient and humble, then you are one in truth. So dismiss these distressing thoughts, and smile and be happy."

She called up a faint, flickering smile to her white lips, and when he went on talking of their children in a pleasant way, she tried to appear interested for his sake. But the angels must have looked in pity on that bleeding, troubled heart, which only the love of the Infinite Father could heal and comfort.

Years came and went. Anna and Fannie bloomed sweetly in the garden of home. Fannie was the life of the household, with her merry ways and happy spirits. But Anna, the silent maiden, won the protecting, tenderest love of every heart. Gently and cheerfully she glided about the house, ready with dextrous hand and observing eye, to assist her mother, or wait upon her good grand-parent.

Anna was less beautiful in feature than her sister, but there was an expression upon her pure, young face, which gave it a higher charm than beauty. She seemed set apart from the world—her spirit unbreathed upon by mortal taint. Mrs. Miller always fondly fancied that she held communion with invisible and higher beings; and, indeed, there was a look of

heaven upon her face, and her solemn eyes had a far-reaching look, as though she pierced the veil and beheld things beyond mortal ken. In her spotless purity, she was a being to be revered, and yet her child-like smile, and shrinking, half-timid air, made her one to be petted and caressed. She grew up in the sunshine of loving smiles, and if much of the joy of life was denied her, she was spared all its sorrow and mental pain.

How differently the parents regarded the silent child! To the mother, she was something holy, and her too sensitive heart found rest in the conviction that no harm could ever come to the angel-guarded Anna. But the father called her his unfortunate child; and as she expanded into womanhood, he grew more unreconciled to her life-long deprivation.

Fannie satisfied Mr. Miller's fondest hope. She excelled in scholarship, and was accomplished in music and painting. At seventeen, she was quite a star in the best society of the town, and was much admired for her beauty and her wit. All that constituted the amusement and pleasure of Fannie's time, was denied to Anna; and even books, charming companions of solitude, were meaningless to her. Sometimes she would take up a book which her sister had been reading, and turn its leaves with a wistful, dissatisfied air, then Mr. Miller would go aside and weep. At this time it was not generally known that deaf mutes could be instructed in the art of reading, thus giving them the magic key of knowledge.

Fannie has been spoken of as mingling much in society, yet she was not unmindful of the peculiar claims her sister had upon her attention. Of all her home circle, she loved her silent sister best, and Annie's smile was brightest when they were side by side.

Deacon Wilder, now a child again, with snowy hair and dimmed eye, depended much upon his grand-children for amusement. Fannie read aloud to him, and sang the songs he loved, but Anna was the old man's darling. Anna seemed to know his wants by intuition, and ran to serve him as though it was her pleasure. Daily she brought his hat, and

led him out among the trees and flowers; and as she grew taller and stronger, and he trembling and weak, he leaned upon her slight form for support.

Mr. Miller had a sister living in a neighboring State, who lost all her family by death, in the short space of a few months. She wrote, entreating her brother to send his daughter Fannie to her for a little time, that her society might cheer her loneliness. Full of sympathy for her bereaved relative, Fannie accepted the invitation.

For the first time the sisters were parted. Anna was made to understand why she went, and consented to her going, but she wept unrestrainedly, and their mute, tender parting was touching to behold.

Anna drooped; she was dreamy and sad, and her mother said she pined for her sister. So, after a few weeks, they sent for Fannie to return. Fannie obeyed the summons, and it was well, for she arrived but in time to receive the last embrace of the dying Anna. After a brief illness, a few hours of pain, her pure spirit was released from its fetters of clay. She died with a smile of rapture upon her lips, which lingered upon her marble face. They dressed her in a white muslin she had worn in life, and placed a myrtle wreath around her head, and lilies on her breast. Beautiful she looked in her peaceful rest.

O, mystery of life! O, mystery of death! This side the veil, was tears, and darkness and woe—beyond, all joy, light, and glory! Here, Anna's spirit was denied all expression—there, the long-pent river of thought and feeling found language in the speech of angels! Here her ear was deaf to every word of love, or note of harmony—there she drank in the melody of heavenly choirs.

Such thoughts as these passed through Fannie's mind, and her fast-flowing tears were stayed, and peace breathed over the troubled waters of her soul. Fannie possessed a peculiarly happy temperament—all her mother's deep tenderness and exquisite sympathies were hers, with her father's buoyant, cheerful heart. She was truly religious—her Creator she loved and adored from her inmost soul, and she read the Bible much, and its promises

thrilled her with delight. But all the dark and puzzling points of theology she ignored, for she dared not dispute, and could not accept them.

Not as Fannie did the other members of the family mourn. Desolation in all its blackness, rested on the household.

You who enjoy a large and generous faith, and a bright, exultant hope—you who know that the trials and ills of this life are intended by the Father of love as needful discipline for his children, and who realize that death is only the portal through which all must pass to the land where sin and sorrow come not—think upon the lot of those who have no hope, and whose faith is robbed in gloom. When death comes, and the parting hour is at hand, nature shrinks back aghast, and you feel that the stroke is heavy indeed; but, leaning upon the arm of Faith, and looking upward, where Hope points with a radiant smile, you gather strength and submission.

Not so with our bereaved friends. The aged grandparent mourned with bowed head and eyes streaming with bitterest tears—not only that his pet child was taken, the idol of his later years, but blindly groping in the mysticism of his cheerless theology, he strove in vain to find a salient point, upon which to hang the wreath of hope. Loving and innocent as Anna had been in life, she was yet by nature all evil, and unless that nature had been renewed, of which he had not the slightest evidence, there was no ground of hope. He had been wont to talk of God's eternal justice, and when mourners, in doubtful cases, had tried to find comfort, he had condemned it as sinful weakness, saying that "the Almighty never turned aside from his established course for peculiar circumstances." Now these words came home with deeper meaning, stunning him with their weight.

Mrs. Miller, the tender-hearted, deeply smitten mother, as though all hope and strength had been taken from her, lay upon her pillow, weeping night and day. She doubted not the welfare of her darling, for a doubt for one instant maintained, would have wrecked reason; but in her great humility, she feared to call her-

self one of God's chosen—she was parted from her child, perchance forever.

James Miller felt the ground he had trod so firmly and proudly in days of prosperity, slipping beneath his feet. Immortality! immortality! Was it indeed a mocking dream, as he had deemed it? He had yearned to hear his Anna speak the thoughts that sometimes lighted up her face with wondrous beauty. Would he never hear her voice? Could she never list to the call of those who had loved her so in life? Had her spirit truly fallen into the sleep of death, with dissolving nature? Everlasting nothingness! he shrank from the contemplation of such a future, while his spiritual eye discerned not one ray of the bow of promise spanning the tomb.

Fannie was not surprised at her mother's prostration, or her grandparent's abject grief, but she was filled with dismay at beholding the settled melancholy of her father. One day he sat alone in a sad reverie; Fannie drew a foot-stool by his side, and sat down—looking up tenderly into his face—"You are mourning for dear Anna," she said; "would you call her back, father?"

A flush passed over his face, and tears rushed to his eyes, but he made no reply. "I miss my sister sadly. I feel an aching, yearning loneliness without her, yet love to think of her as happy in the society of angels, and I would not call her back."

"Then, my child, you fully believe that our Anna lives again?"

"Believe it, father? I know it—I know it, not only from revelation, but something within me tells me it is so,—the intuitions of my soul."

"I too," said Mr. Miller, "have this yearning for immortality, but I want something more assuring than the voice of intuition."

"O, father, I wish you could feel as I do," cried Fannie. "My faith is better and stronger than it used to be. When I went to see dear aunt Margarette, I expected to find her overcome with grief for her husband and children, but she was cheerful and resigned. When I wondered at her calmness, she told me of her

faith. She believes that all will at last be redeemed from sin and sorrow ; that God is our Father not only in name, but in very spirit, and that he loves each of his children with infinite tenderness. She says that nothing can happen to us without the consent of our heavenly Father, who will overrule all things for our ultimate good. O it was so beautiful — just what I had been searching for, and wanting to believe, all my life,—so I took it right into my heart, and I was never so happy before !” The young girl’s face glowed with earnest feeling, and her dark eyes shone like tremulous stars through her tears.

Mr. Miller bent down suddenly and kissed her. “ Would I had your faith, my Fannie ! I am like a child, alone and afraid in the dark ; if I could find that Father’s hand, in whom you so implicitly believe, he might lead me into the light.”

At that moment the post-boy brought a letter ; it was from his sister Margarette, of whom they had just been speaking. It was a true Christian letter, full of comfort and encouragement, and its words had a powerful effect upon the sorrowing man. Cold philosophy could not suffice him now ; looking upon the grave of his child, the revelations of the gospel assumed new sacredness and meaning, and the inward voice of nature, which he had reasoned into silence, would be heard.

Ere many weeks had passed, he found the Father’s hand in the darkness, and it led him forth into living sunlight. All things were changed to his vision ; promise and glory shone in the place of mystery and doubt. Again he was cheerful and smiling, for his heart was at peace.

One evening the family were all gathered in the parlor. Mrs. Miller lay upon the sofa, supported by pillows. Grief and illness had made fearful traces upon her slight frame ; her lips and cheeks were colorless, and her large blue eyes looked sorrowfully, pleadingly forth. Her husband bent over her tenderly, and began talking of the hopes and promises of the gospel ; slowly the color drifted into her face, and she fixed her eyes earnestly upon his.

Deacon Wilder lifted up his head with

an unwonted look of animation, saying, “ What do I hear ! James Miller talking of the gospel and of Christian faith ! Blessed be the name of the Lord, and may he grant that your affliction work out your salvation !”

“ Father, it has already saved me from the sin and misery of unbelief.”

“ Thanks be to God !” ejaculated the old man, fervently ; “ thus, trouble shall work us profit. I have been thinking, to-day, daughter Ruth, that perhaps we do wrong in mourning as without hope. God is very merciful—his ways are past finding out. Let us trust our dear child in his hands.”

Mrs. Miller rose excitedly from her pillow—“ O, father, I am so glad to hear you speak thus. I have no doubts of Annie’s happiness. She was good and pure—her place can only be with the good and pure in heaven.”

“ So it would seem, Ruth ; but it is all a mystery to me,” said Deacon Wilder, slowly shaking his head.

Mr. Miller gently drew his invalid wife back upon her pillow, and as he smoothed the brown hair upon her pale brow, he said softly, “ If you have faith that our darling is happy, why are you so unreconciled ?”

Mrs. Miller raised one thin, transparent hand, and looked upon it, saying, drearily, “ I am dying, my husband, I am dying ! and I have no assurance that I shall meet my Anna in that happy world.”

Mr. Miller’s heart was wrung with anguish—he gathered the frail form in his arms, and pressed tearful kisses on the lips which had spoken these sad words. “ Dearest Ruth, if Annie is saved for her goodness and purity, you must be accepted too.”

“ Ah, James, the case is different with me. I have known God, yet could not love him. I have no excuse.”

“ My wife, you have not loved God, because you have not known him ; let me talk to you of him, as a tender Father, and you will give him your whole heart.” Mr. Miller’s heart was full to overflowing, and he continued to speak words of peace, which fell like healing dew upon the soul of his companion.

Time passed, and Ruth Miller descended into "the valley of the shadow of death," but as she neared the mystic river, her tears were supplanted by smiles, for she had found the Father. Husband and child watched over her with love, yet all their care was powerless to keep her here.

"It is sweet to die," she said to her husband. "It is sweet to die—for to die is only to go home. I would not accept life and health, with all that can make them desirable, for this rest that fills my spirit now."

Soon she was at rest in her heavenly home—soon the mother and child met and communed spirit with spirit.

Again there was sorrow in the household, as with many tears they laid the loved wife and mother in the grave. But not as before did they mourn. The mission of the silent maiden was ended. Her blameless life had been a blessing to her friends, and her death a sacred influence. When she entered heaven, a ray of light streamed through the open portal, illuminating the heart of her aged grand-parent, and filling it with humility and charity—strengthening and elevating the faith of her father, and brightening her mother's dying hours.

Deacon Wilder lived on year after year, until his head was whiter than the almond tree, and his eye dim and sightless. Though his prime had been useful and honored, it was said that his last days were his best days, for a child-like gentleness and trust stole over his spirit. He ceased to talk of the theories which he had loved in other days, and dwelt with even growing delight upon the promises of God and the unsearchable riches of Christ.

At last, when his years were numbered, and the welcome angel whispered, "Come," death had no sting and the grave no victory.

Revolution does not insure progress. You may overturn thrones, but what proof that anything better will grow upon the soil? The deepest woes of humanity are not cured by universal fraternity and soup-kitchens. The social millennium is not based on barricades.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S DREAM.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

They tell of a land, far beyond the deep brine,
Where beauty ne'er yields to decay—
A land, where the hand of affection may twine
A garland that fades not away:
They tell me that land hath a land that can
teach
All the griefs of the soul to depart,
Till regrets can no longer o'ershadow or reach
The beautiful dreams of the heart.

O, where is that land? I would seek it and
steep
My soul in its passionless wave,
Till my bosom's repose should be placid and
deep,
As the sleep of the sorrowless grave!
My spirit is heavy, and tears of regret
From mine eyes all unconsciously start—
O, I pine for a draught that can make me forget,
Yet leave the sweet dreams of my heart.

I would go where my brow may be starred by
the light
Of a beauty it never hath known—
Where time for the cheek hath no withering
blight,
And the heart never murmurs—"Alone!"
O, the spirit hath yearnings it may not con-
trol,
Which words are too weak to impart—
All wild and impassioned they sweep o'er the
soul,
And blend with each dream of the heart!

Those dreams!—in my breast let them linger
and burn,
Till life's winter grows chilly and gray—
Far down, where the hand of the cold and the
stern,
Cannot reach them to tear them away!
There be those who upon them look coldly and
say,
That "the dreamer in life hath no part!"
They know not the exquisite light o'er our
way,
That is shed by the dreams of the heart!

I ask not to live when the visions are o'er,
That my spirit in secret hath wove—
I ask not to live, when my spirit no more
Can thrill to the whispers of love!
For what hath this world, though all lovely it
be,
In its prodigal wealth to impart—
What boon can it offer so lovely to me—
So dear, as the dreams of the heart?

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

God's justice is a bed, where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin—~~FAHNS~~.

THE LOCKWOOD JOURNAL.

BY MRS. S. M. PERKINS.

A few years ago I paid a visit of several weeks to the home of my early days. It was a busy time; there seemed some new plan every day to go hither and thither. It was a visit to one cousin and then another, and then a party of old friends to tea, with some of us. Then there would be excursions formed to the familiar nooks and scenes of my childhood. At length I became weary with excitement and company, and was really delighted as I opened my eyes one morning to find that we were to have a rainy day. It was a genuine soaker, and I knew that for once I could have a quiet talk with my mother, and then rummage the old garret, where I used to go and read when I was a child. I went alone to that ancient, upper room, and was pleased to find that after an absence of a dozen years, some of my old books were still in their places. These were my three favorites, with my childish finger marks upon them. They were Arabian Night's Entertainment, Pilgrim's Progress, and Irving's Sketch Book. Ah, I have read many larger and more learned volumes since then, but none with more interest, or perhaps profit. These were my standard works; I loved them then, and have never wholly outgrown it.

In looking over an old chest in one corner, where my dolls used to live, I came across an old Journal, in a strange hand writing. It was worm-eaten and soiled, and looked as if it had not been previously opened for years. I began curiously to read, and became more and more interested in the heart records it contained. Then I carried it down to my mother, and asked her to tell me the history of it.

"O! that is old John Lockwood's Journal," she replied; "your grandfather lived with us, you know, before he died; he and Lockwood were in college together, and he visited him in New York, during his last illness. He was very wealthy and made his old friend many valuable presents, and some of his old papers. Among them we found this Journal."

I will give a few extracts from this

Journal, without regard to dates, enough to contain an outline of Lockwood's history, and romantic attachment.

"It is a beautiful morning in May. It is likewise May in my heart. Life is sweet, and it seems a happy world. The birds are chanting their joyful notes; the daffodils and tulips are in blossom in the yard beneath my window, and there is my own dear Nellie, sitting among the shrubbery. How prettily she looks in that plain morning dress! Last evening we were engaged, and I placed the betrothal ring upon her finger. She shall have a diamond one some day. Her blue eyes glistened as I told her how dear she had been to me these many years; how her image had been beside me during all those college hours, and her love the reward to which I looked for all my mental toil. I am glad for her sake that I graduated with honor, and now I go into business that I may soon secure a home for my bird."

"I have left my native village, and the one friend whom I prize more than all others, and am now a clerk in New York. I had influential friends who obtained an excellent place for me, and I shall try to be a faithful servant to my employer. I start with a fair salary, and in one short year I hope to be able to go for Nellie, and claim her for mine, for all the journey of life. I am happy as mortal man can be; happy in the unsullied past; happy in the busy present, and infinitely more happy in the anticipated future. How pitiable must be the person who terms such a world as this a *vale of tears*!"

"The busy months are passing, and each week brings me a welcome little missive from Nellie. Precious letters! I would not exchange them for the wealth of the world. In her last she mentions that her step-mother's son has just returned from the Indies, where he has been very successful in business. I have never seen this gentleman, but have somewhere learned that he is talented and wealthy. She does not tell me how she likes him. May his coming bring no evil. There is no room for serpents in my Eden."

"Alas! I am to sail to-day for France. How much I regret that I could not hurry home and say farewell to Nellie. My employer is in haste, and sends me because I can speak the language of the Gauls. I wish another had been chosen to go for him, but the terms are so liberal, and the business so important that I could not well refuse. I spent half the last night in writing to Nellie, explaining all, and I trust these sad forebodings that come to me, may have no meaning. If the fates had only been kind enough to send us out together, then I might enjoy the voyage."

"I have now been six months in Paris and have not received a single line from W—. I have written Nellie by nearly every mail, but shall do so no more. I know not what to think of her strange silence, and am a fool to care so much about it. I have succeeded well in my business, and my employer's letters come regularly. A few months more among these gay Frenchmen, and I shall then bid adieu to this land, and learn if my dearest be ill or dead. Perhaps my letters have been mis-sent, and she will explain all, and we may laugh together at my fears, which *will* haunt me in spite of my better judgment."

"A whole year abroad. I did not expect it, but business had detained me. Thank heaven! I go aboard the ship to-day which is to convey me once more to my native land. I am not well; this strange silence has affected me more than I could wish."

"The dream of my life is now over, and every joy crushed out of existence. Life is a fearful, bitter mockery, which must henceforth be silently endured. Alone, I must wrestle with this great sorrow, neither asking nor caring for human sympathy. I had a prosperous voyage across the great deep, and spent a few days in New York, giving a faithful account of my stewardship, and then I obtained leave of a week's absence, and was once more on my way to W—, after an absence of nearly two years. When within six miles of the place, we stopped to

change the horses for the stage-coach, and I met an old college friend, and from him I learned that Nellie had been six months the wife of another. She had married Mr. Stone, the gentleman of whom she wrote me before I went to Europe. Then, as if to aggravate matters as much as possible, they had purchased the old homestead that once belonged to my father, and were quietly settled at housekeeping. All this I learned without betraying my emotion, but I ordered my baggage off the old coach, and early the next morning was on my way again to New York. This, then, is my reward for my earnest, manly love, my devotion, my almost idolatry. I will henceforth hiss her name with scorn and curses, and for her sake hate all womankind. No one of all old mother Eve's daughter shall again entrap this wary heart of mine."

"Months have gone, but I find it harder than I thought to root out her beautiful image from my memory. This dull routine of toil without a motive, is not true life. But all days are the same — alike monotonous; my employer is more than usually kind and inquires after my health, while the other clerks rally me about some *joli femme* in whom they suppose I am interested across the ocean. How little they know of the deep anguish which oppresses me. I have sometimes walked beside the wharf, in the silent night-watches, and been tempted to lay myself away in the cold, watery arms of death."

"A year has flown since I have lived this strange, joyless existence. Time has been a merciful healer, and life is more endurable. My salary is very large, and I will take to myself a new idol, and see if any happiness comes from the pursuit of gain. Yes, I will hoard up money. This will be easy with my simple tastes and habits. I like the idea, and presume that life has nothing better for me. I once had loftier aspirations, and a poetic dream of a pure spirit by my side, who would gently win me to noble desires and aims, and a life of usefulness and goodness. But my faith in woman has gone;

and I sometimes think my hope of heaven has gone with it."

I will not weary the reader with the dry details of money-making, of which there is a graphic description, but will pass over the record ten years. Then here is the following.

"Every thought and energy of my whole being has been devoted to the acquisition of wealth. I am now a prosperous merchant, worth nearly half a million. My ships ride upon every ocean, and my name is regarded as one of the honored of the city. My friends, (and I have plenty of them now) all wonder that my costly house has no mistress. Many an artful little device has been planned to start me in the right direction, as they regard it. But, true to my early vow, I ignore both the witchery and the worth of woman. I chance sometimes to hear from W——. Nellie's husband has turned out a miserable inebriate, and her children often want for bread. I wonder how she regards now her fatal choice, and if she be aware of the gloom she cast over one human life."

"Last Monday was the anniversary of my fortieth birth-day. I passed the hours in casting interest, and looking over my accounts, to make an estimate of my riches. I was more than satisfied with the result, and rubbed my hands with a glow of joy. I had prospered better than I had expected, and I could not help expressing my pleasure. Suddenly there came to my mind the words of the apostle James. 'Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.'

"I think these words were once in my Sabbath school lesson, when a child. I am sure I had not read the Bible for many years, or scarcely entered a Christian church. I went home in an unenviable state of mind, and for once seemed to see myself a poor, pitiable sinner, hastening to eternity without a thought of God or heaven. I went to my library, and found the Bible that was once my mother's, and was her dying gift to me. I found the words that had made such a strange impression, and a great deal more that seemed peculiarly meant for me. In the first time for many years, I knelt, and repeated the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And such a rush of sins as conscience brought to view! I saw the sad face of one of my clerks, whom I dismissed the day before, because he ventured to ask for an increase of his meagre salary. Then I thought of the poor widow and her sick child, whom I had turned from one of my houses, because they were in arrears for rent. Then the notes I had shaved seemed to loom up before me, and I felt that I was the possessor of ill-gotten gold. Alone in my closet, I promised to forsake these practices, but conscience thundered, *go, and undo these heavy burdens*. I felt unwilling to recall the past, by making restitution, and passed several unhappy days and sleepless nights. There seemed to rest such a burden of guilt upon my soul, that at length I fully resolved that, as far as possible, I would render to every man his just due, if it took the last penny of my property. When I had fully resolved upon this course, I again opened the Bible, and it gave me comfort. I read that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Jesus came to me in the character of Mediator and Saviour, and that morning witnessed the entire consecration of myself, with all my powers, to the service of God and humanity. It was a precious experience of faith in Christ and joy in the Holy Ghost. The next day I walked the streets of New York a different person. I have found him! I have found him! was the constant cry of my heart; I have found 'him

of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.' I sought out my cast-off clerk, and gave him a place again in the store at double his former salary. I shall not soon forget his gratitude, or his poor mother's tears of joy, as she blessed me for the deed. Then I found the widow and child whom I had turned from their home; they were with a neighbor almost as poor as themselves. I left both families in better homes, with plenty of good food and comfortable clothing; and their loud thanks still ring in my ears.

"It took longer to ease my conscience in regard to my business paper, but it was finally done. As far as possible I rendered to every man his just due, and I found true happiness in doing it. I only regret that I cannot find all whom I remember to have wronged in money matters, but I will keep their names, and look for them as I have opportunity.

"Until this time I had ever felt a rankling bitterness in my heart towards poor Nellie. But it is now gone; I can both forgive and pity her. And a desire has come to me to re-visit the home of my early days."

"It is late Sabbath evening and I am once more in W—. I am at the hotel which is kept by strangers, and no one recognizes me after an absence of twenty years. Last night at twilight I took a ramble through the village, and as I was passing a low house in the suburbs, a woman came out with a basket of clothes. A little girl apparently about ten years of age, was helping to carry the basket. The load seemed too heavy for them, and I offered to carry it, at the same time placing it upon my strong arm. They walked with me, and I placed the burden upon the steps of 'Squire Tilden, as I had been directed. 'Thank you, sir!' said the woman, in a voice that once had thrilled me. It was Nellie, but, O, so changed!

"I went on my way unrecognized; as I returned to the hotel the inquisitive landlord began to ply me with questions. In return I inquired after the villagers.

"'Who lives in the low, brown house, at the end of the village?' I asked.

"'The widow Stone,' he replied; she used to live in the best house here, and they tell me she was the nicest young lady ever raised in these parts. She was engaged, they say, to the smartest fellow of the place; college *lariat*, and all that. But he went to New York, *clarking* it, and he had to go off to England, or somewhere there, and her old step-mother had a son that she wanted her to have, and they just put their heads together and broke up the match. They used to take the New York letters from the office, and never let her know *nothing* about them, and then tell her he was married and all that. She held out awhile, and would not believe them, but finally gave it up and married Stone. He had money then, but it was soon gone, and he was a drunken scamp. She has had a sad time of it, yet she never complains, or speaks an ill word of him. He died near a year back, and since then they have had some peace of their lives.'

"'But what became of her city lover?' I asked.

"'O, he is in New York; one of the great merchants there; they say he is worth nearly a million of dollars; but he is a sober man and has never married. There's where she reckoned wrong in not waiting for him.'

"To-day I have again seen Nellie at church. She is still a handsome woman, though pale and serious. Her two little girls are what she was in her own childhood. I will call upon her to-morrow."

"Three months have flown, and I am once more in New York. Nellie—my wife—is with me now, in a costly and pleasant home. Her children are in the best schools, and the old smile of content and happiness has come back to the mother. Twenty years is a long time to wait for my wife, but she has her diamond ring now, that I promised her, and we have the afternoon of life to pass together.

"We even thank our Father for the discipline of the past, as it hath led us to Him, and to correct views of human life and its important duties."

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

The river is wrapped in mist,
 It has hidden the wood from view,
 It has gathered along the sky,
 Veiling its azure and blue;
 Afar the thunder peals,
 Fast the faltering rain-drops fall,
 Darkness, and clouds, and gloom,
 Are gathered over all.

Over all! through the thick grey mist,
 Low, the spotted lilies glow,
 Adown by the garden walk,
 Where the campanulas blow;
 And the graceful leaves of the grape
 Still stand forth as fresh and fair,
 While at my low casement the pinks
 Make fragrant the heavy air.

It is parting, this deep, grey mist,
 Crimson and purple and gold,
 Pours the tide of the sunset down,
 As the thick wreaths are unrolled;
 Type of our human days,
 Type of the spirit's rest,
 When it goes through the valley of gloom,
 To the shining homes of the blest.
Kittery, Me.

A RIDE OVER VESUVIUS.

BY H. N. D.

It was Saturday afternoon as we sat in the little "Hotel Diomedea," on the outskirts of Pompeii, debating whether it would be better to relinquish all hopes of seeing the crater of the far-famed volcano, and proceed that night to Naples, or to cross the mountain on the following day. We had lingered so long about the grave of this ancient city, that it was now late in June, and this part of the country was becoming so unhealthy that it was necessary to go further north immediately. The latter plan was adopted, and having made our arrangements, and sent our knapsacks around to the other side of the mountain, retired with the understanding that we should be called at midnight to start on our trip, since by starting at an early hour, we would avoid the intense noonday heat.

Our guide Dominico, was true to his appointment, for a little after midnight we were roused from our dreams of home by his loud rap upon the chamber door, telling us that we must be off. After a somewhat early breakfast we mounted the

horses which stood at the door waiting for us, and rode toward the mountain, some five or six miles distant. The night was delightful; the moon shone down in all her placid glory, tinging the walls and battlements of old Pompeii with her silver light, as if in pity for their naked loveliness; the twinkling stars, too, kept watch over that scene of desolation, and all was silence excepting the cries of the drivers, who urged on our mettled steeds, as only those Italian drivers can. The party consisted of four persons and the guide, all mounted, and each accompanied by a driver. The manner in which these drivers manage their horses is amusing; the driver twists the hair of his horse's tail well about his left hand, so that he cannot get away, and then uses liberally the club which he carries in the other hand, and in this style sometimes drives his horse at full gallop, while he himself is dragged along by the good-natured beast.

We threaded the narrow lanes which divide the orchards, and are shut in by high stone walls on either side, going along very quietly in single file, until of a sudden, the drivers raised a cry like an Indian war-whoop, and began beating the poor horses with their sticks until they broke into a gallop, and away we went, horse, rider, and driver in tow. In this manner we charged through a little hamlet, scattering a small crowd of men who were standing in the road, and making the dogs bark as we passed, like Gilpin of old. This the drivers repeated several times, until we stopped them and told them to go slower, for I was suffering from lameness, and found such travel uncomfortable.

As we drew near to the mountain the lemon orchards became more scattered, and we entered several vineyards through which the path led; after these were passed, vegetation gradually disappeared; the ground was covered with fine cinders, which sounded under foot like frozen snow, and from which tall, coarse grass grew in scattered bunches, and here the gradual ascent commenced. The mist which hung about the base of the mountain was rising, and the morning light began to appear over the rocky summits. When we had climbed the first ascent, we came to a semi-

circular plain, bounded on one side by a high rocky ridge, and on the other side rose the cone, from the top of which the never-ceasing volume of smoke and vapor rises thousands of feet into the air, and spreads out into an overhanging cloud. This plain, which is about five miles in diameter, surrounds the cone, and has an elevation of a half mile above the sea. It is called the "Atrio del Cavallo," or the horse's entrance. The high, rocky ridge which bounds this plain on the north and east, is Monte Somma, and this, together with another smaller ridge on the side towards the sea, encircles about two-fifths of the plain, in an irregular semicircle.

This, in all probability, is the remains of the ancient crater of Vesuvius, as it appeared before the famous eruption of A.D. 79, which was the first on record, and which buried in a living sepulchre, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In that great convulsion, the remainder of this circle was broken down. Before this time the mountain was covered to its very summit with fruitful vineyards and other vegetation. Since then there have been fifty-five eruptions, and the crater has undergone various changes. At one time the bottom of the crater or mouth of the volcano was a grassy plain upon which cattle fed. The sides were covered with forest trees, among which wild boars found shelter; and all appearances of activity were gone, when the volcano again burst into life; the mass that had choked and filled up the crater was blown out, and its place filled with floods of melted lava, which overflowed and buried the surrounding country in ruin, destroying thousands of lives. This eruption continued more than a year. The next eruption gave a new form to the crater, and each succeeding one has changed its shape.

At the present day a blunt cone rises from the middle of the circular plain before described, to the height of 3,400 feet above the sea. The height of this cone is constantly changing, and has become more than 600 feet lower during the last twenty years. Such, in brief, is the general outline of Vesuvius, and the relative position of the cone, the semicircular ridge,

and the valley between, may be understood by placing an inverted tea-cup upon half of a broken saucer.

But to return to our narrative. After some difficulty with one of our horses which became "balky," we passed over the plain to the foot of the cone, and there dismounted. Here we found quite a party of men with two sedan chairs. One had been ordered for my use, as I was unable to climb the cone on foot, and they had brought two in the hope that some one else in the party would conclude to ride; but they were mistaken in their calculations, for all started up on foot excepting myself. One of the party went up entirely unassisted, but each of the others was preceded by a man who helped him by means of a strap which was passed over the guide's shoulder, for the person following to hold.

The vehicle in which I was to make the ascent was a rude arm-chair with a long, stout pole fastened horizontally on either side. Having taken my seat with due dignity, in this promising conveyance, four strong men laid hold of the poles and raised them to their shoulders, starting at the same time to ascend to the crater. The cone is covered with loose ashes and cinders, which yield readily to the pressure of the foot, so that for every two or three steps forward, one is lost by the sliding of the ashes; this made it hard work, not only for the men carrying my chair, but also for the rest of the party who were on foot. At short intervals the men stopped to rest, and lowered me down to terra infirma. The course lay straight up the side of the cone, and was therefore more difficult than a zig-zag path would have been.

While we were thus slowly crawling up, like ants upon a sugar-loaf, the sun burst out from behind the crest of Monte Somma dispelling the mists, and flooding all the country around with light. As we neared the summit, we could see bits of sulphur mixed with the cinders under foot, and further on the ground was covered with large lumps of lava and sulphur, which had hardened as they flowed from the crevices in the surface, and looked like heaps of black dough or tar twisted

into every imaginable form. We had now finished the steep ascent, and the surface was nearer level; all around the ground was broken and cracked into fissures, through which roll sulphur-smoke and steam, and about the openings the ground was hot. We traversed such a surface for quite a distance, and at length arrived at the "little crater."

It was now half-past three o'clock, and we had spent fifty minutes in ascending the cone. This crater is a large, irregular orifice about a hundred feet in width, looking as though it had been suddenly *burst* open by some escaping matter. The inside of the cavity looked white, which was probably caused by the volume of smoke or steam which rushed up with a noise like the sound of falling water, and rose to a great height above us. The morning sun cast our shadows on this rising vapor, and so magnified them that they looked like ghosts of giants coming up from the bowels of the earth. A slight sound was caused by a stone thrown into the crater, showing that the bottom was not far distant. The rocks around us were hot, and a walking-stick took fire in a crevice.

There were some egg shells lying about, the remnants, probably, of some romantic traveller's breakfast, who had used Dame Nature for his cook, and Vesuvius as his kitchen. We, however, were not so provident, and contented ourselves, therefore, by finishing our early meal of food prepared by fire kindled by human hands.

Leaving this place we walked to the "great crater." This immense opening is perhaps a thousand feet in diameter, the sides are rough and jagged, and all around the lips of the crater the ground is full of rents and crevices. As we approached, the sulphur fumes became almost unendurable; but, led on by the awful grandeur of the place, we reached the crater's edge. Hot steam was rushing up from the unknown region of fire, which, like a mighty furnace, burns beneath the mountain, and rising high above us, was a smoky pillar a thousand feet in height, forming an immense cloud which perpetually hangs above the mountain, and is visible at a great distance. At

times a strong wind blew the cloud of rising steam back from the place where we were standing, and revealed, for a moment, the ragged sides of the crater dimly visible to a depth of a hundred feet or so, and then the swaying mass would roll back toward us, and cover all with mist.

Huge fragments of rock had fallen down the sides of the crater, and the edge was so cracked and broken that it might at any moment give way and plunge us into the seething cauldron. At intervals of a few minutes, a rumbling crash came up from the bottom of the crater, echoing along the rugged sides like a peal of thunder in the distance. A heavy stone was thrown in, but the sound of it was lost. On one side of the crater rises a mass covered with smoking sulphur, to a considerable height, perhaps fifty feet; after all the rest of the party had come down from this hill of brimstone, two of us who had staid behind ascended. There we stood on the topmost peak of Vesuvius, surrounded and overshadowed with smoke and vapory clouds; far beneath us was the awful crater, boiling and thundering with hidden fire; our standing-place was hot, and the fumes of melted sulphur were almost stifling; surely it is no wonder that the traditions of an ignorant and imaginative people should call this place "the mouth of hell," and tell of demons who hold their nightly revels here!

We obtained some beautiful specimens of sulphur of different colors and shades, and so hot at first that we could not handle them. Turning now our faces from this awe-inspiring scene, we made our way over the top of the cone, to the opposite side. The whole of the cone is one mass of rock, lava and sulphur, which has been cast up from below, and the surface upon which we were now walking had been so twisted and kneaded while in a melted state, that it was hard to believe it solid rock until we trod upon it. This lava when broken, is of a grayish cast, with specks of black in it; This, however, is but one of several kinds found here.

Six men were waiting with the sedan-chair, at the commencement of the descent, for the pleasure of carrying me down. The steepness of the cone can be

realized from the fact that I had to ride down backwards, to avoid slipping out of the chair. Down this side of the mountain stretch immense streams of old lava which have flowed from the summit of the cone to the Atrio del Cavallo, and some of the streams have found their way from this valley down the lower slopes of old Vesuvius into the surrounding country. These streams are covered with large lumps of black "scoria" and cinders, so that the lava itself is not seen on the surface. The stream nearest us was about ten or twelve feet in thickness, and more than a hundred feet in width; the lava is now old and long since cool, but one can imagine with what terrible force such a mighty river of melted stone would crush a way through any obstacle. The descent of the cone occupied but ten minutes, for the sliding of the ashes and cinders greatly accelerated our speed.

After going about a mile, over old lava and rocks, we came to a foot-path leading to the left over an uneven surface of a similar character. I alighted from my chair and we followed the path for a little distance, to a place where smoke and steam were rising from the rocks, and here we saw a blood red substance pouring down in fiery cascades. It was melted lava flowing down the side of the mountain, and as we approached the heat became intense. The large streams are covered with scoria and cinders, which make a crushing noise as they move along and break on the melted lava. Sometimes huge pieces of these cinders roll down, and expose the interior of the mass in a glowing heat. The lava was flowing over an old bed, and therefore the stream was divided, as it ran on the uneven surface between the rocks. One of our guides pulled out some of the lava with his stick, as if it were melted glass; he threw this on a rock, and, while still soft, embedded a coin in it, and brought it to us on a cool piece of stone. One of our party obtained a specimen in the same manner, but the rest were content to keep at a respectful distance, as it was quite hot enough a dozen feet off, with something to screen our faces. When our specimens were cool they looked like hardened tar and

sand mixed together, black and very brittle, with a glassy fracture. This part of the mountain is full of small craters and crevices emitting smoke and steam. We staid here a good while for the sight was novel and exciting.

After retracing our steps to the sedan-chair, we took up our line of march again, and soon arrived at the "Hermitage," a small inn or half-way house, from which the ascent is usually made. It is built upon a high, rocky ridge, between two large streams of old lava, which fill up the vallies on each side of the ridge, lie two small Alpine glaciers. It was now seven o'clock, and we stopped here to rest a few minutes. There were some people here offering for sale likenesses of the King of Naples, the Pope and others, made of lava, pressed in moulds, while in a melted state.

With the addition of a donkey to our party, for the accommodation of the youngest member, we left the "Hermitage," upon a good road, which descended until we came to where the lava had destroyed it some years ago, and from this point the path led over the old lava bed, passing many small craters now extinct. In some places on the edge of the stream, were orchards, part of which had been destroyed by the terrible invaders. Behind us rose the smoking mountain, where all was desolate and sublime; where everything was marked with fire and distorted by terrible convulsions; before us the slopes of Vesuvius fell gently away to the sea, covered with luxuriant vineyards and orchards of olive and lemon trees, and dotted thickly with villages and little white villas peeping out from the surrounding foliage. The bay, far-famed for beauty, lay before us, stretching away to the Mediterranean, whose soft blue waters mingled in the distance with the azure sky. Along the shore extends the fair city of Naples, like a queen of beauty reflected in the glassy waters of the bay. And yet of what avail is all this earthly paradise, where oppression rules, and tyranny holds sway? We soon reached the paved road, and following this, the houses became more numerous, until we arrived at the village of Resina, near the ancient site of Herculaneum. We regretted the necessi-

ty of passing by this interesting spot without a single glance at the buried city; but the heat was increasing as the day advanced, and our morning trip had been fatiguing, for we had been on the road two hours since leaving the Hermitage. Having therefore dismissed the men who had borne me so far upon their shoulders, we proceeded on foot to a carriage provided by our trusty guide Dominico. Here we found our knapsacks, white sun umbrellas, and other necessities of Italian travel, which had been sent around the mountain the night before, from Pompeii. We drove through Portici, toward Naples, six miles distant, and saw the palace of Francis II., "King of Naples, the two Sicilies and Jerusalem"! The people here seemed to be about as busily employed on Sunday as on any other day. We drove through the city of Naples to the "Hotel des Etrangers," where we had been comfortably entertained while on a former visit to this city. By the time we had climbed the hundred marble steps to our rooms, we felt very much inclined to spend the remainder of the day in rest, enjoying our view of the bay and trying to keep cool.

GIVING IS LIVING.

BY CLARA.

Giving is living. Go ask of the rose
Why it gives to each vephyr that over it blows;
Ask of the lily that bends on the lea,
Why it sets out its sweets to the wand'ring bee.

Ask of the bird, why it scatters its joy,
Flinging it down on the wild truant boy;
Ask of the sun, why it pours down the day,
And the stars, why they shine through such spaces of gray.

Giving is living. O, heart, hold it true;
And give of the light that is given to you;
Cast to the breezes your treasures of thought,
To the seas spread your trophies of fortune,
unbought.

Give of your bounty, and give of your need,
There are souls to be solaced, and orphans to feed;
Your ships shall return with delight in their sails,
And the cruse of the widow with oil never fails.

Giving is living. O, soul, count it gain,
Though you give up the lamb of the flock to be slain;

Give! though the summons your spirit appal;
How blest if in giving the gift be your all!

Give without measure, as God gives his love,
There are boundless supplies in the kingdom above;
Give! and again to your soul shall be given
The life that abounds with the presence of heaven.
Buffalo, N. Y.

HEROINES OF THE WAR.

A slight sketch was given in a recent editorial of the Repository, of Clara Barton, one of the brave and efficient American women who are devoting their energies and their lives to the humane and beautiful work of caring for the brave and unfortunate soldiers who are wounded in the battles of this war, or have been smitten by the dreadful camp diseases which scourge and decimate our noble armies. If there be any who are deserving the gratitude, praises and honor of the country, it is these brave women. I here wish to preserve the history of another heroine of our war, and can do it no better than by copying an article which I find in the little Union paper called the New South, published in the heart of rebeldom, at Port Royal. It is briefly as follows:—

"Among the many heroes and heroines which the present war has developed, there is one now with the army of the Potomac, whose history deserves to be made conspicuous, fully justifying, as it does, the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction," and furnishing an example believed to be without a parallel in the history of the sex.

"Anna Etherage, of Minnesota, was born in Detroit, Michigan, and is now twenty-three years of age. Her father was once a man of wealth, and her early youth was passed in the lap of luxury, with no wish uncared for. But misfortune came and swept away his property, and broken in fortune and depressed in spirit, he moved to the State of Minnesota, where he died, leaving our heroine, at the age of twelve years, in comparative poverty and want. On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends at Detroit. Col. Richardson was then engaged in raising the 2d regiment

of Michigan volunteers, and she and nineteen other females volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. Every other one has returned home or been discharged, but she has accompanied the regiment through all its fortunes, and declares her determination to remain with it through its entire term of service.

"She has for her use a horse furnished with side saddle, saddle bags, &c. At the commencement of a battle, she fills her saddle-bags with lint and bandages, mounts her horse and gallops to the front, passes under fire, and regardless of shot or shell, engages in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds of our soldiers. In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, commencing with the battle of Blackburn Ford, preceding the first battle of Bull-Run, including the battles of the peninsula and terminating with the battle of Fredericksburg. Gen. Berry, the present commander of the brigade to which her regiment is attached, and who highly distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry in all these fights, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as himself.

"On one occasion, a soldier was torn in pieces by a shell, while she was in the act of binding up his wounds, previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, yet she has never flinched and never been wounded. Her regiment belongs to the brigade commanded by the lamented Gen. Kearney, till his death, and in consideration of her dauntless courage, and invaluable services in saving the lives of his men, Gen. Kearney commissioned her as Regimental Sergeant. When not actively engaged on the battle-field, or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking at the head-quarters of the brigade. When the brigade moves she mounts her horse, and marches with the ambulances and surgeons, ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded, and at the bivouac she wraps herself in her blanket, and sleeps upon the ground with all the hardihood of a true soldier.

"Anna is of Dutch descent, about five

feet three inches in height, fair complexion, (now somewhat browned by exposure,) brown hair, vigorous constitution, and decidedly good looking. Her dress, on entering into battle, is a riding dress, so arranged as to be looped up when she dismounts. Her demeanor is perfectly modest, quiet and retiring, and her habits and conduct are correct and exemplary; yet on the battle-field she seems to be alone possessed and animated with the desire to be effective in saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. No vulgar or indelicate word was ever known to be uttered by her, and she is held in the highest veneration and esteem by the soldiers, as an angel of mercy to them. She is indeed, the idol of the brigade, every man of which would submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf. She takes the deepest interest in the results of this contest, eagerly reading all the papers to which she can obtain access, and keeping thoroughly posted as to the progress of the war. She says she feels as if she stood alone in the world, as it were, and desires to do good. She knows that she is the instrument of saving many lives, and alleviating much suffering in her present position, and feels it her duty to continue in so doing.

"These facts can be sustained by testimony of the highest character, and they deserve to go forth into the world to show that if England can boast of the achievements of a Florence Nightingale, we of America can present a still higher example of female heroism, and exalted acts of humanity in the person of Anna Etherage."

It is a fitting place to introduce a biography of that brave and beautiful leader in the noble work of ameliorating the dire sufferings of the camp and military hospitals,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

I quote the language of the new *Cyclopedia*. "Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, in 1823. She is a descendant of an old and respectable Sheffield family. Her mother is a daughter of the late William Smith, who was a Member of Parliament, and distinguished as an advocate of negro emancipation. As the youngest child of cultivated and

wealthy parents, the youth of Florence Nightingale was passed under circumstances favorable to her intellectual development. Under her father's instruction she became a proficient in classics and mathematics, and a general acquaintance with science and art. She was a good musician, and became well acquainted with the modern languages, being greatly aided in this branch of study by her early visits to many parts of the continent.

"From early childhood, the care of the sick was her favorite occupation, and no reading possessed such attractions for her as that which treated of hospitals and other institutions for the infirm, the helpless and diseased. In her girlhood, she often visited the schools and hospitals in the neighborhood of Lea Hurst, her father's residence, and subsequently the hospitals of larger towns, devoting much attention to the best of London.

"At this time she was specially impressed with the necessity of an institution for training nurses. The Sisters of Charity of the Catholic church seemed to her to need a counterpart in the Protestant communion. She learned that such an institution existed on the Rhine, and in 1849 she went there to qualify herself for the work of ministering to the sick. She entered as voluntary nurse, placing herself under the care of the venerable pastor, Fleidnor, and going through a regular course of training. After six months' experience there, she returned to England, and for some time was in feeble health. In 1851, learning that the Sanitorium for invalid and infirm governesses in London, was in need of competent management, she took charge of it, and in fifteen months brought it to a far higher state of efficiency than it had ever previously possessed.

"In 1854, the need of good nurses and efficient hospital service in the Crimea, was painfully felt, and the exposure of some of the abuses connected with it, aroused the attention of the whole British nation. A corps of voluntary female nurses was proposed, and Miss Nightingale consented to go out as the superintendent. Forty-two ladies went with her, and fifty more soon followed. Many of these were women of high social position,

moved to this work solely by patriotism and philanthropy. On November 5th Miss Nightingale and her staff arrived at Constantinople, and took quarters in the barracks of the hospital at Scutari. In two days 600 wounded soldiers were sent to them from the battle of Inkerman; by the 30th of the month there were 3,000 sick and wounded at Scutari, and within six weeks 10,000 in the different hospitals on the Bosphorus. The disorder and want of suitable arrangements of beds, food and medicine, would have appalled almost any one else; but possessing rare executive ability, as well as thorough knowledge of what was necessary, she made the hospital in a short time, a model in the thoroughness and perfection of its appointments. The other hospitals were made to conform to the same plan, under her direction. All this involved an immensity of labor on her part; often she stood for twenty hours in succession giving directions, but she had always a pleasant smile, or a kind word for the sick, and was almost idolized by the army.

"She remained nearly two years in the East, suffering herself one severe attack of hospital fever, but returning to her work as soon as she could sit up. She arrived in England Sept. 6th, 1856. Her health never robust, was permanently impaired, and since her return, she has been much of the time an invalid. Her services have secured the sincerest gratitude of the British people and a world-wide renown. The queen sent her a letter of thanks, accompanied by a superb jewel; a subscription of £50,000 was raised to found an institution for the training of nurses, under her direction, and the soldiers of the army, by a penny contribution, raised a sum sufficient to erect a statue to her honor, which she refused to allow. Miss Nightingale published in 1850, a pamphlet for the benefit of the Sanitorium, in upper Harley street, entitled, 'the Institution at Kaisersworth on the Rhine, for the Practical Training of Deaconesses, under the direction of the Rev. Pastor Fleidner,' and in 1859, 'Notes on Nursing.'"

Like the gush of the morning light,
truth must go forward.

WATCHING.

BY M. A. H. S.

"The sentiment which has consecrated *night* as a peculiarly spiritual season, may not be a delusion. And who shall say that *then* the departed may not visit us, unseen by our mortal vision, yet mingling as realities with our dreams; or unknown, though not unfelt by us, touching, as they pass, our wakeful and thoughtful souls!"—E. H. CHAPIN.

Alone I watch in the silent room,
Awake, alone, in the midnight gloom;
The sleepless eyes that wander round,
Can nought discern in the darkness bound.

With head pressed back in the cushioned chair,
Head that aches with its weight of care;
I muse while the clock is ticking slow,
Of one gone hence in the long ago.

One who wore while here below,
The holy seal that the angels know;
One to whom it was early given,
To be called and crowned, elect of heaven.

Leaving a lesson in thy life,
With trust and patient sweetness rife;
Leaving a light as thou didst rise,
To guide our spirits to the skies.

No air of earth can reach me now,
But a soft motion fans my brow;
I feel a presence in the place,
The breath of an angel on my face.

Oh, *thou* art near! and the weary pain
Is banished from my heart and brain;
Sweet peace descends in the stillness deep,
And on mine eyes falls the dew of sleep.

"ONLY ONE WOUNDED."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"No letter for you, this mail."

The post-master spoke kindly, for he knew she was a soldier's wife, and he knew, too, by the rapid, eager words with which she had addressed him, that her whole heart was on her lips.

She stood for a moment in silence by the window, a great tear-drop settling on each pale cheek.

"Was there any news, last night?"

"Not much—none of any consequence. Some of our Iowa boys have had a little brush with the guerrillas, a few miles from Cape Girardeau—come off finely, too—captured the whole lot—never lost any on our side—only one wounded."

"Do you know what company it was?" the woman's breath came in gasps.

"Company D, 16th Iowa."

She had been pale before—she was like snow, now. "Did you learn the name of the wounded? My husband is in that company."

"I did not. It was only a telegraphic despatch. We shall probably get the particulars Monday evening."

"Three days to wait—O, God," and she wrung her hands and set her teeth convulsively, and leaned her head against the panelling. Then, gathering up her energies by a mighty effort, she passed quietly out of the office, and with quick steps turned off the square, and into the street that lost itself after a little while, on the prairie. She did not pause till the town was far behind her—till her feet rested in a little hollow which shut her out from all things save the sky and her own thoughts. There she sat down and there she gave way to her long-repressed feelings. She wept and wept those scorching tears, which burst rather than stream from one's eyes, when the agony of suspense is in the heart.

"Only one wounded—I wish he hadn't told me—for three long days, now, I shall worry for fear it is he. How can I live till Monday night. O, dear, dear, dear! Wounded—it didn't say where! O, if I only knew!"

And then she wiped off the blinding drops, and crawling out of the hollow, looked eagerly over the vast prairie, as though with her soul in her eyes, she would annihilate space, and peer at once into that far-off hospital.

A mother's instincts drove her on again with fleet steps towards that little brown speck in the distance. She had left four children there, alone, and the oldest had seen but seven years. So she went on, wiping away the fresh tears that kept surging up from her heart, and trying to calm herself with the idle words, repeated again and again, "perhaps, after all, it wasn't John."

How much she suffered through those long three days, I can guess, though I did not see her; for once in my own life did I suffer from Saturday night till Tuesday afternoon was spent, waiting, waiting, waiting—hoping, fearing, weeping, and all the time driving at the hardest kind of

toil to lash away the slow-moving hours. O, God! the agony of suspense! It is worse than the worst reality! The soul accepts the blow when it has fallen—accepts it, though it make it reel for a time, well nigh on to the grave—but till it falls, while yet with terror-stricken eyes it sees the uplifted hand, it shrinks, shudders, crouches, sways to this side and to that, its hope but little better than a blank fear, its prayer only a dumb moan.

Through the eager crowd gathered in and about the post-office, the next Monday evening, Mrs. M. made her way with little trouble. They knew she was a soldier's wife; they knew her husband had been in the last skirmish; they knew she had walked three weary miles over the lonely prairie to hear the news.

"Any letter to-night, Mr. S.?" she fairly shook in her shoes.

"The mail is not distributed yet, but if you will walk into the back room, you may read my 'Register,' till I get through. I'll let you know if there's a letter."

He passed her the newspaper, and one of the men kindly opened the door for her, and the clerk brought her a lamp.

She held the paper nervously, for full five minutes, then tore off the wrapper, and ran her eyes up and down the columns. Nothing on the first page. She opened the sheet.

"Further from Cape Girardeau—full particulars of the late skirmish with guerrillas—our troops victorious."

The large capitals swam before her eyes—her eyes so misty with fear. She calmed herself, she hardly knew how, and read one word by word. It was good news all along till the concluding paragraph.

"We came off without the loss of a single man, and only one seriously wounded. A private, John M., had his right hand so seriously shattered that amputation was necessary. But he is doing well."

"A letter to-night, Mrs. M.," and the post-master himself came out of the office, and with a pleasant smile on his face, walked towards the table. But no eager hand was outstretched. The soldier's wife

had dropped her head upon the table in a dead swoon.

Can I bear to write of what she suffered afterward, when they had kindly cared for her and carried her home, and when she had read the letter which her husband had dictated. No, no, no. It curdles my heart only to think of it. That right hand which had touched her so tenderly in the days of courtship, which had held her so firmly in the hour of marriage, which had labored so diligently for her in the eight years of their wedded life! Nevermore would its fingers intertwine with hers in the grasp of love—never stroke her forehead when the hour of pain was on—never write her another long, sweet letter—never. And those four little ones! A father's right hand would never again rest in holy blessing on their heads; and there was the baby, born since he went away! And they were poor, too! a little farm upon the prairie all they had, and that needed the daily labor of a man's right hand. Would a soldier's bounty, would his monthly pittance compensate for those nerves and sinews that the surgeon had carelessly tossed out of the window.

"Only one wounded!" We read these words almost daily printed, with scarcely a passing thought. It is only when the news concerns ourselves, or one in our immediate neighborhood, that we realize how much of anguish, how much of mourning they carry to somebody's home.

Ah, it is only when we pick up the little records of these dreary times, loop together the slender black threads of woe, that we realize what a pall covers our country. All that Mrs. M., my neighbor, suffered through those three long, weary days of suspense, was suffered, was suffered also, by sixty-five troubled women, for there was that number of married men in Company D., and none knew to what particular private that "only one wounded," had reference; then think of the fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and sweethearts of the young men, for that "only one wounded" might be their son, their brother, their lover. Ah, as I said to a friend, the other day,

we shall never, never know the hundredth part of what this war has cost us. How many ears grow weary listening for foot-falls whose tramp was hushed in the gory stream of battle; how many eyes grow dim looking for forms that lie buried in some shallow trench; how many hearts go aching for loved ones who shall never more come back, or if they do, come "maimed for life." A hand, an arm, a foot, a leg, perhaps an eye, the prizes of a battle-field. O, the darkness and the gloom of homes that once were happy! O, the cruel blight of war! that falls not only on the soldier, dead or wounded, but so sadly on his precious household—his wife and little ones!

LIFE.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Tossed like a rent and rainbow shell,
From Time's upheaving ocean foam,
Forevermore the soul will tell
Of heaven, its native home,
Of brighter lights and softer airs,
Of feelings that are half divine,
Arising upward in our prayers,
Like incense from a shrine.

This life is an unquiet thing,
We strive, we toil, we struggle on,
We drink at every wayside spring,
Until the last is gone;
Till on the desert hot and bare,
With weak and fainting frame we sigh,
For cool palms waving in the air,
And pleasant fountains nigh.

We walk amid our fellow-men,
Amid them all, and yet apart,
A hidden angel's fluttering wings,
Still stirring in our hearts;
We pause to weave forbidden dreams,
We bow at altars formed of clay.
We radiate with fancy's gleams,
The flowers that decay.

And this is life! to love, to part,
To go through earth unsatisfied,
To feel the vision that we clasp,
Not that for which we sighed;
To bear with cold neglect and scorn,
To meet a foe where smiled a friend,
To see the loved to silence borne.
O, can this be the end?

Nay; for *this* life is but a ray
Shed from a fixed and steady star,
Awhile it gleams on life's rough way,
While clouds its splendor mar;
But bursting from the veil of sense,
Beyond the glory light shall fall,
In God's unerring recompense,
Forever on us all!

Our souls within these moulds of clay,
Are sparks of that undying flame,
Aspiring upward, that they may
Reach Him from whom they came;
Who formed us with His plastic hand,
Who makes the storm or sunshine fall,
O, has He not, in His fair land,
Fruition for us all?

The deep unrest, the weary cares,
The charge and grief that round us wait,
May be the spirit's golden stairs,
That lead to heaven's gate;
In larger, clearer, meaning writ—
Our life's true purposes may appear,
When error's mists are swept away
That blind our vision here;
O, Father! give us childlike faith,
And a triumphant hope in Thee;
A lamp to light the void of death,
Linked to eternity.

THITHER-SIDE SKETCHES.

NO. XXIX.

Torino—Ride about town—Departure by rail to Susa—Tragedy de la capot—Passage of "Mont Cenis," at midnight—An arctic scene—Through Layoyard district—From St. Jean de Maurienne to Geneva by railway—Arrival—Out of door life.

Before leaving Turin we took carriage and made a circuit of the city and its environs, which, in the clear, bracing air and bright sunshine, proved a pleasant and invigorating excursion, aside from the many objects of interest, and the fine view which a part of our ride furnished. Turin lies in a green, basin-like vale, formed by the semi-circular sweep of an Alpine chain of mountains, through whose fertile fields the rivers Po and Dora wind their sparkling waters; the scene from a bridge, spanning the latter, was quite charming, while the drive through the spacious well-built streets of the interior of the town,—the sight of its public edifices, and institutions of benevolence and education, gave satisfactory proof of the progress and prosperity of a people far in advance of their southern brethren in intelligence, thrift, and liberality of thought and purpose.

Not remaining to participate in the festivities of the evening, for which such extensive preparations had been made, we left Torino at 6 o'clock, by rail, to Susa, by way of "Mont Cenis" pass, expecting to reach Geneva the following evening. At the railway office we encountered an elderly woman who, bidding adieu to her

son, (a young man employed in some mercantile house at Turin,) was starting alone for Paris. Finding that we were going a part of the journey on the same route, she made herself acquainted with *Monsieur* and *Madame*, and as there was much that was amusing and unique in this new human subject for study, thus presented to our notice, — we soon found ourselves greatly interested in her ladyship.

Receiving an addition to our party in shape of an honest-faced country girl of uncertain age, we were soon seated *vis-à-vis* in the railway carriage, waiting for the train to move on. A moment before leaving, however, the old lady started up in an agony of alarm, crying out like a child in a fright. What *could* be the trouble? was the woman going mad of grief, with parting from her son? Some direful calamity, surely, had surely come upon her! In another instant our fears were relieved, when with frantic gestures, tears and cries, she ejaculated, — “Ah! Mon Dieu! Mon Capot! Mon Capot!” fancy this descent from high tragic to the comic! Country girl, full of sympathy, rushes forth from the car, and, in less time than the scene could be described, flies back holding the missing garment triumphantly in her hand! — back, just as the train commenced moving off, to the intense joy of the owner of the article, who was as profuse of her thanks, tears and gesticulations, as she had previously been of lamentations, when the prospect of crossing “Mont Cenis,” without the protection of her weather-worn cloak, filled her soul with such frantic grief.

Then followed such friendly chatting and snuff-taking, between the two, that it was happiness enough for *Monsieur* and *Madame* to sit as spectators of the scene, witnessing with no small amusement, the workings of that queer machine, “human nature!” We wondered if, in our enlightened America, the like real politeness, (“Benevolence in trifles!”) would have been shown upon a similar occasion! Such respect for age, and such sympathy and help for a stranger in trouble? Who can say?

With what an air of grace and friendly

benevolence was the precious dust offered by the gruff-voiced old lady, to *Monsieur* and *Madame*, and what real pity expressed on her face, that the strangers could not enjoy with her, the enlivening comfort of a generous “pinch” every three minutes, which was about the average space between these pleasant little operations. Finding that we had neither acquired this common practice, nor a perfect knowledge of her native tongue, naturally enough, the old lady began to look upon her two companions, — whom Providence had thrown in her way, as little more advanced than inexperienced children, in *other respects also*, and it was intensely amusing to see with what hearty good nature she took upon herself the task of endeavoring to amuse us in every possible way that benevolence could suggest — with lively gestures, smiles, nods and such little talk as she thought suitable to our state of *adolescence*, she endeavored to beguile the way, pointing our attention to every outside object, from “*le feu*” of the engine, which we were passing, to “*les Alpi*,” whose white cloud-like outline skirted the evening horizon. And all in such a motherly way, apparently dictated by a friendly desire to contribute to the happiness of her charge over whom she had assumed the office of protectress.

The old lady's costume had evidently *not* been selected in the vicinity of “*Palais Royal*,” or “*Rue de Rivoli*,” and was intended more for protection than for artistic effect. Such a medley of wrappings, piled one over the other, some of them fastened together, and others in *neglige*, none but a genuine European could have affected! Taken altogether, with her tall figure, dark complexion, heavy brows, piercing eyes, and gruff, yet kindly voice, our self-constituted protectress presented quite a striking picture, somewhat, we must confess, after the Hogarth, or Thomas Hood style.

Higher and higher loomed up the long Alpine range, as we neared Susa, in the dusk of evening. It was quite night when we reached that place; the atmosphere had grown colder, indicating the vicinity of icy summits; but all around was now darkness. After a long delay at the

post-house, we were crammed into the crowded interior of the Diligence, much to our fear lest the immense amount of luggage piled on the top, might crush in the roof upon our defenceless heads. The vehicle, clumsy and ponderous, proved stronger than we had imagined, and, except the crushing crowd within, we got on at a comfortable rate. That we were obliged to cross the Alps in the night, was much regretted, but as no other arrangement could be effected, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we had the moon in our favor, which was, under the circumstances, an agreeable consideration.

On ascending to the snowy region, we were transferred to well warmed sledges, (constructed similar to our northern winter stages) and then the effect of moonlight upon the scene was quite bewitching. Our train of sledges consisted of twelve, with forty mules, all the leaders wearing bells, large and musical in sound, whose clear ring reverberated sweetly in the still air, as we glided along through the snow, a wall of the frozen element on one side, higher than the top of our sledges, and the other edge of the road retreating down precipices and chasms ever yawning to engulf the careless traveller, who ventures too near the dizzy steeps.

What a contrast was this Arctic scene, to the green carpeted earth, the springing flowers, soft, balmy airs, and fervid sunshine of southern Italy, whose borders we had left so recently! Occasionally an Alpine horn rang out a lengthened peal, which reverberated from steep to steep, and added much to the picturesque effect of the scene—snow and ice, and cold; dark crags all around! A frozen world, hidden away in these solitudes of nature, where she sat enthroned in one of her sterner moods. The effect was wonderful and sublime, as something *new* in experience, but the thought of life, connected with these solitary post-houses, scattered along the route, (the only habitations of living beings) made one shudder and inwardly thank God for the wide awake, stirring world, towards which we were none too rapidly moving!

In one of the narrowest passes of the

road, we encountered a heavy train of sleds laden with large boxes of merchandise. To extricate ourselves from this dilemma seemed a dubious undertaking; but thanks to the skill of mountaineer drivers, the passage was successfully accomplished, though not without considerable delay. After being drawn as near the inner bank of the road as possible, the mules were unfastened from the sledges, and used in helping drag the heavy boxes over the very edge of the abyss, so narrow was the road at this point. Sitting there cramped between mules and freightage, in a state of alarm lest these strong boxes might break through the side of our sledge, as they went grinding along, now and then thumping against the corners, and now rubbing along the whole length of the vehicle; the tramp of animals, and cries of the drivers, taken altogether, formed anything rather than an agreeable situation.

This difficulty overcome, we slid along smoothly enough, and soon exchanged snow and runners for wheels and good solid earth. While dismounting to effect this arrangement, we were left standing in a wilderness of *legs and heels* belonging to the mules and horses collected around the post-house or shed. Frightened and irresolute, we stood, not knowing which way to turn, as the prospect of feeling the weight of those iron-shod feet, seemed about equal on all sides, when we were suddenly clutched by our gruff-voiced friend, who began crying out in alarm, "*Mon Dieu! les Cheveux! le Cheveux!*" Extricated from our somewhat perilous position, we were once more en route—passing on to Lanslebourg, where we breakfasted at a dirty inn; hurried again on board the Diligence, and passing along through grand and wonderful mountain scenery, snow-tipped peaks, dark ravines, sparkling waterfalls; now massive fortifications of the time of Napoleon I., and here and there a hamlet, or occasionally a larger village. Thus we passed on to St. Jean de Maurienne; the highest point over which we had travelled being 6,800 feet above the sea level.

Our last recollections of the gruff-voiced friend were of seeing her exercise a com-

mendable prudence in smuggling away her package of snuff into the depths of her provision basket, when at the custom house, in order to secure it from the eyes of prying officials, who, in the exercise of their high functions, are especially strict with regard to *this* kind of contraband, having themselves generally, a leaning towards, and hankering after the article. This little incident, and her final embarkation on the train for Paris, finished the view of her ladyship; long may she live to enjoy the comfort of her *favorite dust*, and to make herself useful to any other *grown children* whom she may chance to meet in their wanderings up and down the world.

At 2 P. M., we left St. Jean, glad to exchange the crowded Diligence for a comfortable seat in the railway carriage, bound for Geneva. At the latter place we arrived by nightfall, weary and jaded, thankful to find ourselves pleasantly located at "Hotel Metropole," a new, first class house, well kept and overlooking the lovely lake with the "Jardin Anglaise," (a charming little patch of garden and promenade,) forming a sweet picture between us and the blue depths now sleeping beneath the evening light of an April sky. Pleasant were the succeeding days spent in this quiet yet charming city! We took long strolls upon the borders of the beautiful lake, watching the tiny steamers as they plied its gleaming, steel-blue waves. We visited the meeting of the Rhone and the Arve, about a mile from the town, where the deep azure of the former, and the light yellow hue of the latter form such a singular contrast, both retaining their separate colors for some distance after their junction. Over the pleasant fields and along the sloping banks of river and lake, we wandered, leading an out-of-doors life, as healthful and recuperative, as it was quiet and enjoyable. M. O. G.

Lilfred's Rest.

The great test which proves the excellence of the religion of Christ, is its adaptation to man in solitude; because it is then that he is thrown upon the resources of his own soul,—upon his inner and everlasting life.

THE PLACE TO DIE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

"May you die among your kindred!"—*Ancient Benediction.*

"Herr! Lass mich Sterben heim by Meinen Lieben!—*Tr. Ruckert.*

Let me not die afar in foreign lands,
With no dear friend to watch my parting
breath,
With none I love to close mine eyes in death,
And softly fold my hands.

But, O, among my kindred, with some heart
Close knit to mine, by fond and faithful ties,
'Neath the warm rainings of beloved eyes,
Let my soul hence depart.

'Twere sad to go when loud the Autumn
blast
In mournful cadence through the valleys sigh'd,
Or the drear pall of winter far and wide,
O'er hill and dale is cast.

But let it be when all around me lies
Hurled in the soft repose of twilight hour—
The summer twilight; with the closing flower,
Let me too close mine eyes.

I ask no laurels, then, that round my brow
The wreath which poets love fond friends may
twine,
And if in earlier days that wish were mine,
Not such I covet now!

Enough for me if, when around my head
Kind friends are gathered that they may behold
For the last time my cold and senseless mould,
A few fond tears are shed;

And gentle lips, with blessings on my name,
Speak of some good I may perchance have
wrought.
Some humble truths my living lips have
taught,
And all forbear to blame.

And let me be 'mid some green, pleasant
shade,
Where birds may come and carol all the day,
And no rude footsteps scare them thence away,
Gently and softly laid.

For 'tis no idle fancy of the brain
That, when the spirit from its clay hath fled,
And all we see lies motionless and dead,
It may return again.

Then should some friend, more faithful than
the rest,
Be drawn sometimes the pathway to retrace
Which leads to my lone, quiet resting-place,
By sweet wild flowrets drest,

Methinks my spirit, hovering near the spot,
Would breathe a newer, fresher life; and feel
A thrill of joy through all its being steal,
That 'twas not all forgot!

Then let me die 'mid those I love, and bear
Their smiles to light me through death's shadowy night,
Their tones to bless me in the Land of Light,
While waiting for them there !

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF TENNESSEE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Continued from last number.

"Who are they?" inquired a handsome and graceful young man of the chance companion who stood by his side on the steps of the St. Charles. The '*they*' in question were two ladies who, seated in a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of spirited greys, at that moment darted rapidly past.

"Who are they? By George! the young one is a splendid creature!" and the youth, who was something of a dandy in his personal appearance, affectionately stroked his long yellow beard and gazed after them until the carriage turned into another street.

"Do you mean the ladies or the horses?" asked his companion who was a United States officer high in rank. There was a slight sarcasm in his tone and expression as he turned to the young man.

"The ladies, to be sure. I don't care for horses when I see such a Hebe as that, though I am fond of a fine span. But do you know who they are?"

"O, yes. It is Mrs. Mordant and her daughter, from Tennessee. They are spending the winter here in New Orleans."

"Do you visit them?"

"Occasionally. They are charming ladies, but it is not always pleasant to visit their house."

"Not pleasant, with two such beautiful ladies to do the honors? What is the matter?"

"That I cannot exactly tell; but you often feel uncomfortable there, though since Miss Helen returned from her convent school, where her father took a fancy to educate her—to torture her mother, I do believe—things go better. There are even sometimes really cheerful times in Mrs. Mordant's exclusive circle."

"But what can there be to cloud the happiness of a family, rich, distinguished

as they seem, and with a daughter so exceedingly beautiful?"

"O they tell strange stories about them, sir, around this office, yet nobody seems to know on what they are founded. It is, however, pretty generally known that Mr. and Mrs. Mordant live on bad terms together. He is a morose, irritable man, and of a very suspicious, jealous disposition. Mrs. Mordant, on the contrary, is of a most sweet and gentle nature, always kind and affectionate, but so melancholy that she is rarely seen to smile. In their company you cannot help feeling oppressed."

"But what is the cause of this condition of things?"

"I think, principally, an unhappy marriage; but there are also other causes. Mrs. Mordant had a son who, when a boy of about four years, was, by the carelessness of a slave girl, his nurse, lost; either stolen or strayed away. Years after, he was found again and brought home. Mrs. Mordant was overjoyed to recover her child, but not so her husband. Some say that he has always doubted that the found boy was their own, although the evidence was very striking; while others,—and I confess I belong to the latter class, think he was on the point of separating from his wife and trying to get a divorce, that he might marry the young widow of a very wealthy planter with whom he had become very intimately acquainted during a season at one of the watering places."

"Incredible!" exclaimed the young man.

"I believe it true, nevertheless, and that the lady, who was not over-scrupulous, had agreed to the match. She was a handsome, vulgar woman, a creole, and her bold black eyes had a strange power over Mordant. I think, however, public sentiment was too powerful for him, for the separation did not take place. His wife was likely to become a mother again, and it was hoped by her friends that its birth would reconcile him to her and soften his hard temper. Just before this child was born, which was the daughter you saw, her first born was restored."

"Hem!" stammered the young man, whose countenance during this conversa-

tion had entirely lost the foppish, supercilious expression it had worn, and assumed an earnest and manly look. "Hem! I should like to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, sir?"

"Will you introduce me at Mrs. Mordant's?"

"O, certainly, very willingly," replied the officer, not without a little embarrassment. "But, pardon me, I have not the honor of being acquainted with you. I have known you only three days, and only as a chance visitor at the hotels."

"My name is Windermere," replied the young man, drawing a pocket-book out and presenting a card.

"Oh, ah! Of the English family of that name, I presume," said the officer, with a polite bow.

"We are distantly related and came from the same stock, but my property is in Cuba."

"You have the true English accent."

"Very likely. I have been in the States a good deal, and have been often in this city."

"Ah! I almost wonder I have never met you before, for I have been stationed at Southern forts for many years, and spend some time nearly every winter here."

"It is very easily explained. I have few acquaintances, and live in a very quiet and secluded way." Mr. Windermere blushed a little as he said this.

The officer bowed again. "Shall we call on Mrs. Mordant to-morrow?"

"With pleasure. And may I inquire your name?"

"My name is Wainright. I am a Major in the United States army."

"Well, Major, to-morrow evening at about four o'clock, if you please."

They were punctual at the hour, and the major was not a little surprised at the elegant equipage with two liveried negroes as outriders, with which the young man presented himself before the entrance to the hotel.

"There is one thing I must tell you about Mr. Mordant," said the major, as they rolled along on their way to that gentleman's residence. "He has a singular aversion to his daughter, and the friends

of Mrs. Mordant say that at the time of her birth his treatment of his wife was so abusive and cruel that she became dangerously ill, so much so that she was obliged to be carried to the Virginia Springs. She was very unwilling to go, as it was necessary to leave her children at home, which, together with the shameful suspicions of her husband threw her into a deep melancholy. She, however, gradually recovered her health, and was able to return home."

"And was there any cause for the suspicions of her husband?"

"Not the least in the world. Her whole life was a refutation of them; at the same time it is altogether certain that Helen does not in the least resemble father or mother."

"That is not at all uncommon," chimed in Windermere.

They arrived at Mrs. Mordant's and found the lady at home. She received them in a very handsome drawing-room whose arched windows were draped with exquisite creeping vines loaded with fragrant flowers, whose odor the evening air diffused throughout the apartment. Rare exotics stood in handsome vases, and everything in the appointments of the room indicated cultivated taste and refinement.

Mrs. Mordant was neatly and elegantly attired in printed linen cambric of a delicate pink hue, harmonizing charmingly with her delicate complexion and silken hair of a pale gold color, whose rich, wavy masses surrounded her head like a halo. A delicate flush upon her cheeks gave her a very youthful aspect and heightened her always remarkable beauty.

As Mrs. Mordant arose to receive and welcome her guests, Windermere felt strangely moved. It seemed as if a form once known but long vanished, rose up again before his spirit, half awakening forgotten memories of times and places which he could not quite wrest back from oblivion, but which *had been*. But the illusion passed and he looked around for Helen. She was not present.

The Major seated himself by the lady, and the conversation first took the light turn, the little touches on trifles and nothing, so safe between mere acquaintances, and which make the intercourse of fashion-

able society so elegantly insipid. Mrs. Mordant found it an irksome task thus to conform to the habits of the circle in which she moved, and insensibly a more serious tone crept into the conversation. Windermere had travelled and showed an intimate acquaintance with the men and manners of different countries, and especially with the mountain districts of Tennessee.

"It seems strange that I never should have met you before, for by your intimacy with my part of the country, you must have been much there," she remarked.

"I am a little peculiar," he replied, "and hold myself very much in the background. I am a lover of art and have devoted much time to its cultivation, and this *penchant* carries me often among the romantic mountain and valley scenery."

It did not escape the notice of Wainright that the young man's face had wholly lost the supercilious and somewhat insolent expression which had made him a little disagreeable. The handsome features had become noble. Earnest and grave lines appeared on the brow, giving to the large, dark blue eyes a deep and penetrating look, which increased with the warmth and energy of his conversation. While the Major sat studying the changing expressions of the young man's face, it suddenly assumed a new and very beautiful one. His cheeks glowed, and a radiant fire flashed from his eyes. Helen had entered the room, and the impression which she made on Windermere was too decided not to make known to the Major what was passing in his mind.

He arose with a sudden impulse as the young girl entered a side door and glided behind the sofa on which her mother was seated, and saluted her with a low bow.

Helen was very beautiful although exceedingly youthful; scarcely sixteen years of age, her figure had attained those most elegant proportions which a very slender, swaying form sometimes presents. Her brown eyes were soft, bright and very large, and her light golden hair fell in large, loose ringlets down her white shoulders. She had a fair oval face of a magnolia white complexion, but a warm flush passed over it as she met the admiring eyes of the young man.

"This is my daughter Helen, Mr. Windermere," said the mother, interrupting the remark she was just making. Helen acknowledged his profound salutation by a modest curtesy, and seating herself by her mother, the conversation went on. Windermere was giving some details of his life, which had been varied and eventful. He had been early orphaned, and having been consigned to the care of stern and cruel relatives, he had cut the gordian knot of his early slavery, and made his escape. His experiences after this step were varied. From year to year he roamed around from one country to another, now serving as a cabin boy on some vessel, now as a waiter in some gentleman's house, until his sixteenth year, when he found himself in Mexico, fighting in the army of the United States under General Scott.

His account of his adventures in this war was given with a graphic force that held his hearers spell-bound. As he detailed the horrors of the fall of Monterey, the sacking of the bishop's house, the battle of Chapultepec and the fearful slaughter of Buena Vista, Helen shuddered from head to foot. She listened to him like Desdemona to Othello, almost loving him for the dangers he had seen.

Through all the evening it was a matter of surprise to Wainright that Mrs. Mordant made no allusion to either her husband or her son, and he did not feel on terms of sufficient intimacy with her to hazard an inquiry on a subject which his hostess evidently avoided. The conversation at last faltered, and the visitors took their leave. As soon as the young man found himself again alone with the Major, he inquired the cause of the silence of both mother and daughter concerning their nearest relatives.

"Of her husband," said the Major, "Mrs. Mordant never speaks. He is absent just now — in New York, I think. The son is, I believe, travelling, and has been absent six months. I have heard that there is a difficulty, a quarrel between him and his parents, at least, his father, on account of a young lady whom his father insists on his marrying, but to whom he has an aversion. How it will end I do not know, but it is only one of the many

troubles which seem always to make discord in this family."

"But whose fault is it that there is so little harmony?"

"I do not like to decide, but I have every reason to think it the fault of Mr. Mordant, whose pride, passionate temper, and cold-blooded severity exceed everything I ever saw in any other."

With these words, the two gentlemen alighted from the carriage, and parted on the steps of the St. Charles, Windermere warmly thanking the Major for the service he had rendered him in introducing him to Mrs. Mordant, and excusing himself for not spending the remainder of the evening with him on the plea of a previous engagement.

Mr. Mordant returned home about three weeks after the introduction of Windermere to his family. At the first glance, his wife perceived a storm brooding, so dark and sinister was his expression. Several days, however, went by before it broke. During most of this time he remained in his own apartment, and was taciturn and ill-humored at table, scarcely addressing a word to his wife or daughter, and answering only in monosyllables when addressed. Mrs. Mordant, however, remarked that he had several secret conferences with strangers who called on him.

During the three weeks previous to her husband's return, Windermere had been an almost daily visitor. He presented himself almost immediately to Mr. Mordant on his return, and was courteously and civilly, but very coldly, received. Mordant seemed, notwithstanding, to take a deeper interest in the young man than he was willing to betray. He held frequent, but short conversations with him, and made many inquiries into his family connections and own personal history.

One evening Mrs. Mordant was walking up and down the long veranda, enjoying the cool breeze which swept in from the gulf, when her husband came suddenly up a shady walk and stopped before her.

"How long is it, madame, since you received letters from Louis?" he inquired, in a tone which at once betrayed displeasure towards his son.

"It is about three weeks since I received my last letter."

"And where was he then?"

"He was in Paris."

"Well, madam, I can give you later intelligence than that. He left Paris two months ago, and while we were receiving letters from England, Scotland and France, he was nowhere else than in Tennessee."

"In Tennessee! You are jesting! You surprise me! And where is he, and why has he assumed this mask?"

"That I wish to inquire of you, madam," said Mr. Mordant in a sharp tone, and with a certain compression of the lips which betokened an outburst of anger.

"Of me? I am more surprised at it than you."

"You seem to be surprised at everything save the real character of our son, or rather of our foundling ——"

"For heaven's sake, Mordant," his wife with a low cry interrupted him, "do you wish to ruin the future of your son that you cast such a suspicion upon him? You cannot surely *think* that!"

"That remains to be seen," he replied with a cold scorn, pressing his white lips more tightly together. "At any rate, whatever future I wish to prepare for him, he seems determined to cast aside, as if I had no claim to his duty or obedience. I will tell you, madam, what he is doing in Tennessee, if you do not know, or would not rather I should keep silent. He is devoting himself to the daughter of Helen's nurse, making honorable love to that beggar girl, and it is for this reason that he has set his face against a marriage with one of the richest young ladies in the city of New Orleans. That is the cause of this *mask* as you express it, of this disgraceful deception, as I think it. But a mother always has excuses for all infamy in her son."

Mrs. Mordant trembled at the stern looks and words of her husband, and turned deadly pale.

"Well, madam, what do you say to that? How will you defend that?" and he grew more and more angry every moment, embittered by the thought that his wife should even dare to defend one whom he censured.

"I certainly will not try to defend him' Edward," she tremblingly replied; "yet you know yourself that the difference in religious sentiments—her Catholic education—"

"I know nothing about it," he flamed up, "nothing whatever about it, and if I did, such a reason would never make any difference with my decision. I have also made up my mind in relation to our—to *your* daughter," he corrected the word with a visible scorn in his tone, "she is to marry the second son of Charles Seton."

"Charles Seton!" exclaimed his wife in a shocked and terrified tone, for the young man in question had the reputation of being a gambler and a libertine; "how can you think of such a thing?"

Mr. Mordant cut her short by the repetition of his determination to marry his daughter to the young libertine, and turned away. Mrs. Mordant stood rooted to the spot, pale and sick at heart.

"I know how to overrule all childish objections, especially from you," said her husband scornfully, turning back. "I shall be obeyed, and if you have not taught your daughter obedience, rest assured that I shall. As to Louis, I am only waiting for certain intelligence which I have reason to expect, to —"

"Mr. Windermere, madam," a servant, stepping out on the veranda at this moment, announced.

"Very agreeable!" sneered Mordant. "You see, madam, that I know how to value the interesting acquaintances which you make in my absence."

The poor trembling wife choked back her tears, striving to recover some external composure before meeting her visitor.

The young artist was already too well versed in the conditions of the family not to perceive at a glance that there was difficulty between his host and hostess. At once assuming a careless demeanor, he merely bade good morning, remarking that he had only called to go again, as he was about making a flying visit to some of the mountain districts farther north on business of importance, and should be absent several days.

"You will be back again in two weeks, I trust," remarked Mordant. "I should

very much regret your absence from our festive gathering, which we are intending to have about that time to celebrate a joyous family event. Be assured we should scarcely enjoy it without your presence."

Windermere felt as if a blow had fallen upon his breast at these words. An intuitive perception of their meaning smote his heart like a dagger thrust. He had, however, mingled too much with the world, not to be able to preserve his composure, and with a great effort he avoided the betrayal of his emotions to the keen and lowering eyes that he knew were suspiciously watching him. With the same careless tone he had assumed on his entrance, he inquired what the fortunate event might be, which was to call forth such distinguished display. The answer of Mordant confirmed the presentiment which he intuitively felt, but with a calm and smiling demeanor he accepted the invitation of Mr. Mordant, promising to be back at the appointed time.

He took his leave without seeing Helen, for which he was only too glad, for to meet her now in the presence of witnesses he felt would be too much for his composure and assumed indifference. With a bow and a haughty "good morning," he departed.

During his visit, Mrs. Mordant had succeeded in attaining some degree of composure, and turning to her husband, "Has the time for the marriage of our daughter then actually been appointed and made public?" she inquired.

"The time of the marriage of *your* daughter," he emphatically answered, "is determined on. It will take place two weeks from to-morrow evening."

"And to Charles Seton?"

"*Your* daughter will be married on that evening to Charles Seton, madam."

"It is as unnatural for you as it is insulting to me," exclaimed Mrs. Mordant, in a roused tone, noticing only the emphatic "*your* daughter," in the reply of her husband, "thus to cast obloquy upon your children. Who is there that would not recognize Louis from his striking resemblance to you?"

"If this slight resemblance binds me to certain natural duties towards Louis, I

hope, madam, that the entire dissimilarity of your daughter to myself will absolve me from any towards her," he sneered.

Mrs. Mordant trembled with disgust and pain; answer him she could not, and he went on in a still sharper tone: "You appear to be satisfied with very slight foundations for your heavy structure of natural duties. Why do you not insist that I owe them to your new friend who has just left us? People remark on the striking resemblance of his eyes to mine. This excellent young man! about whom I can learn nothing from any of my friends, or any one else, but whom you, with your usual discretion, have taken to your heart as if he were known to every one."

When Mordant was desirous of wounding the feelings of another, the weapon was wholly indifferent to him, so that it would only *cut*. He selected Windermere at this moment because he had exhausted and dulled the weapon — her son. He could no further wound her through him, as fortunately he was not dependent on his father for his support, his mother's private fortune being amply sufficient to aid him all that she might desire or that was necessary for him. It was necessary for Mordant to insult his wife in some manner, and he chose that nearest at hand. But she had recovered her strength and courage, and turning on him with a noble dignity, she answered,

"I have received Mr. Windermere as a guest of this house should be received, and because he was introduced by one to whom you have freely opened our doors. If you have cause to suspect that his social position is not such as to warrant his intimacy here, it belongs to you to ascertain the fact. But it appears that you, by the invitation you have just given him to a wedding-party of which I myself knew nothing, are yourself satisfied on the point."

She left the room. Mordant was silent; no reply was at hand, and he did not attempt one. There is in the honor and dignity of a true and noble woman, a power to awe the most courageous, and before which the most audacious and reckless feel conquered.

To be continued.

STANZAS.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

There is a light more soft and clear,
Which dawneth on our pathway here,
More fair and welcome to the sight
Than moonbeams in a summer night;
More tranquil than the evening sky,
It is the soul light of the eye.

There is a light of purer ray
Than sunrise, or the dawn of day;
A peerless light of heavenly hue,
Which first in childhood's home I knew,
And thence, through many a year gone by,
I've watched the lovelight of the eye.

There is a ray of light serene,
More beautiful than crystal stream,
More bright and joyous to the view,
Than on the rose the morning dew,
Or fairest stars that deck the sky,
It is the soul-light of the eye.

There is a light divinely fair,
The gift of heaven's peculiar care,
And when its radiance beams on me
With impress of the Deity,
I think of one whose soul-lit eye
No more will greet me 'neath the sky.
Webster, Mich.

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNEY.

From "The Heroes and Martyrs of the War."

Y MRS. HELEN RICH.

Another great leader has gone to his sleep of glory, another radiant star has gone out from our firmament of brilliant intellects.

Sad is the task to record the death of the champion of freedom, the defender of the rights of man. Enriching the list of martyrs — Lyon, Lander, Ellsworth, Baker, Webster, Taylor, Stevens, last comes Kearney to crown the sacrificial rites of Liberty.

Strange, mysterious and mournful, that if there arises a spirit more brave, more distinguished for the attractive and admirable qualities of the general, or leader, that spirit on the bloody field takes its flight to God, leaving us in gloomy despondency to compare his worth with the deficiencies of many of those remaining! If there is one who transcends others in zeal and skill, at once an obscurity of vision comes over those who should see his merits, and favors are showered on those who teach and act to perfection the art named by Dickens, "Of how not to do it."

- Patience! give us patience, or grant that the exercise of that angelic faculty be not so constantly needed. "Honor to whom honor is due," is a righteous motto, and with this for our text we begin a sketch—imperfect and unworthy the man—but actuated by sincere admiration and unspeakable sorrow for its subject.

On the fatal field of Bull Run, fell at half past five o'clock, on Monday, Sept. 1st, Brigadier General Kearney, the Napoleon of his country, martyr and hero. Let the tears of his adoring countrymen fall like rain for "the bravest of the brave," the veteran general, the skilful leader of cavalry, the undaunted, indefatigable soldier, the idol of his men, the actor who played his part most nobly in the battles of the frontier under his uncle, the late Stephen Kearney, in the Algerian war of the French, where he was the admiration of the splendid French generals and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Mexican War where his squadrons of cavalry were the pride, the wonder, the strength of Scott's army. His gallant conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco earned him the brevet of Major; his dashing charge at San Antonio's gate, Mexico, lost him his left arm. Again on the Indian frontier—until in 185— he went to Europe, where he studied the conduct of the Crimean War with the clear and discriminating gaze of an American and a hero. Then volunteering in the staff of Marshal Maurice, he entered the Italian campaign, was distinguished in the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and for his brilliant achievements received from Louis Napoleon the Riband and Cross of the Legion of Honor. Appreciated and honored abroad where fighting Generals supersede and outshine the indolent strategist, and where the fire and spirit, military knowledge and unflinching heroism of Kearney found few rivals, he yet with the first echo of the first gun of Sumter, returned to his native and beloved land, and at once offered his invaluable services to his cherished Commander Scott, who, knowing his worth, gladly and gratefully received him and urged his appointment to a Brigadier Generalship by the Government, sustained and seconded by his worshipping

Jerseymen, whose proudest boast he was and is. He was made, after six months' delay, a Brigadier General, commanding four thousand raw, half officered troops. He passed nobly through twelve or more engagements in this sadly protracted and ill conducted war. *His* division was never broken; *his* men never faltered—they worshipped him, *they trusted him*.

If Kearney led—and he always led, he was not cautious, but successful and energetic—there rushed his intrepid warriors. Never a man flinched, never a cheek paled, but tireless, patient, hopeful, immutable as fate, he rode first in every advance, first to every relief, reconnoitering in person, surveying with his skilful eye every field, calculating every chance, ubiquitous. "Kearney, our hero," was the shout with which his loving hearts welcomed him from his peerless reconnaissance of the foe. "Kearney, our hero," was the cheer that went up from quivering lips when he dashed into the gap of Reno's troops left flank,—when he went with his heart in his face and his soul in his eyes to see, to know all his duty, to seize upon every advantage and arrest every ill movement. Alas for America and the million hearts that honored and loved him! he went, O beloved Kearney! never to return.

How the blinding tears fill the eyes, the keenest anguish wrings the soul, contemplating his gracious venture, his last effort for liberty for his country.

He was brought back to his desolate followers motionless and dumb. Sainted martyr! immortal hero Kearney! only in the serene, noble face, the grand form, Kearney the patriot, the lover of liberty, everywhere now among the crowned, the victorious angels of the Lord!

If we, who having only seen him a moment sitting quietly in the cars or in the carriage, on business for his government or for himself,—we who never beheld those features lighted up with the divine enthusiasm of glory and honor and love of country,—if we bitterly, almost irreconcilably, mourn his loss, what is the grief of his poor, fatherless soldiers, who thought him god-like, who loved him as their guide, their stay, their one bright star, leading always to victory.

When he was ordered to guard the bridge-builders at Beck's Station, he reconnoitered the whole section, saw that the rebels were moving, advanced upon Manassas at once, and with Colonel (since General) Taylor, now dead, was the first to enter the enemy's works.

Rushing quite through Sumner's corps at Williamsburg, rapidly forming his men in battle array, he led them, as was his wont, and by his valor won the day! Notwithstanding other accounts give the honor to other heroes, it was Kearney's dash and daring that secured the victory that, if followed up as he proposed, would have saved us all the mortification and disaster subsequently endured by inaction and bad generalship.

Ordered to the front at Fair Oaks, to sustain the veteran soldier and hero, Casey, he sustained his part with great bravery and skill, and he retreated when completely overpowered by numbers, in good order and safety.

Then, when came the terrible seven days' battle, he stayed last at his position, almost refusing to go. Ordered to leave his wounded on the field, he humanely brought away every man.

Covering the rear, he fought his way through, he finished at Malvern Hill that well fought, but, as he thought, ill-judged movement.

When he joined Pope, again he was in advance, fighting, always fighting. He was engaged almost constantly Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, until he fell. Wherever he fought, "victory came and perched upon his standard." Never was his division beaten: a wonderful proof that "the gods help those who help themselves." Lesser Generals, with more political power to back them, may talk of Kearney's "want of caution,"—too cowardly, too indolent, to imitate his tireless energy, his matchless bravery. We shall never have to record their fall in advance of their men.

On Saturday, his division of not four thousand strong held their ground, while McDowell's twenty-five thousand were defeated. Thus it was everywhere and always. And what does this prove? That one general like Kearney, who under-

stands his business, has experience and intrepidity, will and fire, is worth a legion of strategists and raw young generals, who have thus far been allowed to conduct this war to our shame and the derision of Europe.

While men wanting his prompt resolve, unyielding will, rapidity and terrible untiringness of action, courage and zeal, have been promoted and lauded (for very questionable qualities) he, brave Kearney, has been suffered only to retain his small command, denied the power he ought to have possessed, of leading fifty thousand heroes to Richmond, where he would long since have flung forth the Stars and Stripes, would have given the death blow to this atrocious rebellion.

We repeat it, the Napoleon of the war has fallen! the hero of the Potomac is no more! History, that just and stern critic that is not won by political clamor or deceived by specious claims, nor frightened by decrees of war, will give to PHILIP KEARNEY the place he merited by his self sacrificing life and fearless death. Ah! his shall be

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

Island Home, Sept. 18th, 1862.

OLD LETTERS.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

There, speak in whispers, fold me to thy heart,
Dear love, for I have roamed a weary, weary way,
Bid my vague terrors with thy kiss depart,
Oh! I have been among the dead to-day.
And like a pilgrim to some martyr's shrine,
Awed with the memories that crowd my brain,
Fearing my voice I woo the charm of thine,
Tell me thou livest.—lovest yet again.

Not among graves but *letters* old and dim,
Yellow and precious have I touched the past,
Reverent and prayerful as we chant a hymn
Among the aisles where saints their shadows cast.
Reading dear names on faded leaf that here
Was worn with foldings tremulous and fond,
These drowned in flashing of a tender tear,
Or with death's tremble pointing "the beyond."

And, love, there came a flutter of white wings,
A stir of snowy robes from out the deep
Of utter silence as I read the things
I smiled to trace before I learned to weep.
And hands whose clasp was magic long ago,
Came soft before me till I yearned to press
Mad kisses on their whiteness—then the wo,
The sting of death or sign of nothingness.

One was afar—whose golden sands made dim
 The gleaming sands of the poor trickster,
 Time,
 And one was lost. Ah ! bitter grief for him
 Who wrecked his manhood in the depths of
 crime.
 Another—*beautiful as morning's beam*
Flushing the orient—laid meekly down
 Among the daisies, dreaming love's glad dream,
 And one sweet saint now wears her starry
 crown.

And thus there stole delicious odors still
 From out those relics of the charmed past,
 Sighs from the lips omnipotent to will
 And win rich tribute to the very last.
But death or change had been among my flowers
And all their bloom had perished, therefore I
 Yield my sad thoughts to the compelling
 powers
 Of the bright soul I worship till I die.
Nay, never doubt me—for by love's divine
And tearful past—I know my future thine.
 July 18th, 1862.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

In the year 1501—the first year of that eventful century which gave to mankind the new art of printing and the new world of the West—two persons sat in the palace-fortress of Shalubaniah, in Granada, playing chess. This castle, from the moderate height at which it was placed, overlooked the blue waters of the Mediterranean on one side, and was itself overshadowed by lofty mountains on the other. It was used sometimes as the residence, sometimes as the prison, of the brothers or sons of the Moorish Kings, and its rock-hewn vaults were filled with the treasures of the royal house. The town itself, the Salobrena of the Spaniards was, under its Moslem rulers, a flourishing and important city. Nor did it altogether lose its commerce and power until many years after the discovery of America.

The two chess-players were Prince Juzef ben Juzef, brother of the reigning monarch, and the Alcaide or Governor of the castle and city. They were seated, as we are told by a writer who lived about the time of which we speak, on costly carpets of gold stuffs, richly bordered with the most gorgeous fringes, and supported by cushions covered with tissues of silk and gold, for although the Prince was a prisoner, he was treated with all the respect due to his rank. He was the eldest son of the good

Abu Abdallah Muhamad Juzef, King of Granada, but had been wrongfully deprived of his kingly heritage by his bold and ambitious brother, Muhamad. He had quietly acquiesced in this usurpation, because he loved the peace and calm delights of a private life, better than the cares and turbulent anxiety of a throne. Five years had now nearly passed away—not altogether unpleasantly, for his family was with him, and he could solace himself with the companionship of books and the charms of chess—since his confinement began.

Meanwhile King Muhamad ben Juzef had been spending the years of his sway in alternately undertaking war and concluding peace with King Henry the Third of Christian Castile. But now he fell grievously sick, and his physicians bade him prepare for the other world. He resolved to do this by cutting off the head of his brother, in order to secure the succession to his son. He sent, therefore, the Arraiz, Ahmed ben Xarac, to the Alcaide of Shalubaniah, with the following epistle :

"Alcaide of Shalubaniah, My Servant :
 So soon as thou shalt receive these my words from the hands of my Arraiz, Ahmed ben Xarac, thou shalt deprive my brother, Cid Juzef, of life, and shalt send me his head by the bearer. See that thou fail not in my service."

And now the two players were busily intent upon their game; the opening had been made, the pieces deployed, and the combinations already began to promise a hot and exciting combat. All at once the Arraiz arrives at the fortress and enters the room. He delivers the fatal missive to the Alcaide, who reads it and displays in his countenance the grief and consternation that agitate his soul. Like all who approached Prince Juzef, he had learned to love him for his good heart, and to admire him for his exalted mental qualities, and he felt the deepest sorrow when the order of Muhamad met his eyes. But the stern Arraiz is intent upon the execution of the mandate he has brought, and exhorts the Alcaide to lose no time in its fulfilment; the latter stands silent and irresolute, unable to communicate so cruel and

inhuman a decree to the Prince. Perceiving from the sorrowful visage of the Alcaide the importance of the order, and suspecting its purport, Juzef inquired, "What, then, does the King require? Does the order concern my death? Is it my head that he demands?"

The Alcaide handed him the letter. After reading its contents, Cid Juzef said, "Give me a few hours to take leave of my family, and to distribute some parting gifts among the remnants of my household."

But Ahmed ben Xarac replied that he could not delay the execution of the royal command, for his hours of absence had been numbered, and the time of his return to Granada fixed to a minute.

"Let us at least finish our game," coolly remarked the Prince, turning to the board, "and I doubt not that I shall finish by losing that also."

To this the Arraiz reluctantly consents. But the grief and confusion of the Alcaide are such that he cannot move a piece without committing an error, the Prince, who seems as calmly interested as before the entrance of the Arraiz, calling his attention more than once to the inadvertence. Under the trembling hands of the terror-stricken Alcaide, the Bishops assume the powers of the Knights, the Rooks take to the diagonals of the Bishops, and the King moves heedlessly into check.

The game has not yet ended, although Juzef is calculating the probable number of moves which it will take to mate the poor Alcaide, when the clatter of hoofs is heard in the court-yard, and a brief moment after, two cavaliers rush into the apartment, sink upon their knees before the Prince, kiss his hand, and hail him monarch of Granada, King of the Moors, and defender of the Moslem Faith in Spain. They had passed over the eleven leagues between Shalubaniah and the capital as rapidly as the swiftest Andalusians could bear them, and brought tidings that inexorable Death had taken the wicked Muhamad to a new existence, where he would probably be sadly disappointed at not meeting the expected countenance of his brother. Other men of lofty rank soon following them convince the incredulous Prince of the reality of his new honors, and the whole

party repair forthwith to Granada, where they are greeted with acclamations by all classes of people. The nobles of the kingdom go forth to meet their ruler; the houses are hung with precious cloths of every glittering hue; green arches overhang the streets; and the public squares are strewn with the gayest flowers. For nineteen years King Juzef reigned over the pleasant regions of Granada, encouraging the arts of peace, and avoiding the inhumanities of war, loved by all the Moslems and respected by all the Christians.

Juzef's faith has long since faded from the hearts of the people of Granada, his race no longer covers its hills with cultivated gardens, or fills its towns with schools and manufactories, and his kingdom has been blotted from the political atlas for nearly four hundred years. The opulent town of Shalubaniah, under Christian rule, has become a poverty-stricken hamlet, and its castle a mass of shapeless ruins. But the memory of the good King's fortunate game of chess shall be preserved while there are two men left who love to meet each other in chivalrous jousts on the checkered field.

R. L.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

When the sunset hues with a gorgeous flush
Are tinting river and valley and hill,
I sit me down in the sacred hush,
With my heart keeping time to a holy thrill.
For my mother sat in this ancient chair,
And the simple ballads of long ago
Were blent with my childhood's evening prayer
And the murmuring sound of the brooklet's flow.

Ah! many the years since she sat in her joy,
As the night came on with its hours of rest,
Pillowing the head of her infant boy
On her kind and gentle and loving breast:
While her voice went out with a tender strain,
And we felt that the angels were listening there,
As she murmured the sadly sweet refrain
Of some holy song in this hallowed chair.

She's an angel now! and the blessed calm
Of the Summer Land like a halo lies
Upon her brow like a healing balm
And lights up the depths of her starry eyes;
And the songs she sings are too blest to hear,
As we wander on in this weary land,
But when, from the mazes of doubt and fear,
We climb up the heights of faith's mountain grand,

An echo all sweet from the better shore
 Entrances the spirit with heavenly joy,
 And we know that her presence forever more
 Is with us — a pleasure without alloy.
 And we know that the meeting in yonder
 sphere
 Will be blissfully sweet for the dear home-
 band,
 And when my last moment is passing here,
 She will guide me on to the spirit-land.
East Haddam, Conn.

KEATS.

BY LILLY WATERS.

Keats was born in a livery stable at Moorfield, Oct. 29, 1796. His maternal grandfather was proprietor of the stable called "The Swan and Hoop"; his father was principal servant there. "He was a man of remarkable common sense and native respectability; he was short of stature and well knit in person, had dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. John resembled him in person."

Mr. Clarke, the son of the tutor at whose school Keats commenced his education, has given us some interesting reminiscences of him. He says, "when he first entered school, he had scarcely emerged from child's costume; he had a brisk, winning face and was a favorite with all."

In the early part of his school life he gave no extraordinary indication of intellectual character, yet there was an ever-present, steady and determined spirit in all his undertakings, and a strong, impulsive will. His indefatigable energy won for him the first prize, by considerable distance, for voluntary extra work, during the last two or three half years. He was somewhat of a pugnacious spirit; his oldest brother (he had two at school with him,) was sometimes obliged to hold him down 'when in his moods.' At one time he attacked his tutor, who could have put him in his pocket, for punishing his brother. But these were all a wisp-of-straw conflagration. Once he fought a burly butcher an hour, and beat him, for tormenting a kitten."

So that his pugnacity seemed to be born only of his sense of justice and tenderness, the impulsiveness of his ardent temperament. With all his passionate nature, he blended, so much generosity and high-

mindedness, that he was universally beloved.

It was at Mr. Clarke's school that he acquired his perfect knowledge of Greek Mythology. "Tooke's Pantheon and Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, were his constant recurrent sources of pleasure."

"At the age of about 14, he left school and was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Hammond, a physician. This arrangement appeared to give him satisfaction." During the two or three years he remained here, his poetical faculties rapidly developed. Mr. Clarke, jr., encouraged his visits at his house, aided him in his selection of books; he says, "I lent him Spencer's works, and he went through them like a young colt through a spring meadow, rampant. That he appreciated the general beauty of composition and felt the more passionate passages, his extatic features and exclamations fully attested."

At this period he read and translated much; the first book of the *Æneid* among the rest of his work. About this time he wrote his first Sonnet, entitled "Written on the day Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison," and "Lines in imitation of Spencer," commencing,

"Now morning from her orient chamber came
 And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill;
 Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
 Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill."

Soon after, he wrote his first published poem, "Solitude," which, at this early age, showed his passionate love of nature. And many a sweet sonnet he has left us, where his poet soul breathed its joy at leaving "the long pent city life" "to look into the fair and open face of heaven."

After leaving Mr. Hammond, he went to London, to become a student in St. Thomas' Hospital. That nature never intended him for a surgeon, but that the gentle Muse constantly asserted her supremacy over his soul, is evident from his own confession. Said he, "The other day, during a lecture, there came into the room a sunbeam, and with it floated a whole troop of fairy creatures, and I was off to fairy land." "Yet at a subsequent examination he surprised his fellow-students at his acquirements."

While here, he was, by Mr. Clarke, in-

roduced to Leigh Hunt, whose genial nature cordially welcomed and heartily appreciated him. At his household he was long a "welcome familiar." It was in Hunt's library that he composed the framework of his "Sleep and Poetry," in which he

says,

"O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy ! so I may do the deed
That my own soul hath to itself decreed."

O sad, disappointed hope ! scarcely half that time remained to him, and yet he immortalized himself in the realms of "Flora, and old god Pan."

It was in this same library, while listening one December evening to the chirping of a cricket, that Hunt proposed that each should then write a sonnet on "The Grasshopper and Cricket." "Keats came out best in point of time." The commencement of his,

"The poetry of earth is never dead,"

delighted Hunt, as also the lines,

"On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence."

"Ah ! that's perfect ! bravo, Keats !" exclaimed the generous Hunt.

In 1817, Keats issued his first volume of poems. His circle of friends had joyful anticipations of its success ; alas ! to be wofully disappointed. The edition was a small one, yet was never sold. Though he had himself made no political demonstration, he had dedicated his book to a Radical news writer, and a dubbed partizan of the French Ruler. This alone, in those days of bitter denunciation, was enough to call down upon him the cowardly and scoundrel treatment he had received. He little anticipated, and as little deserved the savage abuse of the critics, who did not forget his low origin, on the publication of his second work, *Endymion*. In his preface to this he says, "I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness ; for I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell." *Hyperion* was, doubtless, to have been the sweet fruition of this joyful anticipation. Says Mr. Howitt, "The savage treatment of the critics so sunk his heart that he was prevented from finishing this most magnificent

trophy of his genius. It was intended to have been of equal length with the *Endymion*."

In 1820, *Hyperion* appeared, with *Lamia* and *St. Agnes Eve*, *Isabella*, &c. Mr. Clarke says, "In after years when Keats was reading *St. Agnes Eve* to me, at the passage where *Porphyro* in *Madeline's* chamber is listening to the hubbub of music and dancing in the hall below,

'Which affray his ears, though in dying tone,
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.'

'That line,' said he, 'came into my head when I remembered how I used to listen, in bed, to your music, at school.'"

The same writer also speaks of his love of the humorous, and of being much amused by his relating some laughable adventures at a bear-baiting, and imitating it in the position, of his legs and arms shortened, till he looked like *Bruin* himself, occasionally acting the gasp of one which had been suddenly caught and hugged, his own capacious mouth adding force to the personation.

After the publication of the last named works, his spirits sunk under the barbarity of the critics, and he began to exhibit signs of consumption ; his mother died with it, and he had recently attended his youngest brother through his last hours, dying with the same fatal malady.

For a year he had loved and was engaged to an accomplished young lady of beauty and wealth. "Though there was a time when he was suffering terribly with the pain of affections unassured, and he said his heart was broken, his doubts afterwards proved groundless," but none the less severe in passing.

Soon after the commencement of his sickness, it was thought best for him to go to Italy. Says Mr. Hunt, "I went with the young couple to the coach, on his departure. It was a trying moment for both. Neither had any hope of another meeting on earth, yet each endeavored to be calm."

He was accompanied abroad by his loved and long tried friend, Mr. Severn, the artist, who made several sketches of him. With affectionate devotion this gentleman forsook his own interests, to devote himself exclusively to the dying poet.

Keats had prepared for himself a bottle of laudanum with which, when all hope was over, he intended to close his days, so much did he dread to consume the time of his dear friend. "When that time came," writes Mr. Severn, "then came touching scenes." But with true Christian firmness and friendship, he resisted his passionate pleadings; at last resigned, he called for Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' from which he obtained great comfort. So, calm and trusting, at the early age of 24, he passed from earth. Physicians marvelled that he could have lived so long, as "his lungs were almost wholly obliterated."

A little before he died, he said, "I feel the daisies growing over me." "If any epitaph is written over me, let it be only these words, Here lies one whose name is writ in water." "So little," says Mr. Howitt, "did he think of the more than promise he had given; of the fine and lasting things he had added to the stock of poetry."

That an accusing spirit at last reached those who had caused the young poet such agony, and brought him to an untimely grave, is strongly told in an incident related by Mr. Severn. He says, "It was some years after the death of Keats that Sir Walter Scott visited Rome. At his request, I used every morning to take for his examination some little sketch or picture that might interest him, and among the rest a picture of Keats (now in the National Gallery); I was surprised to find this the only production of mine that did not interest him. He remained silent about this, while upon the others he had some comment or speculation. I wondered at his apathy in regard to the lost poet. I ventured to talk of him, of the extraordinary caprices of that fame which had at last found a resting-place in the hearts of all true lovers of poetry. I soon saw that I was touching an embarrassing theme. I became quite bowled on seeing Miss Scott turn away her face, already crimsoned with emotion. Sir Walter falteringly remarked, 'Yes, yes, the world finds out these things for itself at last,' and taking my hand, closed the interview — our last, for that night he was

taken alarmingly ill, and his physician hurried him from Rome. The scene was so incomprehensible that I related it to a warm friend of Keats, who was astonished at the recital and also at my ignorance that Sir Walter was a prominent contributor to that Review which, through its false and malicious criticisms, has always been considered to have caused the death of Keats."

It is little wonder that Hazlitt once said, in his generous indignation at the personal abuse of Keats by the critics, "To pay those fellows in their own coin, the way would be to begin with Walter Scott and *haze at his clump foot.*"

After an absence of twenty years, Mr. Severn returned to Rome. He speaks of the poet's silent grave as bearing evidence of his fame. The head-stone having twice sunk, was renewed each time by strangers — Americans — in whose hearts he has ever found a cherished resting-place. The verdure from his grave disappears so rapidly that an English lady left an annual sum to renew it.

Mr. Severn is now engaged on a picture of the poet's grave, in which he introduces a young Roman shepherd with his flock about him, while the moon, from behind the pyramid, illuminates his figure, and serves to realize the poet's favorite theme — the classic story of Endymion in the presence of his grave. "This interesting incident," says the artist, "is not fanciful, but is what I actually saw on an autumn evening at Monte Tertiary the year following the poet's death.

Hartford, Conn.

ODDITY NO PROOF OF WISDOM. Some people affect to differ from the world in general merely for the purpose of obtaining notoriety, and with the hope of being talked about. But those who seek distinction in this way, deserve nothing better than the obscurity from which they are attempting to emerge. Men of sense always conform to custom when they can do so without material inconvenience or the sacrifice of any important principle.

Confidence in a friend is as a staff in a storm.

JOAN OF ARC.

BY MISS M. REMICK.

I see the smiling vineyards,
That in the sunshine lie,
The breath of foreign flowers
Is floating 'neath the sky.
I see a peasant's cottage,
Dance and song upon the green,
And a fair and gentle maiden
I note amidst the scene.

Wilt thou tell me, O wise Seer,
What mysteries her await,
Will she have many suitors
Such as fit her lowly state?
Will these village bells be chiming
When her bridal day is met?
Will they ring their solemn dirges
When her star of life is set?

Vain and bootless are thy fancies,
That peasant maiden low,
The highest state and honors
Of our poor world will know.
Hailed as the proud deliverer
Of her nation and her king,
All fortresses and chapels
With her name and praise shall ring.

She shall tread the kingly palace,
With her sovereign hand in hand,
At her feet shall bow the titled,
And the noblest of the land.
In the fearful shock of battle,
She shall lead the flying on,
And from the English Lion
Lost victories shall be won.

Can it be? O peasant maiden,
Upon thy fair young face
Of these deeds of wondrous daring
I vainly seek a trace.
I see but sweet contentment,
Joy in thy lowly sphere,—
But courts are false and fickle,—
The *End*, O gifted Seer!

Thou hast judged, alas! too wisely,
A fearful pyre of flame
Is all those noble services,
That faithful heart, can claim.
All? No; her faithful services
On History's page shall lie,
For eyes of millions yet unborn,
Her fame shall never die.

Better is it for true liberty and virtue,
that mankind speak freely and act openly;
hypocrisy is thereby shunned, and vice
checked.

Honesty in trade, and fulfilling of its
agreements, should be prized and adhered
to by all.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Secret Societies are not without reason sometimes pronounced dangerous to the best interests of society at large. That there is good reason for this opinion there is little cause for doubt. States have been convulsed by them before now, and individuals spirited away never to reappear, and the innocent thrown into damp and dreary dungeons, to wear out a miserable life by the high-handed tyranny of Secret Societies. Even in our own now distracted country, the whisper of "Knights of the Golden Circle" awakens in all loyal hearts a fear and detestation not easily suppressed. But if secret societies are dangerous, they are sometimes also holy watchers over the unfortunate. Of this class is one existing in Italy, of which Dumas gives a most interesting sketch. It is called

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

"Sometimes at Florence, in the midst of a cavatina, of *pas-de-deux*, a bell with a sharp, shrill, excoriating sound will be heard; it is the bell *della misericordia*. Listen! if it sound but once, it is for some ordinary accident, if twice, for one of a serious nature; if it sound three times, it is a case of death. If you look around, you will see a slight stir in some of the boxes, and it will often happen that the person you have been speaking to, if a Florentine, will excuse himself for leaving you, and take his hat and depart. You inquire what the bell means, and why it produces so strange an effect. You are told that it is the bell *della misericordia*, and that he with whom you were speaking is a brother of the order. This brotherhood of mercy is one of the noblest institutions in the world. It was founded in 1244, on occasion of the frequent pestilence which at that period desolated the towns; and it has been perpetuated to the present day, without any alteration, except in its details—with none in its purely charitable spirit. It is composed of seventy-two brothers, called chiefs of the watch, who are each in service four months in the year. Of these seventy-two brothers, thirty are priests, fourteen are gentlemen, and twenty-eight artists. To these who represent

the aristocratic classes and the liberal arts, are added five-hundred laborers and workmen, who may be said to represent the people. The seat of the brotherhood is in the place *del Duomo*. Each brother has there, marked with his own name, a box enclosing a black robe like that of the *penitents* — with openings only for the eyes and mouth, in order that his good actions may have the further merit of being performed in secret. Immediately when the news of any accident or disaster is brought to the brother who is on guard, the bell sounds its alarm, once, twice or thrice, according to the gravity of the case; and at the sound of the bell every brother, wherever he may be, is bound to retire at the instant, and hasten to the rendezvous. There he learns what misfortune or what suffering has claimed his pious office; he puts on his black robe and broad hat, takes the taper in his hand, and goes forth where the voice of misery calls him.

If it is to some wounded man, they bear him to the hospital; if the man is dead, to a chapel; the nobleman and the day laborer, clothed with the same robe, support together the same litter; and the link which unites these two extremes of society is some sick pauper, who, knowing neither, is praying equally for both. And when these brothers of mercy have quitted the house, the children whose father they have carried out, or the wife whose husband they have borne away, have but to look around them, and always on some worm-eaten piece of furniture, there will be found a pious alms, deposited by an unknown hand. The grand duke himself is a member of this fraternity, and I have been assured that more than once at the sound of that melancholy bell, he has clothed himself in the uniform of charity, and penetrated unknown, side by side with a day-laborer, to the bed's head of some dying wretch, and that his presence had afterward been detected only by the alms he had left behind."

C. M. S.

Good deeds always get paid for in advance. So should newspapers be thus treated!

Study understandingly, and think deeply.

A WORD TO ALL.

BY FREDERIC WRIGHT.

It were not wise to wish that life should be
Uninterrupted in its joyous flow,
Were it always Summer, we would long to see
Autumn's brown cap, the Winter's frost and
snow.

Who would sail over waveless lakes forever,
Nor sigh for cascades and the rolling river?

In life, as well as seasons, there is need
Of change, to keep the soul in perfect health;
To school the heart and cultivate the seed
Of noble thought, the mind's immortal wealth!
Not only for a day we live, or months, or years,
But ages, endless, countless as the spheres.

These then, I'd give you fond and loving
friends,
And kindred kind, with whom to pass the
hours
Of fleeting life, since much on these depends.
(Life's diamonds they, embedded in sweet
flowers.)
The first best gift to erring mortals given,
Love's index hand that points the soul to heaven.

For nature's aid a competence of all
That's good to meet those wants that ever
crave,
Nor more bestow, lest it should thee enthrall.
(Fictitious wants doth make us fawning
slaves.)
We need but little in our scrip or purse,
Life's road is short, and wealth oft makes it
worse.

Then add fair health, *life's sunlit charm* to these
And wisdom's fountain evergushing near;
From which to sip in sweet reductive ease,
While faith and truth on either hand appear
The prophet guardians of thy yearning soul,
Wouldst thou have more? *God's mercy crown
the whole.*

Delta, Canada West.

Seneca, amongst many strained sentiments, and trivial points, has frequently a happy thought. As this on *anger*: 'I wish that the ferocity of this passion could be spent at its first appearance, so that it might injure but *once*: as in the case of the bees, whose string is destroyed forever at the first puncture it occasions.'

Hypocrisy is a weed that, when suffered to grow in a community of wheat, soon causes the kernels to become blighted, from which is exhaled a poison that infects the whole body, and leave the disease ever progressive.

Editor's Table.

JUNE.

Sweetest month of all the year,
 Month of roses, June is here;
 Slowly through the skirts of May
 Trailed along our northern way,
 Scattering late her herbs and flowers,
 Through the dells and woodland bowers;
 Tardy though the bursting green
 'Mong the hills and dales has been,
 By the swallows 'neath the eaves;
 By the song birds 'mong the leaves;
 Oriole and bob-o-link
 Skimming down the brook to drink;
 By the robin back again
 Pecking at my window pane;
 Turning up its pretty head,
 Asking me for crumbs of bread;
 By the ruddy, western glow
 On the hill-top, well I know
 Sweetest month of all the year,
 Month of roses, June is here.

I have been reading "Concerning Summer Days," by the "Country Parson;" and though I am myself a sort of "Country Parsoness," I am profoundly impressed with the absurdity not merely of trying to write on any kindred subject, but of even trying to think on it, so quietly and serenely and thoroughly, has he exhausted the theme. And yet I surely have a right to *feel* the beautiful things he describes, and feeling them, to try to awaken the same delight in others. The green grass and the bright leaves which have made their appearance within the last few days, as if summoned forth by the wand of an enchanter, and which never looked so bright before—why, because *he* saw and delighted in them, shall you and I, dear reader, not see and delight in them also? The flowers which are so beautiful, shall we not love them, because the Country Parson has given his heart to them? "Is not the Arbutus set trailing along the forest path that you and I may seek it amid the dead leaves, and love it. Does not the adders-tongue bloom, and the dogwood put forth its charming flowers that the world may be made happier by their beauty? Has not the violet a grace and perfume of its own, that were given it for the joy of those who can find comeliness and sweetness in lowly things? And the little meek snow-drop, and the exquisite lily-

of-the valley; are they not God's own alphabet to teach us purity and sweetness and charming delicacy in thought, word and deed?" The little child who called flowers the "alphabet of angels," had a keenness of perception and a heart full of all sweet feeling and goodness, such as not many retain at the sad years of maturity, when we have learned too much. We grow careless of common things, and the common things, as the Parson rightfully judges, are the most beautiful. How many thousands are there, who have lived all their lives among the flowers, in sight of gentle streams, and under the delicious blue of the Summer skies, surrounded by the greenest of grass and the most verdant of trees, caressed by the fragrant breathings of luxuriant Summer airs, who yet float on, quite unconscious that the most beautiful of God's handiwork are inviting their regards? Why is it? Are we deadened and benumbed by the profuseness of God's beautiful gifts to us, is the monotonous character of certain kinds of labor to muddle the brain and clog the delicate wheels of thought and perception? I ask myself this question a dozen times a day, when I see the great heavy-footed laborer plodding along with his slow dragging step and unmeaning face. I ask it when I hear the dull half-formed words that come lazily out from his gross hanging lips, as if their utterance were a weariness and a toil. Do these men have the first conception of the beauties of Summer, or of its ten thousand charming landscapes? As they crush down the delicate snowdrop or the meek violet, or even the gaudy dandelion, do they feel that they are treading on God's sweet handiwork? or what was strewn over the fields to enliven the eye and touch the heart? I doubt it. Everything answers in the negative. Are these men, for it is men and not women who are so dull, made to go through life unmindful of the beautiful, and dull as the clods they tread upon? Has nature no phase to arouse their intellects? One would think that this beautiful June might infuse some enthusiasm into their breasts, for never was a bright-

er one born. I have seen many a June before but it somehow seems as if this one were fairer than all that have preceded it. Let us make much of it, for it will not last. The days are dropping away one by one, soon they will be gone. Make much of June—of the month of roses.

Musing at my little leisure to-day, my thoughts took a shape given them by a quaint English ballad which I had been reading, and which, by its air of truthfulness, gave to fancy that touch of reality which sets the heart and the brain unconsciously at work, to picture out the circumstances detailed, and to imagine things not told, but which seem to be really a part of the programme. Musing thus my thoughts shaped themselves into the following—

Pray for the soul of Sir Marmaduke Pole,
The staunch knight so grim and gray,
Who has gone to his rest in the church yard's breast,

On this beautiful Sabbath day!
Ora pro Illum!

Pray that his sleep may be calm and deep
In the light of the Summer heaven,
That his name may be crost from the Book of the Lost,

And his sins by the good God forgiven!
Ora pro Illum.

Would that the scrip which he bore on his hip,
So filled up with Gold to the brim,
Had been poured in the lap of the church-urn, mayhap

That had poured out its prayers for him.
Ora pro Illum!

Would that the wine and the well roasted chine
That smoked in his old castle-hall,
Had been tasted and blest by holier guests
Than the comrades who came at his call.

Ora pro Illum!

Yet abbot and nun, and grave monks every one
Tell your beads at the altar for him,
And patter your prayers as you mount up the stairs,

When the light of the chancel grows dim.
Ora pro Illum!

Pray innocent maid in the twilight's shade
When the vesper chime peals low;
Pray matron and make, for the poor soul's sake,

The sign of the cross on your brow.
Ora pro Illum!

Yes, pray for the soul of Sir Marmaduke Pole,
The old knight so grim and gray,
Who went to his rest in the church-yard's breast,

This beautiful Sabbath day!
Ora pro Illum!

And who was this godless old knight who chose rather that his table should ring with the merriment of unsaintly guests, than that they should echo to the benedictions of portly abbots and wheezing, shaven-crowned monks. Methinks we should know somewhat more of so doubtful a character, for whom we are thus called upon to tell our beads and patter our prayers. Did he live in peace with his fellow-men, and dive deep into his pockets when the voice of the needy fell upon his ear? If holy mother church discarded him, did he live so that the angel of the Book could write him down, as he wrote Ben Adhem, "as one who loved his fellow-men?" Let us inquire further. Mayhap we may learn more of the old knight in the nine versed history above mentioned, and which was written by a contributor to the *London Athenæum*. It follows:

SIR MARMADUKE POLE.

Sir Marmaduke Pole was a sturdy old knight,
Who in war and in peace had done every man right;

He lived with his neighbors in loving accord,
Save the Abbot and Monks, whom he fiercely abhorred,

This rough old Sir Marmaduke Pole.

He sat like a king in his old castle-hall,
With guests round his table, and servants at call;

He whooped to the falcon, he hunted the deer,
If down by the Abbey, his comrades could hear

A growl from Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Now Sir Marmaduke lay on his leave-taking bed;

And he smiled on his mourners, and tranquil-ly said,

"I can trust my poor soul to the Lord God of heaven,

Though living unpriested and dying unshriv'n,
Say good-bye to old Marmaduke Pole.

But his lady and others do sorely repine
He thus should deace like an ox or a swine.

A message in haste to the Abbey they send;
For there's frost on the tongue, and the arm

cannot bend,
Of sturdy Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Says my Lady, "Too long have I yielded my mind,"

Says Richard "to go with the world I'm inclined."

"O mother of mercy!" sobs Jane the young spouse,

"O Saviour, thou wert not disown'd in this house!"

And she prays for Sir Marmaduke Pole

Good Abbot Ambrosius forgets every wrong,
And speeds to the gates which repell'd him so
long,
The stair ("I'ax vobiscum!") is strange to his
tread.
He puts every one forth. There's no voice
from the bed
Of quiet Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Again the door opens; they enter the place,
Pale, rigid, and stern, lies the well-beloved
face
"The church, through God's mercy and bless-
ed Saint John,
Has received in her bosom a penitent one."
So parted Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Who feasts with Sir Richard, who shrives
Lady Jane?
Whose mule to the Castle jogs right without
rein?
Our Abbey has moorland and meadowland
wide,
Where, hawking, and hunting, so proudly
would ride
This headstrong Sir Marmaduke Pole.

In the chancel they buried Sir Marmaduke
Pole;
And sang many masses for good of his soul.
Amidst praying and chiming, and incense and
flame,
His bones fell to dust. You may still read his
name
In blurr'd letters,—SIR MARMADUKE POLE.

Mark the hale, hearty old fellow when, at
last on his leave-taking bed, how calmly
yields up his life to his Maker, and with what
he cheery grace he exclaims, "I can trust my
poor soul to the Lord God of Heaven!"
though Lady Mother and Lady Jane "speak
their mind," and Richard, moved by late re-
morse, declares, "To go with the world I'm
inclined." How many just like him in their
awakening and repentance "incline to go with
the world!" It is no new thing under the
sun.

The sturdy old knight died calmly, we hope,
though I much fear that after the good Abbot
Ambrosius had "put every one forth," he used
some persuasive arguments which tended to
leave that "well-beloved face" so "rigid and
stern." The last verse but one, is particu-
larly suggestive.

Who feasts with Sir Richard, who shrives La-
dy Jane?
Whose mule to the Castle jogs right, without
rein?
Our Abbey has moorland and meadowland
wide,
Where, hawking, and hunting, so proudly
would ride
This headstrong Sir Marmaduke Pole.

Ah me! the crafty old Abbot has it all his

own way now, evidently. The mule knows the
way to the castle right well. No need of rein
for him. He travels the road too often, and
the "moorland and meadowland wide" of the
doughty old knight is transferred to the saint-
ly keeping of the good Abbot. Well, the con-
solation for that, is found in the "masses for
the good of his soul," until "amidst praying
and chiming, and incense and flame, his bones
fell to dust." A noble recompense surely, for
a noble bequest.

There is teaching in that story from begin-
ning to end. The grim old knight like all of
us had his weak spot, and the Abbot knew
where to look for it—Farewell Sir Marmaduke
Pole.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

I know of few things which have or should
have, a greater interest for northern women
than the thoughts and incidents in camp life or
our soldiers. When we remember the tempta-
tions and exposures, physical, mental and mor-
al, to which they are every day liable, it is im-
possible to avoid feeling deep solicitude for
their welfare. Every little thing which gives
us an insight into their inner life is precious
to us. I feel therefore, that a few extracts from
the letters and journals which have been re-
ceived with so much favor before, will not be
thought amiss now. We have no idea with how
much interest our soldiers watch for news from
the different departments of the army. Speak-
ing of the accounts received of Gen. Hooker's
crossing the Rappahannock, and the flight of
Carl Shurtz's Germans—a correspondent says:

"The War department in the opinion of all
with whom I have spoken, made a great mis-
take in removing Franz Sigel from the com-
mand of the Germans. They would do any-
thing—go anywhere—fight any force so long
as they were with Sigel. But Sigel was re-
moved, and not all the Carl Schurtzes in the
world would be worth to them what he was.
The greatest disasters of our war have been
occasioned by political Generals, men, who, be-
cause they could run well for Congress and
make a grand speech, thought as a matter of
course, that they would make good command-
ing officers, and nothing would content them
short of a Brigadiership.

The American soldier is the best soldier in
the world—but what avails it to have good
soldiers if our generals are not competent to
handle them?

A report has just come in that the rebels are firing great salutes at Charleston, and it is feared that they are celebrating our defeat at Fredericksburg. I hope not. It would be a terrible blow to us. I don't believe it any way. It does not seem possible that the gallant army of the Potomac, under Fighting Joe Hooker can be whipped by any force the rebels can bring against it. If the army are jubilant over anything, it must be some disaster to Grant at Vicksburg—Banks up the Mississippi—Rosecrans in Tennessee—anything, but the defeat of the glorious old army of the Potomac!

If we had postponed our attack on Charleston till within the last week, we could have kept fifty thousand of the enemy out of Virginia. It is exasperating, the way matters are managed.

Alas, we must all learn to bear defeat for they seem to be the order of the day—At the same time we will determine "Never to give up the ship."

We must learn to bear sharp and bold

TRANSITIONS.

Just now my frame was full of fire,

As if a poet's soul possessed it;
And every nerve was thrilled, like wire

Of harp, when minstrel's hand has pressed
it;

My heart felt happy, free, and strong;
Just ready to gush forth in song.

But suddenly, to gloom was turned

The gladness which so late had thrilled me;
Those thoughts of flame no longer burned,

A speechless sense of sorrow chilled me;
Poor soul, be patient! Thou, ere long,
Shalt burst thy chains and sing thy song!

EXTRACTS FROM A SOLDIER'S JOURNAL.

Feb. 17th—To night the Captain has done something which makes him appear more like a man, in my mind. I have always thought that he was trying to live a noble and Christian life, and do all that he promised to the parents of some of the boys who enlisted under his command; namely, to do all in his power to protect them from the evil influences which continually beset them in their new mode of life.

Some of the boys in tent No. 1, were having some sport as they termed it; a sort of lottery, by putting up one of the boys watches and drawing tickets for it. After they had done it once, and were preparing for the same again, the Captain stepped in and put a stop to it. Some thought he spoke too imperatively, and

harbor hard feelings against him; but it only raises him higher than before in my mind as a Christian and good man.

Mar. 1st—Yesterday I received a letter from S. How much letters contribute to the happiness of a poor lone soldier. How I wish she could see the love of God in its true light. She would, I know, be far happier to believe in the future world she will meet all her dear friends, instead of a part being doomed to dwell in endless woe. Oh! how miserable I should be if I thought that any of my friends were to suffer torture. My heart and whole soul would revolt at the idea of serving and praising a God, who would thus punish his children for yielding to the temptations placed in their path, on purpose to try their strength and faith in him. God, I believe, is a God of love, and will bring all to the knowledge of the truth and save them.

March 2d—Again, this beautiful night I take my pen to hold communion in spirit, with absent friends. How great an inventor is the magic pen! It is the instrument that binds hearts together when sundered by many miles.

To day I have been quite sick with the fever and ague. As I lay alone in my bunk, my thoughts reverted to dear friends at the North. A mother's hand seemed to soothe my aching brow, and speak words which should lead me to praise God for His love and mercy, and give me strength to keep the good resolutions made a year ago. How thankful we ought to feel to our heavenly Father, for endowing us with so many faculties to cheer and comfort us in our lonely hours of life.

Mar. 4th—To-day, as I have been sitting in my tent keeping out of the cold, my heart has longed to see my dear northern friends. How good it would seem if a few were here to roam with me through the pleasant woods, and along shady paths on the banks of purling brooks, and I could whisper in their ears the many strong temptations I try to resist; tell them of my loneliness as I lay in my bunk suffering, or when the tempest is raging with fury and threatening each moment to raze our cloth house to the ground, or when doing duty, keeping watch over the enemy, who may undertake to run over lines, and convey important intelligence to his commander.

Mar. 14th—Another week of trial and labor has passed, another Sabbath has dawned upon our land, giving us an opportunity of resting from the wearisome duties of a soldier. We may read and write, and think of dear friends at home.

To day I received a letter from E. full of hope and cheer, and kind words of advice and admonition. How I should miss her if she should die.

The night is dark and stormy. The rain and hail are falling heavily, making music upon the cloth roof of our frail house, and reminding one of the many happy nights spent under the paternal roof with the fast falling rain pattering on the shingles, singing one to sleep. O, those happy days! How merry and joyous we used to be, casting no thought into the future, and none to the past save only to recall some pleasant reminiscence, which served to while away the many leisure hours of childhood.

Mar. 28th—O how distinctly do I remember that lovely morning in June, when, with a few of my dearest friends and a man of God, we wended our way to a beautiful stream in the grand old woods, when I, with my schoolmates, was dedicated to the love and service of the Saviour; to strive, with my feeble strength, to serve him faithfully and truthfully the rest of my life. How kindly Miss W. spoke to me when returning. I did not appreciate her encouraging words then, as I have since. They do me good now, more than she can know, and my heart thanks her for them.

Mar. 31st—Yesterday morning, death claimed another victim from our midst. He was a native of Sweden, and accompanied by one of the same nativity, who was to him a friend and brother. In doing his duty fear and danger were unknown. He knew that he was right, consequently his arm was nerved to sterner deeds and greater severity toward the subtle enemies of our country, who go around the camp with silent tread and woe begone countenances. He was loved by all, and held the entire confidence of his superior officers. His even temperament and kind disposition, won for him the high esteem of all. The noble, erect and stately carriage of his body, and the manner of his drill was of the best; few could equal, and none excel him in anything pertaining to the duty of a soldier. His mind was cultivated, and he was fitted for a much higher position in the service than that of a private. He was qualified for a high place in any circle of society, and could have held his own, in any department of science, with most of the students of the present day.

But alas! all this was of no avail. The insatiable

appetite of Death must be appeased, and the law of God fulfilled. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done," should be the language of every heart. I should be uttered in faith and earnestness. The whole soul should go out, and upward, and seek the light of God's countenance, and lean with unwavering trust upon his love and mercy. Come what may, all will then be well.

May 29th—My mind is wandering to-night; wandering over the pleasant hills and dales of my past life. But as I go smoothly along, the wheels of thought strike against the stump of some bad thought or deed, and brings me up with a jerk. Would that these stumps were out of the way, and my past life cleared of every foul thing, and the green grass of purity were growing in their stead. How pleasant then would be the retrospection! how delightful, to roam over those green fields of memory, hand in hand with the friends and loved ones of our youth.

TRUTH.

"In early years when truth was born,
Her home she made in a hunter's horn;
The hunter came, the horn was blown,
But where Truth went, was never known."

See how fine a thing may be said in few words.

ANTIPHON.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

Ver. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly.
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

Ver. The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out,
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD, AND KING!

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